COSTUME OF BLACK TAFFETA.

The bolero, with its wide shoulder collar, is bordered with a stitched band of the silk and is fastened with a tie of black velvet, the ends of which are finished with old silver tips. The ornamental buttons are of black silk passementerie or of old silver. The bouse is of plaited lilac mousseline de soie with full sleeves which form the undersleeves of the bolero. The silk sleeves are tucked lengthwise, the tucks opening out at the bottom to form a ruffle which falls over two other ruffles of the taffeta. The corslet tunic crosses in front and fastens at the top with three buttons like those on the bolero, only larger. This tunic opens in front over the skirt, which in turn falls over two circular flounces attached to the foundation skirt. All the edges of the tunic, skirt and ruffles are finished with a band of the material.—Le Costume Elegant.

She Was a Dream.

So, after all the love-songs heard
In evening's gloom, in morning's gleam,
I whisper to my love this word:
"Clarisse is dead: She was a dream!"

After the promise of the years—
The far-off beauty and the beam—
After the kisses and the tears:
"Clarisse is dead: She was a dream!"

I walk life's ways, and would forget:
The hours like ghosts of Memory seem;
The heavens are thronged with love; and yet—
"Clarisse is dead: She was a dream!"
—A. L. S., in Atlanta Constitution.

Turkish Ladies' Diversions.

Picturesque Scenes on "The Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia."

The summer season having now begun, Turkish ladies are beginning to look forward to one of their few pleasures. In comparison with their European sisters Turkish ladies have a very poor time; in fact, they practically have no amusements at all. In the summer, however, they manage to get considerable pleasure in going to the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia on Fridays and Sundays.

All through the fine weather these two rivers are crowded with hundreds of boats and caiques of all descriptions, full of Turkish women, who are rowed up and down. Unfortunately the graceful caique is dying out and being replaced by the more useful boat. A caique has many disadvantages, the chief of which is that it requires a special boatman to row it, and he will never do any other work. As most Turkish households are becoming poorer, and therefore more economical, they abandon caiques and keep boats which are now rowed by a man who will do gardening or any other odd job.

Nevertheless, enough caiques remain to make the scene a very picturesque one. Every now and then one will flash past, rowed by one, two or three men in brilliant white costumes, relieved by zouave jackets, embroidered in gold and silver, on a groundwork of silk or satin. In the stern will be seated two ladies faultlessly attired in Turkish dress with a very thin yashmak. Their outer dress does not allow of much variety except in color, so they are forced to put all their inventive genius into their parasols, and the collection of parasols is the most varied and brilliant to be seen anywhere. No Turkish woman will be without one, which she always keeps even after sunset.

The best caiques have over the long afterdecks a carpet or piece of embroidery which trails in the water on both sides. This is seldom seen now; in fact, there are only two regularly attending Sweet Waters which keep up this custom. One belongs to a Turkish lady whose boatmen's uniforms are blue and silver, and the embroidery matches them; the other is the Khedive's mother, whose colors are gold and crimson, and the embroidery consists of a pattern made up of crowns and fishes.

Of course there are hundreds of boats full of men, and many flirtations are carried on throughout the summer. The flirtations carried on are very mild, and consist chiefly in the lady lifting her veil and showing her face for a moment. Now and then a few words are exchanged, but that is dangerous, and can only be done when the boatmen are all in the secret.—London Chronicle.

Had Her Stopped.

Marjory's grandmamma is very religiously inclined—Marjory is not as much so. Accordingly the little lady demurred greatly at being taken to a children's prayer-meeting, held at the home of one of her little friends. Grandmamma's offer of a whole quarter to spend as she chose carried the day, however, and at the appointed hour there sat Marjory with the other children, looking like an angel with her white frock and yellow curls.

Grandmamma and the mistress of the house had seats in an adjoining room. One by one the little folks made prayers or related their religious experiences, telling how good they were trying to be or were going to be. All—that is, but Marjory—she sat stock still. "Now, Marjory," said grandmamma from the next room, "you say something, like a good little girl." Marjory sat immovable for a moment, and then flopped down on her knees, and the next instant her horrified grandmamma heard, in the sweetest of childish trebles:

"Oh, Lord, I'm something of a liar myself, but there are others, and them others has got me stopped!"—Syracuse Herald.

Slumber Town.

When Night looks down on the wakeful earth,
With pitying, starry eyes,
She sees it wearied by toil and mirth,
And troubled with tears and sighs;
So "Hush," she murmurs, "'tis dreaming-tide,
Oh, reck not of Fortune's frown,"
And gently, gently she sunders wide
The portals of Slumber Town.

It lies in Shadowland strange and vast,
This city that all may find,
There lips long wooed may be won at last,
And pitiless eyes grow kind;
The poor may chance on a dow'r of gold,
The vanquished a laurel crown,
And voices, hushed in aforetimes old,
Re-echo in Slumber Town.
—Boston Globe.

Hanged Stove Instead of Man

A special cablegram from Paris to the Philadelphia Inquirer says: "A typical incident of Paris life was brought to light the other day. Mme. Perrichet, a small store-keeper, had trouble with her husband, who has the habit of spending all his wages in wine shops. One evening he returned home drunk and had a scene with his wife, who vowed revenge. He then went to bed under a trap door in the ceiling. In the garret overhead Mme. Perrichet rigged up a gallows and let the end of a rope down through the trap door, fastening the other to a beam. Then she went down, tied the noose around her husband's neck and returned to the garret in order to pull him up. While she was going back he awoke, and, being fairly sober after his sleep, took in the situation. Disengaging the rope from his neck, he tied it around an empty fire stove. Very soon the stove was pulled up. Mme. Perrichet, who fancied that she had her drunken husband at one end of the rope, shouted through the garret window to her neighbors, telling them that he had hanged himself. A few minutes later some neighbors and policemen arrived and saw a strange spectacle. The stove was dangling from the ceiling and M. Perrichet was beating his wife in a corner of the bed-room. Mme. Perrichet was so severely mauled that she had to be sent to a hospital."

Nurses Take an Oath.

Swear to Be Faithful to Their Patients and Physicians Who Employ Them.

The New York school for nurses has recently made an innovation that has taken the graduates by surprise and caused no end of comment. Upon graduating, each nurse is required to take the following obligation:

"You do solemnly swear, each by whatever she holds most sacred,

"That you will be loyal to the physicians under whom you serve, as a good soldier is loyal to his officers.

"That you will be just and generous to all worthy members of your profession, aiding them when it will be in your power to do so.

"That you will live your lives and lead your profession in uprightness and honor.

"That into whatsoever house you shall enter in it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power, and that you will hold yourselves aloof from all temptation.

"That whatsoever you shall see or hear of the lives of men and women, whether they be your patients or members of their households, you will keep inviolably secret, whether you are in other households or among your friends."

This oath was first administered last week at the annual commencement exercises of the school, held in the chapel of the City Hospital, on Blackwell's Island, and there was a buzz of favorable comments from physicians and others who were present, for the oath, which was administered by Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, who is chairman of the advisory board of the school and presented the diplomas, came as a surprise to all.

"As you all know, doubtless," began Mrs. Jones, "a physician who graduates from a reputable medical school takes upon his graduation what is known as the 'oath of Hippocrates.' I will ask you to listen to a version of the Hippocratic oath, modified to suit your profession, and when you have heard it to accept its obligations and to observe them faithfully."

Mrs. Jones then delivered the oath, saying in conclusion:

"If you accept these obligations let each one bow the head in sign of acquiescence. And now, if you shall be true to your word may prosperity and good repute be ever yours; the opposite if you shall prove yourselves forsworn."

One Girl's Idea of Decoration.

A clever girl, who has more taste than money, has adorned her room with charming pictures by utilizing engravings from high-class magazines. Not wishing to incur the expense of framing them, the young woman bought several sheets of blue blotting paper, such as art students use in crayon work, and some sheets of gray cardboard. Selecting the pictures that had a good deal of light, she arranged them on blue mats cut large enough to leave a margin. Those that abounded in shadows were affixed to the gray mats. The special and unique feature of the work, however, was the mode of fastening the pictures in place. Those on the blue mats were secured at the corners by a circle of red sealing wax about the size of a five-cent piece, stamped in the middle with her monogram seal.

Some on the gray mats were fastened with black wax, some with blue, sealed in the same fashion. By way of variety, the seals were affixed in different places. Some were on every corner, some on diagonal corners, some on the two upper, with a seal in the middle at the lower edge. The general effect was extremely pretty, and many of her friends have boldly appropriated the "clever girl's" idea.

Here's a Hint for Brides.

The Conventional Wedding Unbecoming Even to Some Really Beautiful Women.

One of last week's brides caused something for a sensation by draping her veil in Elizabethian style and wearing clusters of flowers behind each ear, after the fashion of the Japanese, says the New York Sun. She also carried a big feather fan, instead of the usual bouquet. This is an innovation that might well be followed by subsequent brides of the season.

It has often been remarked that a girl never looks worse than on her wedding day, and one reason for this is that almost invariably she is robed exactly like every other bride without any regard for her own personal peculiarities of face and figure. Custom has decreed the same draping for the veil, the same arrangement of orange blossoms, the long sleeve and high neck for every young woman who goes to the altar irrespective of whether she is tall, short, thin or inclined to stoutness. White also is a very trying color and few brides are daring enough to depart from the ivory white, which is the most severe of all.

Modistes study the type of their customers when they make their house and walking gowns and ball toilettes, but when it comes to a wedding dress there are certain rules that seem to be unalterable. The bride who dared to depart from the conventional fastening of her veil and the bouquet which is always such an awkward possession during the ceremony is to be congratulated for setting a fashion which may inspire others to do the same thing; not in coppying the fashion which was so becoming to the Oriental type, but in finding out what particular little individuality they can give to the most important gown of their lives.

PRETTY DRESS FOR A GIRL.

Girl's dress of white alpaca trimmed lengthwise with narrow dark blue satin ribbon.

The edge of the bolero, also those of the sleeves and the bottom of the skirt are all finished with applique cream lace.

The bolero opens over a blouse of plaited white silk and the collar strap and girdle are of dark blue panne.—Le Costume Elegant.

Talks to Nervous Women.

A treatise of some size might be written on how to go to sleep—and how to not go to sleep! writes Dr. Mitchell, in Harper's Bazar. As a rule, it is when one is overfatigued, especially nervously, that the anxiety of the day torments one by night. A person troubled this way must make every effort to save fatigue. "But," they tell me, "how are we to know what will fatigue us? By the time we know we are tired, the mischief is done." A poor excuse, and one which should not be allowed to serve more than once. The second time the exertion must be well within the amount which before produced exhaustion. Moreover, every one, especially those who are not strong, should know how much he or she can do—and stop before the danger point is reached. What is the point where fatigue becomes undue, excessive, perhaps dangerous? There is one fairly exact measure of unwise exertion. If the sense of fatigue does not pass off quickly with reasonable rest—the amount of work performed has been too great. Such a limitation, of course, is not needed for persons in good health, who seldom overstrain the system beyond a point which may be regained by a good night's refreshing rest.

Over-anxiety about sleep hinders its coming, too—and makes one wakeful. Muscular relaxation and a mind emptied of thought are the preliminary requisites. It may be worth while to add that while we know very little of the physiology of sleep, it is pretty certain that the amount of blood in the brain is lessened during sleep, though whether this diminution in the blood supply is preliminary to or consequent upon sleep is unsure. The ordinary household remedies for wakefulness are founded on the fact—a hot foot-bath, a hot-water bag to the body, a warm drink, which draws blood to the stomach, all having more or less directly the effect of rdeucing the quantity of blood in the head. Almost all sleep-producing medicines act in the same manner, but these are undesirable for nervous people, who too easily grow dependent upon them. The habit of their use is not so dangerous as the slavery to pain-suppressing drugs, the greatest reason against them being rather in their somewhat depressing nervous and physical after-effects. On the other hand, thought certainly increases the amount of blood in the head.

Landscape Gardening as a Profession for Women.

Landscape gardening is a caling that must be learned the same as any other, asserts Eben E. Rexford, in the Ladies' Home Journal. A young man would be expected to devote some years to its study and practice before he could be intrusted with the commission of work of much importance, and there is no reason why less should be expected of a woman. Good work is demanded, and in order to meet the demand there must be thorough knowledge of all its details, and this can only come through practical experience. If a woman has aptitude for the profession, and is willing to serve an apprenticeship at it, as a man must, there is no reason why she should not undertake the work, provided she is physically strong.

The Real Woman Defined.

Woman isn't really better than man. She is only different, and the marvels and advantages of her differences are so prodigious that long, long ago she herself took permanent place in that distinguished class of things that men call providential, says E. S. Martin in McClure's Magazine. Women and men are so inextricably tangled up that if the women were really better than the men, the men would have to rise to their level. The other thing is what seems to happen.

The women keep to the level that the men attain. Their righteousness has tendencies to certain defects. They take more naturally than men to religion; they are more urgent promoters of temperance; but, as a rule, they don't appreciate the vital work of freedom, without which religion tends to become a shackle and temperance a mere deprivation. One suspects that if woman had made the world she would have left out temptation. The Creator left it in, and with it the possibility of freedom.

Some women always have been, and some women always will be, the superiors or most men, but there is no sign that women in general will ever equal, much less surpass, men at the business of governing and developing the earth. The old theory that woman is man's helper seems incorrigibly well founded. If the situation isn't satisfactory to her there is no help for it, for the conditions it came out of seem to be eternal. Women may vote; they will be none the less man's helpers if they do. They never will band together to put man down and teach him his place. They will push him ahead if they can; they will pull him along when they must; they will influence him enormously as they always have done, but they will never conspire together on any very great scale to make him play second fiddle. Some one has got to be master. Women in general will never agree to have women bosses so long as there are competent men for that use. There always will be competent men so long as competent women raise sons. The thing that is certain about woman is that she is man's indispensable mate, and that though she may rise with him or fall with him, she never, willingly or otherwise, will rise on his ruins. He may be a poor thing, but he is her own, the most valuable possession that nature has given her, and the one she is least disposed to disparage or misuse.

The Dainty Breakfast Table.

Nothing tempts the appetite more than a daintily set table, especially so on a warm summer's morning.

If possible have the table on a Sunday morning placed out of doors; the veranda, if shaded from the sun, is an ideal place for the breakfast. A low basket filled with blossoms and green foliage should be placed in the center. These need not be expensive; simple field flowers or house blossoms at hand can be arranged on a bed of moist moss, and a bow of pretty ribbon adds to its attractiveness. Use well-laundered linen and pretty china. Fill finger-bowls one-half full of water, adding to each a slice of lemon or a rose petal. Serve the coffee on the table, and from an urn, if you possess one, otherwise use a pretty coffee pot. When the table cannot be placed out of doors the temperature of the room should be cool and refreshing.

Do not use flowers for centerpieces, the odor of which is decided and offensive. Ferns and daisies, asparagus, vines and buttercups or bluets are charming. A layer of moist moss will keep them fresh throughout the meal.

Serve the coffee after the fruit and hominy have been eaten. The finger bowls are placed on the table throughout the meal. A cloth is always used for the breakfast table, doylies and squares being appropriate for luncheon. An appetizing-appearing table does not necessitate expensive appointments. Spotless linen, even if coarse, clean earthenware and plated knives, forks and spoons can be arranged with taste. Pretty earthenware coffee pots are sold at so reasonable prices that they come within the scope of the ordinary pocket-book. If cut flowers cannot be had, a growing plant, the pot hidden by tinted tissue or crepe paper, tied with a pretty ribbon, will prove attractive. Whenever the weather permits, open the windows and allow the fresh air and the sounds and odors of spring or summer to give freshness and coolness to the atmosphere of the breakfast-room.—Ledger Monthly.

TWO CHARMING SUMMER GOWNS.

The gown of the first figure is of white and rose changeable taffeta, the rose showing only like a blush on the white. The bolero, with habit back, is fastened with two large handsome buttons and beautifully trimmed with yellowish guipure and with panne applications in rococo style—baskets of flowers and light blue ribbons. The plastron is of white mousseline de soie made with alternating bands of crosswise and lengthwise tucks and the full undersleeves are also of the white mousseline de soi. The wide girdle or corslet is of light blue panne. The skirt is tucked all round, the tucks opening out about half way down; it is trimmed with the baskets of flowers and ribbons alternating with guipure ornaments, and finshed at the bottom with the guipure. The other gown is of black tulle with chenille dots and is made up over white silk. The bolero, with habit back, is of black taffeta trimmed with bouquets of flowers embroidered in colors. It fastens with two straps and two steel buttons over a full front of white mousseline de soie, trimmed at the top with tiny ruchings of black tulle. The bolero is trimmed on each side of the front with a ruffle of yellowish lace, which also finishes the elbow sleeves. The wide girdle is of black panne, or satin duchess, ornamented with rosettes. The skirt of the dotted tulle is gathered all round at the waist and finished with a deep plaited flounce headed and trimmed with black chantilly lace.—Chic Parisien.

LOVE IN A MIST. By Post Wheeler. New York: The Camelot Company. Bound in cloth, 12 mo., gilt top, rough edges; frontispiece, portrait of author; 216 pages. Price not given.

The quaint name, "Love in a Mist," is not more dainty than is this most attractive volume of short poems. The publishers have given us a beautiful example of their art, a fitting dress for the clever poems of the author.

As for the poems, they seem the spontaneous expression of the poet's soul. They are full of melody and possess rhythm as well as rhyme. They abound in quaint fancies, sometimes joyous, but more often a tender plaint in a minor key. The dedication quoted below gives an example of the quality of the verse.

TO OUR MOTHER.

When noiseless dusk wings down on pinions fleet,
And, worn and wearied with their riotous play,
The children leave their toys to long for day
And nod their heads in sleepiness complete;

The mother, all solicitous and sweet,
Goes slowly up the balustraded way,
Turning to hold the candle, so its ray
Shines down to guide the drowsy little feet.

So now I love to think you stand and wait,
Our stumbling footsteps up life's crooked stair,
Letting love's candle shine down, mother-wise,
While we, tired children, hasten (lest if late
The fingered shadows seize us unaware)
To see your placid age smile in our eyes.

Mr. Wheeler's poems have appeared from time to time, sometimes in France, sometimes in England or in this country, but this is the first volume which he has permitted to be compiled. The following sketch of the man himself is of interest:

Post Wheeler (for the name, after all is not a nom de plume) is of English parentage, the son of the Rev. Dr. Henry Wheeler, of Philadelphia. Ten years ago he was graduated from Princeton University, one of the brilliant circle which composed, besides, Booth Tarkington, Walter Wyckoff (author of "The Workers"), James Barnes (the naval historian and war correspondent), Jesse Lynch Williams, Robert Bridges and Burton Egbert Stevenson. After graduation he drifted to London and Paris, in which latter city he, with Israel Zangwill and Paul Verlaine, led the younger following. A year after he disappeared from Paris, it was reported that he was living with a Bedowa tribe in the mountains below Tangier, Morocco. He returned to this country to receive the degree of Litt. D. from Princeton, and remained in New York for several years.

When the famous Klondike "strike" was made, inrushing miners found him living below the Ketchufstock Hills in the center of Alaska, an adopted member of a tribe of the Tukudh Indians, who stood in awe of his pens and paper, and called him a white medicine man. In the silences of the long white Arctic night, as well as in the African desert, Mr. Wheeler composed his poems—a strange setting for latter-day verse. A fall while moose-hunting sent him back to civilization to heal a lung lacerated by broken ribs, and since then, finding life in the wilds impossible, he has remained in New York, sending out from time to time the poems for which the name "Post Wheeler" is a badge.

* * *

THE HEAVENLY TWINS. By Madame Sarah Grand, author of "Ideala," "Babs—The Impossible," "The Beth Book," etc. New York: Street and Smith. Bound in cloth, 12 mo, 679 pages. Price, 50 cents.

This is a good example of the cheap cloth-bound books issued by Street & Smith. This firm reproduces in cheap, durable form the most popular books. As for this special column, "The Heavenly Twins" is too well known to require a review.

A literary journal not long ago endeavored to find out just where the charm of "The Heavenly Twins" lay. On an appeal to its readers, some gave as the chief feature Madame Grand's dramatic situations; others the escapades of the Twins among the bewildering mazes of philosophy; still others the smart small-talk of society folk at a society resort; but the majority of voters were given to the impassioned utterances of the man who had lived for the sensual till he met the woman he truly loved, and hope of a better life rose again in his heart.

* * *

THE MYSTERIOUS BURGLAR. By George E. Walsh. New York: F. M. Buckles & Co., 9 and 11 East Sixteenth Street. For sale by Hunter & Co., Richmond, Va. Bound in cloth, 12 mo, gilt top, special cover design, 247 pages. Price, $1.25.

This is a thrilling story of hypnotic influence. It is told in the first person by an ordinary burglar, who, on one of his midnight raids, meets the mysterious burglar.

The story is well told, the situations dramatic, the plot well conceived and skillfully unfolded, sustaining one's interest until the closing chapter. It would be a pity to spoil the reader's enjoyment of so good a story by a further revelation of the plot.

* * *

THE ABANDONED FARMER. By Sydney H. Preston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. For sale by The Bell Book and Stationery Company, Richmond, Va. Bound in cloth, special cover design, 12 mo, 288 pages. Price, $1.25.

This is a farcical sketch of the experiences of two city-bred people, who go to the country to live. The health of their little son, who is to them the central point around which their universe revolves, necessitates the change. The wife is a conscientious woman, with duty (with a big D) as her watchword; the husband is a newspaper man, who acts first, and from that action deduces a principle to justify his course. Their ignorance of practical affairs is evident to the shrewd country folks, who proceed to "do" them at every opportunity. "Peter Waydean" benefits largely by their innocence, as does his equally unscrupulous brother. The record of their experiences is delightfully written and not lacking in humor, while the character sketches are of unusual excellence.

* * *

FROM THE UNSOUNDED SEA. A romance. By Nellie K. Blissett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Appleton's Town and Country Library. Paper, 30 cents.

This is a romance of the Southern States, a weird tale, in which a musical genius, dreamy and eccentric, and a mysterious creature from the sea, half human and half beast, recalling the fabled mermaids, are the leading characters.

* * *

SIDE LIGHTS ON MANAGEMENT WORLD SYSTEMS RAILWAYS. By Major Pangborn, President Commission World's Transportation, author "World's Railway," "Which?" "Side Lights on Russia," etc. Baltimore: J. G. Pangborn. Cloth, 12mo., 245 pages. Price, $1.

The author affords insight into railway methods which is of peculiar interest at this time. Probably no other man has met in person so many railroad men or passed over so many different lines of railway. The world his field of investigation and study, few men, indeed, have gotten over and through it as has he. Well equipped to observe intelligently and draw conclusions advisedly, from his long-time service in Baltimore and Ohio operation, and, prior to such, on the Santa Fe, the Major had practial experience, rather than mere theory, as the preliminary qualification for reaching determination of causes leading up to effects.

He is an authority on the evolution and development of the way of the rail in the world, through having conceived and perfected the great historical showing which was the central feature in the building of transportation exhibits at the Chicago Exposition.

Possibly the section relating to the English railways will attract as much attention as any in the volume; is certain to provoke discussion. The facts set forth, and the deductions drawn therefrom are radically different from the usually accepted conclusions that surprise will follow the statements made and the disposition ensue to verify them. This is, palpably the purpose of the author, who, with the English, as with the German and the Russian, leaves no room for doubt as to the import of his criticisms.

The Maiden of the Smile.

I.

In that fair Land where slope and plain
Shine back to sun and sky,
And olives shield the sprouting grain
When wintry arrows fly,
Where snow-fed streams seek sun-warmed vale
Through vineyard-scarped defile,
The world we enter with a wail
She greeted with a smile.

II.

Slumbering She smiled, and smiling woke,
And, when She felt the smart
Of grave sad life, smiles still bespoke
Her tenderness of heart.
And nightly when She knelt and prayed
Beside her snow-white bed,
Her face was one pure smile that made
A heaven about her head.

III.

When Love first trembled in her ear
The heart-throbs that beguile,
She listened with assenting tear,
Then chased it with a smile.
Sorrow and pain with smiles She bore
Unto her latest breath;
But the sweetest smile She ever wore
Was the smile She wore in death.
—Alfred Austin, Poet-Laureate of England, in The Independent.

The Camera as an Improvement on the Rifle.

The scene was so fresh that all the dogs broke away, making noise enough to terrify any game within hearing. After them we rushed down over the brow of the mountain, then along just below it. The fastest dog in the pack soon set up a great barking, and the others joined him as rapidly as they arrived at the spruce-tree in which the lion had taken refuge when we approached. By getting on the upper side of the tree I found a splendid chance (see No. III.) to get a face view of the lion; and when I had focussed the scale read 35 feet. When the exposeure had been made I planned to go on the lower side of the tree while my companions drove the lion out and down past me, while I was to catch her as she ran by. By dint of much scratching two of the hounds climbed up the tree at least thirty feet, being aided by the limbs, which commenced very near the ground, and were so close together as to make this very curious feat possible.

On their approach the lion went up a little further and then out on a limb. When I was ready one of the party fired several shots into the limb she was on, till finally it cracked beneath her weight, when she jumped as far out as she could. Her limb was a high one, and, taking her spring and fall together, she must have covered at least 100 feet before she struck the ground near me. Then snow flew up in such a cloud that an exposure was useless, so I waited. The dogs caught her a few yards away and soon finished her. —Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for June.

Uncle Sam to King Edward.

Hello, there, give me Edward;
You heard me right—the king;
Just tell him who is waiting,
And when we're through I'll ring.

Hello, there, this you, Eddie?
I'm Sammy, Uncle Sam.
A minute, can you spare me?
Or are you rushed? I am.

I called your number merely
To see if you had heard
About that fellow Funston;
Say, Eddie, he's a bird.

You've heard it? S'spose they told you
By what a Yankee trick
He captured Aguinaldo;
By ginger, it was slick.

But, Eddie, why I called you
Was only just to say
If you could, maybe, use him
I'd lend him for a day.

It makes me sorry, honest,
The way that man, De Wet,
Keeps fooling all your army,
And no one near him yet.

Now, don't get angry, Eddie,
But really seems to me,
The reason why you miss him,
Ain't difficult to see.

I mention no partic'lars,
But if you'd like me to,
I'll lend you my man Funston;
He'll see the business through.

And when he quits the country,
He won't quit beat, you bet;
Shall I send him to you, Eddie?
Do you really want De Wet?
—Arthur H. Folwell, in Brooklyn Eagle.

What it Costs to be an Ambassador.

Unlike other governments, ours makes no extra allowance for the living expenses of its representatives, writes Edward Page Gaston in the June Woman's Home Companion. Thus it is that many times an important foreign mission has been declined—for financial reasons—by the able statesman to whom it was proffered. If one accepts such a post he naturally feels in duty bound to live up to the standard set by his predecessors, and this usually means that he must have a large private fortune to draw upon. There have been a few instances where such positions have been held by men unable to maintain great establishments, but who have unwisely attempted it by incurring obligations which they could not meet, thus bringing themselves and their government to humiliation. Diplomatic agents are without the pale of the common law of the countries where they are stationed, and if bills are left unpaid creditors have absolutely no recourse.

There is a large financial advantage to a diplomat if he is a bachelor, for it is then understood that he has no special obligations in a social way. If he be personally popular he will be overwhelmed with invitations, but need never issue any in return except to such small parties of friends as he may care to entertain in his chambers or at a restaurant. The most of the diplomatic corps, however, are married men, for their governments know that upon the social administration by the mistress of the household depends in no small part the success of the official side of the residency.

A diplomatic residence in any of the larger European capitals may easily mean an annual expenditure of from forty thousand to fifty thousand dollars. Only rich men are therefore eligible for these posts, and thus a false standard of wealth is being raised as a test for diplomatic preferment. It is likely that before long our government will lease and furnish permanent houses for its ambassadors and ministers in the principal foreign countries, and this will go a long way toward correcting a grave fault in the present system. Our ambassador to St. Petersburg had to do house-hunting for six months, and was almost in despair of finding a suitable residence. As it is, he pays more in rates than even the ambassador in London, and it is said the rental is more than a thousand dollars a month.—Edward Page Gaston in the June Woman's Home Companion.

Pensive.

"When our author speaks of the pensive girl," explained the instructor, "he means that she is thoughtful."

And the foreigner, learning English, pausing only long enough to make sure of his dialect, exclaimed:

"Ah, je see! And ze thoughtless girl, ees she accordingly expensive, aber nit, jourquoi?"

Now this, of course, was indeed no dream.—Detroit Journal.

Chinese Poetry.

The poetic literature of the Chinese contains sentiments as tender as any ever sung by the Hellenic bards. In their libraries are voluminous collections awaiting a translator. America and Europe have opened unto them a new and charming literature, in which the finest flashes of the poetic art and the daintiest imaginations are produced in graceful style. That the poets of China have marvelous insight and domesticity in a great deal of their work is shown in the following selection from Ode I. of the book of the "Three Hundred Odes."

THE HARMONIOUS WATER-BIRDS.

The harmonious voices of the sacred water-birds
Are heard from their river island home.
This excellent damsel, retiring and mild,
Is a lovely mate for our virtuous prince.
(On the waves of the river's running stream,
The Hang plant's stalk's uneven stems
Are swaying to and fro).
This excellent damsel, retiring and mild,
When waking and sleeping, our prince was seeking.
While seeking, but not having found,
His troubled thoughts waking and sleeping exclaimed.
How long! Oh, how long!
He turns him around on his bed, and turns back,
He turns him all around and returns.
(The Hang plant's stalk's uneven stems
Are swaying to and fro). He gathers them now.
This excellent damsel, retiring and mild.
With flutes and guitars he welcomes her home.
(The Hang plant's stalk's uneven stems
Are swaying to and fro, they are fit for offering now.)
This excellent damsel, retiring and mild,
With music of bells and of drums.—come welcome her home.

The lines are disjointed. To some they may seem to be queer. But the harmony is intact, and the song itself flows as gently as a brook over spheric stones.—Robert Mackay in June Literary Era.

The Growth of Wealth.

The wealth of the United States is computed every ten years from the census returns. The total wealth in 1850 was put at $7,135,780,228, or $308 per capita, and in 1870 at $30,068,518,507, or $708 per capita. This amount rose in 1880 to $43,642,000,000, or $870 per capita, and again in 1890 to $65,037,091,197, or $1,036 per capita. Expert statisticians estimate that the amount for 1900 will be at least $90,000,000,000, or nearly $1,200 per capita. When it is considered that the latter amount represents accumulated savings of $6,000, or nearly four times the average of 1850, for every family of five persons, it is evident that the world is growing rich at an astonishing rate under the operation of machine production.—The World's Work.

Why a Play is Like a Cigar.

Henry J. Byron, one of the wittiest of English playwrights of a score of years ago, remarked on one occasion: "A play is like a cigar. If it's good, everybody wants a box. If it's bad, all the puffing in the world won't make it go."—Argonaut.