CORRUPTION IN RUSSIAN ARMY.

Services Even of Officers of Highest Rank Must Be Bought.

A delightful story, which would seem incredible if it were not related by Prince Meschtscherski in his Grashdanin, comes across the ocean from Russia. A young Russian officer, it appears, wished to be transferred to another regiment and took his request in person to one of the lights of the Russian general staff. That powerful officer shook his head and declared the matter very difficult to arrange—almost impossible. Then, his glance fell suddenly upon the shoes of the lieutenant. To the amazement of his visitor, the senior officer said that the lieutenant's shoes were not nearly good enough for an officer, and that he would strongly advise him to buy new shoes of a shoemaker whose address he gave. Then, telling his visitor to return in eight days, he dismissed him. The latter was clever enough to realize that he could not return without the new shoes, so he hurried to the shoemaker. On hearing who had sent him the shoemaker said that the lieutenant could have the shoes in five days for the sum of $250. Much astonished, the officer went to a comrade for advice. He was told to pay half of this sum at once and the rest when his shoes were finished. This the officer did, and wearing his new boots he duly kept his appointment with the general staff officer and learned to his joy that all the "grave difficulties" in the way of his transfer had been successfully removed.

DAY OF PLEASURE POSTPONED.

Darky Had Forgotten Old Saying Abount Counting Chickens.

A Richmond woman has in her employ a little darky, Miff Cole. One day Miff became confidential and told his mistress he was "goin' to the cimitery next Sunday."

"But, Miff, that's a long walk. You know it is more than five miles."

"Oh, missus, I ain't goin' to walk. I'se goin' to ride."

"How is that, Miff?"

"I'se goin' in a kerridge t' my uncle's funeral."

All day Saturday Miff could talk of nothing but the approaching affair. Sunday his mistress excused him, and she expected that on Monday she would be regaled with a full account of the funeral. But Miff turned up with a most melancholy face. In answer to her inquiry he said:

"I didn't go, missus. He ain't dead yit."

Out of Sight.

A certain regiment was on the march to Gettysburg and the companies were ordered to move with a few minutes' interval between each and to keep each other in sight, the band and drums leading.

The band soon got a long way ahead, and on reaching a bend, halted for a few minutes' rest. Presently up galloped a mounted officer in hot haste and shouted for the band sergeant.

"What do you mean?" he said, "by getting out of sight of the leading company?"

"We were not out of sight, sir," answered the sergeant.

"What do you mean by telling me that?" exclaimed the officer, in a rage. "You were out of sight. I saw you myself."

Highwaymen Stole Wife.

A Mexican named Ecerra, from Placentia, complained to Sheriff Lacy late the other night that two hold-up men had robbed him of his wife, rig and some groceries.

He said he was driving between Orange and Olive when the two men, who were on bicycles, stopped him. They dragged him from his seat, one man rode off on a bicycle, leading the other wheel, and the second man took his seat in the rig and drove off with it and Ecerra's wife.

Early in the morning the Mexican telephoned to the sheriff that he had found his horse and rig in the river bed near Olive, and his wife in the same neighborhood.—Santa Ana Cor. Angeles Times.

Got in on the Ground Floor.

O. Henry, in the American Magazine, says: "How properly to alleviate the troubles of the poor is one of the greatest troubles of the rich. But one thing agreed upon by all professional philanthropists is that you must never hand over any cash to your subject." . . . "But, as I said, the money-caliphs are handicapped. They have the idea that earth has no sorrow that dough cannot heal." . . . "Young Howard Pilkins, the millionaire, got his money ornithologically. He was a shrewd judge of storks and got in on the ground floor at the residence of his immediate ancestors."

Foiled.

"Anyone can get a divorce these days."

"Not everyone."

"You don't know what you're talking about. You pick out your party and I'll bet any lawyer she'll consult will tell her she can get a divorce."

"How about me?"

"Why, you're single."

"I know it."

The Great Unsettled Question.

"Which do you think affords greater pleasure, pursuit or possession?"

"I don't know," answered the man with a motor car. "Possession is a fine thing. But I have sometimes suspected that the police get more fun out of my machine than I do."

DESIGNED FOR FALL WEAR.

Tailor-Made Gown That Is Sure to Have Wide Vogue.

Fall styles are already under almost full headway, and before long the streets and avenues will be filled with the not-quite-summer, nor-yet-fall costumes.

The figure sketched shows one of the new fall tailor-made gowns. It

is of plain cloth and is made extremely simple—and it has the new tight sleeve. The coat has a somewhat full skirt and is cut away at the front.

The new collar that is shown with this gown is one of the features of the costume. It is made extremely high and is finished by a ruff around the top. This style is quite the latest thing in Paris and is seen with most tailor-made gowns.

SECRET OF DRESSING WELL.

Wise Choice of Costumes Counts Above Everything.

A well-known fashion writer in Paris says:

A woman who dresses beautifully once strongly impressed on my mind that to be always well dressed it is necessary to purchase each year only one new gown, garment or coat of the best material and well made with due regard to becomingness and beauty of line, but of inconspicuous color and texture. Nothing is more foolish, she used to say, than for a woman of modest means to attempt to be "in the fashion." The beauty of simplicity counts far higher. One year there should be perhaps a good evening gown, the next a carefully considered tailored costume, and in their turn an afternoon calling or reception gown or an evening or traveling cloak. These are the important features of a wardrobe, and each one, if wisely chosen, will keep well within the fashion for two years, the tailored costume till it is quite worn out. The gowns of more perishable materials may be remodeled only when the time comes for the new one. Variety is easily achieved, even violent color contrasts, if one wishes them, in the little accessories, such as collars, cuffs, waistcoats, hats and parasols. A young woman married ten years ago, with her trousseau selected on these lines, is still wearing portions of it, though she sustains the reputation of being especially well-dressed.

Naturally all the world must not follow this advice; it is only for those of moderate means, for dressmakers must live. The really good dressmaker, however, avoids exaggeration, but is often forced into it by clients themselves, for some women think a gown must be weirdly or conspicuously decorated to be up-to-date. The lesson that repose in gowning is better than extremes is not nearly learned. Women of good taste, if of moderate means, will leave the last word in dress to those who can afford to discard it inside a month.

To Set Colors.

With the proper treatment before the first washing, wearing apparel made of any wash material could keep its original color until worn to tatters. The idea that the process of setting the color must be gone through with before a garment is worn is entirely erroneous, as even badly-soiled garments may be put through the setting process and then readily washed clean in the soapy water. Fold the garment to a small size and lay it in the bottom of a laundry crock or some other vessel which will not rust. For a large garment dissolve one pound of salt in two quarts of water and pour scalding hot over the garment in the vessel. Loosen up the folds so that the salt solution may thoroughly penetrate and leave it in the water for at least one hour. Wring the garment and wash the same as usual. The same solution may be reheated and used again for goods of the same tones.

Boots and Shoes.

A careful study of the French fancies show that fashions in shoes do not indicate any radical change. For general winter wear the moderately high cut boot, not extremely high, will be much worn.

Women are recognizing the need of outdoor winter boots, such as were originally designed for skating. They have a good broad sole and low, flat heels. These, of course, are only used for walking.

For the house and ballroom light shades that match the gown, in both skin and satin, are cut very low, have high heels and are ornamented with buckles and embroidery.

SMALLEST KING IN THE WORLD

Monarch of a Burmese State—His Palace and Curious Body Guard.

When traveling through the Shan states, says a writer in the London Standard, I had the honor of being presented to the smallest king in the world, the Sawbwa, or Moy'sa, of Cheun-tung. He stood, as nearly as I could judge, about four feet nine inches in his early Burmese slippers and was the quintessence of regal courtesy.

His "palace" was a thatched hut on stilts close to the Salween river; he had several wives, who manifested great curiosity when they saw their lord in conversation with a white man, and his retinue consisted of some four-and-twenty men armed with the quaintest collection of old rifles that ever came out of a curiosity shop.

The little monarch [illegible] "Bull, pluck hard for me to shoot." It was as cool as a [illegible]. He had too welcomed with a [illegible] the most jovial I ever saw and learned on to accept a cigarette. I knew that it was contrary etiquette to offer a gift in return, and I was embarrassed to think that traveling "light" as I was, I had nothing worthy of his acceptance. I suddenly bethought me of a combination knife bearing the name of a well known brand of bottled beer which had been given me as an advertisement in Calcutta a few months earlier. This I presented to him with due ceremony, and he received it with unfeigned delight. All his army pressed round as I opened the blades, the corkscrew and the hoof pick, and the headman beat a gong vigorously at a signal from the king, apparently in token of the royal approval.

BEGINNING TO "TELL ON HIM."

More or Less Pathetic Complaint of Hard-Working Farmer.

The owner of the farm had been enjoying himself at the county fair while his hard-working wife stayed at home to see that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.

"Well, Sarah," said the owner upon his return, "I'm about all tired out. Is the cows in the barn?"

"Yes, long since," replied his wife, barely looking up from the task then in hand.

"Is the hosses unharnessed an' fed?"

"Yes."

"Chickens locked up?"

"Yes."

"Wood chopped for mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Wagon-bed mended an' ready t' start in th' mornin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," concluded the exhausted owner, with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper. I'm goin' t' turn in. Farmin's beginnin' t' tell on me."

How He Won Her.

He was a fisherman, and in love. He had angled for Angelina, and caught her. He had angled for fish also the livelong day, and caught one ephippid—that is, a porgy. That night he went to see Angelina's father on the delicate question of matrimony. He was nervous, and could not bring himself to the momentous question, so he talked about the weather and fishing. The old man asked, presently:

"What luck?"

"Only a pound porgy," replied the suitor.

"My boy!" exclaimed the happy father. "I know what you have come about. Take her and be happy. No man has ever confessed to such a truth before. You are a piscatorial George Washington."

That settled it, though, as a matter of fact, the porgy weighed only half a pound. —Bohemian Magazine.

Standing Off the Peddler.

One Wing came into the New York cafe to sell Chinese slippers, also tooth powder, also silk handkerchiefs and kimonos. He stopped at a table and opened his basket.

"Sell us your queue, One Wing," implored a man at the table.

"We'll give you $50 for your queue," offered another.

One Wing closed his basket, shrugged his silk pajama shoulders and took it over to another table.

"It's the only way to get rid of him," explained the man who had made the offer. "Nothing could induce him to sell his queue and forfeit his right to return to his native country, you know."

Friends Worse Than Foes.

"Those cartoons of me that my enemies are circulating are positively hideous," remarked the candidate for office.

"Do you think so?" rejoined his wife. "You ought to take a look at the pictures of you that your friends are putting on their campaign banners."

A Poet Appreciated.

"I am always glad when Alfred Austin writes a poem," said Mr. Cumrox.

"Do you enjoy his compositions?"

"In a way. They give me a chance to join in the literary conversation with mother and the girls. I always know that I am perfectly safe in roasting them."

An Advantage.

"But your country is so lacking in places of historic interest," said the European.

"That's one of its great advantages," answered Mr. Cumrox. "In this country a man can travel for hours without being obliged to listen to a lecture."

STRICT RULES AGAINST HOBO.

Promulgated by Napoleon in France a Century Ago.

In France, 100 years ago, Napoleon, paying special attention to the treatment of mendicancy and vagabondage, caused the issuance of a decree sharply differentiating the beggar from the vagabond and providing mild treatment for the beggar and severe treatment for the vagabond. "The incapacitated vagrant is to be cared for in a public institution; if such an institution is lacking, he shall be allowed to beg. The able-bodied beggar shall be placed in a correctional institution until he has learned to work, and at least for a year. The vagrant is to be located and in a penitentiary [illegible] for three different kinds of offenders: offenders for the time [illegible], recidivists [illegible] for life, [illegible] beggars and [illegible] for the vagabonds. [illegible] of the swarms of [illegible] the miseries developed at the expense of the world [illegible] in "Hobbies and Children."

NOT FLATTERING TO LAWYER.

Jokind Comparison Made by One-Time Popular Author.

With reference to the cry for the blood of the sparrow which is being heard just now, the attitude of Day, the author of "Sandford and Merton," on the killing of even an insect will appeal to many admirers of the little bird. He was with Sir William Jones at his chambers one day and a spider fell on the table. "Kill that spider," said Jones. "No," preached Day in his Sandford style, "I will not kill that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have a right to kill that spider. Suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster a superior being, who perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer! Kill that lawyer!' How should you like that? And I am sure to most people a lawyer is a more noxious animal than a spider."

Just Think of It.

Gen. Matos, who led the last unsuccessful revolution against President Castro of Venezuela, is a great dandy. Even when in the field with his army it is said that he invariably wears white gloves.

Once, previous to starting his revolution, he was arrested on suspicion by Castro and lodged in the Caracas jail. At a gathering in the city a number of tender-hearted ladies were deploring the hardships which Matos, accustomed to refinement and luxury, must undoubtedly be enduring.

"Think of it!" remarked one, "I have been told that they make him sleep on a hard wooden bench!"

"And they say," put in another, "that he is made to wear handcuffs!"

"And chains around his ankles!" wailed a third.

"And, listen," whispered another. "I have been told that he has to—eat with his fingers!"

There was a horrified pause.

"Think of all the gloves he must spoil!" remarked an irreverent anti-Matos individual.

Felt He Was Nobody.

A few weeks ago, when Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, attended a meeting of the American Boiler Manufacturers' association, in Atlantic City, he, as the guest of honor, made a very apt remark in a speech at a banquet in his honor.

"While you are honoring me now," said he, "20 years ago I did not feel that I was anybody. Now I feel that I am somebody. In the olden days I have worked with my hands with just such people as those of whom I am the guest to-day.

"An episode which happened a short time ago seems to me to be appropriate to this occasion. I had hired a carriage at the railway station to drive me home. There was a colored man driving. I overheard a woman at the roadside say to her little son, 'There goes Mr. Schwab in that carriage.' And the little fellow asked 'which one, mom?'"

A Kind Audience.

The tragedian had just returned from his tour and was greeted joyously by his friends at the club.

"Well, Ranter, my boy," said Tomlinson, "I'm glad to see you back. Have a good trip?"

"Fair," said Ranter.

"Did you play my old town of Punxatawney, Minnesota?"

"Yes," said Ranter.

"What kind of an audience did you have?"

"I don't know," said Ranter. "I didn't ask him for a reference as to his character, but he was a genial kind of a cuss and lent me $2 to get out of town with."—Harper's Weekly.

A Dreadful Thought.

One day Mary, the charwoman, reported for service with a black eye.

"Why, Mary," said her sympathetic mistress, "what a bad eye you have!"

"Yes'm."

"Well, there's one consolation. It might have been worse."

"Yes'm."

"You might have had both of them hurt."

"Yes'm. Or wors'n that; I might not ha' been married at all."—Everybody's Magazine.

AS HIS SET SAW OLD BEAU.

Put Their Own Definition on His Lordship's Statement.

Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, at a luncheon in New York, narrated her impressions of the great city that she had not seen for 20 years.

"New York has now taken her place among the world's capitals," she said. "New York is no longer young and unsophisticated. She has now all the weariness and vice of Paris, London and Rome.

"They who speak of New York as young, childish, innocent, speak very foolishly. They remind me of Lord Exe of the Carlton.

"Lord Exe, at 70, tried to lead the life of a youth of 25. He dyed his hair, wore a corset and frequented the music halls, Piccadilly circus and the Burlington arcade.

"One afternoon he drove from the Carlton in his brougham, a member said to him:

"'Thank you, Exe. He told me over a whisky and soda just now that he felt as fit as a two-year-old.'

"Another member sneered.

"'He probably meant a two-year-old egg,' he commented."

THOUGHT OF DEATH UNNERVES.

Peculiar State of Mind of Man Who Makes People Laugh.

Frank Daniels, the well-known comedian, is said to have a most extraordinary fear of death.

If he can possibly back out from attending a funeral he invariably does so. In fact, it is said that he never went to one in his life until Kirke La Shelle, his old-time friend and manager, died, a short time ago.

Then it was absolutely necessary for Daniels to go to the funeral. He did. But he arrived back at his home in Rye, N. Y., in a state of great agitation, and promptly took to his bed.

But as nothing seemed to be the matter with him, he gradually plucked up courage and decided to arise, as usual, the next day.

His valet asked him whether he desired to put on the clothes which he had worn the day before.

"What?" exclaimed Daniels, horrified. "Wear those things I had on at the funeral! Never! Throw them away—burn them up! I never want to see them again!"

And his previous agitation returned to such an extent that he almost decided not to get up that day at all.

The Will to Live.

Dr. Mason, a physician of considerable prominence and ability, suddenly developed a serious illness when far from home in a little town in Oregon, says the Woman's Home Companion. He felt able to prescribe for himself, but knew that what he really needed was careful nursing. The widow of the late medical practitioner of the town was recommended to him, and he asked to see her. She was thin, angular and severe of aspect, and at first glance he decided he needed more cheerful attendance. So he tried, as gracefully as possible, to express his doubts as to the volunteer's ability as a nurse.

"But," protested the lady, "I nursed my father until he died; I nursed both my sister and brother until they died; I nursed my husband—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the doctor, "but, you see, I want to live."

Happiness.

The young poet had just finished what he considered to be a work of real inspiration, and, rising from his table, he hastened up stairs to where his little wife, a bride of six weeks, was sitting darning his socks.

"Listen, sweetheart," he whispered tenderly. "I have just written this."

And he began to read. He put his whole soul into the reading. His gestures were graceful, his intonation perfect. The whole spirit of his beautiful poem breathed forth as he threaded his way from the beginning to the end of his theme, and when he had finished he looked at her, awaiting her verdict.

For a time she was silent.

"Well, dear heart," he said, "tell me what you are thinking."

"I was wondering, dearest—"

"What?"

"Whether the butcher was not awfully late with that liver," she replied.—Judge.

Sharing His Celebrities.

The management of the various children's libraries have taken a leaf from the Arabian Nights. At any rate, each library now boasts a modern Scherazade in the person of a professional story-teller, whose mission it is to entertain the small borrowers at stated intervals by the recital of tales wise and otherwise.

On one of these occasions recently the story was Mrs. Peary's Snow Baby. The narrator must have been more than ordinarily vivid in her descriptive passages, for at the end of the ceremonies a little Italian boy came forward and made his modest plea. "Mrs. Peary," he began, winningly, "please come around to my house with me? I'd like my mother to look on a lady that had lived in such cold places."

Pleasant Vacation Pastime.

Two Philadelphia medical students employed their summer vacation hunting rattlesnakes and copperheads in the mountains near Emmittsburg. They captured a number of large reptiles, from which they obtained about $1,500 worth of venom, which will be shipped to Paris.

HIS PREFERENCE DULY STATED.

All Things Considered, It Was Up to the Committee.

Many years ago Mr. Hill, one of the pioneer shoe manufacturers, had a shop in Stoneham, where he employed as boss in his stitching room one Dan Lowe, who, being a genial, convivial man and a master of his trade, was liked and respected by all.

One fall the stitchers conspired to make Dan a birthday present, but, being unable to agree as to the nature of the gift, they called on Mr. Hill to advise them. Mr. Hill, after solemn thought, located Dan on the top floor, and thus addressed him:

"Mr. Lowe, the ladies of the stitching room, being desirous of making you a birthday gift as a small token of their esteem, have subscribed $10 or more, and are unable to decide between an easy chair, a chain and seal and several other articles. They appealed to me for advice, and I thought the wise thing to ask you to express your preference and thus satisfy all."

"Mr. Hill," said Mr. Lowe, after due reflection, "I have a good chain and pulley, strong enough to hold a ten-gallon keg. A ten-gallon keg of good whisky could be bought for $10, and if I had a ten-gallon keg of good whisky well chained down in my cellar any old chair would seem easy."

Mr. Hill retired for further deliberation.

LOOKED FAR WITH KEEN SIGHT.

Illustrations of Thoroughness of Franklin's Thrift and Ability.

Two incidents recall the keenness and the thoroughness—the great twin abilities, to see and to utilize—of Benjamin Franklin.

One day he chanced to observe a lady in the possession of an imported whisk broom. With his usual interest and careful consideration he examined it as a novelty. He discovered on the brush of the broom a seed, which he carefully removed. Presently he planted it, and the growth from this seed was the first crop of broom corn in this country.

Again, one day when Dr. Franklin was walking by Dock creek he saw stuck in the mud a wickerwork basket, which had sprouted. Carefully he fished out the basket, and carefully took it apart. He gave cuttings to his friend, Mr. Charles Norris, who planted the twigs in his garden, where they grew to great size. They turned out to be yellow willows, and, as Franklin had foreseen, proved of great commercial value.

Rural Canniness.

Once a denizen of the up-state regions, where whiskers grow in plenty and umbrellas bulge at will, decided to visit New York. But he decided to visit the bewildering metropolis quite as a man of the world—not to be taken in by the wicked men who, as he understood, made a business of deceiving the guileless up-stater.

Hence he arrived at the Grand Central looking very, very wise, and proceeded, first of all, to visit the collection of wax figures at the Eden Musee.

He was engaged in looking critically at one of the most lifelike groups on exhibition there, when a policeman suddenly plucked him by the sleeve. The up-stater turned.

"You mustn't smoke in here," said the policeman, severely.

A look of wisdom beyond the power of words to describe came over that up-stater's face. Continuing brazenly to smoke, he remarked:

"Tut, tut. Go away. Don't you think I know that you're made of wax?"

The Road to Success.

John G. Johnson, Philadelphia's famous lawyer, was talking in the smoking room of a liner about work.

"In my youth," said Mr. Johnson, "I was ambitious. Ambitious in an aimless and desultory way. In early youth, of course, one understands neither life nor one's self.

"An aged millionaire questioned me one day good-humoredly.

"'You are ambitious?' he said.

"'I am,' I agreed.

"'Why,' said the millionaire, 'do you want to rise?'

"'So that I can do as I like,' I answered.

"The millionaire smiled and shook his head.

"'Ah, my boy,' he said, 'it is only when we do as we don't like that we succeed.'"

Whither Are We Drifting?

This has been called the century of the rising generation, and doubtless many of the privileges of children over their parents would shock Solomon could he revisit the earth. But with all its tolerance in this direction it is amazing to read of the suit of a school boy in London against his mother, whom he had summoned to a magistrate's court for assault for kissing him. She performed this apparently harmless osculatory act in the playground of his school before his mates, and so probably hurt the youngster's feelings. The mitigating feature in the matter was the Solomonic magistrate who dismissed such a ridiculous case. But that it could ever have reached a civilized court is the significantly typical aspect.

Many Suicides from Bridge.

By jumping over Dean bridge, Edinburgh, a man named Alexander Young, of Coatbridge, has committed suicide. Since it was constructed over 200 persons have thrown themselves from this bridge.