Roller Skating is Popular.

At the recent cycle show in Paris, as well as at Stanley show, in London, a new kind of roller skates for street and road use were exhibited, which is getting very popular in both countries. They have the shape of ordinary skates, but in the place of steel runners there are two runners provided, which are covered with rubber tires. For practical use on ordinary roads they are excellent, and their weight is about three pounds apiece. A good roller skater can move surprisingly fast upon these skates, and, by placing one foot across the rear of the other he can stop almost instantaneously. The London and Paris streets are already alive with skaters using the new roller skates, which are becoming more popular every day.

Sir Edward Thornton was British ambassador to Russia at the time of the coronation of Alexander III., having formally represented his government at Washington for years. His daughter, Miss Mary Grace Thornton, contributes to The Century for May her journal describing "The Crowning of a Czar." The illustrations of the article are from the official record which was issued by the Russian government. Miss Thornton says that the most imposing moment of the entire coronation was when the Czar alone stood in the vast cathedral at Moscow, and all the rest within the edifice and all without as far as the eye could see, knelt and offered up prayers for him. The ceremonies attending the coronation of Nicholas II. next month will be almost identical with those described.

Novelties in Silver.

Spoons showing openwork silver bowls are preferred to dishes for serving bon bons. They have ample capacity and are made with long, heavy handles, elaborately carved.

Bread forks make the last addition to the table equipment. They are of antique shape with pierced tines and heavy chased handles.

Wreaths of tiny silver flowers from the handles of embroidery scissors especially designed for gifts. The sheaths showing similar decoration, contribute to the effect as well as to the safety.

Openwork shades over silk linings are seen in conjunction with candlesticks of heavy carved silver.

Side Combs and False Hair.

I have just made a discovery which is calculated to fill with joy the heart of every woman who wishes to enjoy the advantages—and undoubtedly they are many—of hair which is softly waved at the sides without the attendant trouble of inducing nature to have its straightness transformed into the desired undulations. This good thing takes the form of a tortoisshell comb to which is attached a strand of softly waved hair, long enough to be drawn round the side of the head, and to give all the loose fullness which is so much to be desired.

Nothing speaks with a louder voice than a godly life.

Some people spend enough time crying over spilt milk to buy a whole cow.

The reason it is called a stag party is because the men in it generally stagger home.

If you would be a happy man, learn to be a contented one.

The wound made by a knife may heal, but that made by an unkind word may not.

No woman should lean back when she laughs.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

The Oldest British Trees.

The oldest tree in this country is the yew tree at Bradburn, in Kent, which is said to be 3,000 years old; while at Fortingal, in Perthshire, is one nearly as old. At Ankerwyke House, near Staines, is a yew tree, which was famous at the date of the signing of Magna Charta, 1215, and later was the trysting place of Henry VIII and Annie Boleyn. The three yews at Fountains Abbey are at least 1,200 years old, and beneath them the founders of the abbey sat in 1132. There are no famous oaks that rival any yew in age, 2,000 years being the greatest age attained. Damorey's oak, in Devonshire, which was blown down in 1703, had this distinction. Cowthrope Oak, near Wetherby, Yorkshire, is said to be 1,600 years old.—London Star.

A New Use for X Rays.

It will not be very long until the X rays will be in common use by physicians and surgeons in locating fractures, dislocations, etc. Where there is much swelling it is almost impossible to tell the extent of the fracture and especially if it be a slight one.

Practical Test.

Mr. Hobbs—Dear, this paper says sewing is to a woman what whistling is to a man.

"Is that so? Well, here, take little Dick's trousers and whistle a couple of patches on them while I go to the matinee."—Chicago Record.

An Appreciative Spirit.

A senator's wife, who is an accomplished musician, gave a dinner party recently. Among the guests was a certain member of the Kentucky delegation in congress. When awaiting announcement of dinner, at the urgent request of some of the guests, the hostess played and sang. She had just finished a polonaise by Chopin, which was greeted by a burst of applause, and as she arose from the piano, in the silence which followed the sweet strains, her husband turned to the gentleman from the Bluegrass state with:

"Would you like a sonata before dinner, colonel?"

"Well, I don't mind," promptly replied the Kentucky statesman, bracing up quickly. "I had two on my way here, but I reckon I can stand another."—New York Tribune.

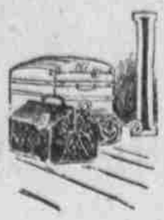
A Good Reason.

I don't see why you sent me to bed for being just imprudent," sobbed Wilbur.

"It is very easily explained," said his father. "You are imprudent because you got out of bed on the wrong side this morning. I want you to go to bed for an hour, and then see if you can't get out on the right side."—Harper's Round Table.

Three striking contribution to the May Atlantic are the opening number of a series of letters from Dante Gabriel Rossetti to William Allingham, ably edited by George Birkbeck Hill, with a delightful autobiographical sketch of Allingham; Kendric Charles Babcock's discussion of The Scandinavian Contingent, being the third paper in the series on race characteristics in American life; and an anonymous paper on Mr. Olney's fitness for the Presidency.

TIGER AND THE LADY.



IT was just thirteen minutes past 12 o'clock at night when the fast train going to Paris drew up at the frontier. The carriages were of the corridor pattern, which Europeans vainly imagine is the American plan. A narrow passage ran along one side of the carriage and opening out from this were a number of compartments, each seating eight persons. The Lady and the Tiger had been on the train since it started in the afternoon at 5 o'clock on the previous day, and so had had a choice of places. I sat in one corner by the window and the Lady sat in the corner opposite. As the train went on toward France the empty places gradually filled up, and now the carriage was so full that one or two wretched persons were pacing up and down the corridor or trying to get places on little hinged seats attached to the side of the passage, with a latent spring somewhere which made the lid flip up against the wall when the sitter rose to his feet. I remember this habit of the little hinged shelf, because on one occasion when I rose to stretch myself I sat down expecting the seat to be still there, which it wasn't. I woke up suddenly on reaching the floor, and then examined the mechanism of the contrivance with interest and perhaps just a shade of annoyance.

The French are reputed to be a polite nation, and, although I knew we would cross the border sometime after midnight, and that we should meet the inevitable custom house, I thought the examination of baggage would be somewhat superficial, and that maybe a customs officer woud come through the train and look at the smaller pieces of luggage with out disturbing us to any great extent. Such, however, was far from being the case. We were told rather gruffly that we must leave the train, and that everyone must take with him his hand baggage. I staggered ot somnolently under the load, and the Lady was compelled to come also with a couple of shawlstraps, because there was more of our luggage than I could carry at one time. We were kept on the platform shivering with cold for a while, then two big doors were opened and we trooped in, placing our impedimenta on a low bench, behind which stood the uniformed French customs official. When the examination was done and the baggage chalked we had to wait at the other end of the long, cold room until other doors were opened, and then were allowed to get out once more to the platform and into the train. When I staggered on board and passed along the narrow corridor to our compartment, I thought at first that I had made a mistake, because an oldish man sat in the corner in which the Lady intended to journey to Paris. A second look, however, satisfied me that this was the compartment we had occupied, and I said to the man, quite politely, for I thought the taking of another's seat had been accidental:

"I beg your pardon, but this seat belongs to the Lady."

The man shrugged his shoulders and said that he deeply regretted the circumstance, but the place belonged to him until we reached Paris in the morning.

"Oh," I cried, hotly, "this won't do, you know. This place is taken and has been taken since the train started. You will have to get a place somewhere else."

"If you wished to retain your seat," said the man calmly, "you should have put some baggage upon it. There was nothing here when I entered. I have the place and intend to keep it."

"THE DEVIL YOU DO," I CRIED.

"But," I insisted, "we couldn't leave any baggage upon it because we were compelled to take it to the custom-house."

Again the man shrugged his shoulders.

"That has nothing to do with me," he said. "The place was empty when I took it, and I intend to keep it."

Then the Tiger came uppermost.

"The devil you do," I cried. The Lady behind me touched me on the shoulder and begged that I wouldn't use violent language.

"I shall not use language at all," said the Tiger, "but this man has to get out or I'll throw him out."

"Oh, will you?" said the Frenchman.

"You bet your boots I will," I said, throwing down my luggage.

"Will you get out quietly or will you go after there has been a fuss?"

"I shall not get out at all," said the man.

"Now for the last time," I cried, throwing up the window, "will you give up this seat to the Lady, whose place it is?"

"I told you," he answered, "that the place was not taken and I took it. I refuse to give it up."

"Oh, very well," I said, "then you will go to Paris without your luggage," saying which I seized the valise, which was in the rack over his head, and flung it out of the window. Next followed some shawlstraps, then some sticks and rugs, after that a smaller bundle. What the man would have done I do not know, but at this juncture the Lady intervened.

"See here," she said, "you go right out on the platform and bring those things in again."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I cried, mad straight through. "If the man sits here two minutes longer I'll chuck him out after them."

"Well," said the Lady, with decision in her voice, "if you don't bring those things in I shall bring them in myself."

What is a Tiger to do? The Lady went out of the carriage onto the platform and I saw she intended to pick up the man's traps and bring them in, and he was quite willing to have her do so. I couldn't allow that, so I followed her, picked up the articles and brought them meekly into the carriage. The lady stood watching me through the window until I placed them neatly in the rack again.

"Now," said the Frenchman, leaning across to me, "you apologize to me, if you please."

"What I did," I answered, "I did because the Lady commanded me to do it. I did it very reluctantly, and as for apology, you can go to merry——." I don't know that there is any need to set down the rest of the sentence here. The man leaned complacently back in his seat with a provokingly triumphant smile on his face which made the helpless Tiger grit his teeth in anger. I looked out of the window to tell the Lady to come into the carriage again, for the train was timed to start in a few minutes, but I saw her walking toward a gendarme, whom she accosted with a winning smile. The gorgeous official placed his heels together in military fashion and raised his hat to the Lady, then he bent his head very deferentially while she appeared to be whispering to him in a voice so low that it was impossible for me to hear what was said. Suddenly the official straightened himself up with a look of amazement on his face, and cried: "No! No! No man could possibly act like that. Surely, madam, you must be mistaken."

"Great heavens!" I thought, aghast, "surely the Lady is not giving the Tiger away by complaining to the gendarme of his conduct. I have humiliated myself before the Frenchman while he leered at me and sat there in triumph." The gendarme quickly approached the steps of the carriage, stood beside them while he politely waved the Lady on board, then followed her to the door of our compartment, and she pointed out to him the Frenchman who sat in the corner. The gendarme came sternly forward.

"It is not possible, sir," he said, "that you have taken the place of this Lady and refuse to give it up?"

"The place was unoccupied," said the man, uneasily.

"Of course it was unoccupied," said the gendarme indignantly. "All passengers are compelled to go into the custom-house; you know that as well as I do. You are certain it is your place?" he said, turning to the Lady, and speaking as politely as he had spoken gruffly to the other.

"Oh, quite," said the Lady, and several of the passengers, who had not said a word during my struggle, at once assured the gendarme that the Lady had occupied that place for some hundreds of miles.

"Come, sir," said the gendarme, "come out of that at once."

"But," said the man, protestingly, "there are not other places on the train. The train is full."

"I have nothing to do with that," replied the gendarme; "that is for the officials of the railway; they will find you a place; they are compelled to do so."

The man hesitated for a moment, and the gendarme put his hand on his shoulder. "Come," he said, "I don't want to use force."

The man arose reluctantly from his corner, taking his belongings with him. Then the gendarme, with an air and manner that I have never seen equaled, bowed and waved his hand toward the vacant seat. The Lady smiled, and returning his bow sank into the place. The gendarme then, bringing his heels together with a click, bowed to us all and left the compartment. The Lady bent over me and said in a whisper:

"Follow that gendarme at once and give him at least 5 francs, and give it to him so nicely that he won't think I know anything about it."

I caught up to the official upon the steps of the carriage and pressed the money upon him. He refused it lingeringly and reluctantly, and when I insisted he accepted it with a deprecatory air, saying that he was a poor man, but it was the delight of us all to oblige the Lady, in which sentiment I cordially agreed with him. And thus the international episode ended.

Disappearance of American Birds.

A leading American ornithologist says that some of our most desirable birds are threatened with extermination. The common quail and ruffled grouse are becoming very scarce. Wrens and bluebirds are driven from their old haunts by sparrows. Terns are slaughtered by thousands for millinery business, and Florida is similarly despoiled of its herons, ibis, pelicans and smaller birds. The wild pigeon has disappeared. Fashion at present is the greatest enemy of bird life, but collectors of eggs are also responsible for great destruction.

California Fruit.

California shipped out of the state 48,871 carloads of fruit, nuts, wine, brandy and vegetables in 1895, an increase over 1894 of 5,436 carloads. Of fruit alone the shipments were 37,160 carloads. In 1890 the shipments of fruit were only 16,195 carloads. If all the orchards in California now in bearing were to put out a full crop this year, the exports of fruit should, it is estimated, reach 50,000 carloads.

His View About Dress.

The late Prebendary Roger's humor was very unconventional. At a dinner where he happened to be sitting next to the bishop of London, responding to the toast of his health, Mr. Rogers said that some of his friends still regretted that he had not attained higher preferment in the church. They wanted him to be made a bishop. "But," he added, "I feel that I have got quite enough happiness out of my life without having this flummery about my legs." And he lifted up Dr. Temple's apron.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Good husbands are seldom troubled with bad mothers-in-laws.

It would spoil nine men out of ten to let them have their own way for a month.