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TAKE THE TIMES WITH YOU.

Summer Outings Will Not Be Enjoyed Unless It Goes Along.

The summer tide of pleasure and health-seekers has set in toward mountains, springs and seashore.

No plans for the season's outing will be complete unless The Times is included among the necessaries.

Men and women may go from town to leave care behind, but those who would keep their finger on the public pulse, or be abreast of the world's happenings, or, indeed, who need a golden link between themselves and the whirligig of time—these must have The Times sent daily to their sylvan or seaside retreat.

MORTON'S LATEST EXPLOIT.

Secretary Morton, of the Department of Agriculture, has indulged himself in many official freaks which have made his name a household word wherever humor, irony, or sarcasm sit at table and encircle the hearthstone. He has been soup for the funny man of the newspapers and fish, flesh, and fowl for the epigrammatic poet.

Occasionally Mr. Morton performs some trick before high heaven which, if it fail to make the winged ones weep, must be viewed with some degree of seriousness by unangelic mundane creatures; and of such tricks is that one to-day published in The Times which tells of his sale for the price of old junk of the machinery of sugar experiment stations.

It would be interesting to be informed of the authority by which even so self-sufficient an official as Mr. Morton thus abolishes institutions established by act of Congress and which are maintained by Congressional appropriations, and virtually gives away the property of the Government.

Mr. Morton has arbitrarily abolished many features of his department which had been looked upon as excellent and valuable by his predecessors and Congresses and Presidents, such as the general experiment stations and the seed distributing bureau, but this last act of wiping out of existence experiment stations established for the specific purpose of developing the production of domestic sugars of all kinds exceeds any earlier performances. The judgment of those who are well informed in regard to the work of these stations is that they have brought results of immeasurable value, and Secretary Morton himself, in his report for the year 1893, warmly commended that work and urged its continuance.

Only one explanation can be given of the Secretary's erratic course, and it is that he constantly itches for notoriety, and therefore looks forward with extreme glee to a formal investigation of his performances by a committee of the next House of Representatives.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

It is authoritatively announced that Miss Anna Gould, who married a foreigner, whose sounding title, so desirable from her standpoint, does not rescue him from obscurity, has already paid $25,000 of the gambling debts of her father-in-law.

This is something really novel in the history of American girls who purchase counts or dukes or marquises for husbands. Usually the debts of the husbands are quite sufficient to keep the checks of the wife in circulation, but as Miss Gould inherited an unusually long purse, it is not surprising to be told that she has included the baccarat and rouge-et-noir and roulette obligations of her husband's father among the very first of the debts which she must have expected to pay when she purchased the title of countess, if that be her proper and expensive prefix.

It is to be feared that Miss Gould has given a bad precedent to her young countrywomen. Not all of those who are determined to wear titles at the cost of their bank accounts can afford to assume the pecuniary burdens of the fathers, brothers, sisters, cousins and aunts of their husbands, and the terrible prospect that this will henceforth be demanded of them may have the sad result of preventing many a European money-lender from collecting his dues from the bankrupt, but noble, creditors.

DANGER IN WATER.

That Cincinnati physician who has announced to a long-bathing public that it has been mistaken all these years; that the American people bathe too much, and that a volume of the ills to which human flesh is heir is due to the excessive use of the bath, has, possibly unconsciously, given an explanation of the external appearance of his city.

Cincinnati seems to fairly revel in dirt. It does not look as though it had taken a bath for years. It gurgles with joy enwrapped in its coat of fog and soot. It grows fat on grime. The death rate falls away in dispair in the presence of walls and souls encrusted with relays of solly richness. The street sweeper is in a condition of desuetude. The naturally eager and drenching hose rots upon its nozzle. Bathing brushes and gloves and sponges are unknown in the toilet shops. The bath tub is obsolete. Of the vast quantity of soap necessarily produced in a city of world wide porcine fame, nearly all is exported.

This was one time a mystery—this persistent carnival of grime, but it is now explained by the discovery that the eminent medicos of Cincinnati have warned their patients against the external use of water. Apparently they knew there was little or no danger of a too free use of that liquid internally.

WHY NOT IN VIRGINIA?

Governor Culberson, of Texas, declares he will stop the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight if he has to call out the troops and shoot to accomplish his purpose, and Sheriff Cabel, of Dallas county, says he will serve any writ placed in his hands, or do his sworn duty if no writ be issued. This looks like business, and the probabilities are the obstacles placed in their way may drive the two notorious bruisers elsewhere.

As the Governor of Virginia may be too modest or timid to do so, The Times would suggest that Alexandria county offers unparalleled advantages for the pursuit of that calling which is so lucrative and congenial to Mr. Corbett and Mr. Fitzsimmons. Prize fights are of frequent occurrence in that county. The Alexander race track pavilion could be enlarged to rival the Dallas amphitheater. These precincts have been shown to be sacred ground in the esteem of Governor O'Ferrall, Sheriff Palmer and District Attorney Johnson. Illustrations of the beauties of physical culture are welcome there, and the champions of that cult would be a thousand times welcome.

Let Corbett and Fitzsimmons and their managers be on the safe side, and "pull off" their fight in Alexandria county.

It must be pretty hot in Kentucky, when even his friends admit that Joe Blackburn is sweating blood.

There is one other thing that Secretary Morton ought to abolish, and that immediately, but he is too great an egotist to guess what it is.

When recruiting stations for volunteers for the Cuban revolutionary service are reported to be springing up in Kansas, one may easily guess what the Mephistophelean hand of John J. Ingalls is doing.

If the Fish Commission would but give its attention to food fish propagation, and use the Government vessels and the nice cottages at the stations for that purpose only, generations to come would rise up and bless it.

The Times gives gratuitously the information of the host of heirs who are claiming a share of the $1,500,000 to be paid to the Mora claimants, that they need not waste their time, as the attorneys have already parcelled out the whole business.

Little Alfonso, the nine-year-old King of Spain, with his revolution in Cuba and threatened uprising at home, doubtless wishes he were a grown-up man and given something easy—something like being a boss in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Ohio, for instance.

Only three weeks old, and yet how popular and robust, and everywhere in evidence! Even that great music laureate, Fanciulli, has written a march, which will, of course, be immortal, called it "The New Baby," and dedicated it to The Evening Times.

Spain and its newspapers may get mad at the encouragement given to the Cuban cause in the United States, but Americans will continue to shout for Cuba libre all the same; and the little gunboats which have been sent to intercept filibustering expeditions, will carefully avoid being watchful.

The Rockefeller family, of Standard Oil fame, deserve a monument as high and substantial as the pyramid of Cheops. It is publicly announced that Miss Emma, the eldest daughter of William G. Rockefeller, has engaged to marry Dr. McAlpin, a son of a tobacco manufacturer. Miss Edith, a daughter of John D. Rockefeller, will soon be married to a Mr. McCormack, another American; and William G. Rockefeller, jr., will wed Miss Emma Stillman, an American girl. What has come over the spirit of the dreams of this American family of the nouveau riche class, that it had no desire to capture at least one duke or duchesse, or something of the kind?

Purely Personal.

Love Divine is the name of a negro recently arrested at Lexington, Ky., for stealing a wagonload of tools.

Don Manuel Hermosilla, the most celebrated matador of Spain, has left that country and is on his way to Mexico, bringing with him six black bulls of the most renowned breed of Andalusia. Preparations are being made for a monster fight in the City of Mexico in September.

Ruskin, according to a new anecdote, attended an exhibition of impressionistic paintings some time ago, and seeing an acquaintance said: "Leave this place. Don't allow your eyes to dwell on these impertinent, insolent daubs. It is a sin to prostitute a noble calling in such a way; it really makes me feel ill."

Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Glasgow, who recently arrived in this country, is the most famous theologian of the Presbyterian denomination in Scotland. He is the foremost leader of what is known as the progressive school, or the "school of the higher criticism." Yet, although he is a more radical critic than Rev. Dr. Briggs, he continues to hold his chair in Glasgow as professor of New Testament exegesis in the Free Church College, the great Presbyterian institution for the training of ministers.

Prince Michael Ivanovitch Khilkoff recently appointed by the Czar minister of ways and communications in Russia, had a hard struggle for existence in his early life. At one time he was a fireman on the Erie Railway in this country, and he also worked on railroads in South America. His experience, although rough, stood him in good stead, and when he returned to Russia he was given numerous opportunities to prove his genius as a railraod manager. He is anxious to complete the Trans-Siberian Railroad, and also would like to see a line of steamers running from Vladivostock to San Francisco.

Convicts in the Michigan State prison are allowed to keep birds, and as a result of this there are fully 600 feathered songsters in the prison, all owned and cared for by the prisoners. Their carollings in the morning are one of the odd features of life at this institution.

Gossip of the Day.

An official of the Geological Survey tells the following story on Col. Baldwin, who superintended the last survey in Indian Territory:

"When Col. Baldwin," he said, "made his last report he recommended to the director that until the labors of the corps were completed the law making it a punishable offense to import whisky into the Territory be suspended. He gave as the reason that the great number of snakes in the vicinity in which the Government officials were working rendered such a request necessary. In making their researches, he stated, they had to cut through long tracts of dense underbrush. In the course of one mile, it was stated, as many as 3,200 reptiles were counted. It was absolutely necessary, he reported, to carry a supply of liquors as antidotes for the bites of the vipers and the small chest of medicine taken at the outset had been exhausted. Whisky alone was the only safeguard against the poisonous bites."

"It is safe to assume that few cities in the country will make a better showing at the coming Templar conclave than Washington," said a prominent member of that order last night.

"Four commanderies of the District will be in the grand parade on Monday, and, while a great many commanderies may outshine them in point of numbers, very few, if any, will excel them in personnel, for it will be a very hard matter to find a more representative body of men than those who will represent the District at the conclave, and the citizens of Washington need have no fears that the honor of the city will not be thoroughly upheld by them while in the city of culture."

"The grade crossings question has two sides," said a resident of Northeast Washington yesterday. "Two sides, and both against the citizen.

"The Baltimore and Ohio Company, intrenched behind the peculiar provisions of a charter obtained years ago, when Washington was comparatively a village, refuses to fence its tracks, and declines to take proper precautions against accident at the crossings. That is one side.

"The other phase of the question is when some one is unfortunately run down by a locomotive and the case gets into court. The company enters its usual plea of recklessness upon the part of the citizen and again hides behind its charter. It doesn't have to insure anybody's safety and therefore doesn't do it.

"In a majority of cases the jury will find a verdict in favor of the attorney who knows how to present the company's charter in its most favorable aspect.

"Will Congress do anything? I guess not."

"There has been this year a great falling off in the revenues derived from the sale of soda water," remarked a druggist to a Times reporter. "As compared with last summer the quantity of hot weather drinks sold only reached about 65 per cent of the previous season.

"There are only a couple of drug stores here that have approximately held their soda water trade, while the others have sustained a bad slump. I do not know the reason, but I do know that the soda crop is a comparative failure.

"Even the beverages containing more or less alcohol, which were last season largely used for beating the devil around the stump, have suffered in the general collapse. People now evidently get a straight out-and-out drink, or else content themselves with plain, unadulterated water."

"The streets of Washington have never been in such a condition as they are this summer," remarked a gentleman this morning. "The attention of the proper officials should be called to the matter. The thoroughfares are full of dust, and every little breeze transports a quantity of it into the eyes of pedestrians.

"The sweepers used now are wholly deficient in that they skim over the surface and leave as much dirt as they take up. Of course, a good rain would be of incalculable value, but nevertheless the street sweepers are employed to keep the streets clean, and it is their duty to do it in wet and dry weather alike."

The total number of applications for citizenship made at the clerk's office in the last thirty days is fifteen. This is a fair average for all like periods, the number seldom exceeding a score, while oftener it is scarcely more than half as many.

The conclusion is drawn by the officials, however, that the number of citizens naturalized yearly is by no means on the decline.

The District of Columbia is, they say, the poorest place in the country on which to base calculations relative to naturalized citizens, for the reason that the principal inducement which causes citizens of other countries to throw off allegiance to their own sovereigns—the fact that they may here assist in governing themselves—is lost in the sixty-four miles encircling Washington.

Out of every 100 applicants the average number of each nationality is as follows: Germany, 41; Great Britain, including Ireland, etc., 43; Turkey, 5; France, 4; Italy; 3; Norway, 1; Sweden, 1; Denmark, 1, and Russia, 1. Among citizens of other countries who have at one time or another filed their intention are people from Austria, Switzerland, Equador, Holland, Corea and Greece.

With Literary Folk.

A prominent dealer in books says: "It is the old fiction—Scott, Dickens and Thackeray—that the new readers are reading, while the old readers are the main support of the new fiction."

Democratic ideas have so far got control of the world that even the titled ladies of England have caught the contagion. A trio of literary duchesses is at present attracting considerable attention by the fruits of their pens—the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Buckingham, now Lady Egerton of Tatton, and the Duchess of Sutherland. The latter is a beautiful young woman, married in 1884, and comes by her skill in writing very naturally, as her father, the late Earl of Rosslyn, was a graceful poet, while the present earl is a man of considerable talent. The duchess of Sutherland has chosen a part of her maiden name as a pseudonym, signing herself "Erskine Gower."

The English publications set an example to all commentators on public people by their invariably placing the title—if only plain Mr.—before every author, artist or actor's name. In this country, where the freedom of the press or our omnipresent occidental sacrifice of all else to speed makes us be as brief as possible, the extreme care of even the newspapers always to handle their subjects with this delicate consideration is remarkable, at least, but no doubt our American men of art and letters would be thoroughly appreciative of such a courtesy.

The Canadian government has contracted at a cost of about $200,000, for six large fog horns, which will be placed under the supervision of the government engineers at the most dangerous points along the Gulf of St. Lawrence

All Sorts.

Southern California's orange crop this season has brought to the growers about $1,850,000.

"Sunstruck collars brought to in short order—two cents per collar," is the sign in a New York laundry.

The Victoria Embankment in London has a surface of 48,000 square yards, and costs $15,000 a year to keep in repair.

It is said that more visitors to Mount Auburn Cemetery, near Cambridge, tarry at the tomb of Edwin Booth than of any other.

Hog cholera, or some disease resembling it closely, has been killing off the swine in the neighborhood of New Cumberland, W. Va.

W. A. Kilpatrick, a Georgia veteran, who claims to be 105 years old, has applied for a pension under the indigent pension act.

A genuine Panama hat is so flexible that it may be compressed into small compass, and, being released, will resume its former shape.

Clearchus, the Spartan, laid down as one of the maxims of war the statement that a soldier ought to fear his own general more than he did the whole hostile army.

The royal family of Italy is said to be charmed with their new kinswoman, the Duchess of Aosta. Queen Margherita especially is happy at the choice of the young duke.

By the use of the mechanical devices now employed, it is said that a workman can make the "bodies" for 400 hats a day. By the hand process he could prepare only four or five.

John Twamley, of Guthrie, Oklahoma, wants 500 men with Winchesters for the purpose of "hunting geese on the Gulf of Mexico." Twamley is a Cuban sympathizer.

The exportation of oranges and lemons from Palermo to the United States during the year 1894 was eight times as much as the exportation to all other foreign countries during the same period.

Lord and Lady William Beresford (the latter formerly the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough) have been fishing for salmon in Norway. They paid $4,000 for a salmon stream and caught two fish.

Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown have started together for a walking trip through England. Miss Guiney is the well-known critic and postmistress, and Miss Brown has books to her credit.

A small grocery store in East Ninety-second street, New York, has a sign out which reads: "5 pounds of high-class sugar given away with every pound of high-class 50-cent tea. Also a sugar bowl with 2 pounds of tea."

A new solar physics observatory is to be erected in India, at Kodnaikanal, in the Palani Hills, 300 miles south of Madras. It will photograph the sun daily, and will undertake a systematic spectroscopic examination of the sun.

All Around the Wheel.

Bicycle riders in Sedalia, Mo., are compelled by a new ordinance to carry red lamps on thier bicycles at nights. No other color satisfies the law.

In Bridgeport, Conn., they now have an ordinance requiring the use of lamps on bicycles at night. Wheelmen have tried to persuade themselves that it is a joke. As they are promptly arrested, they do not think it is very funny now.

New York is the first city to recognize the rights of citizens who ride bicycles, and who use them in going to and from business. A resolution previously passed by the aldermen to pave Church street from Chambers to Dey in granite was on last Wednesday rescinded and one substituted making asphalt the material. This is part of the bicycle path that will be established between the Battery and Central Park.

An unused church is the last building to be used as a bicycle academy. There are few vacant halls in New York that have not been put to this use. The outlay of capital required is very small, and the risk involved in becoming the manager of an academy is not very great. The halls are usually rented for a time when they would not otherwise be engaged, and the prices asked are low, while there is sufficient rivalry among the bicycle companies to make it possible for a man to get hold of enough wheels to commence operations without great outlay.

Cincinnati wheelmen are preparing a bill to be presented to the next Legislature which provides a fine of not less than $5 nor more than $100 for whoever places glass, metal, stone, earthenware, or other substances to cause injury to pedestrians, horses, carriages, or bicycles, unless done for roadmaking or repairing. The bill also provides that whoever breaks, cuts, defaces, runs down, collides with, or otherwise injures any carriage, bicycle, or other vehicle belonging to another when traveling or standing on the highway or sidewalk, shall be fined not less than $10 nor more than $200.

A Newburg, N. Y., man has invented a bicycle lawn mower. The machine is made with an ordinary bicycle hind wheel and a twenty-inch mower in the place of the front wheel. The mower wheels have rubber tires, and they run just as smoothly as a bicycle itself. It is attached with long steel prongs or forks, and may be adjusted to cut high or low. The pedals are placed directly on the large wheel shaft, dispensing with the chain sprocket wheels and crank shaft of the bicycle. The mower-cycle is guided just as the bicycle is, by the handles, and a lawn can be gone over in one-third of the time it takes to do it with an ordinary hand mower.

In his article on what to avoid in bicycling, printed in the August number of the North American Review, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, a well-known English medical authority, writes that excessive cycling is dangerous because of its effect upon the heart, the motion of which he has known to be raised from 80 to 200 beats a minute by the exercise. He thinks, too, there is a tendency to develop the lower limbs at the expense of the upper. There is little doubt of the correctness of these observations, and they are the more trustworthy because Sir Benjamin is himself a cyclist, convinced of the benefit of the exercise when moderately indulged. His conclusions are supported by Dr. Reilly.

A Wise Boy.

It is a wise boy who knows just what to do in an emergency.

First Boy (dropping in for a call)—What are you doing with your hat and coat and big boots on in the house?

Second Boy—Mamma is putting things to rights, and I want to keep these things where I can find 'em.—Philadelphia Times.

Sent from Washington

The Department of Agriculture, through Secretary Morton, has disposed of all its property, consisting of machinery and buildings, at the various sugar experimental stations in the country. These stations were located at Fort Scott, Kans.; Medicine Lodge, Kans.; Runnymede, Fla.; Audubon Park, La., and Lawrence, La. The property and outfits at these stations, which were acquired at great expense, and consisted of the latest machinery used in the cultivation and production of sugar, were sold for a mere song to Louisiana and Fort Scott parties.

Secretary Morton, when interviewed today, and asked his reasons for abandoning these stations and disposing of the buildings and machinery thereon, said:

"The government has been steadily losing money in the maintenance of these sugar experimental stations without accomplishing any real good so far as the industry was concerned. Upwards of $500,000 were spent in Nebraska and nearly $200,000 in Kansas since the inception of this work of educating the farmers of the West in the culture and production of cane and beet sugar, and it can be safely said that the benefits derived therefrom have been merely nominal.

"There were ten stations originally, most of which were situated in Kansas and Nebraska, but by some legerdemain they have been spirited away one after another so that now we are unable to find but five of them upon the map."

"How it was done I am unable to say, but that it was done is evidenced by the fact that the machinery is gone and even the ownership of the land belonging to the United States, disputed by those who have settled upon it. I have therefore decided that it would be best to do away altogether with these experimental stations which, being of no practical utility, have been the means of fleecing the government annually out of large sums of money."

In his argument at the bounty hearing before Comptroller Bowler a few days ago Senator Manderson praised the work which had been accomplished by these experimental stations in Nebraska in the way of teaching the farming element out there the secrets of the "sun plant." The possibilities of that branch of agriculture were said by Mr. Manderson to be so great that with the repeal of the bounty by Congress a movement was set on foot to secure State aid for the industry. By way of encouragement the Nebraska legislature accorded the planters half a cent bounty.

When Secretary Morton's attention was called to this fact he plainly showed his attitude toward this kind of governmental aid by predicting that the sugar producers of Nebraska would never get the bounty, if some one out there had but the courage to take the matter to the court.—F. Michenard in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Don'ts for Sportsmen.

Don't sneer at the man who prefers fishing. G. Cleveland is an angler.

Don't forget that other members may have a few friends as well as yourself.

Don't forget to be a gentleman at all times if you wish to be a true sportsman.

Don't shoot toward the wagon—the birds there are supposed to be dead, anyway.

Don't imagine that nine in a bunch will necessarily get more chickens than three.

Don't shoot your neighbor's decoy duck full of holes. It has done nothing to you.

Don't play cards all night and keep the rest of the party awake that want to sleep.

Don't have your picture taken surrounded with your victims. It looks bloodthirsty.

Don't imagine that the entire world is aching to know the results of your expedition.

Don't stop to see whether it is mallard or teal before shooting. It may be out of range.

Don't be a hog and claim every bird shot went down with the contents of your barrel in him.

Don't carry a hammer, except on the gun. This is a good rule for use in and out of season.

Don't try to get in a couple of shots before the season opens. It is considered a mean advantage.

Don't shoot in the brush without great care. Better take home one less deer than one less hunter.

Don't ask any one else to load your shells. His ideas may be entirely different from your own.

Don't leave your campfire burning. It may chase you and lead to hard feelings in the neighborhood.

Don't conclude that the most costly suit or gun makes the best hunter. Comfort and convenience count.

Don't get "stage-fright" when you hear the "honk-honk-honk" of the big ones rise. This will be hard.

Don't waste time on prairie wolves. You might get $10 worth of chickens while chasing one $5 coyote.

Don't expect Welsh rarebit from the unfortunate who looks after the fire. Prairie chicken ought to be made to do.

Don't shoot where you see signs up: "Keep off." The owner may be an ex-pugilist, who took up farming when his vocal organs gave out.

Don't insist that your gun is the only one in the world. Nine to one you will meet some farmer with a back-number hair-raiser who has three times as many birds as you have.—Minneapolis Times.

Jesters of the Court.

Court jesters and those favored by the nobility were not jack puddings. They were men of wit and education, clever entertainers, quick in repartee, often relied upon for counsel as well as for amusement. Some of them became persons of consequence in the land, notably William the Norman's jester. The society clown of modern drawing-room entertainments is obviously the successor of these men. The most grotesque of the older type of society clown of whom we have any record appears to have been George Buchanan, who accompanied King Jamie over the border. If all we read of him be true, he was adroit, but indelicate—a very queer customer indeed. Many good stories still in circulation, though more or less modified, are attributed to him.

The French King, desiring to pick a quarrel with the English court, sent a letter, desiring that it should be read before Parliament, as follows: "Will I come? Will I come?" An evasive answer, which should neither offend nor seem pusillanimous, was desired. At George's instigation the reply was: "And ye come! and ye come! and ye come!"

Buchanan scored a second time at the expense of the French King. His success was achieved at Versailles. The King, disbelieving in George's reputed wit—for the wily George dissembled as a gawk—showed him a picture of the crucifixion and asked him his opinion. Buchanan professed the densest ignorance. "This" said the King, "is a picture of our Savior; the figure on the right is the Pope and that on the left is my own."

George replied: "I humbly thank your Majesty for the information; for, though I have often heard that our Savior was crucified between two thieves, yet I never knew who they were before."

Buchanan was the King's counselor as well as his entertainer, but on one occasion he so offended his sovereign that he was ordered never to show himself on English ground again. He withdrew to Scotland, but returned, wearing a high pair of boots filled with Scotch soil, and was pardoned for thus cleverly complying with the letter if not the spirit of the King's command.

He was met one day by three bishops. Said the first: "Good day, Father Abraham." The second said: "Good day, Father Isaac," and the third: "Good day, Father Jacob." To which he replied: "I am neither Abraham, Isaac nor Jacob, but Saul, the son of Kish, sent out to seek my father's asses, and lo! I have found three of them."

He treated a Scotch bishop with even less respect, for he cut the poor man's head off! This is how it happened: The Scotch prelate was a "malignant" coming hither "for the reduction of the church." Meeting him on a bridge, George cut his head off and threw it over. Running to the king, he pleaded lustily for pardon, as without it he was a dead man. The king most seriously asked him what he had done. "Thrown a Scotch bishop's hat over the bridge," was the reply. James laughed heartily, but as soon as he had passed his royal word, George coolly said: "Indeed, my sovereign, I threw his hat over the bridge, but his head was in it!"—Chicago News.

DEACON SAW IT.

Sea Serpent Story From Way Down in Maine.

Capt. Charles Deering, of the steamship Tremont, a gentleman whose story can be accepted without reservation, gives an account of a close view he had of a sea serpent—for there is such a thing, whatever it may be. "When I was about fifteen years of age," said Capt. Deering, "I was cook on a sailing packet on the coast of Maine. The vessel was at anchor one day in Penobscot Bay, about half a mile sou'west from Cape Rosier. The captain and myself were dressing the fish, when we heard a noise that sounded like the rushing of a brook over a fall. The captain shouted 'What's that?' and both of us looked up and saw a huge creature of the serpent kind passing at about 200 feet distance from the vessel on the port side. It was moving swiftly at the rate of between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, and making a strong wake. Part of its head was above water and was that of a serpent; the body appeared to be about as big as a hogshead, and at least 100 feet long. Its movement through the water was the same as that of a water snake. We were amazed at the sight. It kept on its course and tried to pass between the two islands, where the water was very shallow. This it seemed to find impossible, and in turning back—tacking ship, so to speak—the monster threw its forepart what seemed to us about fifty feet out of the water. Then we became satisfied beyond a doubt that we had seen the long-talked-of sea serpent. Shortly afterward, in Edgemoggin Beach, this same serpent, or one exactly like it, was floating at rest on the surface of the water, and was seen by the Castine cutter, which happened to come along. That same season Deacon Allen, who lived on Pond Island, in Bluehill Bay, while rowing between the island and the mainland, passed close by the same creature and saw it distinctly."—Portland Argus.

WHERE GLADIATORS FOUGHT.

Revival of the Olympic Games in the Stadium.

If the Greek newspapers do not exaggerate, the revival of the Olympic games next spring will be upon an imposing scale. The international sports, as already announced, will take place in the ancient Stadium, which will be rebuilt for the purpose at an expenditure of 500,000 drachmas, wholly subscribed by M. Averoff, a wealthy Greek in Alexandria. It is to accommodate 100,000 people, boat races will be rowed between Old and New Phalerum, the harbor of Munychia being used as a shelter in rough water. It is expected that more than 200 boats will take part in these contests. For the running it is proposed to adopt the historic run to Marathon. Invitations have been forwarded to 2,000 different athletic clubs in all parts of the world, and 300 have already agreed to send representatives. At night the Stadium will be lighted by electricity, and native dances will be performed. The Acropolis and the other ancient monuments will also be illuminated. More than 100,000 visitors are expected to visit Athen from the provinces and abroad, and the executive committee are anxiously considering the best means for the accommodation of this influx. Greeks at home and abroad are taking the keenest interest in this national undertaking, and large sums of money have already been forwarded from London and Alexandria. Nearly 200,000 drachmas have been collected in England.

SERVED UNDER LAFAYETTE.

Death of Hypolyte Grieumard, an Officer of the French National Guard.

Hypolyte Grieumard, who was an officer in the National Guard of France under Lafayette, then attached to the French bureau of finance, and closed his public career as Belgian consul at Cincinnati, died late Tuesday night at his residence, No. 1905 Latona street. He had been afflicted with chronic bronchitis for several years, but was confined to bed two weeks in his last illness.

Hypolyte Grieumard was born of Huguenot parents in the south of France on August 17, 1805. In 1830 he entered the national guard of his country when Lafayette was commander-in-chief, and became an officer under that distinguished general, at whose funeral he was also one of the guards of honor.

His career as a soldier continued for twenty years, until 1850, when he was attached to the French bureau of finance, in which department he served until 1860, when King Leopold of Belgium appointed him consul at Cincinnati. This office he held for ten years and then retired from public life.

He resided in Cincinnati nine years longer, during which time he was a teacher of the French language, among his pupils being the late George Pendleton, minister to France. From the Queen City he came to Philadelphia, where he made his home until his death. He was an accomplished linguist, speaking the French, Italian, Spanish and Greek languages. Men prominent in France and America were his close friends. His wife, one son and one daughter survive him.

A THRILLING FICTION.

The greatest detective story ever written. Read "The Hindoo Charm" in to-morrow's Sunday Times

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY. Prices 25c to $1. MONDAY, AUGUST 26. Opening of Season. Cleveland's Greater Massive Minstrels. Box Office Now Open.

Kernan's Lyceum Theater. All this week. Two Big Shows in One. CYRENE'S High Class Vaudevilles. And Mlle. Millotta's Terpsichorean Beauties. ONE ADMISSION TO ALL. NEXT WEEK—G. W. Turner's Vaudevilles.

BASEBALL. To-day at 4:30 Chicago vs. Washington. ADMISSION ..... 25c and 50c. Next ST. LOUIS—three games.

AS TO COINCIDENCE.

Some Queer Examples Which Help to Strengthen Superstition.

The London Spectator has a clever article entitled "The Tyranny of Coincidence." The example shown is of a lady who was driving outside of Athens. When the horses were halted one of the team refused his oats. The Greek coachman insisted that his horse was under a spell. The young English lady had an "evil eye." The man told Miss Symonds to spit—that was the only cure. The young woman was forced to go through that unladylike performance, and at once the horse took to his feed. "The coincidence riveted the chains of superstition upon the driver tighter than ever."

Many coincidences of a similar character must occur to the reader. Here is a case: A child was told to put a four-leaf clover in his left shoe, and was assured "that he would be sure to find something." The little boy did so and had hardly moved out of his tracks in a large grass-grown pasture before he found an old half-dollar of an ancient date, evidently lost years before. The child was not superstitious, and fortunately the parents were not. The matter of coincidence was explained to him, and among other things he was plentifully supplied with four-leaf clovers, but he never found anything.

The origin of superstition associated with amulets or any material objects must owe its being to just such coincidences. Among those who are not educated it may be that the tyranny of coincidences does exist, but it should not hold with those having sound minds. We all have, however, a dark chamber in our brains, and it is there that the owls and bats of superstition flap their wings.

AS SEEN FROM ABROAD.

An American's View of His Native Land.

After all, to behold America in all its beautifully true significance one must stand upon strange shores and look across vast seas.

I have ransacked every cranny of surprise in America, climbed her mountains, pillaged her mines, caught fabulous scarlets in dying prairie suns, watched the moon wane over the inverted stalactite of the Garden of the Gods, slept in adobe huts and coast palaces, but never stood awed before America's possessions and possibilities save where boundless deeps focus vision to immensity.

Spurring through the fierceness of American life, head down and eyes closed against the cyclone of American "push," we never take time to adjust the telescope, but tear along, catching hurried glances through the little end of the magnifier. It is only when the drone and gracious old quietness of the far-away gives us time to rub our commerce-dusted eyes, leisurely lift our Columbian heads, and in bravest truth rapport the lens that America assumes the august, incomparable majesty of infinite superiority.

It is no longer young; it is old. The nation is advanced and smart and cultured. We have history blue-molded and moss-grown, and except for painters, poets and idols who belong to no age nor to any one country, monuments, and the mists of tradition I do not see but that America is about as awesome and mature as any other country.—Paris correspondence Chicago News.

PROFIT IN HER PLAGUE.

The Rabbits of Australia to Be Exported for Food.

The Australian Secretary for Agriculture has received a letter from Mr. Eerry, of the Agent General's office, stating that it is expected during the coming season that the price of rabbits will be from 10d. to 11d. each. The charges for dock dues, cartage, and commission at London are about 1d. per rabbit, and to Hull or any other manufacturing provincial cities about one penny extra. He adds: "There is not the slightest doubt that a very large trade indeed is open to Victorian rabbits in the great manufacturing districts, such as Leeds, Manchester and Sheffield, where all the members of a family work at the mills, and therefore have not much time to spare for cooking. Rabbits can be easily coked, and are accordingly much favored by mill workers, and it is no unusual thing when rabbits are cheap for them to be the sole local meet food eaten by the family during the week." He strongly urges Victorian shippers to take a small profit in order to assist in pushing trade in rabbits in these districts.—Melbourne Argus.

A Landslide.

"A soldier's first duty, I understand, is obedience, major," observed the bright lady at the picnic.

"Yes, ma'm! Blind, unquestioned obedience, ma'm!"

"And did you never disobey a command, major?"

"Nevah but once, ma'm, in all my subvis—"

"Ah? How was it?"

"It was at Mission Ridge, ma'm. When the Yanks came ovah the hill in greatah numbahs, the brave boys had to go-suah—"

"Retreat?"

"Retreat! It was then the cannel jumped into the crowd and shouted: 'Stand yo' ground, men! Stand yo' ground, majah; stand yo' ground!' And—"

"You didn't stand your ground, major?"

"To tell yo' the truth, ma'm, the ground was goin' undah me so infunnel fast that I couldn't catch a foothold. I could hardly touch it as it went by!"—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

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You'll read the Morning Times, if you want all the news!