

RAREST BOOK ON EARTH.

A Find Which Will Thrill Bibliomaniacs' Souls.

Bibliomaniacs in all parts of the world will be delighted to learn that a copy of Bonaventure's "Speculum Vite Christi," a rare and precious Caxton, has been discovered by Mr. William May, the public librarian at Birkenhead, across the Mersey from Liverpool, says the New York World.

For many years the No. 7 type was a subject of dispute among the bibliomaniacs. Eventually the question was settled by the satisfaction of all experts by means of a copy of an indulgence preserved at the Dublin University conjointly with the Lambeth leaves.

PARISIAN BICYCLE STOCKINGS

College Colors and Starting Designs—Brilliant and Gaudy Effects.

Kaleidoscope effects in bicycle stockings are the order of the day, says the New York World. The shops are full of hose fearfully and wonderfully made and bearing on their vivid surfaces the most exciting designs and scenes.

The plain reds and blues and greens which flashed along the boulevard but a month ago are seen no more. They have given place to bright crimson and yellow affairs embroidered in contrasting shades and embellished with designs which range from the wearer's monogram to exciting collisions on the wheel.

American at Stratford. "Of course," says the English host to his American visitor, "you will run down to Stratford to drop a tear at the tomb of Shakespeare. All Americans do that."

Servant Question Again. The appearance of the following ironical advertisement in the South-eastern Herald of England intimates that domestic service is becoming a burning question in England also.

An Apology. A man who has the reputation for being very careless as to his toilet was elected town clerk in one of the small towns in this state some time ago and the local paper thought it would be a good joke to announce that—

On reading the notice Mr. Makeup was furious and demanded a retraction, which the paper accordingly made the following day in this fashion: "Mr. Makeup requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

Mutual Confidence. Friend—Jones said that he never thought there could be anything wrong with the bank when shrewd business men like you were on the board of directors.

Director—Well, I never thought there could be anything wrong with the bank when shrewd business men like Jones were willing to trust it with heavy balances.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ODD METHOD OF PERFUMING.

Injecting the Favorite Scent Under Fair Skin.

Very curious and not without its suggestion of danger is the newest feminine fad, which started in Paris, then made its way across the channel to London and within the past month has begun to win popularity in some quarters in New York, says the New York Journal. It is the latest method of perfuming and is accomplished with the aid of a hypodermic syringe deftly manipulated. The doctor, or whoever is working the little instrument that until now has been entirely a medical one—and some Parisians have already learned to perfume in this way with great skill—forces in the point of the tiny hollow needle so gently that it pierces the skin and no more. Then, with a further pressure, he injects a few drops of the pungent perfume. That is all that is required. From that moment the skin is charged, as it were, with the scent, and a faint, subtle, illusive odor seems to breathe itself forth from the fair woman who has yielded to this freak of fashion.

When we all have made our millions, and on terrapin we sup, And play at stocks and railroads instead of seven up, Do you think our thoughts will linger with persistency intense On the time when we were dining for the sum of fifteen cents?

Do you think we'll feel a yearning for the days before the boom, When we stored our few possessions in a six-by-seven room? Do you think we'll linger sadly at the Greenback Club to quate Reminiscences of dinners at the sidewalk table d'hote?

I have known them do it often—in a novel, it is true— Weep for days when coats were threadbare and the bills were always due; And my fond anticipation is that some day you and I Shall be in the proud position where we'll have a chance to try. —Washington Post.

Editorial Idyl. Softly the light from the open fire flickered and fell upon the man and woman sitting before it, as the evening drifted silently into the night.

They sat silent; thinking, thinking; dreaming of the far-away hours when love was young, and the flickering light drew strange fantastic figures on their faces.

At last the woman spoke, still gazing into the firelight, and her voice was soft and low as a strain of distant music across a moonlit lake.

"Husband," she murmured, "how sweet it is! How much poetry there is in an open fire." He stroked his brow as if starting from a dream.

"That's so," he responded, "but not half as much as there is in a stove." Alas for the materiality of mundane things!

Will Ask Extension. The reichstag is to be asked to prolong till September, 1899, the provisional arrangement by which the federal council is empowered to fix the scale of dues on the North Sea and Baltic canal.

ENGLISHMEN SCORN WOMEN.

Noticeable in the Lower and Middle Classes.

"One day in Charing Cross station, London," says a woman recently returned from a considerable stay in the English metropolis to a Philadelphia Times man, "I noticed four young men walking up and down the platform, smoking and twirling their canes. Presently from a third-class carriage of an incoming train stepped four good-looking girls, weighted down with shawls, lunch baskets and valises. By the men, who had evidently been waiting for them, they were cordially greeted, but not relieved of their luggage. So far as my eyes could follow their progress I saw the girls still dragging their belongings and the men twirling their canes. The incident strikingly illustrates the attitude taken toward women by Englishmen of the lower and middle classes. English women of no class have as nearly freed themselves from the help of the men as the Americans; the lower classes have not begun emancipation. The new gospel has not yet been preached unto them. The attitude of an English girl toward her 'young man' is of an inferior toward a superior. When walking with him Sunday afternoon she is humbly receptive. She permits herself no assertion or preference. If the young man in his mightiness chooses to make a remark, she smiles. If he questions she shakes her head or sighs a monosyllable. If he wishes to sit down, she sits down. If he desires to kiss her, she lets herself be kissed. She accepts everything as from a god. That the eyes of the deity may not be offended, she is gowned in her best. Half her head is covered with woolly curls, protected from the breezes and the fog by the net of consecrated fashion. Her flaring hat, covered with cheap flowers, is airily pinned on the neckward slope of her head. With no coquetry other than this pluming of her person does she attempt to please her future lord. Inevitably the man scorns the woman's intellectual life. An English settlement worker said to me, when I remonstrated at his having a Sunday afternoon meeting for men only: 'If I said bring your wives and daughters, the men would not come. It would be impossible for me to convince them that the mere presence of the women need not make our meeting only fit for babes.'

A Great Master Thief. So long as Hind kept to the road his life was one long comedy. His wit and address were inexhaustible and fortune never found him at a loss. He would avert suspicion with the tune of a psalm, as when, habited as a plous shepherd, he broke a traveler's head with his crook and deprived him of his horse. An early adventure was to force a pot-valiant parson, who had drunk a cup too much at a wedding, into a rarely farcical situation. Hind, having robbed two gentlemen's servants of a round sum, went ambling along the road until he encountered a parson. "Sir," said he, "I am closely pursued by robbers. You, I dare swear, will not stand by and see me plundered."

Before the parson could protest he thrust a pistol into his hand and bade him fire it at the first comer, while he rode off to raise the county. Meanwhile, the rifled travelers came up with the parson, who, straightway mistaking them for thieves, fired without effect, and then riding forward flung his pistol in the face of the nearest. Thus the parson of the parish was dragged before the magistrate, while Hind, before his dupe could furnish an explanation, had placed many a mile between himself and his adversaries.—Macmillan's Magazine.

No Blackballing That Time. "I'm in a great hurry," said the high school boy as he sat down to dinner last night. "I've got to dress and get right off. There's a new bicycle club and I'm to be voted in tonight."

His mother, who was something of a club-woman, remonstrated: "You mustn't be there if your name is to come up; that isn't club etiquette. Besides, suppose you shouldn't be elected?" "That's all right," said the high school boy, swallowing with difficulty a considerably larger piece of rye bread than good manners sanctioned. "Dick Hendry is president and he's putting me through. There's only seven in the club and one fellow is in my class, and he'll vote for me; and another wants to borrow my lantern next week and he'll vote for me; and Dick says if the others don't he'll punch their faces." —New York Times.

Old Scandal Revived. An old scandal in the English royal family is recalled by the sale of the old French furniture belonging to the duke of Sussex and kept in Kensington palace since the death of his widow, the duchess of Inverness. The duke, who was one of George III's worthless sons, married Lady Augusta Murray, a marriage annulled as being without his father's consent, and later married Lady Cecilia Underwood, whom Queen Victoria created duchess of Inverness.

A Roundabout Reason. "How fortunate it is that young Pink's whiskers are so becoming." "Why so?" "Because he never has the price of a shave." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Worth Cracking. A great deal of labor might be saved if people didn't crack jokes that results prove there's nothing in.—Philadelphia Times.

BUFFALOES FIGHT.

In Spite of the Keepers' Efforts a Fine Bull Is Killed.

The National Zoological park in the suburbs of Washington has lost one of its valuable herd of six buffaloes, the animal having been killed in a desperate fight with one of its companions on Saturday, says an exchange. The zoo's herd of buffalo is one of the finest in the country and great regret is felt at the killing of one of them, and it will be hard to replace it. The buffalo that was killed was one of the largest and oldest in the herd and for a long time was the tyrant and monarch of all the others at the zoo. A year or two ago he had a very desperate fight with a younger bull and since that time has been kept away from the rest of the herd and confined in a pen in which there was also a young bull, who apparently was entirely peaceful. On Saturday the old fellow amused himself by teasing the young bull and poking at him as they walked around the pen. The young bull did not like this and began to show fight. A dozen times the beasts rushed at each other and came together with shocks that startled the other animals and brought to the enclosure all of the keepers, who endeavored to separate them but without success. The fence around the enclosure was completely ruined, although the boards kept together sufficiently to prevent the animals from escaping. The buffaloes fought until both of them were so nearly exhausted that they could hardly stand. Then the old one was driven away, where the surgeon in charge of the zoo and his assistants labored to save his life. The last blow that he had received from the young buffalo, however, had done its work and the animal lived but a little time after the fight was over. The post-mortem showed that he was frightfully gored and nearly all the bones of his body broken. The young buffalo was not seriously injured.

REFRIGERATING FLOWERS.

The Lily of the Valley Stands It, but Tulips Do Not.

Quite a revolution in horticulture has been in progress during the past decade, although, owing to the secret manner in which the experiments leading up to it have been conducted, comparatively few persons have been aware of the new departure, says Chamber's Journal. Every one knows that flowers, as well as fruits and vegetables, are forced, so that those who are rich shall have the use of them before unaided nature brings them to maturity. This forcing business is an expensive one, requiring constant attention and skilled labor. Many attempts, therefore, have been made to get at the golden eggs by cheaper means, and as a result of many trials the opposite process to forcing has been adopted with success. The system consists in retarding the flowering of the plant by refrigeration, and is, of course, only applicable to those which are hardy in this country, by which we mean those which will stand several degrees of frost. The lily of the valley is one of them, and it is much in request for purposes of decoration. Under the old forcing conditions only about 50 per cent of the buds treated could be induced to flower, but by the freezing method an average of 95 per cent can be secured from the end of summer up to Christmas.

It will be noted that the process cannot be applied to evergreens of any kind, and it would certainly be death to camellias, and probably to hyacinths and tulips. It is said that near Berlin three growers alone have nearly 300 acres of lily of the valley, under cultivation, and that they have adopted the refrigerating method with great success. It has been long ago proved that the plant can be cultivated in England with equal success and we trust that the new method will soon be tried on an extensive scale in this country.

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