It appears that seventy-five per cent. of English chimney-sweepers die in the workhouse.

ocially the Siamese are undoubtedly advancing. There are now a number of men of good position whose wives accompany them in public, driving to entertainments, and so forth

The Medical Society of Berne Switzerland, has inaugurated a plan for the suppression of press notices of suicides, as it has been observed that epidemics of suicides, so called, come from "suggestion," acquired through printed accounts of them.

Spurgeon's sermons are among the great literary successes of the century. The Westminster Gazettee says that 2396 of these sermons have been printed and sold, and that the sun otal of the sales reaches nearly 000,000, an average of about 35,000 copies per sermon.

A mint is about to be established at

North Carolina paper says of it: "The underlying idea was never a very practical one. It was to divert the cotton goods trade of the South from the North and East to the West. The laws of trade are inexorable. The North and the East are the South and the West are both agricultural sections and are competitors. The business men never took hold of this Chicago Southern States movement. There never seemed to them to be anything in it. This quotation may be accepted as a fair illustration of feeling at the South over the attempt to fore trade, through an unnatural channel, to Chicago."

Jose to nilm was the Parker, who hold be and last, but not least, a know out; and in a menth or so alt will pass away.

Some Bahadur had now reached an open plain, where he stopped, and, turning round, faced his pursuers.

"Go op, brave men!" shouted the Vizier; "athousand rupees to him who links the first chain on that Shattan.

The strength out of the first chain on that Shattan.

The strength out of the first chain on that Shattan.

The strength out of the first chain on that Shattan.

The per strength out of the stopped and, turning round, faced his pursuers.

"Go op, brave men!" shouted the vi

### A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

As sweet as my blossom—my sweet!

And not in God's skies any stars is

dyes, With the blue and the dew of God's infinite skies! She is wonderful sweet, she is wonderfu

And not for the queens of the loveliest lan-Would I give her—my blossom, my sawe Not a kiss of her lips, not a clasp of her han-For the loveliest lady you'd meet! For the loveliest maid in whose honor

Hath flashed where the battle made for afraid;

Her lips to my own! May God's tempests be

For my blossom-my blossom, my sweet

## THE MADNESS OF SHERE BAHADUR.



One on the same reaches nearly 196, 1960, 1960, as a reaches of the same of th

tired Colonel, putting spurs to his phant!-Pah! w horse, mingled up with the dust and mal?"

tired Colonel, putting spurs to his horse, mingled up with the dust and was lost to view.

The Maharaj stormed in his native tongue, and then burst into English oaths. He turned in his fury towards the Vizier; but was only in time to see the snowy robes of that high functionary disappearing into a culvert, and the confused mob of his court running helter-skelter across the sward. Butyet another object caught the prince's eye, and chilled him with horror; it was the vast bulk of Shere Bahadur moving rapidly and noislessly towards him.

Sri Ranabir was a Rajpoot of the bluest blood, and his heart was big; but this awful sight, this swift, silent advance of hideous death, paralyzed him with fear. Already the long shadow of the elephant had moved near his feet, already he seemed impaled on those cruel white tusks, when there was a snapping bark, and the fox terrier flew at Shere Bahadur and danced around him in a tempest of rage. The elephant turned and made a savage dash at the dog, who skipped nimbly between his leys, and renewed the assault in the rear. But this moment of reprieve roused His Higbness. The prince became a man, and the Maharaj turned and fled, darting like a star across the soft green.

Shere Bahadur saw the flash of the

mal?"

"By your lordship's favor," answered a voice, "he is not must, only angry ... there is no stream from his eye. Nevertheless I will drive him to the lines, but I am but dust of the earth, and a thousand rupecs will make me a king." Then a red-turbaned man stepped out of the throng. It was the low-caste cooly who had been put to attend to the elephant on Aladin's death. He was armed with a short spear, and he crept up to the beast on his hands and knees, and then, rising warily, dug the weapon into the elephant's haunch. Shere Bahadur rapped his trunk on the ground, gave a short, quick trumpet, and, swinging round, made for the man. He did this in a slow, deliberate manner, and actually allowed him to zain the crowd; then he fung up his head with a screech, and dashed forward.

Crack!---crack! went both barrels of Sri Ranabir's riile, and two bullets whistled harmlessly through the air. The panic-struck mob turned and fled, bearing the struggling prince in the press. The clephant was, however, too quick, and to his horror, Sri Ranabir saw that he had charged home.

Then Sri Ranabir also saw some-"By your lordship's favor," answered

Then Sri Ranabir also saw something that he never forzot. Not a soul did the elephant harm; but, with a dogged persistence, followed the red durbau. Some, bolder than the rest, struck at him with their thin talwars, some tried to stab him with their spears, and one or two matchlocks were fired at him, but to no purpose. Through the crowd he steered straight for his prey, and the crowd itself gave gave back before him, in a sea of frightened faces. At last the man himself seemed to realize Shere Bahadur's object, and it dawned like an inspiration on the rest. They made a road for the elephant, and he separated his quarry from the crowd.

his quarry from the crowd.

At last! He ran him down on plowed field and stood over the wretch At last! He ran him down on a plowed field and stood over the wretch. The man lay partly on his side, looking up at his enemy, and he put up his hand weakly and rested it against the foreleg of the elephant, who stood motionless above him. So still was he that a wild thought of escape must have gone through the wretch's mind, for, with the resource born of imainent peril, he gathered himself together inch by inch and made a rush for freedom. With an easy sweep of his trunk Shere Bahadur brought him back into his former position, and then—the devil came up, and a groan went up from the crowd, for Shere Bahadur had dropped on his knees, and a moment after arose and kicked something—backwards and forwards setween his feet.

"Let him be," said the Vizier, laying a restraining hand on Sri Ranabir. "What has he killed but refuse? The Shaitan will go out of him now."

When he had done the deed, Shere Bahadur moved a few yards farther, and began to cark clocks of earth over

Bahadur moved a few yards farther, and began to cart clods of earth over mself. Then it was seen that a small figure,

with a driving hook in its little brown hand, was making directly for the elephant.

"Come back, you little fool!" shout-"Come back, you little foot!" shout-ed Sri Ranabir. But the boy made no answer, and, running lightly forward, stood before Shere Bahadur. He placed the tinsel-covered cap he wore at the beast's feet, and held up his

placed the tinsel-covered cap he wore at the beast's feet, and held up his hands in supplication. The crowd stood breathless; they could hear nothing, but the child was evidently speaking. They saw Shere Bahadur glare viciously at the boy, as his trank drooped forward in a straight line. The lad again spoke, and the elephant snorted doubtfully. Then there was no mistaking the shrill treble—"Lift!" Shere Bahadur held out his trunk in an unwilling manner. The boy seized hold of it as high as he could reach, placed his bare feet on the curl and murmured something. A moment after he was seated on the clephant's neck, and lifting the driving iron, waved it in the air. "Hai!" he scramed, as he drove it on to the right spot—the sore part over the left ear. "Lai! Base-born thie—back to your lines."

thief—back to your lines."

And the huge bulk of Shere Bahadur

And the fings but of shere basadur turned slowly round and shambled off to the peepul tree like a lamb.
"By the trunk of Gunputty. I will make that lad a havilder, and the 1000 rupees shall be his," swore the Maharei

haraj.

"Fillar of the Earth!" advised the Vizier, "let this unworthy one speak It is Futteh Din, the dead Aladin's son—give him fire rupees, and let him be mahout."

When I last saw Shere Bahadur h When I last saw Shore Bahadur he was passing solemnly under the old archway of the "Gate of the Hundred Winds" at Kalesar. The Maharaj Adhiraj was scated in the howda, with his excellency the Nawab Juggun Jung by his side. On the driving seat was Futteh Din, gorgeous in cloth of gold; and they were on their way to the funeral pyre of the heir apparent, who had died suddenly from a surfeit of cream.

ream.
As they passed under the archway, a weetnest seller rose and bowed to the crince, and Shere Bahadur, stretching



Diexcling for girls,

Does a girl lose caste by riding a wheel? Emphatically no. It is as proper to ride a wheel as to ride a proper to ride a wheel as to ride a proper to ride a wheel as to ride a proper to ride a wheel as to ride a proper to ride a wheel as to ride a proper to ride a wheel as to ride a proper to read the right in the right

SMALL, CLOSE-FITTING, QUAINT BONNET. SMAIL, CLOSE-FITTING, QUAINT DONNET.
Beside the poke which bears the stamp of Parisian approval, there is a small, close-fitting bonnet, quaint in shape, and made of rather coarse straw, or else of the fancy braids. These bonnets, though not unlike the Dutch cap in shape, are somewhat larger, and are worn further on the face. The trimming in some instances takes the form of a wreath and encircles the bonnet. Then the dexterous milliner bonds it so that it seems alcircles the bonnet. Then the dexterons milliner bonds it so that it seems almost oval. Sometimes the chief decoration is at one side and stands up very high; again, the entire front is quite plain, the trimming is at the back, and either flares out in bows at each side, or stands up quite straight just in the centre. Rosettes of; piece velvet or gauze ribbon are liked on these bonnets, and many good color effects are obtained when a little care is taken, and some thought is given to the contrast between the resettes and flowers.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

### SUMMER MILLINERY.

Never have we had a season of such brilliant coloring in hats, which are miracles of ugliness. The most vivid hues of the rainbow are brought out has of the rainbox are brought out in straws and worked up into a blinding brilliancy undreamed of before. To accentuate this defiant coloring there is neither rhyme nor yet even rhythm in their trimming which in many cases looks as though pitched at them through a pneumatic tube. Great quantities of gauze and tulle are used and whole branches from flowering trees and shrubs. The height to which the garniture is carried exceeds the most daring Elifeltower effects heretofore attempted, and often the breadth exceeds the height. Tulle brims have rush straw crowns, and support a whole geranium plant or a rose bush while wide ribbon may spread as a vast fan back of the arcar. Sametires the laule of the bon may spread as a vast fan back of the crown. Sometimes the back of the hat looks as though a garden had been hat looks as though a garden had been stripped for its decoration, a peek measure of flowers of every hue and kind being massed against its upturned brim. While there is so much to condemn, there are yet some charmingly dainty things that can be found if you have the time and perseverance to go in their search. But remember that, more than ever, when trying on hats you need to consider the side and back effects as well as the front, for some of the first are trying beyond belief.—Demorest's Magazine.

Every week brings some change in style, some new models for skirts or waists, or some dainty trimming that has not as yet been seen, until it seems impossible to believe that Dame Fashion can evolve any more ideas. The newer gowns show a decided modification of the more showy styles of last month, and there is a tendency towards light and airy effects, with most delicate shades of coloring, while skirts and waists have quite distinct points of difference. It is difficult to say just what the outcome of all these changes is to be. There is no question but sleeves are smaller and skirts narrower in the very newest costumes, but in thin meterials particularly there seems no limit to the width of skirts and no preceptible shrinkage in the size of sleeves, that is, about the shoulder or the upper arm. From just above the elbow to the wrist they fit snugly, and there is a wrinkled shirred look much like that given by the long evening gloves. The puffication the upper arm serves to give the desired breadth neross the shoulders, which accentuates a small waist and makes a large one have some slight—curve. Evening waists have most absurd little frills for sleeves, made of double box plaits of tulle or thin silk.

most absurd little frills for sleeves, made of double box plaits of tulle or thin silk.

Skirts are almost invariably trimmed. Sometimes the gores are defined by insertions of lace, straps of braid, or cut-work embroidery, or the front breadth is embroidered so that it looks like a panel; but at the bottom of skirts is where iront breadth is embroidered so that it looks like a panel; but at the bottending from the neck band are tom of skirts is where new fashions are particularly noticeable; small overlapping ruftles are headed with a ruche, or a bias ruftle is put on in festoons, or perhaps with a band of ribbon. At all events, there is something to break the straight line down from the waist. The festooned flounces have knots of ribbon with and of with the down from the waist. The festooned flounces have knots of ribbon with a devening gowns have ruftles of lace wee little buckles put on at regular intervals, or, as in the case of a gown

just finished, with the festoon apparently ending in the middle of the front breadth and fastened with a large rosette and rhiuestone buckle. Wash dresses almost invariably have a bit of ribbon trimming just above the tiny ruffle. A dark blue India silk that is flowered all over with green and pink has around the bottom of the skirt three bands, the lowest of dark blue velveteen and the upper two of green and pink; just the narrow edge of these ribbons shows, and makes an extremely pretty finish.—Harper's these ribbons shows, and makes are extremely pretty finish.—Harper's

The Duchess of Portland is nearly

Two maids of honor, six bridesmaids and six ushers is the correct style for swell weddings.

The wife of Senator elect Foraker, of Ohio, and her three daughters are enthusiasts on the bioycle.

Princess Helene, the Duchess of Sparta's baby, is Queen Victoria's twenty-second great-grandchild.

Miss Frances Jones, of Philadelphia, has been chosen one of the Problish.

has been chosen one of the Prohibi-tion Presidential electors at large.

A woman is the ongraver of medals in the royal mint at Stockholm, Sweden, and has been for many years. Miss Agnes Adams, of Whitman Col-lege, won the highest honors at the first angual contest of the Intercol-legiate Oratorical Association of Wash-ton.

Mrs. Jane Robertson, who has just died at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Can-ada, at the age of seventy-nine years, was a cousin of Longfellow and of Noah Webster.

Mrs. Smith, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is quoted as having grown weary of life in Washington, and as anxious to return to her old home in Georgia.

home in Georgia.

Mrs. John M. Clay, who owns the Henry Clay farm in Kentucky, has willed \$50 to each of the animals on her farm, to provide for their comfort in their declining years.

Lotta, the actress, is living in absolute retirement in Northern New Jersey. Though she is in her fiftieth year, she looks only about forty, and is as cheerful and merry as ever.

Lucienne Hirsch, granddaughter of

Lucienne Hirsch, granddaughter o Baron Hirsch, a little miss in her early teens, is virtually the heir of her grandfather's millions. She will be the richest heiress in the world when

the rights herees in the world when she comes of age. She is a Catholic. Few would believe how active a part Queen Victoria takes in her own packing, although we have her own words for it in one of her diaries, when on the point of leaving the Highlands for London: "Am so busy; packing all this morning."

the point of leaving the Highlands for London: "An so busy; packing all this morning,"

Exactly one hour after Miss Mattie Madison, of Nevada, Mo., had read that magnificent high school graduating essay on "Fhe True, the Beautiful and the Good," she was married to Charlie Edwards in the hotel parlors next door to the "opera house."

The jewel casket of the Dowager Empress of Russia is the most famous in the world, from a gen point of view. Hardly second to it is that of the Empress of Austria, whose black pearls are noted throughout Europe for their extreme beauty and rarity.

Lady Arthur Butler, formerly Miss Stager, of Chicago, is counted one of the most beautiful women in the United Kingdom. She is very popular in English society, where she is known as a young women of many accomplishments and fascinating personality.

Miss Jane Stone, a Philadelphia girl, has gone into the oil business in the

Miss Jane Stone, a Philadelphia girl has gone into the oil business in the newly discovered petroleum fields in East Tennessee. She makes her own leases. It is her purpose to drill ten wells before fall, and she has contracted for 100,000 feet of lumber for derricks.

A bit of black velvet instead of the sual red cloth on a desk is a very of-ective background for paper an en-

Old-fashioned silk brocade is used

for waistcoats, revers and cuffs, and white moire silk appears in this guise on white alapace gowns.

Some lovely cut-glass sirup pitchers are among the bargains at this season of the year that would come in handy for next Christmas gifts.

Don't put away avery blanket in the

Don't put away every blanket in the house. There are summer nights, and not at the advertised summer resorts, where these comforts may be needed.

parasots.

A novel collarette is made with a stock band from which falls a deep frill, both being made of chiffon. Depending from the neck band are heavy point de Venise points in cream color.

STORY OF THE SEEDS

"One I love;" a pretty face
Bending o'er the grate;
"Two I love," a soft, sweet voica,
Measures out her fate.
"Three I love, I say," and still
Other seeds galore.
"Four I love with all my heart,"
What need is there of more?

"Five I cast away"—
Ah, no! Fortune thus were wrong,
Should the count thus ended be;
Love's itse are too strong.
"Six he loves," a dimpled smile;
"Seven she loves," a blush;
"Seyen she loves," a blush;
O'er the fair face flush.

"Nine he comes; he tarries ten,"
"Eleven he courts"—but wait!
Anxious search has failed to find
The seed where rests her fate.
Carefully she looks thera o'er, Then, as brow grows light,
"Twelve he marries. Mercy
Nearly died from fright!" -Puck.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"I love you unspeakably, Molly."But perhaps you might speak t mamma."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Teacher—"What is an island?"
Little Johnny Squanch—"A body of land almost entirely occupied by insurgents."—Puck.

Teacher—"Can you give me idea of what a hollow mockery Pupil—"Yessum; our ice-chest in ter is."—Roxbury Gazette.

Very Amateur Singer (at evening party)—"Let me like a soldier tall!"
Agonized Guest—"You certainly should if I had a gun anywhere handy."

-Standard. Depth of Woe: "Did George look anxious when he proposed to you, Kitty?" "Yes; he looked as if he were learning to ride a wheel."—Chi-cago Record.

eago Record.

Snobson—'I feel dweadfully. I gave an at home yesterday and only ten people came.'' Quiz—''Why don't you give a funeral? You'd have it crowded.''—Truth.

crowded."—Truth.
Attorney—"What was there about
the deceased that led you to believe he
was of unsound mind?" Witness—
"Well, for one thing, he abhored
bicycles."—Philadelphia North American.

can.
Teacher—"Now, Freddie, since you have correctly spelled Philadelphia, can you tell me what State it is in?"
Freddie—"Yes, sir. I heard pa say the other day that it was in a state of

Hicks—''I saw your poem in the paper last week. How did you get your pull with the editor?" Wicks—''Oh, I didn't bother the editor, I called upon the business manager.''—Somerville Journal.
''Now, Johuny, do you understand thoroughly why I am going to whip you?" 'Yes'm. You're in bad humor this morning, an' you've got to lick some one before you'll feel satisfied."—Harlem Life.
Margaret—''Don't you think Mauds

Margaret—"Don't you think Mauds loved Charlie?" Ethel—"No, dear; it is my firm belief that she only mar-ried him for his beautiful collection of striped outing shirts,"—Philadel-phia North American.

phia North American.

He—"Which did you like best of my
verses?" She—"Why, the one on the
first page." He—"Let me see. Which
one was that?" She—"Don't you re
member? The one in quotation
marks."—Harlem Life.

member? The one in quotation marks."—Harlem Life.

"You do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Waddington?" "No, I don't think the best dinner on earth is sufficient compensation for making one's self agreeable for three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Record.

Daughter—"This piano is really my very own, isn't it, papa?" Pa—"Yes, my dear." "And when I marry I car take it with me, can I?" "Certainly, my child; but don't tell any one. If might spoil your chances."—Tit Bits.

Ferry—"Why don't you get married? Don't say you can't stand the expense. That excuse is too thin."

Hargreaves—"I could stand the oxpense "That excuse is too thin."

Hargreaves—"I could stand the says he can't."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Miss Bollefield—"Do you like Mr. Yun Braam, Kellie?" Miss Bloomfield (who is addicted to slang)—"Yes, I like him I don't think." Miss Bellefield—"That is the great trouble with you, Nellie. You should cultivate a habit of thought."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"What do you think of my work

"What do you think of my work

What do you think of my work "What do you think of my work with the camera?" asked the young man, who is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. "It's splendid m it way," replied the girl who means well. "It's better than any of the professional caricaturists can do."—Washington Star.

A Continuous Performance: "You a Confinition Ferformance: "Too remember when I proposed to you?" said the young husband. "I believe I do recollect something of the sort," answered the young wife. "And you told me I would have to see your mother." "Yes." "I must have mismother." "Yes." "I must have mis-understood you. I rever dreamed that it was the programme that I should see your mother every day I came home."—Indianapolis Journal.

# A White Coon.

A White Coon.

A white coon that hasn't a dark hair on its body is owned at Weiser, Idaho, and is a kind of town pet. It has distinguished itself by whipping all the dogs in the neighborhood, and is sure death to cats that stray into its vicinity. It spends most of its time chained to the sidewalk outside its owner's store. owner's store.

Bennington Center, Vt., with a population never exceeding 300, has furnished four Governors to the State.