

Times change. This year all the county fairs have X rays, bicycle races and the magaphone as purely agricultural exhibits.

The British authorities in India have been obliged to discontinue the bounties on dead snakes, because the natives went into the business of breeding the reptiles on a large scale in order to secure the reward.

One curious result of the fall in cereals and other products is to render obsolete the cable codes used by shippers and speculators. Prices have gone under the lowest figures which were thought to be possible when the codes were compiled.

The development of the railroad, the bicycle, and other substitutes for the horse has brought about a peculiar condition of affairs. In North Dakota, Montana, Northern Idaho, and Washington, there are one hundred and twenty-five thousand horses roaming around the prairies, and eating the grass that might be used profitably in feeding cattle and sheep. The horses are practically valueless, and the owners are helpless.

The British Government is about to copy a leaf out of Uncle Sam's book in regard to the consular service and the assistance which it can render the commercial interests of the country in providing reports on the state of trade and labor, and the class of merchandise which would be likely to meet a ready market in each particular district. Europe is to be mapped out into four districts, each under the control of a commercial attaché, whose duty it will be to forward systematic reports from his district. Asia is apparently to be treated in the same manner, as consuls are to be sent out to the recently opened ports of Japan and China.

A German gentleman one day received a telegram from the proprietor of a hotel in the South of France, informing him of the death of his aunt, and asking for particulars as to the disposal of the body. The gentleman begged that the body might be sent to Cologne, and, after telegraphing to the deceased's relatives to assemble in that city, traveled thither himself. In due time the coffin arrived. On being opened, it was found to contain the body, not of an aunt, but of a Russian general in full uniform. Further telegrams elicited the information that the coffin containing the body of the deceased lady had been forwarded in error to the relatives of the Russian general at St. Petersburg. Urgent telegrams were dispatched to St. Petersburg, and after three days of anxious waiting this answer was received: "Your aunt has been interred with full military honors."

In the North American Sir Walter Besant discusses in a very interesting way the "Future of the Anglo-Saxon Race." He begins with the well established proposition that wherever the Anglo-Saxon goes he absorbs—no is never absorbed. He is a restless and masterful creature. He is never content with what he has, and is both individually and collectively grasping more and more property and power. The Anglo-Saxon possessions at this moment take in 120,000,000 of people who speak English as their native tongue, without counting the Hindus, who are fast acquiring it. The English speaking race in the sixteenth century did not number more than five millions, but they have come to stay, and where they are located they are destined to remain. The Anglo-Saxon absorbs foreign races like the French, Dutch, German, Italian and the Norwegians. The remarkable fact is that in a hundred years the English speaking race has leaped up from 20,000,000 to 120,000,000 and has extended its possessions to something like the fifth part of the habitable globe. The English speaking race is one great empire and one great republic. The advantage, so far as position and strength go, seems to be with America. While all the States that have come out of Great Britain have had to create their own form of Government, every one has become practically a republic. In the beginning, the development and the present position of the Anglo-Saxon race, there are six great countries, two fully grown, the United States and England, and four, Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand, practically only in their infancy. The future of this race is one of the greatest and most fascinating problems, adds the Atlanta Journal. It is not an idle boast that English will one day, in all probability, be the language of the great mass of the human family, and that there will be no National power on earth which will compare in strength with those of the Anglo-Saxon.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Perilous Experience of a Mail Carrier—Towed by a Tarpon—Conquered the Eagle.

JUDGE FRANCIS ADAMS, now a San Francisco attorney, was one of the early pioneers of the great West, and few of the old-timers have witnessed more thrilling events than he.

"Perhaps the most narrow escape I ever had," said the judge a few days ago, in recalling scenes that antedate the gold discovery, "was an encounter with the hostile Indians in the year 1847." And here is the story. It reads like fiction after the lapse of fifty years.

In the above-mentioned year Adams, then a boy of seventeen, was engaged in carrying military mail between El Paso, Texas, and Albuquerque, New Mexico. The greater portion of the country through which he passed was a desert waste. One piece of the way was particularly dangerous, being in the vicinity of a frequent rendezvous of the Indians, and for the mail carrier's safety and protection, a small troop of soldiers was regularly detached from the midway post of Manzanilla, on the Rio Grande, to meet the mail boy at a certain point of rocks, at which he always halted, and to escort him over that part of the road which was considered unsafe.

The spot in question was generally reached after nightfall. It so happened that the officer in charge of the troop was Sergeant William J. Graves, who afterward became prominent as a lawyer in this State, and who has long since joined the silent majority. Young Graves was of herculean build, brave as a lion and as reckless as he was brave.

Young Adams had on several occasions been hard pressed by savages, but he was well mounted, and his steed had always carried him through unscathed.

No incident worth mentioning had occurred for quite a little period, so that upon one occasion Sergeant Graves felt inclined to take matters rather leisurely. Then, concluding that he would miss the mail carrier if he rode to the point of rocks, the sergeant resolved to strike ahead and meet Adams on the highway.

As usual, the mail carrier halted. It was after nightfall, but the big silver moon made the night radiant, and objects could be distinguished clearly for a considerable distance. The horse was allowed to graze about and Adams sat down to rest. Then he looked toward Manzanilla for the troopers, but they were nowhere to be seen. Soon the horse pricked up his ears and moved in a frightened way toward its master. Adams knew what that meant, and, leading the animal to the cover of some rocks, peered about and discovered that the Redskins were quietly closing in on him from all sides.

Delay meant death. Adams put his carbine in order, sprang into his saddle, selected an opening in his Indian line, and driving his spurs into the horse's side, made a desperate dash for life. The Indian's were momentarily disconcerted by the bold movement. Adams used his carbine on the nearest of the enemy, and, despite a rain of arrows, plunged through the line.

Just as he thought himself fairly in the race to save his scalp he saw ahead of him in the pale light another band of Indians that he had not calculated on. He whirled to one side, and then a chase against heavy odds began. For ten miles the painted warriors pursued him, gaining on him every minute.

The arrows pierced his clothing; the Indian yells almost drowned the noise of the hoof beats of his steed. His horse was wounded, but the faithful beast still struggled on. The sixty-four rounds of ammunition carried by the rider were almost exhausted. The horse fell dead.

At this juncture firing was heard afar. The Indians were stayed by sudden terror.

"Frank! Frank! where are you?" came a powerful voice.

"Here!" cried Adams. And through the hostile band Graves had burst his way, knocking Indians to the right and to the left. The savages scattered like children before him.

"Quick!" cried Graves, leaning far down from his saddle, extending his strong hand and locking it around the enfeebled hand of young Adams. "Swing up behind."

Adams mounted behind the sergeant. The Indians didn't recover from their surprise and shock of the young giant's charge until they were aware of two whites on a single horse riding away in the moonlight at a speed that mocked pursuit—riding away to be joined by the troopers. —Chicago Tribune.

Towed by a Tarpon. A Texas sportsman, in the Forest and Stream, gives an account of a recent exciting experience while fishing for tarpon in Galveston Bay. He says:

"As I had made my arrangements to return to Houston at 2 o'clock, I told the boatman that if he would give me one more fresh mullet I would bait the hook, and when that was taken we would go in. He gave me the mullet, put his oars in the locks and was ready to start when I threw my bait overboard. It had not got three feet from the boat before there was a mighty splash. Water was thrown all over me, and my mullet was taken by a tarpon. I was scarcely prepared for him, but at the same time I prevented his getting too much line, and the reel sang the prettiest kind of a song, until he had gone about fifty feet, that I ever heard. At this distance he

jumped at least ten feet out of the water, and, finding I had him safe, I gave him no more slack whatever. He turned immediately out the channel to sea against the tide and continued his rapid gait, jumping clear of the water every hundred feet or so until he had jumped nine times. He kept up the pace until he had gone three miles to sea and in very deep water.

"I had no control of him whatever, and he had taken on several occasions during this outward sea movement nearly all my line, at least 500 feet. After this distance he turned to the left and went at least two miles, until he got back into five or six feet of water. Then he turned back across the channel and went on the opposite side of it, probably a mile and a half. After two hours and a half he went back into water three and a half or four feet deep, and I had some hope of getting him into water where I could gaff him. But, without warning, he turned to sea again and did not stop until he had gone a mile and a half. This fish took us around over the bay for five and a half hours, and a distance of not less than twelve or thirteen miles. I found I had no control over him and I knew I had him foul in some way, because no pressure that I dared to bring seemed to turn his head, and when I got him broadside toward me and endeavored to hold him I would draw him broadside to me and not head foremost, which told me I had him hooked somewhere in the side.

"After I had worn out Capt. Frank Marsh, my boatman and myself, and we had on several occasions almost decided to cut the line and let the fish go, we began to have a little control over him, and worked him toward shallow water, and at 6.15 I got him into water about three and a half feet deep and the captain got out into the water himself and worked up to the fish and gaffed him, as he had a gaff with a handle about six feet long. After he got the gaff into the tarpon he drew him toward the boat and I killed him with an oar."

Fight With a Hurt Eagle. John Heller, of Cascade Valley, Broome County, N. Y., captured an American eagle after hard efforts recently. He had set a steel trap to catch a fox which had been stealing his hens. On Monday morning he discovered that the trap was missing. Searching about for it he heard a scream and commotion among a flock of crows in a grove near by.

In a moment a great American eagle arose from the woods, dragging the trap, which was fastened to one leg. It at once flew to a high tree. Heller discharged his shot gun at the bird and it fell to the ground, wounded in one wing.

Finding an old rope near by Heller endeavored to bind the eagle, but it fought vigorously with beak and talons, inflicting severe wounds upon the man. Seeing that he was beaten, Heller ran to a neighboring field, where a man was at work, and the two returned to the contest.

In Heller's absence the crows, seeing the eagle wounded and handicapped, had, attacked it, but it fought a good fight and killed six and wounded many more of the crows.

The two men rallied to the attack, and succeeded, by the aid of a rope and a piece of fence rail, in overpowering the eagle and taking it to Heller's home, where it is gradually recovering from its injuries.

The bird measured seven feet from tip to tip and stands five feet high. It will be sent to Heller's brother, who is President of a New York club. It has been committing many depredations in the vicinity, killing lambs, fowl, etc. It is believed that the eagle is the mate of the bird killed by Mrs. John Hendrix, of Gulf Summit, N. Y., in February. —New York Press.

Bravery of a Naval Cadet.

English residents of Yokohama, Japan, have asked the Royal Humane Society of England to recognize the conspicuous bravery displayed by one of the youngest officers of the United States cruiser Olympia, Naval Cadet W. H. Standley. He had on two previous occasions saved persons from drowning, and late in July he added to his record a third life saved at the risk of his own. While standing on a catamaran along side of the Olympia he saw a sailor from the American yacht Coronet swimming toward him. The sailor was intoxicated, and when about thirty feet from the cruiser he sank. Standley immediately dived for him, followed by Apprentice Youngs. Standley caught the man as he was sinking and was fiercely attacked by him, the sailor seizing him by the throat and then attempting to use his knife. With the assistance of Youngs Standley got him aboard the Olympia, where a stonach pump was used on him. After an hour's rest he recovered and was profoundly penitent.

Boy Saved Two Women's Lives.

There are many more heroes than those who fall in battle, or in shock of arms do mighty deeds. The seven-year-old boy La Porte, of Albany, Oregon, who plunged into the Columbia River and rescued two young women from drowning, deserves to rank with the heroes of the age. The drowning girls grappled the boy when he sprang, full clothed, into the swift current to save them, and the trio went to the bottom. After once rising, he realized that he could not swim to shore with his clinging burdens, and sank with them and crawled upon the bottom to shallow water, from which he dragged himself and his charges more dead than alive.

The pan- Presbyterian council, at its recent session in Glasgow, Scotland, unanimously accepted the invitation to hold its meeting in Washington, D. C., in 1939.

GENUINE DOGS OF WAR.

THE ARMY'S PROPOSED CANINE MILITARY CONTINGENT.

How Dogs Are Taught to Carry Messages, Warn Sentinels and Find Wounded Men.

THE War Department is seriously contemplating the training of dogs for use in the army. Abroad they have been found most valuable in campaigning, and many German regiments already have canine contingents. In fact, the animals are considered an essential part of the fighting organization and are as carefully drilled as the men. Before long all of the great foreign military establishments will have troops of four-legged soldiers, and it will not do for this country to lag behind.

Dogs, properly selected and educated, make the best sort of scout and the most capable carriers of orders in the field. They are particularly useful for transmitting information, for conveying messages from advanced patrols, and in maintaining communication between posts and pickets. Also they do excellent work in hunting up missing men. Their natural qualities of docility, watchfulness, speed, acuteness of senses, and affection for man render them conspicuously adaptable for military service. No regiment ought to be without a squad.

The business of training war dogs has been reduced to a perfect system. There is a complete course of canine pedagogy, with lessons as carefully formulated as those of grammar and arithmetic for children. The dog's intelligence, like the child's, is developed step by step. The lessons pass gradually from the simple to the difficult, and care is taken never to demand more of the animal than it is intelligible to him. When he understands what is expected of him, the next thing is to fix in his mind what he has learned by constant practice before passing to another subject. Imperfect learning of an exercise is apt to lead to misunderstandings on the part of the dog which are difficult to eradicate.

The fewer punishments the better. Only disobedience is to be punished. To punish the dog for failure to comprehend is not only unreasonable on the trainer's part, but calculated to mar the results aimed at. Beating must not be resorted to when scolding will suffice. Rewards should be given sparingly. It is not advisable habitually to give the animal tidbits, since they distract his attention. In most cases words of praise and affection are a sufficient reward. A certain amount of training goes naturally with the early bringing up of the pup, but the education proper should not be begun before he is at least six months old. It may be remarked here that the war dog is always of the male persuasion; females are kept only for breeding purposes.

The Germans consider the efficiency of their war dogs of such importance that an immense amount of labor is expended in training them. They receive instruction at night as well as in the day time. One important thing they learn is to growl and not to bark when a stranger is near, and this is taught them by exercise in the dark. The hearing of a dog is more accurate and its alertness greater at night than by day. An animal that can be counted on to growl on the approach of a stranger without giving an alarm is calculated to be particularly useful to the sentinel. Watchfulness is inborn in the dog and may easily be cultivated. The beast must be taught not to bite under any circumstances. Fierce dogs are unsuitable for military service.

The war dog wears a collar that has a metal plate bearing the name of the company to which he is attached, as, for example, "Rifle Battery 8, 2 Comp." He carries a small canvas pouch, which is closed by a button or buckle. These articles, with a chain for fastening him when required, constitute the whole of his equipment. The canvas receptacle is called a "report pouch." An idea of its purpose is communicated to the dog by putting written messages into it in his presence when he departs on a mission and taking them out on his arrival. He soon learns that he is carrying something from one end of the trip that is wanted at the other. This business of conveying messages is the most important thing that the animal has to learn. He ought to be able after a while to go a distance of two miles or more and return.

It is important that the dog shall go straight to his destination, taking the shortest practicable route. During the process of training, therefore, men are stationed along the track which he is to pursue, and they call to him and try to divert him from his object. If he pays any attention to them he is scolded or punished. The distance traversed is very short at the beginning and is gradually increased. The dog is taught to cross water by swimming. He is made accustomed to the firing of guns by taking him to the target range, and his first actual service may be in carrying messages between the firing stand and the markers. The final test of the animal's capableness is his willingness and ability to do the same work when led by somebody else than his instructor. He must be taught that he is to obey his master alone. Intelligence on the trainer's part is as necessary as in the dog, for no two dogs are exactly alike in character, and each one must be studied as an individual.

To hunt for missing men is a notable feature of the war dog's education. In future battles, doubtless, many a wounded soldier's life will be saved by the efforts of the canine contingent. The animal trained in this business is first taught to search a small tract of

brush or woods in the daytime, or a piece of ground at night, and, as soon as he has found a man, to stay with him and bark until his master comes up. He must learn to bark at command, and to bark continuously before a man who is lying on the ground. At the beginning the assistant hides himself and is searched for by the trainer and his dog. The dog easily finds the man, and tries to take from him some article of clothing, perhaps a cap, and brings it to his master. If he does so he is made much of and called on to search again. He runs back to the concealed man and takes from him some other article. If unsuccessful he will bark, and is encouraged to keep on barking. Next it is necessary to make the dog understand that searching for the man alone is what is required of him. When the dog barks the trainer hastens toward him, and, when the man is found, pets and praises the animal. Commonly a dummy man is used for hiding. To teach a dog when to bark, instruction must be begun early.

War dogs are kept with the utmost care, to prevent uncleanness and disease. Their kennels, of brick or planks, are cleaned every twenty-four hours. Their metal feed vessels are scrubbed daily and are removed from the kennels after being used. Sick dogs are kept apart. During the first year the puppies get nothing but milk and dog cake; afterward the remnants from the men's table are added. In Germany a special fund is set aside for the keep of the war dogs. It is considered worth while to teach the animals tricks of all sorts, because their intelligence is developed. —Boston Transcript.

Deadly Drop Handle Bars.

The Herald told the other day of a young man named Frederick Gallagher, who was stricken with paralysis while riding the bicycle near Morris-town, N. J. The young man's companions carried him to a doctor in Mount Hope, who said that his seizure was due to excessive use of a wheel with drop handle bars. Under treatment the patient partially recovered. Gallagher's case should be a warning to all bicyclists against scorching and the deadly handle bar.

"This is the first case of the kind that has come to my notice," a well known doctor said to me the other day, "but I have often wondered why there were not more.

"Whenever a wheelman lays hold of a handle bar he puts his arms in an unnatural position and over exercises the extensor muscles. These muscles are supplied by the brachial and median nerves, and undue fatigue of the nerves means the exhaustion of the nerves. Such abuse would naturally be reported promptly at the brachial plexus, whence a message would be sent to the brain. Paralysis is the logical result.

"Scorching of any kind is bad enough, but scorching on a drop handle bar machine is an insult to every law of nature, and every man that practices it incurs a grave risk. He may not be paralyzed in the act, as Gallagher was, but he incurs the risk of such a seizure, and if he persists is bound to have one. It is only a question of time." —New York Herald.

The Gold Product.

"The promised increase in the gold output of the United States is not likely to be realized," said R. P. Jaquith, of Boise City, Idaho, an old gold miner, at the Howard. "I sold a mine in which I was interested a few months ago, since which I have been examining into the various fields. Cripple Creek I consider to be more overworked than any field I ever saw, and the boom there cannot last much longer. In Sacramento Valley and Southern California there are some low-grade sulphide ores, that will pay to handle, but there are no large fortunes to be made. I have been all over the Southern fields, and while there are some excellent prospects, the ores are exceedingly refractory, and no process of extraction has yet proved entirely successful. The only territory that I have found where there are real prospects for an increase is the Trail Creek country, in Washington, and British Columbia, and I am of the opinion that territory is more limited in extent than some people believe." —Washington Star.

The Largest Ship in the World.

According to Promethes the largest ship in the world is building at the Vulcan shipyard in Bremen, near Stuttgart, Germany, for the Hamburg-American line. The same builders constructed the first large express steamer built in Germany, the Augusta Victoria, of the same line. The new monster has length of 625 feet on the waterline, and is therefore considerably larger than the Campania, which is 600 feet in length between perpendiculars. The engines will have 27,000 horse power and a speed of twenty-two knots is expected. The engines and boilers will also be furnished by the Vulcan shipyards. Construction has been commenced already.

A Test for Horseflesh.

M. Humbert, through the Rev. de Médecine Vétérinaire, tells us that chemical tests will determine whether a given specimen of meat is from the horse or from the flesh of any other animal usually used for food; fifty grammes of meat are boiled for one hour in 200 grammes of water, and then the solution is set aside to cool. When cool, nitric acid in the proportion of five per cent. is added, and in this is dropped drop by drop, some of Gram's iodure solution, or in its place a solution of iodized water which has been well iodized by the aid of heat; if horseflesh is present there will appear a deep violet-red circle. Neither beef, veal, mutton nor pork will furnish the same reaction.



FASHIONS FOR NEXT WINTER.

That next winter is to see our arms tightly encased in sheathlike sleeves, remarks Harper's Bazar, there seems very little doubt. There is a marked shrinking in size already, and the exaggerated large sleeve already looks passe. The new styles, though, are too extreme to become popular at once, and they are certainly most unbecoming. Two silk waists just finished to wear with duck skirts are very odd. One of flame-colored taffeta, changeable from the deep flame to pale yellow, has the fronts of the waist in full folds crossed over the bust. The sleeves fit tight to the arm, excepting just below the elbow, where there is a queer fall puff that looks like a pin-cushion. The other model is of shaded mauve silk, and the sleeves are shirred from shoulder to wrist. Apparently the silk used is very narrow, for the edges stick out "like quilts upon the trefal porcupine," and look like ridges up and down the arm. No softening effect of lace or embroidery is on these waists, which have just been turned out by one of the smartest modistes.

WHAT KILLED A RESTAURANT.

A New York restaurant-keeper whose place a few years ago was a strong rival of Delmonico's, refitted his quarters last winter in very handsome style, and then was astonished to see that the attendance soon began to fall off with alarming rapidity. He finally managed to pour his complaint into the ear of a great social leader, and she readily explained the mystery. The lighting was at fault. The powerful electric lights were not properly shaded, and their harsh radiance gave a ghastly appearance to every woman in the room. To appear to advantage under such a light, a woman must "make up" her face with all the science used by actresses. Otherwise, no matter how beautiful her complexion, her face will look sallow and haggard and there will be deep circles under her eyes. It did not take the women long to discover this fact, and they soon managed to betray their preference for other restaurants. Though the proprietor promptly toned down his lights, his business never fully recovered from the injury they had wrought. —Argonaut.

THE BICYCLE HAND.

At last the long-expected objection has come! The pastime of bicycling by ladies, out of which they have derived so much health, enjoyment and amusement, has been repeatedly assailed with a view of turning its devotees into another channel of occupation. So far, however, by the spirited enthusiasm with which the new craze has been taken up, all these assaults have proved unsuccessful. However, there is admittedly some danger of acceptance in the last objection which has been advanced. There is a decided artfulness in its promulgation, and lady bicyclists, taken unawares, might be disposed in consequence to look for the first time with some askance at their new plaything. We allude to the allegation concerning the "bicycle hand." Ladies are now being warned that "the bicycle hand is a thing of ugliness and horror for ever." The distinctive features of this hand are stated to be that "it becomes flattened, bulges out at the sides, gets lumpy and out of shape, and the fingers all become crooked," and all these dreadful results are held to be due to the habit of clutching the handle of the machine. But after all, assuming this terrible allegation to be true, what does it matter? Let women cultivate health, and the ways that bring health, and the men will value them more for so doing, despite the fact that the result may be a little loss in the graceful outlines of the female figure owing merely to some healthy increase in the muscular tissue. —London Medical Press.

ABOUT SHOES.

Never wear a shoe that pinches the heel, says Health Culture.

Never wear a shoe or boot so large in the heel that the foot is not kept in place.

Never wear a shoe or boot that has depressions in any part of the sole to drop any joint or bearing below the level plane.

Never wear a shoe with a sole turning up very much at the toes, as this causes the cords on the upper part of the foot to contract.

Never wear a shoe that presses up into the hollow of the foot.

Never have the top of the boots tight, as it interferes with the action of the calf muscles, making one work badly and spoils the shape of the ankle.

Never wear one pair of shoes all the time, unless obliged to do so. Two pairs of boots worn a day at a time, alternately, give more service and are much more healthful.

Never wear leather sole linings to stand upon; white cotton drilling or linen is much better and more healthful.

Never wear a short stocking, or one which, after being washed is not at least one-half inch longer than the foot. Bear in mind that stockings shrink; be sure that they will allow your toes to spread out at the extreme ends, as these keep the joints in place and makes a strong and attractive foot. As to shape of stockings, the

signal digital or "one-toe stocking" is best.

GOSSIP.

The widow of Professor Huxley is to receive a pension of \$1000 a year from the civil list.

Miss Clara Howard is working her way through the University of California by selling newspapers.

Abigail Bush, of California, who presided over the first woman-suffrage convention, is eighty-six years old.

The women of San Francisco are to give an educational and historical carnival, which will last during an entire week.

Mrs. Dorothy Tennant Stanley, the wife of the explorer, has a peculiar fad. She collects parasols, and has a unique collection.

A lodge for female Odd Fellows has lately been started in Tasmania. This is probably the first lodge formed for women in the whole world.

Countess Elise Biscaccianti, whose death was reported from Paris the other day, was an American by birth, and one of the first American singers to win fame in Europe.

Miss Mary Kerr, of Edinburgh, has just received from Washington a diploma of honor and a bronze medal for the ingenious skeleton astronomical globes exhibited by her at the Chicago Exhibition.

That no one need be discouraged from effort because of years, it is well to note that Mrs. Emma Willard at fifty studied Greek and Hebrew, so that she might have a better understanding of the scriptures.

Mrs. Langtry's greatest hobby appears to be the collection of silver trifles, from the tiny silver furniture of doll's house up to the exquisite mlaid table in a window recess, of a large ship under full sail.

Mrs. Hobart is a Presbyterian and a member of the Church of the Redeemer of Paterson. She is one of the Tuesday class of her home city which last year studied Dante. "But lately," she says brightly, "my favorite literature has been the newspapers."

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Such as Princess Maud loves Denmark, it has not, however, usurped her affection for England, for it is stated, on good authority, that she has exiated from Prince Carl a very decided promise that he will purchase a small property in her native land.

The Lady's Diary or Woman's Almanack was the first magazine started especially for ladies. The first number appeared in Queen Anne's reign, and contained several curious directions for housekeeping concerning "preserving, cookery and perfumery."

The wife of Thomas E. Watson was Miss Durham, the daughter of a businessman of McDuffie County, Georgia. She is thirty-nine years old, and is noted for her cheerful disposition and winning manners. Mr. and Mrs. Watson have two children—Agnes, thirteen years old, and Durham, who is twelve.

Mara d'Asly, a young, bright-eyed Roumanian of bewitching beauty, has created a revolution among the impressari in Milan. The musical sages of Milan declare that she is a natural phenomenon in coloratura singing, and is destined to be the successor of Adelina Patti. She will make her Paris debut at the beginning of the winter season.

FASHION NOTES.

Valenciennes lace was never more in demand.

Exact copies of the Neapolitan peasant hats will be seen in the autumn millinery.

A gown of chameleon blue and silver is entirely covered with striped black grenadine, not so heavy but that the glimmering of the two-toned silk shows through.

Heavy black linen-backed satin, which is said to hold its own against the water better than any other known fabric, is lasting, does not cling closely, and its luster is not injured by wetting.

Wrappers are no longer considered proper to wear except in one's bedroom, and even at the breakfast tables these matinees or tea gown takes the place of the once loose-flowing and untidy gown.

The jackets of white pique are very popular. They may be of any shape, and are worn with a dark skirt. They are certainly "smart," and if the under blouse has a soft collar, they are very becoming.

The very best material for a bathing suit is silk of any kind. The newest suits are made of faille silk. A material that is much lighter and more graceful than faille silk is Indian silk, which is very serviceable and successfully withstands the ravages of salt water and the exertion of swimming. Black India silk trimmed with white braid makes a very attractive costume.