JAPAN ANXIOUS FOR WAR.

TEN THOUSAND JAPANESE SOLDIERS SENT TO COREA.

FIVE CHINESE WAR SHIPS

Carry Twelve Thousand Mongolians to the Same Place—Two Armies Camped Near the Other at Seoul—The Whole Orient Is Excited—Chinese Troops Commit Many Outrages at Assan.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 14.—The cable has brought the latest advices of Chinese-Corean-Japanese affairs, but the steamer Victoria, reaching here yesterday, brought news of a number of matters. While she was at Yokohama active preparations were being pressed forward. Off Moji, on the Japanese coast, she passed a war ship and eight troop ships carrying 10,000 Japanese soldiers to Corea. The latter action was taken by the council of the Japanese government after a report that China was going to send 12,000 men. On June 26 Li Hung Chang ordered a fleet of five war ships to the north for service. Many Chinese engaged in business are withdrawing from Corea and Japan. Japan has stopped the exportation of coal. The two armies are camped very close to each other at Seoul, and if there is any trouble the Corean capital will be the battle ground. No less than four demands have been made on Japan to withdraw, but all have been declined. The whole Orient is on the qui vive. Every telegram, every mail, every move by officials aids in keeping up the tension of feeling among the people. The Chinese troops are quartered at Assan, levying a forced tribute on the people and committing many indignities. Reports as to the Corean rebels vary, many holding that they are completely dispersed. It is probable, however, that they are still holding their strong position at Senshu.

Reports from the special correspondent of the Yokohama Nipon, received June 23, state that, as expected, the rebels are still in Senshu, and so powerful that the weak government troops dare not attack. A reported great triumph of the government troops is nothing more than the killing of innocent people who were being escorted by the Tugaku. The latter defended them for some time, but foreseeing that they would not be successful, they left the people to their fate and shut themselves in a castle. In the meantime people were killed by hundreds.

Judgment was given at Tukyo, June 6, in the case of the man who killed Kim Ok Kim at the instigation of the Corean king some months ago. Kim's body, it will be remembered was taken to Corea, cut into eight parts and one sent to each province. The principals were all discharged on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction, although the plotting was done in Japan. The murder was committed in China. The man who abducted Kim's friend, Bok Ur Ko, intending to murder him, was given a light sentence.

The plague is reported to be abating, but Hong Kong averages thirty cases a day, with the same proportion of deaths.

RED FLAGS WAVED.

Great Socialistic Demonstration in Union Square.

NEW YORK, July 14.—A socialist demonstration was held in Union square this evening. Detachments of the municipal and park police were on hand to preserve order, but they had no trouble. Supt. Byrnes remained in his office throughout the evening to give directions in case of need. The cry raised by the speakers at the start was "Ballots, not bullets." This cry was taken up by each speaker, for the leaders of the Socialistic Labor party controlled the meeting and wanted to work it for all it was worth for their own interests. Combined with the Socialist Labor party in the demonstration were the Central Labor Federation and the United Hebrew trades. As was to be expected, humerous red flags were displayed and but a few American flags were visible. Each division of the paraders carried a number of transparencies with various mottoes, such as "Down with the capitalist," and kindred sentiments. About Union square several platforms had been erected for the speakers. Addresses were made in English, German and Hebrew, a platform being assigned to the speakers of each language.

Lucius Samuels, a fiery socialist, was called upon to preside. He made a speech strongly condemning Pullman for his treatment of his employes, and then denounced capital in the usual fashion. Charles H. Machett, who was the socialist candidate for governor of this state, was the next speaker. He referred at some length to the late strike, and, after condemning Pullman and the railroad magnates, exclaimed: "We must meet them with the only weapon available—the ballot. Let the ballot, not bullets, be your remedy."

After him came T. B. Wakeman, who was a candidate on the Populist ticket for a judicial position in 1892. He followed in the same strain, as did Daniel Deleon, former candidate for mayor; Mrs. I. C. Fales, H. B. Salisbury and many lesser lights. The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The town of Pullman is established on a basis repugnant to civil liberty, giving to its founder absolute power over the economic libertes of its people, similar to that exercised by the feudal lords of past ages; and,

Whereas, The strike of the citizens of Pullman was the result of the abuses and outrages which naturally and inevitably arise from the infamous one-man power; and,

Whereas, the army and the courts of the United States were on a small pretext arrayed on the side of the railroads, contrary to all precedent, against the protests of the governors of states, invaded by troops, and in direct violation of the constitution of the United States, to fight the battle of monopoly by injunction and bullet against the producers of wealth, who have been robbed of the fruits of their toil; therefore, be it

Resolved, that we see in these event another evidence of the irrepressible conflict between the producers and the exploiters, which must continue to be waged until the present infamous system of competition is supplanted by co-operation, which will insure to the toiler the full product of his labor;

Resolved, That we call upon the wage earners of all conditions in the country to sever utterly their affiliations with the old political parties which are under the domination of capitalists and unite with the Socialist-Labor party, whose platform demands the overthrow of this system of monopoly and the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth which insures equal justice to all men and the essence of liberty.

AN INSURANCE SWINDLER.

How Sylvester Kiernan Worked a Neat Game.

NEW YORK, July 14.—The World tomorrow will say: Warrants were issued in Elizabeth, N. J., yesterday, by Police Justice Neill, for the arrest of Sylvester J. Kiernan, a well-known real estate and insurance agent, who also, it is claimed, has defrauded the Imperial Insurance company and Northern Insurance company, of London; the American Insurance company, of this city, the Manchester and Orient companies, of Hartford, out of $36,500. The amounts involved are: Imperial, $9,500; American, $7,500; Northern, $5,000; Manchester, $9,500. Swinling operations, the real extent of which are not known yet, were discovered by the recent burning of the Williams & Clark fertilizing works at Carteret. Kiernan issued policies at large premiums at the fertilizing works, and reported them to the companies he represented as being iseued on dwelling risks at small premiums.

Yesterday the chief of police searched for Kiernan, but learned that he had absconded on the previous day for parts unknown.

ROUTED BY BRITISH.

The Nicaraguans Cleaned Out of Corn Island.

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COLON, July 14.—Advices received here today from Corn Island, the spot which is said to have been so much coveted by England, say that a serious encounter has taken place there between the British subjects resident on the island and the Nicaraguan troops.

The British, it is added, defeated the Nicaraguan soldiers and caused the governor of Corn Island to fly to the forest for refuge. The British, it also appears, seized upon the Nicaraguan government offices and upon the Nicaraguan flags. This so outraged the natives that they sought and obtained arms and succeeded in restoring the governor. Several were wounded on both sides in the encounters which have taken place. Martial law has been proclaimed at Corn Island.

HAYES SILENT.

He Will Not Discuss the K. of L. Strike.

PHILADELPHIA, July 14.—Secretary-Treasurer Hayes, when seen by a representative of the Associated Press with reference to General Master Workman Sovereign's statement that the services of the K. of L. had been offered unreservedly to the officers of the A. R U., declined to discuss the subject, and referred the reporter to Editor Schonfarber, of the K. of L. Journal. Editor Schonfarber said the statement was no doubt correct; that the K. of L. will stick to the A. R. U. until the end. He scouted the idea that the strike would be general, and said the executive board would not call out the Knights in this city. Even if they were called out such action would have little effect upon labor, as it is said there are are but 245 Knights here.

HIS WIFE'S AFFECTION.

Actress Minnie Palmer's Love Valued at $20,000.

LONDON, July 14.—The trial of the action for divorce brought by John R. Rodgers against his wife, the well-known American actress, Minnie Palmer, in which Sir William Rose is named as co-respondent, opened today in the divorce division of the high court of justice. The respondent claims that her husband is an American, and that he has no domicile in England, and the English courts have no jurisdiction in the case. The further hearing of the action was adjourned. Sir William Rose is a barrister, and has a wife and grown-up son. Mr. Rogers has also instituted suit against Sir William for alienating his wife's affections, placing his damages at $10,000.

The Engineer Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 14.—Passenger Train No. 7, south-bound on the Louisville & Nashville, and Freight Train No. 74 north-bound, came together in a head-end collision at Colesburg, Ky., at 6:35 tonight. Both engines were badly wrecked, and Engineer Frank Dudley, of this city, was killed, and Fireman Fay McCormick slightly injured. None of the passengers were hurt, though badly shaken up. The accident was the result of a misunderstanding on the part of the dead engineer of his orders.

A. R. U. in Control.

LOGAN, O., July 14.—Members of the A. R. U., coal operators and miners of the Hocking Valley held a joint mass meeting at Nelsonville this afternoon. Speeches were made by Mart Wild, Rev. Roush and others. They pledged themselves to stand by the A. R. U., expressing a purpose to support the strikers. Eight hundred cars of coal are in Nelsonville yards, none of which, they say, will be permitted to be removed until all the strikers are restored to their places. All favor arbitration.

Scandinavian Singers.

SIOUX CITY, Io., July 14.—Niels Jaul, president of the United Scandinavian Singers of America, who has been here attending the saengerfest of the Northwestern Scandinavian Singers' association, has been successful in his efforts to secure the consolidation of the two bodies. This adds 700 members to the United Scandinavian Singers. Both organizations have heretofore been strong rivals.

Minneapolis Man Injured.

Special to the Globe.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., July 14.—The harness race meeting closed here today with a light attendance and good races. During the first heat for the free-for-all trot N. Michaels, a traveling man from Minneapolis, fell off a fence and was seriously injured by striking on the back of his head.

Breckinridge Ovation.

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 14.—Col. Breckinridge spoke to a crowd of 1,000 people at Stamping Ground, the home of W. C. Owens, today. The band played "The Girl I Left Behind Me" as he was escorted to the stand and he was enthusiastically received. He delivered one of his most eloquent speeches. Many ladies were present.

Omaha Train Wreck.

DULUTH, July 14.—The Omaha night train was again wrecked in Superior tonight. Spikes were pulled from the rails, and the engine and two cars ditched. No one was injured.

Dakota Preacher Dead.

EL RENO, O. T., July 14.—Rev. St. Clair, presiding elder at the M. E. conference church of South Dakota, died here today of heart failure.

Seized by Bears.

Hiram and John Resseguie, of Northville, while fishing for trout near Griffen, N. Y., laid a lunch basket near a fish basket on the ground while they went to dig worms for baits. On their return they were surprised to find their lunch in possession of two young black bears. The cubs reluctantly gave up the basket after being kicked and beaten by the two anglers.

Serious.

New York Herald.

Clara—Mr. Singleton is the most dead in earnest fellow I ever saw.

Maude—What has he done to convince you?

Clara—The last time he proposed he asked me to be his wife.

New Theory.

Chicago Record.

Johnny—They say lightnin' struck one o' them high buildin's an' knocked a stone off'm the top of it the other day.

Sammy—I don't b'lieve lightnin' done it at all. The sky scraped it off.

OUTRAGES OF CHINESE.

TWO AMERICAN MISSIONARY WOMEN ATTACKED AT CANTON.

ONE MAY LOSE HER LIFE.

The Unfortunate Missionaries Attempt to Aid a Dying Chinaman and Are Brutally Treated by the Heathens—One Stabbed in the Thigh and the Other Torn and Wounded.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 14.—Hong Kong papers, arrived by the steamer Victoria, chronicle a serious attack upon two ladies of the American Presbyterian mission at Canton on June 11, as the result of which it is stated one of the ladies may die. Miss Bemler and Miss Halverstone are the names of the unfortunate missionaries of mercy whose mishap was due to their mistaken ministrations. They were walking in Honam in the afternoon and came across a Chinaman, evidently in a dying condition, by the side of the road. With tender care they raised him and procured a cup of tea, while one of the ladies applied smelling salts to the man's nostrils and conversed with him. They so far revived the man as to enable him to walk a few yards, with support, but while conveying him to a hospital some Chinese who had gathered around asked if anything had been given him by the "foreign women." When they learned something had been done for the man, they speedily made demonstrations of resentment, and unhappily at this moment the object of the ladies' attention expired. Instantly they were embroiled in a wordy altercation with the surrounding mob, and in a moment or two the indignation of the crowd vented itself with brutal force. Miss Bemler escaped, naked and bleeding, after receiving a stab in the thigh, to a friendly Chinaman's shop, but it looked like a desperate case for Miss Halverstone, who, torn and wounded, was endeavoring to reach the custom station close at hand. Fortunately J. H. Barton, one of the officers at the station, observed her predicament, and hurrying to the scene was able to rescue her, he too, being wounded. Shortly afterward from Forsythe and Luke a party of customs officers rescued Miss Bemler, who was in the Chinaman's shop, in momentary danger of being attacked by the enraged natives outside. The mob followed, shouting and howling, until the mission house was reached. Miss Bemler has since recovered from her trouble, while her companion has completely collapsed under the mental strain and lies at the point of death.

The affair has caused much excitement at Honam, and apprehensions of further trouble are entertained, so much so that the British gunboat Kattler has been anchored close to the, shore to be ready, should emergency require it, to protect white residents under its guns. Chinese superstitions connect the missionaries with the appearance of the plague, and their priests are preaching extermination of white crusaders.

A HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY.

Results in the Killing of Three Men in Nevada.

LOVELOCK, Nev., July 14.—Three men were killed near here Thursday night as a result of a husband's jealousy. Robert Logan shot and killed Dan Lovelock and Fred Sullivan, and was in turn killed by his own wife. Mrs. Logan had applied for a divorce and her husband was insanely jealous of her, threatening to kill some of her male friends. Lovelock was a stage proprietor and driver, and though well acquainted with Mrs. Logan, has never been suspected of intimacy with her. Sullivan was an entire stranger. The people here denounce Logan as a coward and commend Mrs. Logan's courage.

A few days ago, Mrs. Logan went to Cottonwood to visit her mother. Logan followed and attacked and severely wounded Dan Lovelock, the stage driver. Lovelock was unable to return, so Mrs. Logan brought the stage back. On Wednesday she returned to Cottonwood to bring Lovelock home. Mrs. Logan drove with the wounded man on the seat beside her. Fred Sullivan, rode on a rear seat. About dusk Logan rode up on horseback. He was armed with a Winchester and ordered his wife to leave the stage and go with him. She refused, saying she was going home. Logan then said he would go too, and rode on behind. They rode along for two hours when Mrs. Logan heard a shot and turning saw Sullivan fall dead with a bullet through his heart. He had been shot in the back by Logan. The murderer then shot Lovelock, who was too weak to defend himself and he fell dead in Mrs. Logan's lap. She then got into the stage and taking the reins into his own hands drove to a well five miles distant in which he said he intended to deposit the bodies of the murdered men, after which he would kill his wife. She, however, persuaded him to water the horses first and as Logan stopped to secure a bucket from under the stage, Mrs. Logan took a pistol from Lovelock's pocket and when he arose shot him. Mrs. Logan dismounted and fired two shots into her husband. Leaving Logan's body lying in the dust the plucky woman drove into town with the other dead men and told the news.

THRILLING STORY

Told by Capt. Gifford of a Wrecked Whaling Bark.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—When the steamer Lakme came into this port this morning from Pribyloff island and Dutch Harbor, Capt. C. F. Gifford, of the whaling bark Abram Barker, was on board as a passenger. Capt. Gifford was brought on May 7, forty miles off Cape Naverin; the crew was picked up by the whaling bark Horatio. It is a very thrilling story that Capt. Gifford tells of the wreck.

"On the 6th of May," said he, "we were working through the ice in a strong breeze. The Horatio and the Abram Barker were together. We did not hit the ice hard enough to stave in the ship, but sometimes it was hard to tell what the result would be. In the morning we started the pumps, and were startled to find ten feet of water in the hold. The provisions were under water, and our supply of fresh water was spoiled. We signaled at once to the Horatio, and she came down to our assistance.

"Some of the crew came aboard, and we started up the pumps to their full capacity. We pumped till 12:30, and gained only six inches. Our steam gave out, and the water gained rapidly on us.

"Under the circumstances, we took our personal effects and went aboard the Horatio. Two hours after the vessel sank in deep water."

Capt. Gifford further explained that the bark had "no catch." She left this port on the 9th. The Abram Barker was built at Fairhaven, Mass., in 1845, and was owned by J. Wing, of New Bedford.

Little was known by the captain regarding the operations of the Behring sea patrol fleet. The British schooner Wanderer had been overhauled by the Mohican and taken to Dutch Harbor.

The captain reported the catch of the whaling fleet, so far as known, as follows: On May 1, the Orga, 2 whales; Rosario, 2; Mermaid, 1; the Jessie H. Freeman, Reindeer, Alice Knowles, Horatio, Briton and Hicks, Beluga, Hidalgo, John Winthrop, Thrasher, Belvidere, Naratch, and William Baglier were all clean. The Lakme brought down fifty-two bundles of hides and thirty-six of whalebone for the North American Commercial company.

THREE MEN KILLED.

They Are Said to Be the Longview Bank Robbers.

PARIS, Tex., July 14.—A dispatch received at United States Marshal Williams' office today from Clarksville, Tex., announces the killing of three men by Deputy Marshals Joe McKee, D. E. Boker and Lee McKeefer. Two of them are said positively to be Longview bank robbers, but the marshal's office will give out no information. Three or four days ago four men headed for Texas from the Indian Territory. There were one or two women in the party. They crossed the Red river several times to tangle their trail. As their movements were suspicious, the deputy marshals procured a hack and followed them, taking that means of conveyance to put their parties off their guard. The men were supposed to be making for Clarksville to rob the Red River County bank or the bank at Detroit. The marshals come upon them this morning in camp and attempted to arrest them. They made a fight, and three were killed and the fourth captured.

None of the marshals were hurt. The latter and posse arrived from Clarksville without the dead bodies on account of their being in an advanced stage of decomposition. They were buried this morning at Clarksville. The men were killed at 3 o'clock yesterday morning three miles east of Eagletown, Choctaw nation. One of the killed was John Keegan, alleged to have been in the Plano bank robbery several months ago. The others, they say, they believe to be the last of the Dalton gang, although their names have not been disclosed. A trunk was taken which has not been opened and which is believed to contain valuable information.

SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

A Fiend Who Will Be Burned at the Stake if Caught.

HUMBOLDT, Tenn., July 14.—Miss Partia Wellington, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Wellington, a wealthy planter, was outraged and murdered by an unknown fiend near her father's home at Pierson, Tenn., late yesterday afternoon. Miss Wellington left home in company with a younger sister to gather blackberries. The girls became separated, and after some hours the younger one started in search of her sister, but she could not be found. An alarm was given and the whole neighborhood was aroused. She was finally found about sunset in a dying condition. Her throat was cut and she had been criminally assaulted. She was taken home, but died without speaking a work. The crime has aroused the whole country, and hundreds of men are scouring the woods tonight searching for the fiend. If he is caught he will be burned at the stake at the spot where the murder was committed.

BAD BANKING.

The Notorious Sattely Trial in Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 14.—The testimony in the Sattely trial was very damaging to the defendant. Appraiser Mark Coppinger, who testified yesterday, took the stand again today. He was examined regarding the report of the bank's condition made to Secretary of State Desueur by Sattely and Darragh on April 22, 1893. If the testimony of Mr. Coppinger is correct, the fixures in the report were fraudulently manipulated in order to make it appear that the bank was sound and solvent when it was actually insolvent and in a failing condition. He examined the books and found, first, that $43,900 of interest long past due was carried as an asset in the report. The credit side of the report was distorted and made to represent the bank as in a flourishing condition. Mr. Coppinger enumerated several suspicious mistakes in the report, and was then turned over to the defense for cross examination. His testimony was not changed.

A WRECKER CAUGHT.

Arrest of the Man Who Caused the Big Four Accident.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., July 14.—The authorities today arrested the supposed wrecker of the Big Four passenger train which resulted in the killing of Engineer Moherman and Fireman Fleck. Ex-Congressman Lamb, who has been employed to prosecute, said tonight that the officials believe they have the right man. The prisoner's name is Edward Holloway, of Indianapolis. He was at the scene of the wreck, but disappeared immediately afterwards, and was arrested today at Rockville and brought here. He was employed by the Big Four the day before the wreck to take a striker's place, but he at once deserted and joined the strikers and helped to side track the freight trains.

'FRISCO FIRE.

Two Lives and Twenty Buildings Destroyed.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14.—Twenty small dwellings were destroyed and two human lives lost in a fire on North Beach today. Nearly all the buildings on the block bounded by Broadway, Leavenworth, Jefferson and Glover streets, were wiped out of existence. These houses were the homes of many poor families, some of whom lost everything. The total property loss is estimated at $50,000. After the fire the two little sons of Mr. Leidecker, one aged two and the other four, were missed. Their bodies were found burned to a crisp in the ruins.

A Boy's Bad Work.

RICHMOND, Ind., July 14.—Fred. Hosier, aged ten, was put off a train on the Pennsylvania road. He then placed a tie on the track and a freight train narrowly escaped being wrecked.

An Expert.

New York Weekly.

Applicant—You are advertising for a retoucher, I see.

Photographer—Are you good at retouching?

Applicant—Good at it! Why, sir, I can retouch a woman's picture so artistically that her own husband will fall in love with her.

Spanish Sandwich.

Slice rye bread thin, spread it first with made mustard and then with cottage cheese, butter the top slice, lay them together and your sandwitch is complete. If you wish to stone olives and lay them in mayonnaise dressing on one slice, covering the other with mustard, or to slice hard boiled eggs you can have another sandwich.

Fried Bananas.

Take ripe bananas, not too soft, and peel them. Dip them in cracker dust, then in beaten egg, and again in cracker dust. Fry them whole, like doughnuts, in boiling hot fat. When of a delicate brown let them drop in a colander. Serve in a fringed napkin on a platter.

Regardless of Expense.

Puck.

Painting Instructor—Ze young lady puts ze paint on too thick.

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, never mind that, Professor. Her father's got enough money to buy barrels of it if she wants it.

"NEW TYPE OF OPPRESSION."

The superabundance of the time is talk. It has grown to be a national distemper. From congress down through every status of the population, talk, and its reiteration in manifestoes and proclamations of late has become the frustration of public business and peace. The inference from debates and speeches in Washington is either a rank egotism asserting itself in utter uselessness, callous to the exigent needs of the country—or else the persistent talker is the hired bravo who kills beneficent public measures by endless speechifying until he has at least succeeded in muddling matters to the satisfaction of the interests he serves—by indirectness.

It is a queer change, this volubility that has overrun the land. The genuine American antitype was grave, slow, deliberate, and not prone to diffusiveness. In fact, reserve was perhaps the most noticeable characteristic in the New England training of a former time, a reserve which overlaid family intercourse and seldom was betrayed into an expression of affection, and seldomer still into commendation. The men and women of that stock had plenty of stored power as the result, and, in situations requiring energy, action and decisive speech they had an indisputable natural commission to speak and to act. We say to each other in speaking of President Cleveland's curt authoritative answer to Gov. Altgeld's "Dear Sir" circumlocution, "That's the American of it;" but then the president is exceptional even among Americans of this era, and Altgeld is the figure of what we have come to in Kansas, Colorado and Illinois, and who knows where else in the future? That "dear" seems to be indicative of revolutionists. Carlyle relates of Mazzini that an undertaker came to his rooms in London one dark winter morning to inquire for a corpse. Mazzini, who answered the bell himself, said, "But, my dear" (An Italian would say "My dear" to a hangman), "there is not here a dead." Altgeld, too, in the thick of chaos and impending carnage becomes voluble and endearing

Perhaps it is the assimilation of foreign blood that is imperceptibly as yet, though surely changing the distinctively American characteristic of taciturnity into an alien volubility, which in time may take on the wasteful redundancy of gesticulation as well. Some one writes: "It is a physical necessity for me to repair by a fast of words, an abstinence from talk, the frightful expenditure of his whole being which is an Italian's or a Frenchman's life."

Nothing is truer in human observation than the deduction that the lower the degree of culture the greater the amount of talk. In fact, the absence or presence of reserve shows social gradations tacitly recognized by every thinking human being.

There is no exasperation more fretting than the punishment of listening to talk which must be endured from policy, politeness or some consideration that is of no earthly account when compared with the nervous sacrifice. The penances of the saints devised by themselves always favored silence and quiet. It is doubtful if sanctification could have been so easily compassed in a world of talkers, talking for talk's sake, to kill time. Agassiz wondered when people he met in society sometimes complained of being bored with life. Every contrivance "to kill time" was incomprehensible to him. "Time!" he would exclaim: "My only trouble is that I have not enough time for my work. Please give to me the hours you say are a bore to you, and I will receive them as the most precious of presents."

"I have no small talk," said the Duke of Wellington, "and Peel has no manners," but the assertion was scarcely necessary from the Iron Duke. His career precluded such an accomplishment, but his talk as it is recorded has the directness of a bayonet charge. For instance, when George IV. believed that his "honor" forbade him to accept Canning as minister, declaring to Wellington: "I can't, Arthur; I can't as a gentleman, can I?" "Your majesty is not a gentleman," replied the duke to the startled king, and his majesty gave way. While temperament largely influences the reserve of persons high and low, environments seem to have the dominating touch that affects many. There is a well-known family in town, consisting of five persons of whom it is said that the English language would vanish from the world if it rested with them, so chary are they of exercising it in speech. They are all of one turn in the matter, and the reserve being understood, there is no agreement nor conflict of opinion possible. Environment protects them for a goodly share of their time from the inroads of gabblers whose one indefatigable industry is talk.

Rank has one delightful privilege, that it can be hedged from the talkers it does not want to hear. Or, coming where talk might abound, it is the prerogative of a woman like the queen of England to limit it to answering such questions as she may condescend to ask, and nothing more, unless the respondent were Thomas Carlyle, who not alone answered, but actually contradicted her majesty, as Robert Browning narrated, he being present. In leaving the room the queen lingered near the poet long enough to ask if that was Carlyle's habitual manner, and Browning had to answer affirmatively. The straightforward Scotchman always dealt summarily with commonplace talkers. Dickens mentions a dinner where a pompous man disposed of a question of some moment "in his usual style, made it into a small parcel, and laid it away on a shelf, not to be moved thence any more." Thereafter came a dead silence, with Carlyle gazing blankly at the important personage opposite to him, and saying in a truly absent manner, but perfectly audible, "Eh, but yon're a puir creatur—puir wratched, meeserable creatur," and then proceeded with his dinner.

In every-day life talkers are the spire of us, if we see the world at all. No matter how restless we may be under the infliction, escape in the most galling instances is impossible, because, as Sir Walter Scott said, out of the fullness, no doubt, of harrowing experience, "the bores are always highly respectable people, or they would be kicked out of society." The sacrifices offered each day at the shrine of worldliness, if done for spiritual results, would lead to a considerable degree of eternal perfection. To be in the world implies to be of it, in a reasonable degree; but with the enormous preponderance of talk everywhere now, from Congress to common council, from swelldom to the slums, it seems like a hopeless task to avoid being a target for it, or standing up to it as a tax levied upon every head that has ears to hear.

Besides, you can not foresee how small a remark may lead to an overflow that you can not stop any more than the boy did with his hand, and the Zuyder Zee about to pour in upon him, through the riven dike. Siliness is no barricade, for the talker only wants a quiescent auditor. A nod, a gesture will suffice to protract the momentum of talk long after the starting force is at a complete standstill. The wonder is that the talker is so dull of perception. In the enjoyment of their overworked faculty of speech, there is a selfishness which does not take note of weariness, perhaps because every incessant talker is persuaded that his special gift is being a "conversationalist," ignoring the fact that the really fine and enjoyable talker is choice of his power, and never scatters it indiscriminately.

There is a solace in reading that the Holland Society of New York proposes to erect a statue of William the Silent in Central park. Yet that municipality as a whole did not commemorate the Silent Soldier who was essentially an American in that he could hold his tongue except when he thought it worth while to speak. The present generation is talkative, but the disheartening part of the excess is in Washington, where the public is burdened with the unavoidable expense of keeping the big congressional windmill going that the elected sons of Æolus may draw their pay.

Packing Away Furs.

Jenness Miller Magazine.

Many women imagine that they are not sufficiently wise to take care of of their own furs in summer, frequently sending them to furriers, who charg almost as much for keeping them through the heated term as the furs are worth. This is all folly, as by giving a little attention to detail one can preserve her own furs perfectly throughout the summer without going to the expense of employing anybody to do it for them or to the inconvenience of sending them away.

A furrier told me just how he preserved furs in hot weather. He said that anybody else could do it just as well as a furrier if they would only get two slender canes and beat a light tattoo on the furs until every particle of dust is removed. The next step, he said, was to air the furs well, but never in the sunshine, and then to wrap them closely in linen or cotton cloth and inclose them tightly in a box or trunk. In very hot weather they should be beaten and aired once a week. In moderately warm weather once a fortnight is sufficient.

Victor Hugo's Granddaughter.

Correspondence of London Truth.

To the Grieg matinee, Raffaelli bade all the fair and distinguished women he could think of. The most beauteous among the beautiful was Mme. Leon Daudet, the "Jeanne" of her immortal grandfather, Victor Hugo. I used to, when she was nearly through her teens, think it a pity she should be a day older, so much of her beauty seemed to lie in freshness and innocent expression. But she has gone on from fair to fairer. One can not imagine beauty more perfect. It has regularity, expression, softness, grace, artlessness, composure, and, in short, is Poesy incarnate. The worst-hearted woman alive afflicted with a plain face could not envy this suave being. She is wonderfully distingue. I can imagine Helen, when the Trojans on seeing her forgave the woes she brought upon them, looking like Victor Hugo's granddaughter.

Wasted Energy.

"Make no extra work," writes Juliet Corson. Have a system of living and maintain it. Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place. Near the entrance door have suitable holders for hats, coats, wraps, umbrellas, canes, over and outdoor shoes, etc., and see that they are kept there. In the sitting room have a place for writing and sewing materials, and a special table for books, magazines and papers, and insist upon it that they shall be put there instead of being left where the drop from the reader's hands, only to be picked up by the tired mother, whose work in some households seems never ending.

The Window Garden.

In the matter of window gardening the beginner's most common cause of failure is due to ignorance as to the use of water on plants and seeds. Seeds should be watered sparingly and only at night, increasing the quantity of water with growth. Potted plants in a window-box should have, say, a goblet of water to the pot daily, in the evening, unless already drenched with rain. The soil in the box should never be allowed to become muddy; the top of it should be broken frequently to the depth of an inch, for baking generally follows watering during sunny weather. Any plant which seems sickly should be removed and replaced.

Needles and Pins.

First Dear Girl—How did you like my singing? Second Dear Girl—Singing is not the name of it.—Hello.

Clara—I wish I could get something for my face.

Maude—Why don't you try a mask?—Detroit Free Press.

"I had good luck last night; a lieutenant gave me a kiss."

"Oh, I suppose it was at a game of forfeits, and the poor fellow was compelled to kiss you."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Excluding Flies.

Flies no doubt have their place and use in the economy of nature, but that place is certainly not in our houses, and most emphatically not in our kitchens. The old-time housekeeper who excluded them because they were so disagreeable did not guess that they might also be dangerous, and carry the decay and filth of garbage pail and closet on their feet and legs to deposit them on uncovered food in the dining room and kitchen.

Last Year's.

Pearson's Weekly.

Fair Maiden (a summer boarder)—How savagely that cow looks at me!

Farmer Hayseed — It's your red parasol, mum.

Fair Maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little bit out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.

Curious Fact.

Washington Star.

"Dah's sumpin' qu'ah 'bout de way folks dress dese here times," said Uncle Eben. "Seems ter me dat der gals all wants ter be puffick gemmen an' de young men is tryin' ter be puffick ladies."

Doubtful Compliment.

"There's one thing about your boarding house," said the fresh guest; "living here increases one's appetite so. Actually, Mrs. Housekeeper, after a dinner here I go away as hungry as a bear."

Gets the Chance.

Tit-Bits.

The other day a young man gave a reason for not dancing, the spirit of which might be made to apply to a good many failures in life. "I should like to dance," he said, "and I should dance, only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way."

Wisdom of Childhood.

Pearson's Weekly.

A little three-year-old girl, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed:

"Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

After the Spanking.

Mother—Now, Johnnie, I don't want to ever catch you in that jam closet again.

Johnnie (sobbing)—An' I don't want you to, mother.

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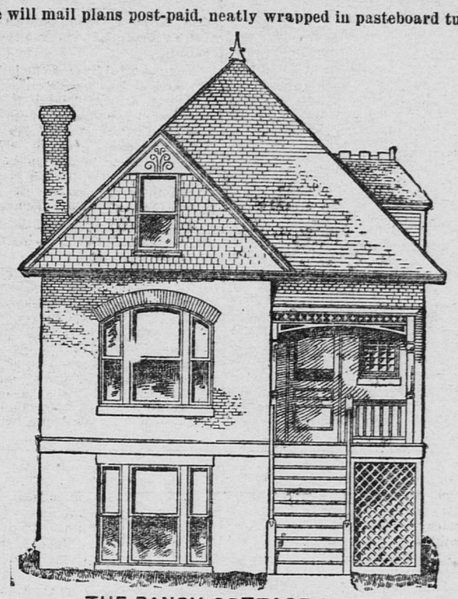

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