Omaha courts have sent a thieving County Clerk to jail for nineteen years at hard labor.

Methodism, if statistics can be re lied on, is decreasing in England. The latest census shows over 2000 fewer members than the year before.

The development of the trained nurse system, although of recent origin, has assumed such wide propor-tions as to be National, if not uni versal, in character.

A New York publisher, in his an nouncement of a new book, prints in parallel columns all the good things, and all the bad things that the critics have said about it. Sometimes the bad things do more to sell a book than the good things.

The statistics of the British Home Secretary show that in the first three months of this year there were three fatal accidents and twelve serious bicycling accidents in the streets of During the same period there were 318 summonses issued for rash or reckless riding. In two cases only were the persons injured women.

The President of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Street Railroad has made estimates which puts the loss to his com-pany from the riding of wheels at \$10,000 a year. Eight thousand five hundred licenses for bicycles have been taken out in Indianapolis, and he figures that one-fourth of these wheelmen would otherwise use the street car twice a day. That would not the company \$8000 a year, and the new riders which are now learning would easily increase the amount to

The practice of carrying babies on bicycles, in cages or baskets attached to the handle-bars, has become very common, in spite of its obvious dan-Physicians say, too, that the rapid motion and the jolting are not good for the baby, and that the nervous system is likely to be seriously affected. The Illinois Humane Society is trying to put an end to the practice by invoking a State law which pro-hibits the exposure of children in dangerous positions. The application of the law is doubtful, for of course it never contemplated such a case as this; but the movement in question seems to be a wise one, and the practice should be stopped, if possible both for the sake of the children and the nervous onlookers.

The New York Observer states that Bishop Potter does not know, or at least until recently, did not know what a chump is. He says: "I was walking in one of the downtown streets in New York the other day, and as I passed by two small boys, one said to the other: 'There goes He's no chump.' Now, I don't know what the word chump means, but I am gratified that the boy was able to identify me." A chump is a whort, thick, heavy piece of wood; a chump end of meat is the thick end of a joint. In the language of the boy whose friendly criticism the Bishop overheard a chump is a dull, stupid, blundering individual, dull of perception, a blockhead, in fact. The opposite to all this is a keen, astute man of affairs, a man who is bright, always on the alert, comprehending the situation and knowing just what to do in any

The new High School building at Medford, Mass., is pointed to as an example of what may be dore in an edu-cational line as to interior decorations. In the twenty-seven rooms of the building there are 172 works of art of different kinds, most of them being large photo-engravings, while there are also busts, bas reliefs and other articles of beauty and value. carefully graded upward in harmony with the progress of the pupils. In the halls and on the staircases the same general plan has been carried out with regard to famous natural objects. Those of our own country are found on the lower floors, and those of other countries higher up, the idebeing to ground the pupil thoroughly in the knowledge of his native land before taking him abroad for that of other countries. Most of the engrayings are of famous paintings or other works of art, so that while carrying the main idea of presenting an author or statesman, they also give the pupil a general knowledge of the works of famous artists of different eras. These decorations are valued at \$2100, and were presented to the school by the alumni. The busts and pictures are all careful

LIFE AND LOVE

Life and Love at the cre

Out for a holiday; Cried Love, "Sweet Life, thy cares forget, "Tis Love who bids thee stay, Come, journey on without regret, Through summer hours alway."

A rose-white blur against the sky, Crab-apple blossoms blow; The drifting swallows homeward fly

To April slopes aglow; And Life and Love in laughter vio As on their way they go.

Pan's pipes sigh 'neath a crea Night moths seek the white flowers soon, 'Tis the daffodil month of May; And the pilgrims sing a merry tune,

They are comrades true for aye To June's rose-hidden portals led

Glad Love his comrade true;
"Now we must part," was all Life said,
"And fare alone, for who
Finds Love and June and roses red,
Has lived this day—adden!"—
Nancy M. Waddle, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A TENNESSEE LOVE STORY.



ticipating.
The daughter of a cause so long

anticipating.

The daughter of a cause so long dead could not have been so young and beautiful. She must have been the child of a Memory, that grows more beautiful with each year, and knows a new youth with each succeeding generation.

She was very beautiful the day that Howard Pearce saw her. He sat on the window ledge of his second-story office—he was a young lawyer from the North—and looked down on Company K, — Tennessee National Guards, lined up at "parade rest." He knew their Captain, Saunders, who also was a lawyer and whose office adjoined Pearce's. It was annual encampnent time, and K Company was about to go to the grounds at the foot of the Kidge.

"Order—Harms." commanded Captain Saunders.

tain Saunder

tain Saunders.

"Carry—Harms!"

"Shoulder—Harms! Right for'ad, fours right—M'ch!"

Company K moved up the street. As the last four swung into the column, there came a clatter of hoofs on the pavement, and a girl rode past the company and took her place at its head, saluting the Captain gravely, and with ceremony. with ceremony. 'What a beautiful girl!" Pierce ex-

She wore a gray riding habit, with double row of small brass battons leading up to two black stars on the collar. On her sunny locks a small gray slouch hat rested, tilted just the least bit over one eye. She rode well

least bit over one eye. She rode well.

Pearce leaned so far from the window to eatch a parting glimpse of the girl in gray that he almost fell. The crowd had dispersed, and the young lawyer returned to his desk. It was a warm day toward the end of July, and he was not sorry that he had no business on hand that must be rushed. He reflected that as almost every one had gone to the camp ground, there was no reason for remaining in the office, which the little breeze that stirred out doors carefully avoided.

Evidently, the girl in gray had gone to the camp ground. And with

to the camp ground. And with Saunders. But Saunders was married; happily married, Pearce hoped. Any-how, he was glad that Saunders was

how, he was glad that Saunders was married.

That evening he sat before Captain Saunders's tent, with the Captain, his suite and Miss Moore-the girl in gray. To the east of the camp ground the ridge rose in a gentle slope. To the southwest, seemingly towering just over them, was the mountain.

Pearce's heart beat faster as the thought came to him that thirty years before white tents had marked the foot of the ridge as they did that day. But then they had stretched for miles north and south, "Captain," he said, turning to Saunders, "it is easier to get up the ridge than it was once. There are no men in gray there to night."

"No," the Captain replied; "but the sons of some of those men are there," pointing to the company street, in which blue-clad figures lounged. "Loyal? Without doubt. Listen!"

The bands, which had united for the evening concert, had just struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." When the air was recognized a cheer arose from the tented wood.

"For what?" Pearco asked.

"They will play 'Dixie' after wayle.

you say to that?"
"Of course, they love 'Dixie,' 'said
the Captain earnestly. "So do I. But
there is no deeper meaning in that
theer than the love of a memory.
They are loyal."
Miss Moore said that she must go
back to town.

"Well, Captain," he said, "what do you say to that?"

"Of course, they love 'Dixie," said the Captain carnestly. "So do I. But there is no deeper meaning in that cheer than the love of a memory. They are loyal."

Miss Moore said that she must go back to town.

"As it is late, I shall have to leave my horse with you, Captain. I shall send for him to-morrow. I reckon I can walk to the train in this rig."

She looked down somewhat doubtfully at the ridingskirt. Pearce acid that he would be glad to go with her, and though it was not apparent in just what way he could overcome the disadvantage of the long dress, she seemed to be grateful for his escort.

Well, that was the beginning of it, and the end is not yet. An incident that occurred under a large tree in the old Confederate fort on the mountain may give a hint of the trend of events.

Pearce fand Miss Moore were under the tree because it was the shelter nearest when rain suddenly began to fall; and it rained, probably, because a number of young folks of the city had come up on the mountain to spettember day that promised, in the morning, to be pleasant.

Mr. Pearce was not in good humon. The and Miss Moore had separated the which, in this instance, was a declaration by Mr. Pearce that he was irretrievably in love with Miss Moore, araindrop kissed the girl's check.

"Oh, it's going to rain!" she cried. The next instant the dowapour being an, and both rashed through a breach in the earthen wall of the fort to the leaves yet clung, offered protection. There they stood in silence for several minutes, she busily brushing raindrops from her bat, which she had taken off, and he watching her, moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she practed in inute, she busily brushing raindrops from her bat, which she had taken off, and the watching her, moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she practed in inute, she busily brushing raindrops from her bat, which she had taken off, and he watching her, moodily.

The silence became oppressive, and she practed in the rec

He cought the glance, and, moving to-ward her, said:
"Well?"

"Oh, don't," she exclaimed, starting away, her eyes still fixed upon a ribbon with which she was working. "Why, Katherine—er—Miss Moore

"Ob, you mustn't."
He walked to the edge of the circle protected by the leaves and looked out over the clay wall of the fort, protected by the leaves and looked out over the clay wall of the fort, down which tiny rivers ran. She, having dried her hat, placed it again on her head and began brushing her skirt where, here and there, rain had spotted it. She glanced several times at his back, stubbornly turned toward her. He evinced no intention of moving, nor of speaking again, and she became nervous. The situation was unbearable, and she exclaimed:

"We must get back to the others!"

"We ent't very well go through this rain," he said, without turning round. Another prolonged silence, broken only by the monotonous fall of the rain. Finally, when she had almost made up her mind to gather up her skirts and run to the hotel, a quarter of a mile away, he turned and came quickly toward her.

He put out his hand as though to take hers, but she quickly put her hands behind her and stepped back. He folded his arms and stood before her, looking earnestly into her eyes it hat she raised to his almost appeal.

her, looking earnestly into her eyes that she raised to his, almost appeal-

"Katherine," he said, "I love you.

"Katherine," he said, "I love you Will you be my wife?"
A beautiful color stole slowly from the ribbon at her throat, up, up until it tinted the elges of her small, perfectly formel ears. His gaze held hers for a moment; then her cyclids fell and their long lashes swept her chacker.

heeks.
"Mr. Pearce," she said, slowly and esitatingly, "I am so sorry, but I—I

cau't."
"Because you do not love me?"
She looked up quickly into his face;
then down again; but she did not

eply.
"Katherine, tell me," he said,
"Why is it that you cannot marry

"Because," she was very busy dis-odging a half buried stone with the

Another swift glance met his steady look. Then she moved a little further away and stood half turned from him. His first impulse was to laugh. But that passed almost as it came. The gray, brass buttoned riding habit, the flushed checks and bright eyes with which she had listened to "Dixie," flashed across his mental vision. The "Yankee" might be an obstacle not to be laughed away.
"But I am not a Yankee," he said, with emphasis. "I am from Illinois."
It seemed a long time to both that they stood in silence. Again she was the first to speak.
"This is an awful rain," she replied.

"Well, Captain," he said, "what do | arm was still around her when he

Lambs in Society.

The lamb has become a feature of New York society. Not that sort which irequents the misuamed club. Not the variety whose fleece is invitingly extended near the stage doors of theatres, for harmless little girls with the downcast eyes, to pluck. This is the real lamb, whose name has been forever linked with that of Mary by the pastoral poet.

If you come to take an early morning constitutional on Fifth avenue any pleasant day, proof of the lamb crazo can be seen. White as snow, with collars adorned with tinkling bells, led by silver chains, generally in the hands of pretty French maids, the pampered embryo sovereign of Ohio tariff ideas gambol according to Fifth avenue etiquette.

avenue etiquette.
In one of Fifth avenue's aristocratic apartment houses is a lamb that has a maid all to itself. No pug dog was ever reared in greater luxury. The main all to itself. No pug dog was over rearced in greater luxury. The mysteries of its toilet are numerous. Nothing, in the estimation of its mistress, is too good or expensive for this lamb. The brush and comb used in the daily toilet are silver mounted, and when the lamb takes its meals, they are served in sterling silver bowls. The daily menu consists of milk and a preparation of cooked Indian meal, sometimes varied by oat meal.

At night the lamb sleeps in a basket lined with silk and cotton, at the foot of its mistress' bed. The nistress claims that her pet is much more intelligent than any dog, and far preferable to a cat as a pet. If this modern bopeep should suffer the loss of her protege, the whole police force of New York would be asked to raily to the rescue. — New York Journal.

The Feigning of Death by Auimals.

The Feigning of Death by Animals.

The habit of feigning death for the sake of protection can be observed among many of the lower animals—animals which differ widely in family, genus and species. Indeed, this habit is to be observed in creatures microscopie in size and of exceedingly low organization, as well as those as high in the scale of animal life as man himself; for even man does not hesitate on occasions to avail himself of this natural subterfuge when he thinks it will aid in the preservation of his life.

With the aid of the microscope one observe and study the natural his-

with the and of the microscope one can observe and study the natural his-tory of the minute animal world, which otherwise would remain a closed and unread volume. This instrument has shown me, beyond cavil, that crea-tures as low in the scale as actinotures as low in the scale as actinophryans, very minute, microscopic
animaleules, practice death-feigning
when suprised by an enemy from
which they cannot otherwise secape.
Thus I have repeatedly seen actinophryans fold their delicate, hair-like
legs or cilia and suk to the bottom of
their miniature lake (a drop of water)
when approached by a water-louse,
which preys upon them. They remain to all; appearances absolutely
without life until the water-louse
swims away, when they unfold their
cilia and go back to their feeding
grounds—a bit of water weed or moss,
or decayed wood.—Lippincoti's.

Here is a story told by a bright oung Cincinnati lawyer on one of his ider and less scintillating friends:



Princess Henriette's (of Belgium) wedding clothes and presents, which were sent after her from Brussels to

WOMEN DRUMMERS.

women drummers.

Miss Alice Fleming, a New York drummer, who handles notions, is at the Raleigh. Speaking of her business, she said: "There are many more women on the road this year than ever before. Of course, the majority of them carry light lines of goods, and toilet articles, patent medicines, perfumeries and lines of ladies' wear have the preference, but a few carry heavier goods. There is a woman who has been traveling through Illinois for several years in the interest of a grocery company of St. Louis; a woman handles hardware, one sells shoes, earrying several heavy sample trunks, and it is now difficult to find a staple line that is not represented by a woman in some part of the country. It is a wearing life, but is greatly to be preferred to standing behind a counter all day selling goods."—Washington Star.

THE TIP TILTED HAT. The tip-tilted hat is likely to destroy many a reputation for beauty, as few women apparently study profile effects in the mirror. Along with the tooth and the nail brush the use of the band-glass ought to be obligatory. Then would we be spared the sight of passe women possessed of scrawny necks dragging their seanty locks to the top of their heads and surrounting necks dragging their seanty locks to the top of their heads and surmounting the tiny knot with a millinery structure which accentuates the hollowness of their checks and the unsymmetry of their noses. But to return to the hat thrust over the eyes, exceptional will be she whose good looks can withstand the coffare arrangement necessary for the proper adjustment of this new millinery angle. A painstaking study of hand-class reflections is recommended to even the pretty girl if she wishes to retain her belleship,—Chicago Times-Herald.

NORA PERRY'S CAREER.

Under Her Chin," and submitted it to the Atlantic Monthly. It was "de-clined with thanks," but a friend in Washington interested himself in getting it printed in one of the news-papers there, from which it was widely copied. About a year after its first papers there, from which it was widely copied. About a year after its first appearance in print, one of the editors of the Atlantic said to George Sumner, who was a stanch believer in the young poet's future: "If Nora Perry would write us as good a poem as 'Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin,' we would pay her \$20 for it," a good price for verse of that length at that time. Sumner wrote of this to Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, adding: "So you see, deer Senator, the market price of a bonnet." This letter Senator Anthony gave Miss Perry, and she although the senator Anthony for the senator Anthony gave Miss Perry, and she although the senator Anthony gave Miss Perry, and she although the senator Anthony gave Miss Perry, and she although the senator that "After the Ball" was sent to the Atlantic and accepted; and that poem became the best known of Miss Perry's verse.—New York Post.

HOW TO REMOVE TAN.

How to remove tan.

On the principle that prevention is better than cure, tan may best be avoided by wearing a veil. The young woman who adheres religiously to a veil through storm and sunshine will not find the natural whiteness of her skin scriously impaired. There are times, however, when the summer girl finds it diverting to know how fresh air feels, and on such occasions she accumulates the deadly trio of tan, sunburn and ireckles that are to cause her many an anxicus hour, says the New York Press.

There are a few simple agents, however, that may be effectually called into play in the removal of these into play in the removal of these often as every other night the face should be thoroughly rubbed with a fresh lemon. The vigorous but harmless acid of the lemon will soon remove the most obstinate tan, leaving the skin not only white, but with an added softness and smoothness.

When a woman has once become onvert to the lemon, other uses convert to the lemon, other uses of this valuable toilet accessory suggest themselves to her. She will discover that nothing is so purifying to her complexion as lemon juice taken as a tonic. The juice of a lemon, taken without sugar in a large cup of very hot water, immediately upon rising, is the best of medicines.

A lemon bath is furthermore a delightful luxary and gives the skin an enviable sense of cleanness and smoothness. In short, the lemon is a currefor nearly all the ills that the summer girl's complexion is he'r to, and she will do well to adopt it early in the senson.

will do well to adopt it early in the senson.

In the daily washing of the face, especially in the tanning season, there is only one kind of water. Some trouble is involved in obtaining a constant supply of filtered, rain water, but the result justifies the expenditure of time and energy. First cover the face with the lather from some good pure soap, then wash gently in the

rain water till every trace of the soan

is removed.

Friction is a good tonic for any skin Friction is a good tonic for any skin and will give it the healthy glow that ought to be the ambition of its owner. A thorough rubbing of the face every night and the constant use of a rough towel in drying it are very stimulating. Pallor is no more to be desired than tan, and if the summer girl is so disposed she can achieve a happy medium.

Crown Princess Stephanie of Austria sa cyclist.

Is a cyclist.

In society circles there is quite a fad now of making the musical programme an elaborate feature at weddings.

In Norway a new law has been passed which makes girls ineligible for matrimony until they are profecient in knitting, baking and spinning.

The last census shows that we have 1235 women preachers, 208 lawyers

1235 women preachers, 203 lawyers and 4555 doctors and surgeons. But in all these numbers there are few who were college women.

The Princess Victoria of Wales is an ardent wheelwoman, as also are the Duke of York, the Duchess of Fife, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and the Princess Henry of Bat-

tenberg.

In literature the list of the unwed is long. It includes "Onida," Jean Ingelow, Rosa Cary, Edith Thomas, Sarah Orne Jewets, Mary Wilkins, Grace Denis Litehifeld, Edna Lyall and dozens more.

Ouida's hands and feet are said to be perfect in shape and oppoporation.

be perfect in shape and proportion.
To keep her feet from being contorted by unatural pressure on the bones, she always wears, summer and winter alike, open buckled shoes.

The Empress Frederick will probably spand a considerable water of the

The Empress Frederick will proba-bly spend a considerable part of the next two years in England. It is pos-sible that she may become the tenant of Ditton Park, the Duke of Buc-cleuch's place near Windsor.

The Trustees of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., have decided to celebrate the one hundredth birthday anniversary of Sophia Smith, the founder of the college. The anniver-sary of her birth comes August 27.

sary of her birth comes August 27.

Every Friday morning the Dutchess d'Uzes dresses herself in very common clothes and goes to a cancer hospital, where she spends the day in the ocupation of a nurse, relieving one of the attendants, who gets a holiday.

The Empress of Austria's villa at Corfu, which was built six years ago, and which cost more than \$2,500,000, and which cost more than \$2,500,000, is to be sold. The Empress has not spent six months in Corfu since the villa was finished, but declares herself to be tired of the place.

A collection of 1000 books, all relating to women, that has been accumu-

A collection of 1000 books, all relating to women, that has been accumulated by Colonel Higginson of Boston, is to be presented to Radolific College. The books are not to be separated, but will be placed and kept in an alcove apart from other books.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward says that wo-men have been hampered heretofore as writers of fiction, owing to the fact that they could not travel and explore without escorts. She expects great things of women in literature now that the old prejudices are passing away. The ex-Empress Engenie, who is still engaged on her memoirs, uses a penholder that is set with diamonds. This was employed by the fourteen representatives in signing the treaty of the peace of Paris in 1855, and was presented to the ex-Express as a me-

ento. The decay of the fine art of needle work is one of the accepted conditions of the moment. As to preserve that which was, but is threatened not to be, is a much affected pursuit just now, some one of the many women's clubs should turn its attention to this matter.

Some new handkerchiefs are shown

in biscuit brown. or Discourt orders.

Cycle leggings generally match the suit with which they are worn.

A full ruching of black satin finishes many a gown in a smart and unique manner.

Bonnet pies representing dandelion

fluffs in pearls are dainty and inex-Each modiste gives a distinctive ouch to the neckbands of the gowns

ne makes.

Even the laundry bag has been glor led until it is now a really ornamental bject in any room.

The denim pillow in all hues and shapes is found both in the drawing-It is a fad among the brides of the season to have their favorite color pre-

Among the most popular lines of neekwear on the market are yokes made of point de Ireland, oriental and point de Venise laces combined with silk and ribbon.

Great preparations have been made

AN INVOCATION.

gentle rain, in blessed, brimming

drops— Cool with thy kiss the city's burning

Moisten the meadows where the hot sun And fall refreshing on the thirsting crops! The warm wind for thy cordial greet

stops—
The panting flocks for a merry wel

Fall, gentle rain, while the rejoleing land

appears; Fall like a benediction from His hand Who makes the storm and sanlight

years; send thee to refresh the living and mourn the dead that knew no love

-Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution

HUMOR OF THE DAY. The "flyer" in stocks often turns ut to be a "header."—Puck.

This is the month of pink and rose, When balmy breezes sigh, And children turn the garden hose On every passer-by. A man often spends all his money trying to get something for nothing.

—Puck.

In learning to ride a bicycle, one notices the scenery is very striking.—Adams Freeman.

Adams Freeman.

The difference between firmness and obstinacy is merely a matter of sex.—
Adams Freeman.

To roam the bosky woods at will,

To fish beside the brook,

Will fill your soul with joy until

It comes your turn to cook.

Judge.

-Judge The man who bites off more than

he can chew is not so numerous as he who swallows more than he can digest. -Life.

—Life.

Of people meant everything they said the complications would be nearly as great as if they said everything they meant.—Life.

She—"Why is it that some men are so calm and cool when they propose?"
"Probably they are not expecting to be accepted."—Life.

The path of duty maybe leads—To self-approval, but The human mind will still attempt—To find a shorter cut.—Detroit News.

Such Candor: A certain Professor.

Such Candor: A certain Professor, on being asked what he knew upon a particular subject, replied: "Nothing I have not even lectured upon it, sir."

-Tit-Bits. it-Bits.

Beneath a bushel do not hide
Your lamp's effulgent light,
But put it on your bike and ride
Forth in the darksome night.

—Pittsburg Ne

"Was Bridget pleased when you showed her how to shell peas with the clothes wringer?" "No; she's mad because we haven's a lawn mower for to string beans with." — Chicago Record.

Record.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"What kind of a dress do you call that red a fair Mrs. Styles had on to-day?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"That's a calling gown. "Well, goodness knows, it looks loud enough to call."—Yonkers Stateman. Mrs. White—"How is your wife, Mr. Brown?" Brown, (pointing to where his wife sits in the next room, at work on his coat)—"Sil's sewsow." Mrs. White—"Oh, I see; sis mending sure enough."—Boston

mending sure enough.

An Irishman meeting another asked as An Irishman meeting another asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy: "Arrab, now, dear hone," answered the other, "Poor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison."—Tit-Bits.

In prison."—Tit-Bits.

He—"Did that Miss. Flyrt receive many proposals last season at Ryo Beach?" She—"Many? Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. In a short time she couldn't hear a soda water bottle pop without exclaiming, 'This is so sudden!'"—Chicago Post.

oxelaming, 'This is so sudden!'

Chicago Post.

Sound Advice: Borrowall (happening in)—"That's a fine mashine of yours, Ferguson. Some day I'll come around and take it out for a little spin. By the way, what kind of a bicycle would you advise me to ride?'
Ferguson—"I'd advise you to ride one of your own."—Chicago Tribune.

"Hello," sail the mahatma, as he met the elemental in the astral, "What are you up to to-day." "Oh, just knocking around," replied the elemental. "How's things in Thibet?" "Well, we're having just the same kind of spring we had 559 years ago—wet and backward. So long."—Minneapolis Journal.

Age of Fish Unlimited.

Age of Fish Unlimited.

"The age of fish is almost nulimited," observed an official of the Fish Commission, in reply to a question. "Professor Baird devoted a great deal of time to the question as total elegated of life of fish, and he found that the oldinary carp, if not interfere l with, would live five hundred years. In his writings on the subject he stated that there is now living in the Royal Aquarium, in Russio, several carginaters and the land accretained years old, and that he had accretained years old, and that he had accretained years old, and that he had accretained to ever two hundred years old. A gentleman in Baltimore has had an ordinary gold fish for sixy three years, and his father informed hie that he had purchesed it over forty years before it came into his possession."—Washington Star.

J. de Barth Shorb, who died at Lee Angeles, Cal., the other day, was one of the best known viticultarists at the world. He leaves among other property a vineyard of 1300 acr.



Neuilly, where her husband's (the Duc de Vendome) villa is, filled 170 boxes and weighed eleven tons.

It appears that Nora Perry made her first stroke of fortune through a Washington newspaper. She had written her poom, "Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin," and submitted it to