

One for Bloomers.

An Allegheny clergyman thinks he has found a Scriptural arraignment of the bloomer costume in the text from Deuteronomy, which reads: "There shall not be the garment of a man upon a woman, and a man shall not wear the garments of a woman, for an abomination to Jehovah, thy God, is every one doing these things." There is nothing in this contention, maintains a Philadelphia exchange, for bloomers were never worn by men. They were invented by a woman, and are distinctively a feminine vestment. More than this, a great many things were set forth in the Mosaic age as abominations to the Lord which were entirely beneath even the unfriendly notice of the Deity. When the old Bible heroes took a "slant" against any person or things they were pretty certain to construe them as objects of Divine wrath. So the Allegheny preacher's argument against bloomers doesn't hold together. He has simply made the mistake of confusing an offense against good taste with a violation of morals.

Safe in America.

"I am glad I live in America," said a pretty young woman, talking to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter the other day, "because I am never afraid to travel by myself. Last year I was in London and went around with a friend who is married, and we were spoken to in an insulting manner every time we went out. Paris was still worse. People speak of the French politeness, but it is only a veneer. The men would get in front of us on every street corner and smirk and ogle, and chatter like monkeys. I'm glad I didn't understand anything they said. There are no men like the American men, and I never was so fully able to appreciate it as I am, now I have seen those of other nations in their own lands. Besides, the girls are treated better here than anywhere else on earth, and I don't want to cross the ocean any more."

The bicycle meet is just now a rival to every other form of entertainment. Men and women ride to a certain place where it is known a good dinner or supper is to be had, and ride home refreshed in the cool of the day. Another very popular way of entertaining in some places is to invite your guests to take a ride to a certain point and return for a supper at home. The warning therefore is timely that women, out of mere pride or a desire to keep pace with the swiftest riders among the men of the party, will be likely to overdo and turn a delightful, healthful exercise into an injury from which they may find it difficult to recover. Young women in particular will no doubt be most likely to ride until exhausted. The very exhilaration of the sport may make one prolong her rides beyond her strength.

There is a woman in Springdale, Conn., whose husband lately left her for good and all. The husband had an extensive milk route in Stamford. The woman's disappointment in her husband was considerable, yet, with all, she could not forget how disappointed his customers would be if they did not get their Saturday's supply of milk. So she got up early, milked the cows, hitched up the horses, and with it her little boy went the rounds of the city and filled the waiting pails on the back porches. There was something of the milk of human kindness served out that day with the lactical fluid of the cow.

A THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy lately jumped off the Baltimore & Ohio railway bridge into Chester creek, Pennsylvania. The bridge is over ninety feet above the surface of the water, and the boy struck the water with a loud smack and disappeared for some seconds. He reappeared and swam to land, apparently unhurt, to the intense relief of a crowd of companions. The leap was made for a chew of tobacco, wagered by a man who did not think the boy would take so great a risk. Young America never takes a bluff.

A BICYCLE railroad on the plan of that at Coney Island is to be built between Millbrae and Pescadero, Cal., a distance of thirty miles. The route is through a mountainous country, where it would be difficult to build even a narrow-gauge double-track road. The builders claim for their system many improvements over single-track roads heretofore attempted, and expect to make this such a success that it will be only the first section of a system to extend all over the state.

A BAND of little girls belonging to Pinconning, Mich., got up a concert and earned two dollars and fifty-six cents. Then they spent the money for clothing for an unfortunate little girl in the town, buying material for a dress which they were going to make for her, and also shoes and a hat. There is the inception of a noble work which may grow beyond the borders of Pinconning.

A LOS ANGELES (Cal.) masher, well known about the town as a sidewalk poser, was last week convicted of ogling and otherwise annoying women on the streets, and sentenced to work thirty days in the chain gang. A chain gang is a pretty good institution in any town that is afflicted with the masher ilk.

EIGHTEEN hundred and ninety-six is the centennial of the manufacture of sugar in New Orleans. It is suggested that a sugar exposition be held in the Crescent city next summer.

A Novel Jail Escape.

A sixteen-year-old boy who for some months had been confined in jail in Brownsville, Ky., made his escape the other day. In the morning he got a letter from his home in the country, saying his father was very ill. He sent word that he would be there by supper time. Dinner at the jail consisted of corn bread, corn field beans and bacon, and at the boy's request the jailer gave him a big hunk of bacon. The youngsters ate the beans and bread, but as soon as the jailer left to work in the field near by, the boy took off all his clothes, threw them outside through the hole in the door through which the prisoners' meals were passed and, greasing himself from head to foot, squeezed his body through the six by ten hole, put on his clothes and went home. He left word for the jailer that he would be found at home, and at night the jailer found him at the bedside of his father bathing the old man's head. The jailer allowed the boy to stay until bedtime, when he took him back to prison. His diet hereafter, very likely, will be anything but bacon.

Hard on Salvationists.

The Salvation Army is making a vigorous crusade through the west, and is meeting with much vigorous and remarkable opposition. A Michigan town recently posted the army as a public nuisance; but about the most peculiar kind of persecution it has experienced was in Nebraska City, Neb. The citizens objected to the boisterous exhortations of the Salvationists and had them arrested. But it was found that no charge could be brought against the prisoners. The next evening, when the army appeared on the street and prepared to open services, the city fire department came along, attached a hose to a hydrant, and turned a heavy stream of water on the exhorters. Their ardor was quenched for a time, and at last accounts they were undecided what to do. They had decided that they might stand fire, but that it wasn't any use trying to fight against water.

Up in Montana lived a Swede named Amel Stjaskal. Amel was a hard citizen who possessed a wife and a mule and treated them both with great cruelty. The wife bore her sufferings uncomplainingly, but the mule rebelled, and, waiting his chance, kicked his master to death. This so met the approbation of the community that the Standard has opened a subscription paper to pension the mule, and many of the leading citizens, headed by the state's attorney, have signed it. The fund is to be used to keep the mule in comfort for the rest of his life, and if the subscription is large enough the woman is to have what remains.

The government assay office at Helena, Mont., is receiving a great deal of gold from the mines of the northwest, and lately cast a brick eleven and one-half inches wide and three and one-half inches deep. The weight was 1,437 ounces, or nearly 120 pounds Troy, and the value, at \$20 per ounce, was \$28,740. The question being asked why the gold is cast into such large and unwieldy masses, the answer given is that if it were run into small ingots for transportation to the mints, in case of a hold-up of the express, the road agents could not get away with and conceal a large brick so readily as they could the smaller bars or ingots.

A SURE and somewhat spectacular method of suicide was taken by James Fisk, who killed himself at Beaver, Ore., a few days ago. He stored a great quantity of giant powder in his house—under his bed, from all that could be surmised after the event—and blew himself and most of his house into nothingness. The coroner would not hold an inquest in the case, because all that could be found of the suicide's body was part of a foot.

A BILL against bribery, naming severer penalties than the present law allows, has been introduced in the Illinois legislature. It provides that any person who gives or offers a bribe to a member of the legislature, and any member who receives a bribe or asks for one, is punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary for not exceeding ten years, or by a fine of five thousand dollars, or both. The gentle "touch" will still be felt, law or no law.

A SAN DIEGO (Cal.) woman who was pestered, as many folks are, by other folks' chickens scratching up her flower bed and littering her yard, hit on a novel scheme of conveying a gentle hint to her neighbors. She tied a lot of small cards with strong thread to big kernels of corn, and wrote on the cards: "Please keep your chickens at home." The chickens ate the corn and carried the message to their owners in a fashion that was startling and effective.

A MAINE paper says the days of "luddy-buckism" on the high seas are by no means past, at least, not on Maine shores. It cites the case of a tough old salt of Portland, who was recently engaged as first mate on a ship solely on his record of being able to knock the tar out of any obstreperous mariner he ever sailed with.

A PRIZE of two dollars' worth of ice cream tickets for the first woman who would ride a bicycle, in bloomer costume, around the public square in the evening was recently offered by the Times of Clay Center, Kan. There must have been a jam of bloomers around that square.

FAMOUS WOMEN'S FADS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis Adopts a Baby Every Summer.

Her Last Acquisition Is a Pickaninny—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher Buys Opals and Mrs. John Mackay Marquise Rings.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis, the well-known New York philanthropist, who recently donated a princely sum to be divided among several educational institutions in the east, has for years annually taken under her protecting wing some human waif or other. Once in awhile she in this way adopts more than one inside the year, and not infrequently her selection is of a nature to startle even those acquainted with Mrs. Grannis' peculiarities in this respect. Recently, in speaking of her amusements, she said:

"Much of my time in the winter is taken up with religious work, but in summer I always try to enjoy myself with some diversion or other. I love babies, James," turning to a servant, "bring up the baby."

The servant disappeared into the lower regions and shortly returned with the blackest specimen of infant-hood ever seen. "This baby is named Christian League Woodyear," said Mrs. Grannis. "I adopted her when she was nine days old, and her mother was nearly dead. They are both well now and live in my basement. Christian League will be my playmate all summer. She is nine months old and very bright. I'll tell you a story. One night at prayer meeting we heard a snoring under the seat, and I could spy a pair of legs in the dusk. It was a woman's meeting, so I stopped prayers and pulled out the 'man.' It was just a wretched little boy, six years old, with no home. I took him home and adopted him. That summer I knit a stocking a day for him, long stockings of the feminine persuasion, and gave over his knees, and I fitted him out fine. One day I got hold of his father, a nasty, drunken man, and put him up in my spare room to sober up. Then I got him a job. That is nine years ago, and he is working at it yet. The boy has grown up, and is a credit to everybody."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has a fad which works with her, both winter and



MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

summer, but for which she now, alas! has small funds, although she does occasionally fall a victim to its fascinations. This is for the buying of opals. Henry Ward Beecher loved these stones. Instead of thinking them unlucky, he got great inspiration from them, and he was always marching home with a new opal for Mrs. Beecher snugly tucked away in his pocket. Sometimes he did not care to give it to her if grocery bills were pressing at that moment. Mrs. Beecher grieved to share his fondness for them. Now she is never without one of the great shining gems at throat or finger. She gazes at them in the shop windows, handles them over the jeweler's counters, caresses them fondly, and walks sadly away to revisit her favorites again and again.

It is said that the most expensive collection pastime is indulged in by Mrs. John W. Mackay, who buys marquise rings of antiquity. But fads are for the most part inexpensive and are remarkable only for the fact that they serve to amuse some very great people who would otherwise grow tired of counting their fingers through the long summer vacation days.

Mrs. Ballington Booth takes few vacations, but such time as she allows herself is spent in the very oddest occupation ever invented by a woman for a summer holiday. All during her vacation hours she busies herself with a pastime to which she is passionately devoted—the gathering of books on surgery. It is said that she has the finest collection of surgical works to be found outside the great libraries. She chooses those of simple terms and seeks to perfect herself in them. When she has opportunity she visits operating rooms. Her book, "Antiseptic Christianity," was the direct outcome of hints gleaned from operating tables, and she was assisted not a little by Dr. McCosh, son of the late president of Princeton. During vacations she revels in surgery of all kinds, practical and printed, and is the only example on record of a very pretty woman who enjoys musing in very disagreeable scenes.

Georgia's Battle-Scarred Cabin.

The women of Cobb county, Georgia, will have at the Cotton States and International exposition the famous "battle-scarred cabin" from the battlefield of Kennesaw mountain, which is situated in Cobb county. This was a plain log cabin, about twenty feet square, which was situated just behind the confederate breastworks. It was the center of fire from some of Sherman's batteries, but, strange to say, did not burn up. There are over thirty holes in the cabin, made by the federal shells, and innumerable bullets are buried in the logs. The battle cabin will be taken down and exactly replaced on the exposition grounds. Inside will be sold the flag of the battlefield, of which a great many have been collected, in the way of the old iron barrels, bullet and other articles of like character.

A JAPANESE ROMANCE.

The Story of Premier Ito, as Told by Sir Edwin Arnold.

Of Count Ito, the distinguished Japanese statesman, Sir Edwin Arnold gives us this incident: "I sat at table with the ex-premier and his wife and children. The countess, quiet, gentle, motherly, and wearing spectacles, carving the tai and the kamo with such matronly serenity—had yet a history of romance and devotion which could make the wildest fictionist's fortune."

"Long ago, in those dark and bloody days when the minister was her lover and a fugitive from his enemies, there came a time when they had tracked him to her house, and had chosen a band of Soshis to assassinate him. The noise of their clogs and the rattling



COUNT ITO, JAPAN'S PRIME MINISTER.

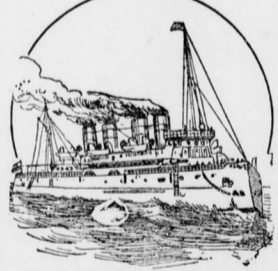
of their scabbards were heard, and the count, trapped like a stag in his mountain pleasure, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die, as a Japanese lord should, amid a clow of his dead foes. But while he murmured: 'Sagunori!' and knitted his fingers around the shark-skin hilt of his sword, that brave lady, whose guest I was, whispered: 'Do not die; there is hope still,' upon which she removed the hibachi, or firebox, over which they were sitting, and, lifting up the matting and planks beneath, induced her lover to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floors of all Japanese homes. The murderers broke into the room, a ferocious band, just as the firebox had been replaced and the countess had assumed a position of nonchalance.

"They demanded their victim, and when she protested against their intrusion, and bade them search if they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her around the apartment by her long, beautiful black hair—now touched with silver—and grievously maltreated her, but could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to a brief time, Count Ito, the hero of many another strange adventure, escaped from the chief peril of his career, and has lived to give his country a new constitution, and to be one of the foremost and best-respected statesmen of modern Japan."

OUR SUPERB CRUISER.

The Columbia is the Fastest War Vessel in the World.

The speed-test trip of the cruiser Columbia across the Atlantic has given most encouraging results. It was made under direction of the navy department and for purposes of navy department information. This cruiser was built to chase and destroy the merchant ships of our enemy in case of war. The recent trip was meant to find out how well fitted she is for her work, and it has been more than satisfactory.



UNITED STATES CRUISER COLUMBIA.

Her crew she has crossed the ocean in about the time it takes the fleetest ocean grayhounds to do it. Her time from the Needles to Sandy Hook is 6 days, 23 hours and 49 minutes. The quickest passage ever made—the record trip of the New York—was 6 days, 7 hours and 14 minutes.

This run, added to the Columbia's previous performances, seems to show:

First—That she is one of the fleetest if not absolutely the fleetest cruiser afloat.

Second—That she could chase and catch any merchant vessel afloat, with two or three possible, but not certain, exceptions.

Third—That she can easily run away from any battleship ever built or any other craft too strong for her to fight.

This, says the New York World, is rather more than she was intended to do when she was designed. The vessel is a great triumph of American shipbuilding, and as a defender of the nation she has capacity to sweep from the seas the commerce of any country that may make war upon us. In this industrial and trading age, to do that is to conquer peace.

Deer in Oregon.

Deer are so plentiful along the Rogue river, in Oregon, that the systematic slaughtering of them for their hides alone is a profitable business, the men engaged in it being known locally as "deer-skimmers."

OUR OCEAN MAIL FLAG.

The Beautiful Pennant Now Flown by a Dozen Vessels.

All of Them Are Subsidized by Uncle Sam—The Famous American Line Flyers Soon to Be Added to the List.

An official government flag is seen in this country nowhere but in the port of New York, and on the high seas only between that port and the cities of La Guayra, Venezuela, Havana, Cuba and Tuxpan, Mexico. It is the pennant of the ocean mail service, and flies upon the mizzen masts of twelve subsidized American vessels carrying the United States mails by contract, says the New York World.

It consists of a red flag with a blue border, having the American eagle in blue and the words: "United States Mail" in white letters. It measures fifteen feet long and has been in use a little over two years. Last year it was seen also in San Francisco and along the Pacific route to Panama and Hong Kong, but the contract with the steamship lines that bore it was discontinued.

Next month another vessel, the St. Louis, will be tested preparatory to adding it to the list of subsidized contract steamers flying the ocean mail pennant, and in October following, this ship, together with the New York and the Paris, also of the American line, and already carrying the mails, but not under contract, will begin service under contract at Southampton, England. Later the St. Paul, of the same line, will be added to the contract list, making in all sixteen vessels flying Uncle Sam's postal flag.

The test of the St. Louis will be conducted in the English channel, by Capt. Royal B. Bradford and Lieut. Richard T. Mulligan, of the United States navy, in accordance with the requirements of the ocean mail subsidy act of 1891. The naval officers will lay off a course measuring about one hundred miles in the channel, and the St. Louis will be speeded rapidly over this course to determine officially its running capacity. Under the ocean mail subsidy act she must as such be able to maintain a speed of twenty knots per hour for four consecutive hours.

The classification and test prescribed are features of the great project for ex-



FLAG FOR OCEAN STEAMERS.

tending our foreign commerce, upbuilding our merchant marine and securing a fleet of fast ocean steamers for conversion into warships in case of need by the payment of subsidies for carrying the mails. The subsidized vessels employed must be American in every sense.

The vessels are divided into four classes. The first, second and third classes must be of iron or steel, and the fourth class may be of either iron, steel or wood. The first class must have a speed of twenty knots an hour and a tonnage of not less than 8,000 tons; the second a speed of sixteen knots an hour and a tonnage of at least 5,000 tons; the third a speed of fourteen knots and a tonnage of at least 2,500 tons; the fourth a speed of twelve knots an hour and a tonnage of not less than 1,500 tons.

First-class ships carrying the mails by contract received under the subsidy act \$4 per mile for each outgoing voyage. Second-class ships receive \$3 per mile, third class \$1 and fourth-class 60 cents per mile. Each vessel must take as cadets or apprentices one American-born boy for every 1,000 tons register thereof, to be educated in seamanship and ranked as petty officers.

The first subsidized routes put in operation under the subsidy act were from New York to La Guayra, New York to Colon, San Francisco to Panama and San Francisco to Hong-Kong, beginning in February and March, 1892. Service on two other subsidized routes—from New York to Tuxpan and intermediate ports and New York to Havana—was begun in November, 1892, and on two more—from New York to Rio de Janeiro and New York to Buenos Ayres—in December, 1892. These last two were stopped in January, 1893, by reason of the failure of the contractors, and the contract service from San Francisco to Panama was discontinued in September, 1893, and likewise upon two additional routes, from New York to Colon and from San Francisco to Hong-Kong, in March, 1894, at the desire of the contractors upon the expiration of their two years' contract, because of their inability to furnish increased service.

Contracts were also entered into in 1892 for a subsidized route from New York to Antwerp, the service to begin in October, 1893, and for a route from Galveston to La Guayra, but last year they were annulled at the request of the contractors.

The subsidized routes now remaining are those from New York to La Guayra, Havana and Tuxpan. The La Guayra service costs \$81,288 a year, the Havana service \$73,476 and the Tuxpan \$130,104. The new Southampton route will cost \$756,704 a year.

Vast Output of Stogies.

One tobacco firm in Pittsburgh is turning out 140,000 stogies every day, to say nothing of cigars and tobacco. Stretched out in a straight line one day's output would reach from Pittsburgh to McKeesport, and a month's production would lay a line of stogies from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia.

Origin of Heraldic Arms.

Sir George Mackenzie, an old Scotch writer, said that in his opinion arms had taken their origin from the example of the patriarch Jacob, who, when blessing his sons, gave them marks of distinction, which the twelve tribes bore on their ensigns.

JUDGE BABB'S CAREER.

The Democratic Nominee for Governor of Iowa Is Very Popular.

Judge W. I. Babb, the democratic nominee for governor of Iowa, is an Iowa product and has lived all his life in the state. He is the son of Miles Babb and was born in Des Moines county in 1814, while Iowa was still a territory. When he was 7 years of age his father was killed in a tunnel of a California mine, whether he had been attracted by the gold fever of '49. With his mother and sister, now Mrs. Belle A. Mansfield, the son struggled heroically on the farm on which he was born, twelve miles north of Burlington, and in 1860 had arranged his finances in such a manner that he entered the Iowa Wesleyan university. He remained in college until 1863, when he



JUDGE W. I. BABB.

became a private in company E, Eighth Iowa cavalry, serving until the end of the war. He was all through the memorable "Atlanta to the Sea" campaign, and was wounded in the left arm, bearing yet the scars of combat. He was with Thomas at Nashville. His command fought as infantry in nearly all the battles of that campaign. He was also in the Alabama campaign, known as the Wilson raid, and assisted in the capture of Selma. Returning home, Mr. Babb resumed his collegiate studies and graduated in the class of '66. In that class was his sister, Mrs. Mansfield, who is now the dean of music and art at DePauw university. For fifteen years she was professor of history and English literature at Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Babb began the study of law immediately after graduation, and was admitted to the bar at his home, Mount Pleasant, in 1868. In 1891 Mr. Babb was elected judge in a republican district, overcoming a republican majority of over 1,500 in the district. He was defeated for reelection, being caught in the republican landslide of 1895. He served as a member of the lower house in the Twentieth general assembly, demonstrating his political sprinting qualities by defeating M. L. Crew, a staunch republican farmer, in the fall of 1883, overcoming a republican majority of 600 in his county. Two years later he was defeated by his present law partner, W. S. Withrow. Outside of his one term in the legislature and one term as judge he has never held office. He is in no sense a politician, and has never made more than a half dozen political speeches in his life. He is a member of the board of trustees of the Iowa Wesleyan at Mount Pleasant, and is a close personal friend of Senator Harlan of the same place, who was defeated in the recent republican convention.

He has a beautiful home and a charming family. His wife was Miss Alice Bird, a graduate of the alma mater of the judge, and was the founder of the famous P. E. O. society, which has a strong membership in Iowa and other states. Three children have blessed their union—Max, a bright young man of 21, who has just graduated from the Iowa Wesleyan and is now reading law in his father's office; Miles, aged 17, and Alice, aged 8. He is now senior member of the firm of Babb, Withrow & Kopp.

UNIQUE NOSE-BIT.

It Cures a Horse of Shying and Makes Him Easily Managed.

A man in Hartford, Conn., says the Times of that city, has invented a device that will cure a horse of shying and make him perfectly tractable. It is called a "nose-bit," and yet it is not



a bit at all. It does not go into the horse's mouth, but over his nose, and even that it hardly touches, except when the driver pulls on it.

The arrangement is well shown in the accompanying cut. It is said that a very slight pull on the reins will bring the "bit" against the end of the horse's nose, and that magic touch does the business. The unaccustomed pressure gives the animal a distinctly novel sensation, and it is one that he never gets used to.

No matter what hubbub may be going on around him, so long as that gentle pressure on the tip of his nose continues his mind will be busy contemplating it, to the exclusion of surrounding things.

All Kinds of Climate.

The United States has all kinds of climate, from that of Sahara in the sandy deserts of Arizona to that of the Amazon in South Florida, and that of Greenland in northern Idaho and Montana.

DEVOTED TO CHECKERS.

The Remarkable Career of James Wyllie, of Scotland.

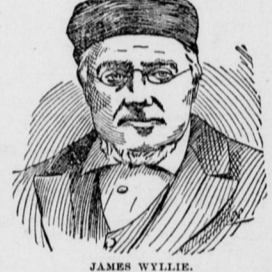
Known All Over the World as the "Herd Laddie." His Successes in Europe, America and Australia Astonished All Players.

The most famous checker-player in the world is James Wyllie, a Scotchman, now in his seventy-sixth year, who has been playing for "a shullen a game, ye ken," nearly sixty years, and is still able to beat almost everybody. He was famous as a player in Scotland when he was only a boy, and was first called the "Herd Laddie." His peculiar title has caused thousands of people to believe that Wyllie was once a shepherd.

Wyllie was born in the Pierce Hill barracks, near Edinburgh, in March, 1810, his father being at the time a sergeant-major in the Scots Greys. The earliest recollections of the old man are those of life at the barracks. He was apprenticed to a weaver in Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, when a mere boy, but his remarkable ability in draughts was recognized in time to prevent him from learning the weaver's trade. When he was fifteen years old he had beaten everybody who could be induced to play the game with him in Kilmarnock. Mr. Porteus, a well-to-do drover, took the boy with him to Edinburgh, where many matches at draughts were being played. The game was then popular in Scotland, as it still is. Mr. Porteus began a match with Mr. Bertram, a player of local reputation. After two or three games he had business to attend to.

"Let my herd laddie play for me," he said.

Mr. Bertram consented, and began to play with young Wyllie. The next day the fame of the "Herd Laddie" was spread in the city, as he had won fifty-nine games from Mr. Bertram, who had been able to get only one draw. It was not long before all Scotland had heard of Wyllie, and the title of "Herd Laddie" was so fastened upon him as to cling for life. His fame was increased by a number of matches with



JAMES WYLLIE.

Prof. Andrew Anderson, Robert Martins and other celebrated players, who first defeated him and then were beaten by him.

For many years Wyllie went about the country peddling watches as a regular business and playing checkers for money against all comers. For more than twenty years he has been traveling about the world, charging a "shullen" for every game played with him, and occasionally contesting matches for stakes, which he usually has won. He came to this country in 1873, and played over 11,000 games of checkers, of which he lost less than 50. In 1881 he again visited America, and won 17,654 out of 19,517 games, drawing 1,754 and losing only 100. As he charged Americans 25 cents a game for the privilege of playing with him, he must have earned a fair income. In this country he played matches with C. F. Barker, of Boston, C. A. Freeman, of Providence, and the late R. D. Yates, of Brooklyn, winning from Barker and losing to the others. As Wyllie has had highly successful tours in England and in Australia, it is believed that he has acquired a snug fortune.

Wyllie claimed the title of "champion draughts player of the world" until last year, when he was beaten by James Ferrie, a much younger Scotch player, in a match of ninety games, of which Ferrie won thirteen and Wyllie six, the remaining games being drawn. After the match the old man said, despairingly: "I doot I'm too old for draughts," but since then he has played thousands of games, and has made remarkable scores in many places in Scotland. He has often been called "close" and "canny," and he has seldom failed to win matches on which he has been staked much "siller." In late years his hearing has been extremely dull, but his eyes are still keen. He talks with a broad Scotch accent when he has anything to say, but, like many other experts in the "silent game," he is inclined to be taciturn. He has been temperate and careful in his habits during his long life, although he has been roving from place to place almost continually.

Suicide of a Blacksnake.

A blacksnake near Limerick, Ireland, having been worsted in a fierce battle with another serpent of a slightly different species, trailed away in deep dejection. Finally, as it dragged itself along, closely watched by Patrick McClaughry, a resolution seemed to fire the soul of the defeated snake. Grasping firmly with its mouth a small stone it climbed a tree and, presently hung by its tail from a horizontal limb. Next it began whirling about the limb with frightful rapidity. Longer and longer its body stretched under the centrifugal stress, until, with a last despairing effort, the snake's body broke in halves, the weighted head and neck flying to a considerable distance, while the tail remained clinging to the limb of the tree.

A Freak of Commerce.

The experiment has been lately tried of sending briquettes, or fuel cakes made from coal dust and waste, from Belgium to East India.