

"Connecticut agrees with Maine," says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, "in the constitutional duty of declaring illiterate voters to be a National peril."

A Boston paper says that "a message cast into the sea in midocean by a New York man in a bottle has been picked up near France." But what became of the New York man in a bottle?

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, the author, is quoted as saying: "There is going to be a reaction from the aggressive, athletic, sporting woman to the old-fashioned woman; and when the old-fashioned woman comes in again she will stay in."

The successful employment of electricity by means of the third rail for passenger traffic has naturally aroused decided interest throughout the country, it being appreciated that this is probably the beginning of its substitution for steam as a motive power.

The New York Observer says: We are often told that machinery is detrimental to labor. And yet while only 313,000 people were employed in the hose industry in New England in 1860, 885,000 were employed in that trade in 1890. And while in 1860 the average wages per capita were only \$246 a year, in 1890 the average sum paid was \$469.

An increase of forty-four per cent. was made in the production of aluminum in the United States in 1896 over that of the previous year. The total production then of 650 tons was about one-third that of the whole world, but it will be considerably exceeded this year. Application of the metal to uses for bicycle sundries and appliances is the principal reason for the increased production.

The Atlanta Constitution says: The 20th of May, for more than a century, has been celebrated in North Carolina as the date of the first declaration of independence, made in Mecklenburg County in 1775. The hardy frontiersmen of that region had imbibed too fully of the spirit of liberty to submit to the degrading exactions imposed on them by the English Government, which impelled them to meet in Charlotte, the county seat, where, in language of lofty purpose and high resolve, they declared their connection with the mother country at an end. A year later the movement had so spread that it was taken up by the Philadelphia convention of representatives from all the colonies. The truth of history now does justice to the memory of the men who blazed the way for independence, and their descendants take just pride in its celebration.

An interesting experiment is being made in a township in Northern Ohio, which involves the abolition of the old district school. Instead of having numerous small schools scattered over the country, one big schoolhouse has been built in the center of the township, and every morning light covered rigs holding twenty-five persons each run through the township gathering up the pupils and taking them to school, and then, at the close of the session, returning them to their homes. By the new arrangement, which works to perfection, there is a great saving in fuel and the wear and tear of several buildings, the number of teachers necessary is reduced, and there is more interest in school affairs among the pupils. Another advantage of the scheme is that the children do not have to wade to school through the mud in wet weather and get their feet wet, making a doctor's services necessary. The plan is said to also have resulted in a decrease of taxes.

Justice Stephen J. Field recently completed a service of thirty-four years on the supreme bench of the United States. He was appointed and commissioned the 10th of March, 1863, but with a touch of sentiment, not out of keeping with his character, he took the oath of office and entered upon his duties on the 20th of May following, his father's eighty-second birthday. He has thus served a longer period than anyone who has sat on the bench since it was organized, except Chief Justice Marshall alone, who served thirty-four years five months and six days. Mr. Justice Story was the next longest in point of time, his term being thirty-three years nine months and twenty-two days. Justice Field's professional and judicial life extends over a period of fifty-six years. When he was admitted to the bar in 1841 all but one of his present associates on the bench were babes or lads at school. That one, Mr. Justice White, was not born. Four of them at least are young enough to have been his sons, and one of them, Mr. Justice Brewer, is his nephew.

THE FLOWER OF LOVING.

The mission of serving!
Oh, who does not know
'Tis the flower of loving—
The life here below,
Which opens to blessings
The angels bestow

The pleasure of serving!
Oh, who can forego
Such fulness of being—
The heart's overflow,
When born of the spirit
Its secret to know!
—Elizabeth Porter Gould

A RIDE FOR LIFE—AND ONE DOLLAR.

By ALEXANDER E. GRANT.



"JUST a dollar short," said the dominie, counting. "That's bad," said his wife, with a despairing sigh. "Might as well lack it all." "Why?" "Because, I don't know where you can get that dollar. The express company won't trust you, and they will send the package back to New York." "But perhaps I can borrow it." "Where? Elder Tripp has come to his limit—he told you so. The other church elders and deacons are poorer than our old rattlesbones of a boss, and Si Manley, the only one with property in the whole congregation, might give it to you if you were starving to death; but to help buy me a new dress—never. He would die first."

"Well, what's to be done? My salary isn't due for three months yet, and in the meantime back it goes!" "Joshua!" cried the disappointed woman, "that musn't happen. It's the first dress I've had in four years, and I have set my heart on it day and night. I have saved those pennies by piecemeal, and have earned every one of them over and over a dozen times. Now, to have the prize come all the way from New York, come to our very doorstep, and start on its long way back again just because the Methodist minister of Beverly hasn't a dollar and can't get it, that's what I call too bad."

The dominie heaved a deep breath, drew his slouch hat down over his eyes, and went out of the house full of mental calculations. He circled about the woodpile once or twice, went muttering through the parsonage garden, and the people who observed him thought the good man was composing another columbia to hurl into the teeth of this unrighteous generation. That dollar that miserable, paltry, all-necessary dollar! He had seen the time when its round and shiny mightiness was no bigger than a mustard seed; now it appeared to him about the size of the planet Jupiter, and quite as inaccessible. The good man's heroic slave of a wife had never asked for anything that the Lord and the flock of Beverly hadn't given her grudgingly all these years, and now to be compelled to turn back the first sweet little messenger of joy that had visited her humdrum life was like denying an angel of heaven admittance because there is nothing but hog and hominy to feed her on.

Suddenly there was heard the clatter of hoofs along the deserted road leading by the dominie's bleak domicile, and then a rider drew up alongside the garden and peered about with hesitation. Suddenly he espied the old man and seemed encouraged. "Do you know where Parson Kildow lives, sir?" he asked in the high falsetto of an overgrown boy. "Right here," said the worthy man, catching at a straw as it were. He came forward and adjusted his glasses, seeing a shiftless youth, barefooted, with trousers all patches and shirt all holes held together with the wreck of a single suspender, face grimy and dirty. "Another funeral away up in the gulch, I suppose," he mused. "Be you the dominie?" followed the boy. "I am." "Then come right away. You're wanted up at Dan Sykes's to splice a pair." The good man smiled, but it was a smile that does not warm. That dollar was ever before him. "Hurry up, or it will be too late," enjoined the youth. "Too late for what?" "For to do the ceremony. They'll go off and git some one else, and you'll be out your fee."

For the first time in all his life the Rev. Joshua Kildow grew mercenary. With a wave of the hand he bade the youth wait a few moments, then went into the house to get his regulation black coat. "We're saved, Basheba, dear," he said calmly, as if imparting good news were of hourly occurrence. "There's a wedding on."

"Where?" This was spoken half sceptically, as if she knew everything in that little world, that was or was to be, and doubted his accuracy. "Away up in the mountains, nine miles from here," he said briskly. The face of the woman fell, and she went on with her task with hope dashed. She knew the mountain folks—knew that among them dollars were as scarce as pearls in an ash dump. They lived more like wild beasts in her estimation; and she ran over the list of her husband's probable reward—a brace of ducks, a haunch of venison, a pair of wild honey, or a bushel of hickory nuts—but money, never.

Soon the reverend reappeared from ambush, wearing the same official garment that had expostulated from the pulpit, spread its broad arms over the dead, and held many a babe at christening, and which seemed so habituated to these tasks now that it would scarcely have surprised the good folk of Beverly, if the old coat went right on marrying and christening and burying people long after the good dominie had passed away. "Bashy, dear," he

said diplomatically, "do you think that I would be justified in refusing to perform that ceremony unless I got the dollar in hand?" His wife thought a moment. "No," she said at length. "You would only be encouraging what's bad. You know those mountain people—they're heathens, that's what they are. Joshua, go and do your duty by them, even— even if that silk dress, the first one I have had in fourteen years, and the first garment I've had in four, does go back to New York and stays there. Go and do your duty as a Christian minister, and I'll make up my mind to stand it."

But all this was spoken with a ring which the good man understood, and which said only too plainly: "Get that dollar or bust!" and that's about the resolution which passed through the clergyman's heart as he kissed his spouse good-by, and made his way to the barn.

The mountain road from Beverly is bad enough for a horse, but when that horse has to pull a two-wheeled gig, in which there is a goodly proportioned reverend carrying the weight of district dignity and the history of hundreds besides, the way seems difficult indeed. The youth piloted the man of the cloth over the rocky steeps and through the terrible ravines without so much as a backward glance, and the dominie was too much absorbed in the fulness of the big round dollar to give heed to the youngster. They arrived at last at the mountaineer's domicile, which was partially a dug-out and somewhat of a commodious hut, whose sloping roof met the mountain against which it backed up for shelter, and more to save the trouble and expense of a north wall to the habitation.

The guests were assembled, and a motley crew it was. There were two men to every woman, and the whole party gave unmistakable evidence of having been indulging in "moonshine" stock, for the ease with which whiskey trickles everywhere from inaccessible fountains, in answer to the magic rod, is something that is miraculous, even to such men of God as the dominie and to the Government revenue officers as well.

Every evidence of the indulgence was gone, however, except, perhaps, the redolence of the nectar through the two-roomed shanty, which was lined with guests in all degrees of uncouth and unkept neglige. Suppressed merriment of rather an uncivilized kind was rife. It seemed as if they were about ready to jump in for a Virginia reel or a free fight, with pistols and knives, from arsenals of cowhide bootlegs, and of the two amusements, preferred the latter. They had evidently seen the dominie coming up the mountain road, had taken the signal of his pilot, and had secreted anything that might tend to bring down the wrath of the good man upon them. They wanted the ceremony over with, and the man officiating to get right out after the event as soon as possible, so as not to disturb the harmony of their playful gala day.

With that practised ease of the man who is ever at home in the cloth, the reverend advanced into their midst and shook hands with the bride, the groom, the parents, and one or two others who were anxious to show their homage to the shiny black broadcloth. "Will you bring me the family Bible, please?" said the good man.

Alas, every one looked at his or her neighbor in consternation. If he had said, "Where is the family still?" he might have received a reply of some kind—a curse or a bullet, at least—but to this innocent query there was no answering word. Then, diving in to one of his own pockets, he drew forth a little testament which had done service over many a grave, but was rarely called out where the family Bible was more fitting, and made the astounded groom and the rather sheepish bride stand up before him, joining hands. The service was very short and the answers to his official questions abrupt and thick. The company maintained a respectful silence, and when prayer followed the blessing there were one or two "Amen's"—an assumption of godliness that was too evidently everywhere lacking. Then came congratulations and some rather heavy banter, and one or two of the diplomatic ones engaged the clergyman in conversation which led to horses and a desire to get the worthy's opinion on a dappled mare tethered in the thicket hard by. It was clearly a put-up job to get the clergyman out of the house, so that the feast might be prepared and the jollification renewed; but the dominie did not budge. He knew that if he went from the house he would never be able to re-enter and make his claims, so he stayed right there till things grew very embarrassing.

At last, when the diplomatist shook his head at the groom as much as to announce that it was "no go," the Benedict of the hour appealed to the others, and one and all took a turn in trying to get the dominie out of the house. He was a necessity before, but now that his work was done and his mission performed, he was distinctly in the way, and it did not require a very wise man to discover it. But the Methodist reverend had not traveled all that way without insuring his re-



wards, if rewards there were, and the thought of returning to Beverly and his wife without that dollar made the cold chills creep over him. He thought of that silk dress which the poor woman had saved up and gone without many a necessity to attain, and there it lay in the express office for lack of a paltry silverpiece. No, he would stick to the last.

Soon the groom perceived that unless the shiny black broadcloth hoodoo was hustled away the wedding jollification would be a fiasco. He hesitated between throwing the dominie out bodily and compromising. A hasty conference with the bride followed, and evidently her better sense ruled. Up to the reverend the fellow swaggered and said: "Mister, what's the damages for this yere splice?"

The reverend would have taken the man to task humorously for his flippancy and irreverence had it been another place and time, but now he merely smiled suavely and said: "It's usually \$2 when I have to travel so far, but seeing it's you, my dear young brother, I'll call it \$1, and God bless you!"

The groom scratched his head thoughtfully, then went back to his bride. He soon returned with a griny silver dollar, which he gave up with more reluctance than anything he had parted with in all his life. "God bless you!" repeated the old man, with his heart beating high in triumph. Then, with visions of the silk dress, the happy wife and of the satisfied demands of the express companies, he followed. "And may all worldly happiness and prosperity attend you!" Then he went to the bride, who wore a somewhat discontented look, poured more sunshine into her heart, shook hands with all within reach and joined the diplomatist at the door, expressing now a willingness to pass upon the dappled mare. But the diplomatist had lost all interest now in the mare, but he sidled along half heartedly in his defeat, for he had seen that dollar passed over, and the clergyman was well out of the house. The two inspected the mare, the reverend rather long-drawn in his remarks, particularly as the demijohns had evidently been restored to the hut, and the sound of revelry fell bitterly upon the diplomatist's ears to think that anybody was getting one drink the best of him. He left the man of the cloth rather abruptly, and the latter was compelled to prepare for his departure without a parting salutation.

The reverend was happy, however, for the shiny silver dollar burned in his inside pocket, warming him. He seemed to feel its argent glow through all his frame, and it pleased him mightily. At last Basheba, the beloved of his house and heart, could have the dearest wish of all these latter years—the privilege of appearing at church in a gown quite as good as that of the wife of the leading grocer and postmaster, and almost as good as that of the foremost saloon keeper's daughter. Of course, it was vanity—all vanity—but in a life of humdrum monotony, of slavish penury and patient resignation through many bitter years, God himself could find no wrong in the poor martyr's one little desire to be dressed as decently as her neighbors, and the dominie felt a secret joy in returning to her with the means to that end.

The two-wheeler had no more than started over the brow of the hill within hailing distance of the hut, however, when an uncharitably yelled him to look back. Then he beheld the bridegroom running toward him with none too steady steps.

"Say, mister," he cried out thickly, "I want that yere dollar back!" The dominie's heart leaped. "What!" he exclaimed, "sick of your bargain so soon?" "No," said the bridegroom, rather sheepishly, his face reddened and swollen with liquor and his eyes dancing. "To tell the truth, parson, I borrowed that yere dollar from M's Sikes—I mean the gal I jes' married. She wants it back."

"Is she sick of the bargain, then?" was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"None of yoah jokin', parson. It's business. We want that dollar to buy snuff and bacsey with on our wedding trip over into Webster County, and we must have it!"

Now, if the fellow had presented his case with a soft, plaintive appeal, touching the old man's heart, the dollar would have been forthcoming in spite of the fate that would await the parson on his return home. But to be literally held up, and in this cold-blooded mountaineering style of outlavery, characteristic of the man and place, was too much. The good man's eyes gleamed with fire and his face pale with rage. "Git up, Sal!" he cried to the lean old mare, giving her a cut with the whip. Sal did "git up," but none too soon. The youth made a dash to seize her bridle, but fell short, and stumbling, floundered down the incline, rolling over and over in the dust. Then he emerged from the cloud and set up a shriek that shook the mountains. Out of the hut like bees to the defense of their hive the guests poured, taking in the situation in an instant. Down into the score of bootlegs went many hands, and bang! bang! the fusillade of bullets began. When the dominie saw the top of the old mare's ear lopped off he dropped down in a dumpling wed between seat and dashboard, listening to the shower of bullets as they clipped off leaves and branches about him. The ride down the mountain side was the most thrilling of his life. Yet the glory of that silver dollar enshrined him. Reaching a turn in the road he resumed his seat breathlessly and drove on like mad toward Beverly. Then it began to rain, and before he reached his destination he was literally drenched.

But for all that, about an hour later the Rev. Kildow burst into his modest

home and threw a bundle covered with express marks on the centre table without speaking, and when he felt the arms of his dear wife around his neck, and saw her eyes filled with thankful tears, he choked a little and said: "Well, that was the hardest earned dollar I ever made, but I guess the reward compensates for the trials; the Lord be praised!"

Then he went out and putted up the bullet holes in the old two-wheeler and bandaged up the old mare's ear.

Now, when Dominic Kildow gets a call to go into the mountains of Randolph County to marry a mountaineer he demands the fee in advance and deposits it with the postmaster for safe keeping till he gets back, with instructions that to worthy to pay it to his wife Basheba if he never does return.

—New York Journal.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Water pipes of paper are a success in England.

Philadelphia is to buy Professor Cope's collection of fossils for \$50,000.

Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German Army.

Dr. E. C. Stirling, F. R. S., announces that he has discovered in the dry basin of a South Australian lake, remains of an extinct bird which, in life, measured twelve feet in height.

Rowlocks which prevent the car from slipping and turning around are formed with a metal plate screwed fast to the under side of the car, fastened to an upright pin by a hinge, so the car can move freely up and down and back and forth, the pin being locked fast to the boat.

A new combination for wheelmen consists of a bicycle support and tire inflator in one, the device being clamped onto the frame of the wheel and fitted with a tube to connect, with the valve, the piston rod being extended and locked fast when it is desired to support the wheel.

A Danish professor has discovered that plants are susceptible to the influence of ether or chloroform, the effect being to awaken them instead of putting them to sleep. The plants are also made to grow with great rapidity, in or out of season, a fact of the greatest importance to gardeners and florists.

A French scientific writer points out that a mere gain in weight should not, in itself, be taken as an indication of improved bodily condition. It is, according to him, rather a question of the density than of the quantity of tissues that cover the bones. When increase of weight results from increased density, then the health is really improved.

Experiment has shown that petroleum ether can be used to measure, by its contraction, temperatures several hundred degrees below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. At the temperature at which liquid air boils—310 degs. F. below zero—petroleum ether still remains in a viscous or semi-liquid condition, and continues to contract with decrease of temperature.

The legs of insects are peculiarly adapted to their modes of life. The water beetle's leg is provided with suction disks, which enable him to cling to anything he touches and to walk upside down. Ants, beetles and other insects have small, fine combs on their legs, which they use simply to brush off their antennae. This is what the common house fly is doing when you see him rub his legs over the fore part of his head. The caterpillar is supplied with abdominal legs, which disappear when he becomes a moth or a butterfly.

Where People Live Long.

As the doctors figure up the year's vital statistics, how about the statement that comes from Phoenixville, Penn.? Within twelve miles of that town there are thirty persons whose ages average ninety-five years, and fifty whose ages average eighty-five years. There are several centenarians in the group. The little village of Birch Runville contains 100 people, the ages of seven of whom average ninety-five years.

This item of news, good as far as it goes, is incomplete, for the public will want to know how the thing is done. Scientific research will find a fruitful field here in connection with solving the problem of longevity. Once on earth we figure how to remain there. Let us have the life stories of these Schenckville valley patriarchs. Do they use tobacco, intoxicants, turn night into day, take a whirl in ward politics, or indulge in anything else common to the average life? Life is an accident, and death is a result. That we all know. But how do these Pennsylvania manage the interim?—St. Louis Republic.

A New Cure for Rheumatism.

Remarkable results are claimed for a new rheumatism cure now being tried by Philadelphia physicians. The method consists in the local application of hot air to the parts affected. The apparatus by which this is accomplished consists of a copper cylinder, under which several gas jets are kept burning. Into this cylinder the limb is inserted and the ends are closed. Stop-cocks are arranged to let out moisture exuding from the skin, and the temperature is raised to 250 to 260 degrees. Precautions are taken to prevent the limb from coming in contact with the hot metal, and the application is continued for fully forty minutes. The explanation given was that the increased temperature and more rapid circulation dissolved and carried off the deposits upon the bones and in the muscles, and that this effect extended in a greater or less degree to the whole body. The apparatus used is now for the first time brought to the notice of the medical fraternity of this country.

Things One Sees.

Blue bodice of yellow and red changeable silk.

Belts and chateleine bags knitted of silk and beads.

Black silk grenadine showing a scroll design in white.

White satin belts and collars for wear with gowns of foulard.

Fine alpaca and silk flannel, suitable for blouses or shirt waists.

Delightfully summery hats, all in varying tones of green.—Chicago Record.

Hat Trimmings.

The most chic trimmings used on sailor hats are wings and quills. Many of them are smothered in flowers and tulle. With the perfectly plain shirt waists perfectly plain sailor hats are still worn. They vary little from those of last season in their lines, except the crown is a trifle higher and the brim not so wide. A sailor hat of white Panama straw with a high bell-shaped crown, trimmed with a twist of black velvet ribbon ending in a bow of long loops on the side, from the centre of which rise two lace, broad black quills, is very good style. But the smartest sailor has a straight crown of medium height, is decidedly oval in shape, being quite short in the back. There are folds of moire about the crown, and on one side and well toward the front are a succession of long wings, held in place by rosettes of moire.—New York Mail and Express.

Not at All a Helpless Doll.

The girl of to-day is a busy, useful worker. She is generally proficient in needlework. She cannot only alter her own dresses, but cut and make them and her underclothing as well. She has a knack of trimming her hats and furnishing her wardrobe, and does her full share at helping the dressmaker who comes to assume charge of the spring and autumn sewing. She understands the various branches of mending, and takes that division of labor off her mother's hands, as well as the care of the parlor and dining-rooms, the arrangement of flowers, the supervision of manners and apparel of the younger children, and sometimes their studies too. Let full justice be done to "the girls of the period," or rather let there be a clear comprehension of what should be really represented by that much abused phrase. It is not fair to take the weakest specimens of the sex as types of a class comprising earnest workers with strong conceptions of life, its responsibilities and burdens, and a steady purpose to bear them according to the best of their ability.—New Orleans Picayune.

For Clean Faces.

Freckles may be blemishes, in spite of the fact that the freckled girl's admirers call them sun kisses; sunburn may be a trial and wrinkles a bane. But nothing in the nature of a skin imperfection is quite so painful to a woman's vanity as blackheads.

A blackhead is a certificate of uncleanness. It means that into the open pores of the skin some particle of dust or grime from the street bed and was not dislodged by prompt washing, or that some impurity from within exuded and was not bathed away at once. That is the reason why a dainty woman will welcome any form of blemish rather than a blackhead.

To remove blackheads do not use external force. That mars and scars the skin. Instead, if the trouble is one of long standing, rub the face with a pure cold cream every night, working the grease well into the pores. Then steam the face over a bowl of boiling water for ten minutes. Then rinse it gently in tepid water, dry on a soft towel and anoint again with a little cream. This steaming and creaming process will eventually clear the skin.

If the blackheads are not of an old date, they may be cured by nightly face baths in hot water. The skin should be scrubbed gently with a camel's hair brush and pure soap, rinsed in tepid water in which a few drops of benzoin have been poured, and anointed with a pure cream.—New York Journal.

Bicycle Don'ts for Women.

Don't fail to have the skirt adjusted for walking as well as riding. A puncture or accident of some kind may oblige you to return from your ride afoot instead of a wheel.

Don't consider any old cast-off garment good enough for the wheel. The utmost care for becoming, artistic attire should be shown by the woman cyclist. A woman rider is always conspicuous and she should be above criticism in her personal appearance.

Don't place too much confidence in your fair neighbor's record. She may say doubtfully on her cyclometer or wind and grade of road may have favored her spin.

Don't cry down bicycling because you have been injured or fatigued. Others may be more discreet.

Don't ride sooner than half an hour after a light meal or an hour after a hearty one.

Don't try to reduce your superfluous adipose by rapid cycling. It will doubtless reduce your heart vigor and increase your weight.

Don't enthrone too violently over the joys of cycling. It disgusts the moderate thinker who would otherwise regard the sport favorably.

Detroit, Mich., has a woman bank teller.

A woman has been appointed an Assistant Corporation Counsel in Chicago.

At Munich, Bavaria, the clerks and bookkeepers in the banks are nearly all young and handsome girls.

A woman's journal has been started in Constantinople, Turkey, in which the doctrine of the equality of the sexes is vigorously advocated.

Hannah Brewer, the old postwoman of Bilton, England, has been on duty for sixty years, during which time she has walked 250,000 miles.

Miss Ellen E. Girard, of Wayne, Penn., a grand-niece of the Philadelphia philanthropist, is said to be the only member of that family now living.

A woman having passed an examination in veterinary surgery in England, the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons refuses to grant her a certificate until the courts have decided that it is legal for women to be horse doctors.

It is said that the visit of Princess Henry of Battenberg to the Riviera has recalled to her face a little of the old happiness, but she still feels so deeply the death of her young husband that she refuses to remain in London during the jubilee ceremonies.

The Society of Colonial Dames has taken up the Prussian Von Steuben, who made the American patriot militia into an army, as an object of special honor. The society proposes to make a Steuben anniversary and to procure the raising of a monument.

Miss Hocart, a daughter of the Wesleyan minister residing in Paris, has been awarded the second of the prizes annually presented by the French Academy for "noble living." The award is in appreciation of her work in the slums of Paris and the value of the prize is \$300.

Mrs. Hackett, the mother of James K. Hackett, the actor, always travels with her son. The tie between them is one of unusual strength and tenderness, for as the devoted mother says, they have had only one another since he was two years old; and the handsome young actor appreciates an attention paid to his mother more than one conferred upon himself.

Miss Emma Ray, of Edwardsburg, Mich., the founder of the Bachelor Girls' Association, has been commissioned by the society to organize branches in Indiana. The object of the society is "to fit women for independence, so they will not be driven by drudgery into matrimony." It is said that the members take a pledge not to marry before the age of twenty-five.

There are three sisters living in Salem, Mass., direct descendants of John Endicott, the first Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, whose ages aggregate 273 years. They are Miss Susan Gray, Mrs. Caroline M. Newhall and Mrs. R. G. Abbott. All are natives of Salem, their births having been on the following dates: Mrs. Abbott, December 6, 1808; Mrs. Newhall, September 22, 1805, and Miss Gray, November 23, 1807. Their mother, Mrs. Elizabeth (Endicott) Gray, lived to be 100 years and twenty-seven days old.

Fashion Notes.

Bodices are of white glace silk draped with black net decorated with motifs of cut steel.

Skirts of organdie are made in three sections, each being edged with lace and insertion.

Black satin bodices are decorated with alternate frills of black and red Liberty gauze.

Gowns of black mousseline, the skirt composed of wide scant ruffles edged with white lace, are seen.

A combination of transparent white over pale yellow, with girdle and collar of cerise is fashionable.

Little capes for visiting are made in fancy colors, such as sapphire silk trimmed with fine black lace, etc.

Draped belts and sashes of mousseline de soie, the latter finished with narrow tucks and frills, are stylish.

Plain gold studs with monograms engraved in tiny letters are among the small belongings of dress that have caught the tailor-made girl's fancy.

All the new ruches in the necks are much higher in the back than front. Net is now more used for the purpose than mousseline or chiffon. In a dark blue gown a yellow ruche of net at neck and sleeves.

Plain colored organdie slips, pink, yellow, light green or blue, will be worn under all descriptions of thin dresses this summer—a welcome fashion to those who cannot afford good tulle linings. There is nothing more useful in summer than a black dress of some thin material. Grenadine, perhaps, is the best, as chiffon loses its freshness so easily.