THE NEWEST DANCES

WHAT IS CONSIDERED THE PROPER POSITION IN WALTZING.

How Dancers Are Introduced—Work of the Different Societies of Dancing Masters and How New Dances Are Tried.

The winter dance will soon be here. Already society folk, and those interested in the doings of this class, are occupied in planning for it. Whether it be an elaborate affair in the ballroom with the Oxford minuet, the german and some of the more dignified dances inspired by full orchestral music or a simple drawing room affair, with the two-step and waltz, dancing will be the chief amusement this winter, as it has been from time immemorial.

Every year there are changes, new dances are introduced or new methods for dancing the old ones. This is the problem that faces society: "Which of these new methods shall it indorse?" "What new dances shall it adopt?"

"But that is a matter for the leaders

THE NEW WAY.

of dancing to determine," some one exclaims; "the people merely follow in their lead."

It is a mistaken proposition, however. Society determines for itself what it likes, and what it likes it does. That is one of the characteristics of this part of the social organization. No association of dancing teachers is rash enough to suppose otherwise, or to presume that its power lies beyond that of suggestion. It may be agreed upon by professors of the art that certain movements are more graceful than others, or certain positions conducive to an easy carriage, but those whose pleasure it is to dance will act according to their likes and take up fads as they please.

New Position in Waltzing.

It has been given out that the American Society of the Professors of Dancing, which held its annual meeting this summer in New York, decided to countenance as a body a new position for the waltz.

THE OLD WAY.

The correct position for the waltz is one of recurring debate, just how the gentleman's left and the lady's right hand should be placed, and what angle from themselves their other hands, clasped, should be held, being the chief features. The matter which has seemed to call for a change from the established waltzing position, which the envious uninitiated and "non-appreciators" of the poetry of motion dub "the hugging match way," is that of the lady's train. That she may have one hand free for the manipulation of her train the American Society of Professors of Dancing this summer decided to sanction the position illustrated by the accompanying cut.

Th couple, when dancing, will, of course, face each other, but the gentleman will let his left arm fall naturally at his side instead of clasping the lady's right hand in the manner now in vogue. In this position the lady has her right hand free

ALSO CONSIDERED CORRECT.

for holding up her train. The gentleman places his right arm around the lady's waist, his wrist doing the work of guiding. The lady has only to respond to its movements. This new position was suggested to the society by Oskar Duenweg, of Terre Haute, Ind. The society passed favorable judgment upon it. Whether or not it is taken up by the elite of society is a matter to be determined later.

The dancing teachers of this city do not favor the new position suggested by the American society, nor do they believe that it will find favor in society. The chief objection to the position seems to be that it is not a graceful one for the man. He cannot, they say, let his arm fall naturally. He will either hold it stiff and awkward, or it will go swinging about in an inelegantly detached manner. Furthermore, it is contended that very few people are skillful enough dancers to be able to waltz in perfect unison, without the aid of clasping hands.

The accompanying cuts show the two positions considered correct by professors of the art. In the first, the lady holds her train in her right hand. The gentleman does not hold this hand in the palm of his left, as is commonly done, but takes it back upwards, as she holds her skirt in her hand, between his thumb and second and third fingers. The lady's left hand rests, not upon the gentleman's shoulder, but wherever it happens to reach his arm.

In the second position the gentleman's left and the lady's right arms are bent at the elbow and lifted toward the shoulder. This is to prevent the pumping movement that is so difficult to avoid with the extended position. It is not correct, however, for the gentleman to pull the lady's hand clear up to his shoulder. The lady lets her left hand fall behind her, and picks up her train with this. This position, however, is apt to give the lady a stiff appearance, and for that reason is not considered as good as the first.

Fads in Dancing.

Although these are the correct positions for correct dancers, every set, of course, will have its own particular fads this season as well as last. There is, for instance, the Yale lead, inaugurated by the Glee Club of that college, on its recent Western tour. In this position the lady's right hand, clasped in the gentleman's left, is drawn up close to his shoulder, while the lady's chin, in case it can reach so high, rests on the other shoulder. She has the appearance of being dragged across the floor. Then there is the gentleman dancer who delights in pushing his partner the full length of the room, as though she were a perambulator, and then pulling her back again. And there is the couple who, in their athletic enthusiasm, make a race of the two-step and make pump handles of their arms in marking the time.

The new dances for the coming season will not be out until November, and what they will be can hardly be foretold. The method of introducing new dances is an interesting one. Every summer, after the dancing schools throughout the country have been closed, come the conventions of the various societies of teachers of dancing. The Western association met this year at Buffalo; the American society in New York. These conventions are held for the purpose of discussing new dances. Any member who has worked out a new dance is given the floor, literally, and in the presence of others goes through the movements of his own invention. The members of the society watch, criticise and suggest improvements, and in the end the convention as a whole either rejects the dance or puts it upon its approved list of new dances. The convention lasts several days, and at the end the members go back to their respective classes, full of new ideas for the coming season. In the course of a month or so the committee detailed for this work sends out a printed report of the work of the convention, containing a list of the approved new dances. And these are taught in the academies, of which the heads are members of this association. Whether they become popular or not depends upon whether society takes them up or not. That is a matter about which no one can tell.

The two-step, which has been so popular in the last two years and bids fair to be the same this season, was brought before the convention of the National association nine years ago. It was approved, and consequently taught, but its popularity is of only recent date, as everyone knows.

At the summer meeting of the American society several new dances were adopted. A gavotte pompadour and a Cuban waltz were contributed by Adolph Newberger, of New York. A Verona and a Netherland minuet, composed by M. B. Gilbert, of Boston, were accepted, and can now be taught with authority. Oskar Duenweg, of Terre Haute, Ind., contributed the imperial three-step, which is confidently expected to have a run of popularity.

Just what new dances will be introduced into Kansas City this winter to offer variety to pleasure seekers cannot yet be told. The dancing schools are not yet opened and until they are and beginners have acquired some of the ground principles no dances at all can be taught. Local teachers, however, feel sure that whatever new dance may be introduced, the two-step and the waltz will lose none of their present popularity.

THE TROUBLE IT TOOK.

The Yard Stick in Common Use Required Years of Careful Experiment.

From the Washington Star.

"People who handle the yardstick have but little idea of the years of study and experiments that were necessary to secure the standard yard measure," observed an official of the coast survey to a Star reporter. "Bird, a famous scientist, made the first standard yard, in 1760, but the English government did not legalize it until 1824. Ten years afterward, when the house of parliament in London was destroyed by fire, the standard yard was lost and England was again without a standard yard of length. Sheepsbanks next made a standard yard measure, which the English government adopted, and, so that it could not be again destroyed by fire, four authorized copies were made of it. One of these was deposited in the royal mint, another in the Royal Society, another in the observatory at Greenwich, and the fourth was imbedded in the walls of the new house of parliament. The standard yard measures which are owned by the government are copies of the original, one of which is owned by the coast survey. The United States naval observatory has one also. The delicacy of its construction may be gathered by the fact that a change of temperature of one-hundredth of a degree Fahrenheit has been found to produce a sensible effect on the length of the bar.

"The copies of the standard are made of bronze, for the reason that bronze is less affected by the temperature than any distinct or single metal. Standard inch measures are to be found in many places. They are so nicely made that they indicate one-ten-thousandth part of an inch. There is a machine in existence which measures a millionth part of an inch. The change of temperature caused by simply touching any part of it by the hand sensibly affects it. The standard yard measures are never used as a matter of fact, but they are kept simply because they are the standard, because for all practical purposes the standard inch can be and is used. Though there are no serious consequences arising from it, and never can be, a mere comparison of the various yardsticks and foot rules in general use will show that but few of them agree, the difference between them varying all the way from one-thirty-second of an inch to the foot down to one-hundredth of an inch.

"The cost of the construction of the original standard yard measure involved the labor of Bird and his assistants for nearly six years. Sheepsbanks was eleven years in producing the accurate copies which he made from Bird's original measurements. Some years ago, during a congressional investigation of the coast survey, it came out that the standard measure owned by the treasury department and kept at the coast survey at times, was used as a stick to keep the window sash up. That was a most outrageous calumny, as was the charge that went with it, that the standard gallon measure was used now and then to send out for beer for some of the employes of the office. The coast survey owns a set of standard measures, but they have never been used as growlers, I assure you, and never will be, as the man who made the charges well knew."

Passing of the Tall Hat.

From the London Chronicle.

Goodwood has come and gone, and as a social event has had this year one distinguishing characteristic. The difficulty of the tall hat may be said to be at last settled. A few years ago the question had not even arisen. Park costumes was de rigueur. The prince was the first to lead the revolt. He came down one year as a country gentleman to visit a county race meeting. There were tall hats and frock coats, and something of the male costume of Frith's "Derby Day" on the lawns, under the elms, and in the paddock and the grandstand. He was the exception. Next year the despotism was less general. A rule came to be formulated and followed which was, after all, but a compromise. It was this: Country costume on the three days of the Goodwood week, grand tenue on the Thursday, and the reason given was that the princess always came to Goodwood on the Cup day. This week has seen this irritating exception swept away. On Thursday the prince wore a gray bonler hat with a black band, the Duke of Cambridge a low brown pot hat, the Duke of York a low black one, Prince Soltykoff a white straw Homburg, the Duke of Richmond a tall black silk, the Earl of Mar an ordinary straw boater. The varieties are given in order to show that the liberation is complete.

A Wish.

From the Yonkers Statesman.

Trotting Thomas—"I wish I could turn myself into a rumor for a few moments."

Walking Thomas—"What for?"

Trotting Thomas—"Why, they say a rumor gains currency."

Sporting News.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"No, I don't know much about wrestling," said the gentleman with the high C shirt, "but it's come to my notice that the head spin nearly always comes when you wrestle old Billy Booze."

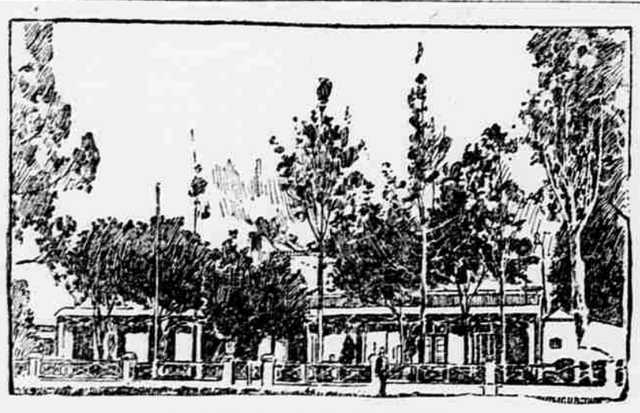
PRESIDENT KRUGER

SOMETHING ABOUT HIM, HIS COUNTRY AND HIS PEOPLE.

Oom Paul Is 76 Years Old and Is Supposed to Be Wealthy—He Is Fond of His Home and Family—His Ambitions.

The Boer loves his country with a passionate patriotism. It is unfair to say that he has done nothing for its development. He is not a miner, or an engineer, or a railroad constructor, or a bull or a bear in the stock market. He is pre-eminently an agriculturist.

In Cape Colony nearly the whole of the wheat growing is done by the Dutch farmers of the Western province. In the interior the bulk of the grain used is supplied by the Dutch farmer of the Transvaal. The whole of the fruit crop is produced by Boers. Even far up in Bechuanaland you



HOME OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

will find Boer wagons from the republic loaded up with fruit, oat forage and other products.

The Boers, in short, are a pastoral folk, stolidly content to be that and nothing else. They shun towns, shopkeeping and gold mining. They ask only to live in a moderate degree of comfort, in a rude plenty; to provide for their children as they grow up, and to be let alone.

Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, who is the president of these people, is an interesting public character. Upon being introduced you first conclude that he has been greatly overestimated. He seems nothing more than a shrewd old hunter, who, by constant contact with wild animals and savage Kaffirs, has developed a weariness that makes him suspicious of everything and everybody. His legs are so short and slender that you wonder how they bear the weight of a heavy, thick and solid body. His head is big and his neck is concealed by beard, hair and coat collar, so that you cannot determine whether or not he indulges in neckwear. At home he is usually puffing a short briar pipe, and as he handles this you notice that the thumb of his left hand is missing.

It is impossible to understand the extant situation among the Boers without a present glance at geography and a backward glance at history. The area owned by Great Britain in Southern Africa comprises Cape Colony, Natal, Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, Zambesia and Zululand. The Transvaal of South African republic (the names are interchangeable) is bounded on the north, south and west by one or more of these British possessions, and on the east by Portuguese East Africa and Zululand. Its area is 119,139 square miles, but a trifle larger than our state of Nevada. Its present population is roughly estimated at 1,000,000, of whom only about 200,000 are whites, the remainder being chiefly Kaffirs. Barely a third of the whites are Boers, or

There are some 20,000 Germans, some people of Dutch descent.

10,000 Americans, a few hundred Russian Hebrews, a scattering of almost every nation and race under heaven, and about 100,000 people of British birth or descent.

The Dutch, whose posterity are the present Boers (Boer is Dutch for farmer), made settlements on the Cape of Good Hope in the seventeenth century. The first English settlers joined the earlier white inhabitants in 1795, the British government conquered the territory in 1806, and the Cape of Good Hope became definitely a colony of the British crown in 1814. English immigration followed British sovereignty. Ever since that the history of the descendants of original Dutch settlers has been one of constant watchfulness against British aggression. Sometimes they have saved themselves by retreat into the interior fastnesses, sometimes they have repelled the ever threatened invasion by force of arms.

Oom Paul's Opinion.

Oom Paul was recently asked why he did not give the uitlanders the right to vote, which the English put forth as their chief cause for complaint. Kruger smoked hard for a moment, then laid down his pipe, placing his hands on his knees, said:

"A man cannot serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and cling to the other, or despise the one and love the other. Now, the Englishman wants to do this. He demands the franchise from me, desires to become a burgher, and yet when it comes to trouble, he would forsake us in a moment and claim the protection of the queen. How can I give such men the chance to vote? They do not take any interest in our country. They have not come here to settle. They wish us no good. I want to be fair with everyone who comes here to live, and when he has proved that he is a good citizen, and has come to help us, I want him to vote. But we have a law for bigamy in the Transvaal, and it is necessary for a man to put off his old love before taking on a new."

Kruger related graphically and briefly the history of the Boers from the time they settled in Cape Colony, from which they were driven by the English, until they settled in the Transvaal. On this great trek they killed 6,000 lions, out of which number Kruger himself killed 250. They fought their way step by step until they finally reached the long ridge, known as the Witswatersrand, where they settled, all unconscious of the hidden wealth.

"It seemed so poor," said Kruger, "that even the English did not begrudge it. So we established a government, developed a constitution, and laid the foundation of a nation. We built towns, cultivated the soil and were making great progress and living peacefully when gold was discovered. Then new and perplexing questions arose and England immediately became avaricious, but we were not willing to give up the country which we had developed by the sweat of our brow, and so there was Majuba hill. You know about that?" Here Kruger blinked slyly and a laugh went around among the Boers.

Towering over Johannesburg is a big fort, and working in subterranean passages the Boers, it is said, have undermined the whole town, even to Commissioner street, where the pride of Johannesburg's buildings are located. The Boers can muster 30,000 men, all well armed and good marksmen. They have warehouses full of ammunition, and their present defenses and power to wreck Johannesburg and the mines are a sufficient menace to Great Britain to make her hesitate.

Domestic in His Habits.

Kruger is now 76 years old, and has been elected to the presidency four times. His salary is $25,000 a year, with $1,500 for coffee. His life has certainly been a remarkable one, and at different stages he has been a farmer, herdsman, hunter, soldier, clergyman, ambassador, financier, head of the army. In recent years he has bought and sold land a good deal, and is reputed to be very wealthy. His habits and method of living are so simple, however, that he could have saved nearly all his salary in these years, which would give him a tidy fortune.

A writer who had recently visited Kruger said that at the close of the interview the old man "went across the hall into a low-ceilinged, white-washed room, and spoke to a motherly little woman, who was seated in a rocking chair, darning stockings. This was Mrs. Kruger. She got Mr. Kruger's hat, escorted him to the door, and then went back to her knitting. It was difficult to think of her as the first lady of the land. Yet she has been Mr. Kruger's constant helpmeet through all the years of his public life and their affection for each other seems to have grown with each succeeding year. She is Mr. Kruger's second wife, and was a Miss Du Plessis, a name of prominence in South Africa.

"Kruger's first wife was an aunt of Miss Du Plessis, and bore him one son, who died. Sixteen children were the fruit of this second marriage, and of those seven are living. The girls are comfortably married to burghers in and about Pretoria, and the boys take an active interest in the army. One son-in-law, Captain Eloff, has made himself famous by building the most expensive mansion in South Africa. He has made a fortune in real estate operations, and is supposed to be worth $2,000,000. One of Kruger's sons acts as his secretary, and another is captain of an infantry company. Mr. and Mrs. Kruger live in a little two story cottage, painted white and covered in front with morning glory vines. Their mutual ambition is to see their nation independent of Great Britain, and then spend their last days peacefully and quietly in this little home."

ORIGIN OF BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

They Are a Breton Device and Chateaubriand and Renan Were Fed on Them.

Julian Ralph, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

When I last visited the continent of Europe I tracked the American doughnut to the lair from which it sprang upon our newborn nation to fasten its dire dyspeptic clutch upon our people. That lair is Holland. There the doughnut lurks on every hand, and, though it is not as seductive to the taste as we have learned to make it, the appearance of the creature is precisely the same. In France I have had a share in the discovery of another of our products which the world at large credits us with having invented for our own present discomfiture and our eventual destruction. I refer to the buckwheat cake. It is a Breton device. Chateaubriand may have owed the scintillations of his luminous genius to this peculiar fare; E. Renan fortified his physique with this food during his exhaustive researches; De Guesclin, the doughtiest fighting man of France in her most powerful days, strengthened his nerves and muscles on this fare, and, think of it! Jacques Cartier, when he sailed up the St. Lawrence, may easily have been the first mortal to eat buckwheat cakes upon our continent. All these men were Breton born and buckwheat raised.

I say I had a share in hounding this form of griddle cake to its parent nest. The truth is that H. J. W. Dam, the playwright and journalist, really discovered it. I was by his side when he did so, but, not possessing his alertness at the moment, the honor of both making and announcing the remarkable discovery fell to him.

"Great Heavens!" Dam exclaimed, as if he had seen his grandam's ghost. "Those are buckwheat cakes."

Whether the violence or excess of his hunger was due to the magnitude of his discovery or to the size of the cakes the reader must determine for himself, but this he cannot do until he learns that each cake was eighteen inches in diameter, or more than four times the size of the largest cake our American caterers have ever ventured to offer to confiding customers. But these Breton cakes were the genuine thing in looks, color, fiber, and in taste. I know, for I took a morsel off the edge of one and it was genuine.

SAFETY FOR THE STICK PINS.

An Invention That Makes Theft Difficult and Loss Almost Impossible.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

The style at present followed by the ladies of wearing stickpins generously studded over their dresses makes these pretty little things very liable to theft or

STICK PIN RETAINER.

accidental loss. George J. Capewell, of Hartford, Conn., has designed a little cap to fit on the points of such pins, which makes their theft difficult, and their accidental loss impossible. It consists of a casing but slightly larger than the diameter of the pin, which contains a spring and a stud, the latter held in place by the former. When the cap is thrust over the pin the stud recedes and grips the point under the action of the spring. To disengage the two a projecting portion of the stud can be moved by means of the finger so as to release the two parts.

Chemist's Curious Customers.

From Pearson's Weekly.

A chemist is making a collection of the queer orders he receives from people who send children to the store for things they need. Here are a few samples of them:

"This child is my little girl. I sent you a penny to buy two sitless powders for a groan up adult who is sike."

Another reads:

"Dear Dochter, ples gif bearer pennies worse of Auntie Toxyn for to gargle babi's throte, and obleage."

An anxious mother writes:

"You will please give the lettle bol pennuf worth of epcas for to throw up in a five months' old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick."

This one puzzled the druggist:

"I have a cue pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it."

Another anxious mother wrote:

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the inclosed little girl."

The writer of this one was evidently in pain:

"I haf a hot time in my insides and wich I wood like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The inclosed sixpence is for the price of the extinguisher. Hurry, pleas."

German-Canadian Joke.

A Berlin, Ont., German paper springs this on the unsuspecting public:

Mueller—"That is certainly a great mixture about those Filipinos."

Schultz—"How so?"

Mueller—"First they were great friends of the soldiers and diplomats of Uncle Sam and then——"

Schultz—"And then?"

Mueller—"Then they were rebels and insurgents and then——"

Schultz—"And then?"

Mueller—"Then they became bandits and robbers——"

Schultz—"And then?"

Mueller—"And then they will become American citizens.'

The Seaside Test for Sanity.

From the Jewelers' Weekly.

Miss Wantling—"Poor Arabella! The girls are all afraid she is insane."

Mr. Love—"What has she done?"

Miss Wantling—"She's begun returning rings when she breaks off engagements!"

Getting His Measure.

From the Washington Star.

"Is that newcomer a naturalized Englishman?" inquired the earl.

"No," answered the duke, "an unnaturalized American."

A MARRIAGE A LA MODE

AN AMERICAN'S SHORT WEDDED BLISS IN JAPAN.

The Contract Was Temporary—Sad Experience of Young Man who Thought He Was Married and Yet Was Not.

From the Washington Post.

"The marvelous progress of Japan during the last quarter of a century reminds me of the time when I first saw that country, when it was first beginning to open its eyes to the outside world." The speaker was a guest at one of the Washington hotels, and as he had a record as a globe trotter he had been asked to tell a few of his experiences.

"The strangest chapter in my life was written in Japan," he continued. "Most of you who have known me for twenty-five years never thought that I had been married. Well, I was once, or thought I was, and the worst part of the whole is that I loved the woman. It wouldn't have been so bad if I hadn't. No, I am not going to get sentimental, and tell you my troubles. You can go if you want to, but I warn you that if you do you will miss one of the rarest tales you ever heard.

"It was in the early '60s. Good old Commodore Perry had brought about the quasi treaty with the United States several years before. The shogunate still held the reins over the destiny of the empire, for it was not until the revolution of 1868 that the shogun was defeated, and the mikado placed firmly on the throne. Foreigners were not especially well received, and, strange as it may seem, Americans and Englishmen were the least liked of all, in spite of the fact that the treaties had been first concluded with them. But Yokohama was open to us, and it was there that I went. I was looking around for investments of some sort. I did not know what. I had plenty of money, enough to seem a real fortune to inhabitants of the island of Nippon, or whatever you care to call it. Yokohama was a cosmopolitan place. The sailors and tradesmen of all the world were there, and at the time it looked like a gigantic trading booth. In the course of time we made the inhabitants understand that we had come to stay, and then we got along famously.

Lease on a Wife.

"They were especially kind to us poor homeless foreigners, in one respect. They were willing to provide us with wives. Talk about your 'marriages of convenience!' They don't compare with the ones solemnized in those days between the transient foreigners and the Japanese girls. There was an institution at that time known as 'temporary marriages.' When a sailor came into port, or any other man, for that matter, all he had to do was to go to the marriage brokers and tell them that he wanted a wife. They would fit him out in short order. The marriage tie was broken by the foreigner leaving the place. The marriage broker was somewhat the same sort of individual who advertises his business in this country. He charged a commission from the foreigner, which was always payable on delivery of the goods and the solemnization of the rites.

"The girls who contracted these marriages were from the middle classes of Yokohama, and belonged to parents in various vocations. They by no means lost caste through having formed one of these alliances with a foreigner, and many of them married men in their own station in life after their European lovers had left them. The Japs seemed to think that it was not good for man to be alone, and they supported the custom by the most hearty recognition. All that a man was expected to do was to take care of his temporary wife, clothe her and see that her wants were supplied. He was not compelled to give her any money, although he usually did. The parents were thus relieved of the burden of the girl's care, and thought themselves and the young lady well off.

"I had heard of the custom, but I paid little attention to the talk concerning it, and now I wish that I had. I was young, barely 25. I had traveled all over the world, and nationality had begun to cut very little figure with me. I had about concluded to settle down in Yokohama and establish myself as a broker, for I saw that the future opportunities were great.

Fell in Love.

"One day I was walking along the streets of the city and I noticed the prettiest little Japanese girl I ever saw. Don't blame me if I rhapsodize a little, for it was more than a third of a century ago. I could see from her attire that she was from the middle class, and I followed her into one of the tea stores. I found out that she was employed there and that she was not married. I saw her again on the street, but she did not appear to notice me. To make a long story short, I decided that I was in love with her, and that I would marry her if such a thing were possible. The proprietor of the tea store could not speak English, but I understood from what little Japanese I knew that, in spite of her apparent coyness, the young lady returned my esteem.

"I was in a pickle, and decided to go to one of the marriage brokers. I made my business known and he said that he would help me out. He discovered that my inamorita's name was Sakichi, and that she would be most happy to become my wife. I told him to fix the matter up for me, as I was afraid that I would bungle it. I had a good deal of trouble with the broker. He talked execrable English, and I talked worse Japanese, but we finally concluded that we understood each other. I then met Sakichi—I always called her 'Kichi' for short. The long 'e' sound of the 'i' made it so pretty. I decided that she was more beautiful than ever, and told the broker to hurry up the ceremony.

Married by Native Rites.

"I intended to have the nuptial bonds solemnized by some missionary, but the broker said that it was not necessary.

"'She mack good wife,' he volunteered, and I heartily agreed with him.

"There were a few flowers scattered around, and Sakichi and I broke the rice cake. The simplicity of the whole thing startled me, but my bride seemed satisfied, and I had to be. I paid the broker his charges, an insignificant sum, and I was a married man.

"Were we happy? Sakichi appeared to be, and I can say that I was. She was the most affectionate little thing in the world. She had a bright mind, and the way she learned English was surprising. She was very domestic in her tastes, and kept the little house I had bought in perfect order. I was as proud of her as I could be, and whenever I went out in the evening or holidays I took her with me. When I came home from business she was always waiting to receive me, and I had to give her about a thousand kisses before I got inside of the house. Thus matters went on for three months.

"One day business called me into the north part of the island, and I expected to go and see a famous Shinto castle on my journey. It was practically impossible for me to take Sakichi with me, and I told her she must stay and keep house for me.

"'You no come back,' she said, tearfully.

"'Yes, I will, Kichi,' I said, as I kissed her.

"I expected to return in three weeks, but it was hard to get coolies for the jinrikishaw, the roads were not in the best condition at that time of the year, and it was five weeks before I was home again. I paid the coolies extra to hurry up, for I was anxious to see Kichi.

"When I arrived I found the house deserted. Kichi was gone. I asked the people in the neighborhood, and they were surprised to see me. They gave me to understand that my wife aad left the house a week before. Finally I found her. She was married to a young and handsome Japanese policeman. Perhaps that is the reason why I have hated policemen to this day. I was furious, and Sakichi, who never expected to see me again, was in tears. I asked her what she meant by deserting me in that style. After I had waded through the sobs and broken English, I learned that she had always understood that our marriage was one of those temporary matrimonial bargains for the benefit of the foreigners.

"I told her that such was not the case; that I had intended to marry her for keeps. I insisted that she return with me. To this her new husband strenuously objected. He had married her according to the orthodox methods of the country, and she was his for life. I appealed to the police, and then kicked him out of the hut. They told me there was no hope. I could enlist the aid of the authorities, but they told me I would have to get another wife. The broker whom I had kicked out had come up, and offered to provide me with a spouse who would discount Sakichi. I got furious and threatened to kick him again.

"Meantime, poor little Sakichi was heartbroken. She said she would never love any one else as she did her American husband. After several weeks of hopeless beating around, I came to the conclusion that I had better make the best of it. I did the graceful thing by presenting my former wife and her policeman husband with the house wherein we had spent the three months of our married life. Then I left Yokohama, never to return. To some it will appear like a huge joke, but I will state that those were the happiest days of my life. I often wonder whether Sakichi is still living, and whether she thinks of her former husband as often as he does of her."

AMIABILITY OUT OF DATE.

In These Modern Days It's Quite the Thing to Be Petulant and Even Rude.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Amiability is out of date. It is no longer de rigueur even to pretend to be amiable. It has been very distinctly insisted upon wherever two or three smart people have been gathered for many months past. Time was when we assumed a virtue of politeness, even if we had it not. We paid each other little gushing compliments, though they were sometimes but thinly veiled acidulated spitefulness, and we sought to be "so sweet," and pretended to think everything "so sweet;" every woman was "such a dear," and not to have said that we had immensely enjoyed every function we had attended would have been to proclaim one's self hopelessly out of it. But the pace was too good to last. We have altered all that, and whereas we were awhile professedly pleased with everything and everybody, and a maddening kind of amiability was our keynote, we have now assumed a distinctly bored and undisguisedly cross tone. We are snappy; we are dissatisfied, we are even openly rude. To seem to be pleased, to seem to have really enjoyed one's self, to like other people's clothes, to be contented with the dinners and suppers provided by extravagant hosts, to find debutantes pretty, or to pronounce a party a success, would be quite old-fashioned. Doubtless we shall soon tire of our petulant fad, just as we have grown weary of gushing; but for the moment it suits us to be disagreeable, and the role is certainly not a difficult one to play. These varying moods, however, are distinctly disconcerting to those struggling through the various stages that bring them within the coveted ring of absolute "smartness." For the snubs of Mrs. Freeze-Barker, the ill temper of Mrs. Hilltop and the persistent deprecation of all the sundry by the Brooke-Greenes merely indicate the state of fashion's barometer; that variable instrument has set in a wholly different direction, and the weariesome lesson has to be commenced all over again.

Women Men Marry.

From the Boston Globe.

In a great many, perhaps the majority of cases, the man has met a girl, whom he thinks more beautiful and who seems to possess in no less degree all the other attractions which he finds in his wife, but whom he has never thought of proposing to, simply because he desires her so much. It does not seem to him within the bounds of possibility that a being so perfect could bestow herself upon such a commonplace individual as himself, and a possible romance dies at the outset for want of that hopeful anticipation which is necessary to turn admiration into love and courtship. Instead of pursuing her, he turns his attention to the girl whom he actually admires less, but whom he can imagine marrying him without condescension, and receiving as much benefit from the union as he does himself.

A Combination Mirror.

From the Philadelphia Record.

A mirror which may be used either as a hand or stand glass has been patented by John A. Wright and James H. Curry, of Wilkensburg, Pa., and is shown in the accompanying cut. The handle is composed of two parts. One part comprises the

EITHER STAND OR HAND GLASS.

extended arms, which clasp the glass at its edges at one extremity, and the second part is hinged to the stem of the first in such a manner that a stand is formed to support the glass at any angle. When the two parts are folded together a handle is formed for use as a hand glass.

Great Feat of a Diver.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

The greatest diving feat ever achieved, it is said, was in moving the cargo of the ship Cape Horn, wrecked off the coast of South Africa, when a diver named Hooper made seven descents to a depth of over 200 feet, remaining at one time forty-two minutes under water. An authority states that the greatest depth to which a man has been known to descend does not exceed 200 feet—which is equivalent to a pressure of eighty-eight and one-half pounds to the square inch.

THE "PIGEONGRAM"

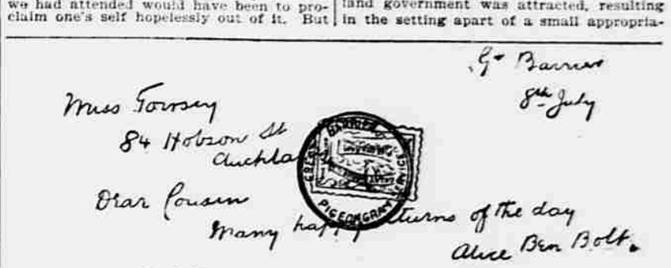
MESSAGE SENT FROM GREAT BARRIER ISLAND TO AUCKLAND.

New Zealand Pigeon Stamps—How the Method Has Been Employed in Sending Messages—Plea for Their Use in Hawaii.

From the Pacific Commercial Advertiser (Honolulu).

Mention has been made of the starting by the New Zealand government of a pigeon post between Auckland and Great Barrier island. By the last mail from the colonies a gentleman interested in philatelic matters received from Auckland six of these "pigeongrams," as they are styled, one of which the Advertiser has been permitted to reproduce.

Great Barrier island, as it is termed, is a portion of the Great Barrier reef opposite Auckland and situated exactly thirty miles therefrom. Messages have been sent to and from Auckland for some two or three years past by private individuals with so much success that the attention of the postal authoritites of the New Zealand government was attracted, resulting in the setting apart of a small appropria-



FAC SIMILE OF MESSAGE AND STAMP.

tion for the purpose of investigating and reporting on the advisability of the government establishing a regular postal delivery between the two points.

How Messages Are Sent.

The first step made by the postal authorities was to obtain control of the birds used. This was easily accomplished by the government agreeing to pay the owner a large proportion of the postage to be charged. The postmaster general next authorized the issuing of 600 special "pigeongram stamps" as a trial issue, one of which was to be used on each message sent. These stamps cost 1 shilling each and are purchased and canceled at the two postoffices in the usual way. The message is written in lead pencil on thin but tough tissue paper the exact size of the cut furnished herewith, the stamp is placed on the center and canceled. The message is then folded up into a small compass, tied under the wing of the bird, and in an hour is in the hands of the person to whom it is addressed.

The remarkable celerity with which these pigeongrams are received and delivered and the simplicity of the entire operation makes one wonder why similar means of communication between the different islands of the Hawaiian group have not been already adopted. It is true there have been some futile attempts at it, but under government protection and conducted through the business channels of the postoffice, a pigeongram service ought to be as successful here as in New Zealand. There is no place in the world probably where it could be used to such great advantage as in the Hawaiian islands. If the Auckland postoffice authorities can send a pigeongram to Great Barrier island for 1 shilling, surely the Honolulu postoffice ought to be able to forward a message to Kauai and Maui for $1, and to Hawaii for $2.

Monkey Courtship.

From the Forest and Stream.

A friend who was encamped in the woods recently witnessed the following occurrence:

A troop of monkeys, which seemed to be a picnic party under the charge of chaperons, came to cross a creek by his camp. They came along, traveling as usual from tree to tree by interlacing limbs, and at the creek side soon found some vines which made a suspension bridge. There was considerable skylarking going on in the procession, but the chaperons marshaled all across the bridge except two. These two had dodged behind trees and palpably and deliberately got left on purpose, and, when the rest of the picnic was safely out of sight, they selected a nice, narrow seat, where they sat extremely close together, apparently deep in conversation and as happy as could be.

After some time the larger one spied a fruit hanging not far below him, and began to reach down to try to get it. His reach proving too short, he took a twist around the limb and swung for it; but even his tail was too short, and the fruit still hung a foot or more out of his reach. His smaller comrade saw the difficulty and solved it at once. She grabbed the tail firmly, loosened it from the limb, while at the same time her own tail took a turn around it, let her comrade's tail twist about her wrist, and then, all securely braced and anchored, she reached down until she lowered him in reach of the fruit. He gathered it, and in a minute was back by her side, and they were eating the fruit together.

Bad Manners.

From the Argonaut.

The other patrons of the fashionable restaurant felt sure the two at the corner table were from the rural districts. Vigorously they wielded knife and fork—very little fork, but much knife. At last the way in which the son spread his elbows interfered with the free play of the father, and brought about a rebuke from the old man. "Look a-here, Jefferson," said the father, sternly, "draw in them elbows and eat in a narrer circle. Ain't your mar ever told you it warn't polite to shove others with your elbows when you dine out. It's powerful bad manners to make your old father cut his mouth at the table."

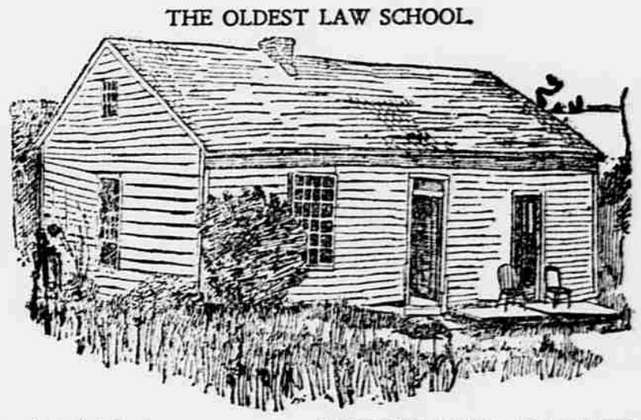
Irresistible Logic.

From the Jewelers' Weekly.

Auctioneer—"Yes, sir, that watch is worth $50, and you ought to be ashamed to bring it back and ask for the $20 you paid for it."

Bad Bill (the cowboy)—"Then thar ain't no robbery in my givin' ye jes' half a minit to take the watch an' cough up $45 to keep this gun from goin' off."

THE OLDEST LAW SCHOOL.



From the Hartford Times.

Antiquarians have this summer discovered the building in which the celebrated Litchfield law school was held and have photographed it, and the picture presented herewith shows the old structure in its dilapidated entirety. It is now a tumbledown building and has been shunted to the outskirts of the place. For years it has been tenanted by families of colored people. All accounts agree that this was America's first law school and a recent Connecticut writer upon historical matters alludes to it as "the Litchfield law school, now the Yale law school." Chief Justice Andrews, however, does not make this claim. He says that upon the abandonment of the Litchfield school the Yale law school was started, but it was not until two or more years had elapsed.

The Litchfield law school was established by Chief Justice Reeve about the close of the Revolution and in 1798 the Hon. James Gould, LL. D., became associated with him. The latter continued the school until forced to close it because of his ill health, in 1833. Tapping Reeve loved the law as a science and studied it philosophically. He considered it as the practical application of religious principles to the business affairs of life, and hence was, perhaps, somewhat different from some of the legal practitioners of our time. At the age of 80 he was a man venerable in character and appearance, and he descanted to his students with glowing eloquence upon the sacredness and majesty of law.

Out of the celebrated Litchfield law school had graduated at the time of its discontinuance 1,024 students from all the states. Of this number, sixteen became United States senators; fifty, members of congress; forty, judges of high state courts; two, justices of the United States supreme court; ten, governors of states; five, cabinet ministers (Calhoun, Woodbury, Mason, Clayton and Hubbard); one, vice president of the United States, John C. Calhoun, and a number foreign ministers.