

IN THE BRIDLE-PATH.

They ride, they ride with slackened rein,
Facing the sinking sun,
And he is telling her over again
The tale that never is done—
The tale that's as old as the bending blue,
And as old as the singing sea—
And it never has happened that one of two
Marvelled what it could be.

It never has happened that one of two,
Blithe boy, glad girl, together—
Who have felt that to love was enough to do
In the sweet and the sunny weather—
But have found right words for the song of birds
In the greenery overhead;
For to build the nest in the spring is best,
And 'tis best in the spring to wed.

Oh, he rides at her bridle-rein,
And he bends him to her ear,
With the musical tones of the old refrain
That lullabies delight to hear.
And his words were pleasant as rain that
patters

Low on the laughing leaves,
And kind as the cheery sun that flatters
The gold of harvest sheaves.
And his hand is on her bridle-rein,
And his look it is on her cheek—
He needs not to tell her over again
Of the garden that he would seek—
But oh, the telling! 'tis like the smelling
Of the mignonette and the rose;
For no matter how long you sing love's
song,
You can never come to its close!
—[Howard Glyndon, in Harper's Weekly.]

A PAYING FLIRTATION.

"No, Herbert, I can't do it. You will have to get out of this difficulty all by yourself. It is useless my going to your father any more; he said the last time he would never again cripple himself by paying your debts. His mind is made up about it; and even if it wasn't, I know he has not got the money. As for me, you know I have not."

"Then what on earth am I to do?" inquired the Hon. Herbert Farnham. "The Jews will do no more for me. I'm 'broke,' and that's the truth. They say there's a baronet working down at the docks, glad of three shillings a day when he can get it. I suppose I shall come to that."

Lady Chetwynd looked at her favorite son and smiled a little. It was a funny picture, that of this grand creature, resplendent with the beauties of nature appropriate to a "masher," and adorned by clothes perfectly built, working at anything but the obtaining of as much amusement as possible out of life. The smile was but transient on Lady Chetwynd's handsome face; it died away soon, and she fell into profound thought. Presently she said, very gravely: "There is your Aunt Margaret."

"What of her?" inquired the Hon. Herbert, looking up from his admirable boots, which he had been studying attentively, possibly wondering if the hundred well-out pairs that stood in his dressing-room would be of any use to wear out when he was a dock laborer, or whether it might become necessary to have a sale of his personal belongings.

"Well—I know she is in England. She wrote and told me so, in fact. And it has occurred to me, once or twice, to wonder whom she will leave all her money to."

"Has she no one?" inquired the Hon. Herbert quickly.

"No one at all, I believe; absolutely no one. She was an only child, and with no relatives, when she married your uncle George. That is how she came to be sole heiress to such an enormous fortune."

"Made out of sausages, wasn't it?" "Oh, no; nothing worse than pickles, and I'd have forgiven her the source of her money, for, her father being dead when she married, it might all have been forgotten; but I found it difficult to forgive her for being herself."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the Hon. Herbert.

"Well—" said Lady Chetwynd, hesitating a little, "she's vulgar—and rather flighty. She never seemed to me good enough for George."

"Why did he marry her, then?"

"Oh, as for that," answered Lady Chetwynd, her color rising slightly, "I believe he married her for her money. I can imagine no other reason."

"Ah!" said her son; "then she's been married twice for the same reason, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered Lady Chetwynd, "that second marriage made me more angry with her than ever. Now her second husband is dead, I really wish she would call herself Mrs. Bollenston again, instead of going about as the Princess Drugosa."

"Never mind," said the Hon. Herbert; "as the Prince cleared out without squandering her money at cards I'll forgive him his sins and even speak respectfully of his memory. Now tell me where to find my Aunt Margaret, the Princess Drugosa. Surely I must have inherited some of those fascinating powers you and Uncle George seem to have possessed in common; I will try them on her. I will be humble, dutiful, the most exemplary of nephews, I will carry her prayer-book to church and nurse her poodle. Most elderly ladies have some monomania or other. I will discover hers and feed it. You will hardly know me if you should see me at her side, so full of humility and decorum shall I be."

Lady Chetwynd smiled and sighed at once, "I have no idea what she is like now," she said. "It is a long time since I have seen her—many a long year—never since George died, in fact. She was not pious then; perhaps she is now. You will find her at the Clairville at Seagate."

"I've heard of that establishment," said the Hon. Herbert thoughtfully; "a queer place for an elderly lady. However, I dare say she knows no better. Give me a line of introduction to her, and I'll run down at once. I shan't mind going to Seagate just now; it's superb weather, and lots of people there."

Lady Chetwynd, looking thoughtful as she did so, wrote a very brief note

and handed it to her son, who started off immediately. He was in such an exceeding "tight place" just now that he would have gone a much longer journey, at equally short notice, if thereby he might discover an elderly aunt with money.

Seagate was looking glorious, and the gaiety of the place and people, the freshness of the air, made the Hon. Herbert feel very "young and delightful." He resolved to lunch at a restaurant, take a turn on the promenade, and smoke a cigar on the pier before going to the Clairville. He fancied that he would be refreshed, and so better able to enter thoroughly into the role of the dutiful nephew which he proposed to play.

He lunched well, lit his cigar, and started in search of half an hour's recreation. He did not go far before he found what he was in search of; he met with a lady so surprising to look at that the mere sight of her recreated him. He proceeded to stare steadily at her and to take note of all her "points" carefully. She was a little creature, well formed, with pretty feet and hands; the feet clad in wondrous high-heeled boots that were very high, but did not meet at all in front; the lacing displayed crimson open-worked silk stockings. The little figure, wasp-waisted, dressed in the most extravagant of French checks—the sort of costume devised by the Parisian intellect "for Englishwomen who are 'fond of dress.'" A mass of blonded and frizzed hair encircled a small face which was admirably well painted; only the usual mistake was made—the thing was overdone, and thus the possibility of deception destroyed. This lady's hat and parasol each deserve a page of description, they were so surprising. The whole thing astonished and delighted the Hon. Herbert. This young gentleman had a good deal of the "knight of the pavement" in him; if a pretty girl gave him a glance of encouragement he was capable of walking after her quite a mile in the hope of adventure. The lady he now saw before him had "encouragement" writ in large characters all over her, thanks to her costume, and her plaintive blue eyes repeated the word. She stood quite alone, by the rail at the edge of the sea walk, looking at the passers-by. She soon became as much interested in Herbert as he was in her. She slowly walked towards the pier and went on to it. The Hon. Herbert followed her, passed and repassed her.

At the end of the pier there were some sheltered secluded seats. The lady walked on to these slowly—for no one could walk fast in such boots as hers—close down and straightway dropped her parasol. Of course Herbert was at hand to pick it up. Then he sat down by her, and for half an hour they looked at the blue sea and talked. She amused him very much. She never smiled, but said the most spicy and piquant things in a small, high-pitched voice, looking straight at him the while. Herbert knew very well how to look admiration, and he found that she understood the look perfectly, but also that she appreciated a little more open flattery. This made it very plain sailing, and Herbert found himself much less bored than usual during a flirtation. The little lady being so excessively pronounced it was difficult to feel bored until one had seen all her extravagances.

At last he rose. "I must go," he said; "it is hard, but I must. Do you come on the pier in the evening?" "Yes," she answered immediately. "About 10 o'clock." "Then I shall stay at Seagate till tomorrow," said Herbert gallantly, and left her.

Then, assuming a business-like manner, he walked to the Clairville, meditating all the way on the mode in which he should address his aunt. After turning the matter over and over in his mind, he resolved to trust to the inspiration of the moment, and to follow her lead carefully till he knew how to humor her.

On his way a hired carriage passed him and in it sat the little lady whom he fully intended to meet upon the pier that night. She gave him a glance from under her parasol; such a look—seductive, full of invitation.

"I believe she is as old as the hills," reflected Herbert; "but she is marvellously made up, and very funny. What a catastrophe if she should live at the Clairville!"

He arrived at the hotel—a fine house standing in pretty grounds, and tenanted principally by people who lived on pension, people who seemed to have no homes of their own anywhere; who were exceedingly sociable and very merry. On the broad terrace upon which the front door opened a number of people were talking and laughing; the hour of afternoon had brought them to the house. In the midst of a small crowd of gentlemen stood the little lady; evidently she was a favorite. Herbert quietly passed the group, looking the other way the while. He entered the hall, and finding a waiter, asked for the Princess Drugosa. He was shown into a drawing room.

Two minutes later the little lady came in and looked at him with some surprise. "You have asked for me?" she said; "you know my name."

The awful truth flashed upon him. For one wild moment he thought of sinking his identity—of escaping without telling her who he was. But he had not time to think it out—he was confused, stammered something—and then, in despair, handed her his mother's note. She opened it deliberately, read it at a glance, and threw it carelessly on the table. He fancied his doom was sealed; took up his hat and prepared to go. But he felt he owed it to himself to apologize; he did so, profusely.

She interrupted him with her slight shrill voice, looking straight at him with those plaintive blue eyes, which were so full of candid hunger for admiration.

"What are you apologizing so much for?" she said. "It is the first compliment your family has ever paid me! Come into the other room; I must have some tea."

She put her hand on his arm and led him away. For the first time in his life Herbert was at loss what to say or what to do. But at last he succeeded in tak-

ing his cue, it seemed funny to flirt with one's aunt, but he did it.

And she said his debts. Probably she will leave him her money.

Practical Education.

By Professor Goldwin Smith.

Perhaps, in order frankly to define his position, the observer ought to confess that, whether in the case of men or women, he is not an unlimited believer in the benefits of a long general education apart from any practical object. If a young man is destined by taste and circumstance for a learned or scientific profession, to a university of course he must go. The heirs of wealth will also embrace the first chance of escaping its corrupting influence and become something higher than mere consumers of the fruits of the earth, by giving themselves a university education; though the advantage is apt to be greater to them than their fellow-students. But of these there are not many here.

In other cases, when once a youth has received a practical education, the sooner he enters some honest calling by which he can make his break and enable himself to marry and maintain a family, the greater probably his chances of usefulness, virtue and happiness will be. In a highly civilized community his education does not end with his schooling; he continues daily to imbibe ideas and information at every pore. His calling itself, if it is above mere routine, sharpens his faculties as well as mathematics; domestic affection refines his feelings as much as poets, and his character is elevated by honorable industry and the sense of self-support.

It is perfectly true, and has been proved in signal instances, that the highly-trained intellect, when it brings itself to apply to business details, shows superiority and rapidity and method; but how often does it bring itself to apply? Even the students in the agricultural colleges too often, with a knowledge of scientific farming, acquire a distaste for the farm. It is one of the objections to the system of small universities that, by bidding against each other in facility of graduation, they tempt into literary calling men who would be better engaged in practical pursuits. A single Mrs. Somerville is insufficient to assure us that when we have turned our own women into university graduates we shall not have to look abroad for house-keepers and mothers.

So With the World.

Detroit Free Press.

I saw a young babe in its cradle. It smiled in its sleep, and the mother knelt and kissed its soft cheek and prayed God that her baby boy might live to a good old age. It opened its eyes and smiled, and the children softly whispered to each other: "See! The angels have been talking to him, and he is glad!"

I saw a youth as he looked longingly up the path leading to fame and glory. There was a proud flash in the father's eye as he saw the boy come and go, and the mother looked after him with swelling heart and whispered a prayer to Heaven to keep her boy's footsteps from wicked paths.

I saw a young man as he stepped over the threshold and met the grim world with a smile of self-reliance. The father was now wrinkled and gray, but there was a fonder flash to his eye as he listened to the applause of the multitude. The mother was aged and feeble, and tears came to her eyes as she murmured: "He is moving the hearts of thousands by his eloquence, but I pray thee, O Heaven, to keep him pure of heart and free from sin!" The children who had whispered before were no longer children. They had also grown to man's estate. Some joined in the applause—some felt malice and envy commanding them to silence.

I saw a strong man in his prime. He had fame and wealth, a loving wife, happy children, beautiful home. Men bowed before him. Men flattered him. His voice echoed over the land and stirred the pulses in city and hamlet.

The father and mother were dead, and their last prayers had been for him. He stood alone, but he had the support of a nation and the homage of a world. So it seemed to him, but down in their hearts men feared and envied and hated him.

I saw an old man as a winter's night settled gloomily down over the desolate land.

He was old and weak and hungry and poor. He was thinly clad, and he shivered in the raw air. He stood at the corner, his trembling hand held out in mute appeal to the passers-by, but no one gave him alms. Some had their vision blinded by the falling flakes—others mocked at and cursed him. For a long hour he hungered and shivered and asked only for what would buy a crust of bread, and then he bowed his head still lower and dragged himself further away into the bitter darkness. And men called after him in heartless tones: "The county house is the place for beggars!"

I saw a stiff, frozen corpse at the morgue. It was that of an old man. There were snow and frost in the gray locks—the thin fingers were clenched—the teeth had frozen as they welled up to the poor old eyes. They had found him dead on the street—dead and frozen. A shadow stood beside the marble slab—it bent over and kissed the cold cheek—it sobbed and grieved as only a mother grieves, and we seemed to hear the words:

"This was the babe in its cradle—the youth panting for renown—the young man winning his first crown—the strong man at whose feet the nation bowed like slaves—this was my son!"

And men handled the poor old body as if it were a faggot, and they mockingly cried to each other:

"A pine coffin—a grave in potter's field—and to-morrow we forget that he ever lived!"

Bishop Wilberforce, more remarkably generally for bitterness than sweetness of observation, once observed, in speaking of the lovable nature of Dr. Jacobson, who has recently retired from the see of Chester: "I have often heard of the milk of human kindness, but I never knew which was the cow until I met with Jacobson."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Lake Chaubunagungamaug (Maine papers please copy) hasn't been so full in five years as it is now. The lake (not the name) forms a part of the boundary line between Massachusetts and Connecticut, and is in the town of Webster.

Public story-tellers earn a good livelihood in Japan. In Tokio alone over 600 of these street improvisators ply their trade, provided with a small table, a fan, and a paper-rapper to illustrate and emphasize the points of their tales.

Travelers rave about the soft purple light which fills Italian skies and gives a peculiar beauty to Italian mountains. This light has now been discovered on the mountains of Southern California, and tourists are so informed by the railroads companies interested.

The craze for painting houses all sorts of fancy colors in Atlanta has received a set-back. A demented citizen had a painter imitate the pattern and colors of a crazy quilt on his house. After the first coat was finished the citizens rose as a man and compelled him to whitewash it over on pain of death. This was more than even a Georgia populace could stand.

There is a man in Berrien county, Georgia, who has not slept in a house since the war. He carries his entire wardrobe with him wherever he goes, as well as his pantry and kitchen utensils, and spends the night wherever dark may overtake him. He is a veritable curiosity. He never reads newspapers, claiming that to read the Bible as it should be read occupies all of his time. Several days since he inquired of the editor of a paper if Germany and France were still at war, referring to the war of 1870.

The soda deposits discovered in Wyoming are unique. One series is on the old Laramie Plains, fourteen miles from Laramie City, where there is a chain of so-called lakes five to twenty-five miles in area, averaging fifteen feet in depth. These deposits are sulphate of soda. It cuts out in chunks like ice. When wells are dug the water is so impregnated with soda that they are filled up in a few days. In the Sweetwater valley, near Independence Rock, are thirty-four deposits, varying in size from three and four acres up to thirty-two acres. A few of these are simply bodies of water highly charged with sulphate of soda.

German View of American Pork.

Berliner Tageblatt.

In the last number of "The Magazine of Pathological Anatomy and Physiology," Professor Virchow publishes the result of the investigations which he made concerning the pretended cases of trichinosis produced through eating American pork. As is well known, some interested parties asserted that numerous cases of the disease were known to have occurred owing to the use of American ham and bacon in the North German ports of Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, Rostock and Koensberg. In the course of the debate in the imperial assembly (January 9, 1888) on the measure prohibiting the importation of the articles in question, a member of the federal council had also named Dusseldorf as one of the infested cities. Prof. Virchow promptly set to work to make inquiries of the prominent experts, the result of which showed that no cases of trichinosis in any way traceable to American ham or bacon had occurred at Hamburg, Lubeck, Rostock and Koensberg.

Moreover, in no single instance was it proved beyond doubt that the trichine found were still alive, except at Bremen, where, as Dr. Focke, a physician since deceased, reported, several cases of trichinosis had been discovered, without, however, causing death. According to Professor Virchow, the cases thus reported have not been published or described in a strictly scientific form, and hence are by him considered liable to serious criticism. The material thus furnished is, therefore, far too meagre, and cannot serve as a basis for the prohibitive measure.

"It is certain," concludes Professor Virchow, "that no trichinosis epidemic has been produced in Germany through American meat product. Aside from Bremen, no cases of disease have been observed that can be attributed to American meat, still less to American bacon. Wherever, in the heat of the discussion, the opposite has been asserted, it has—always excepting Bremen—remained unconfirmed." This shows how little foundation there is for the prohibitive measure, according to the most careful investigations of a scientist whose authority on the subject cannot well be questioned. Unfortunately, this is all to no purpose. The importation is and remains prohibited, for whenever certain interests are at stake neither morality nor science stand a chance of being heard.

Clever Dog Boz.

A handsome Scotch collie dog in the office of J. C. Corliss, in Market and Mulberry streets, Newark, has been trained by its owner, R. B. Williams, to do things which prove him to be an animal of unusual intelligence. He spells words, distinguishes colors and performs arithmetical calculations; or else he and his owner are among the most clever of living practitioners of leg-erdmain. A reporter of the Sun called, with a friend, at Dr. Corliss' office to see the dog. The friend's mission was to assist the reporter in detecting any possible collusion between Mr. Williams and Boz. The latter was found to be a beautiful animal, with white and tawny coat, a large head, and dark intelligent eyes. He is 22 inches high and is 10 months old.

"Dr. Corliss gave Boz to me when he was three weeks old," said Mr. Williams. "It would take me a day to tell you how I taught him to spell and figure. It will be easier for me to show you the results. Boz, get on the sofa."

The collie jumped upon a lounge and remained there while his owner set several blocks in a row on the floor. Each block was painted a different color.

"Now call for colors," said Mr. Williams.

The reporter asked Boz to pick out green, and the dog walked slowly

along the row of blocks until he came to the color called for, when he lifted the block by a leather strap on the top of it and set it one side. In like manner Boz correctly selected red, white, yellow and black. The reporter observed that when making his choice of colors, and, later, of letters and figures, the dog faced his owner. The visitors therefore watched the latter to ascertain if he gave Boz any signals, but were unable to detect any communication between the two. Several times when the dog was doing his work Mr. Williams turned his face away from the blocks and looked out of a window.

"Boz, match this book," said Mr. Williams, pointing to a pink-covered telephone list.

The dog promptly picked up the book. Finally only a dark-blue block remained on the floor. Mr. Williams called for light-blue. Boz walked several times around the block and, without disturbing it, returned to his master to signify by a bark that there was no light-blue block. Blocks with letters on them were next placed on the floor, and the reporter asked the dog to spell Tan. Boz picked up T and then got A and N. The other visitor called for the first letter of the word white, and dog presented W. Next he spelled his own name, and then, being asked for the first letter of what he is, picked up D.

The Frequency of Ocean Disasters.

N. Y. Mail and Express.

More than 2,000 lives a year are lost by disasters to steamships, and that fact, although little heeded, is vastly more appalling than the statement that the steamer State of Florida and the bark Pomona collided in mid-ocean three weeks ago, and both vessels sank almost instantly, carrying down to death nearly 150 persons. There is an average of one steamship disaster for every week of the year, and no indications are visible that the rate will diminish. The people are horrified by such tragedies of the sea as the loss of the State of Florida, the wreck of the Steinmann off Sambre Light last month and the destruction of the City of Columbus off Gay Head in January; but they are probably unaware that the aggregate loss of life by steamship disasters is more than as great as the loss of life by the greatest marine catastrophe of history, the foundering of the British man-of-war Royal George, in 1811, with 2,000 men on board, or they would not be so indifferent to the fatal carelessness of navigators. They must discriminate more closely between steamship companies, bestowing their patronage upon lines known to excel in the construction of their ships, the selection of their men, and the vigilance of their superintendence. It will pay steamship companies to deal very severely with officers whose ships suffer disaster, and to employ the best methods science has devised for the navigation of their vessels. If an alarm loud enough to prevent collisions cannot be sounded from the deck of a ship during fogs and dark nights, peremptory orders to anchor until light returns should be given and every master should know that a disaster will cost him his position. Methods to prevent disasters should be adopted by steamship companies voluntarily, but the law must also be made to increase the safety of life at sea.

Why Not Train Workmen.

Democrat's Monthly for June.

The Philadelphia board of education is seriously considering whether the time has not come when the boys, at least, in the public schools should be taught the use of their hands and eyes—in other words, whether the mass of our population should not have a technical training. American mechanics and citizens are now at a serious disadvantage when competing with foreigners in all the mechanic arts. Many of the latter are trained from their youth in artistic work, and of course become the superintendents and chiefs of the shops and manufactories of this country. The technical schools of Europe are very numerous. A great industrial college has just been completed at Berlin, costing two million dollars, yet Germany is a very poor country compared with the United States. We have a few scattered institutions, but they are intended to graduate engineers, not trained and artistic workmen. Our system of education, on which we pride ourselves, does not fit the boy or girl to earn their livelihood. Nay, it is complained that our high schools and colleges make the children of the very poor disinclined to work with their hands for their living. It is quite time that our American educational system was modified so as to train the youth of the country for industrial employments.

Shinbones Addresses His Neighbors in Court.

New York Times.

"Judge," remarked Shinbones, "dis hyar am pretty tough on an old man." "The law requires it," was the reply.

"Wal, cud I be 'lowed ter speak ter this hyar gadderin' ob collud pussions?"

The permission was granted, and the ex-president of the Anti-Chicken Stealing Society turned about to the assembly.

"Breddern and sistern," said he, "is'e gwine way fur ter leab yo' now fur some time. Dey am gwine ter send me whar de wicked cease from troublin' an' de weary git a res'. I mean dose dat am weary ob losin deir poultry. Now, breddern, all I see got ter say to yo' on dis hyar painful 'cashin' is, ef you don't want ter git inter de place whar I'm a-goin'—"

The speaker passed to add force to his words. The judge leaned forward to hear the wise admonition about to fall from the old man's lips, and the crowd of mourning colored men and women held their breath.

"Ef yo' don't want ter go whar I see a goin'," he repeated, "make blame shuah dat de boss am dead or gone ter a pic-nic 'foah yo' tackle a hen-roost."

And they led him away to prison.

In a village in Sussex, England, some eight miles from Worthing, a robin has chosen the lantern of the church as the place for her nest, and the other day she had a brood of young birds chirping away.

A prize of \$2,000 has been offered by the Italian government for the most practical process for the transmission of electrical energy.

Experimental researches on rabies conducted by M. P. Gibier go to prove that birds may contract the disease and that they recover spontaneously.

Coal workings belong to the Assam Railway and Trading Company in Assam have been formally opened by Mr. Elliott, the chief commissioner of that province.

Glass is becoming fashionable as a protection to oil paintings, and as a safeguard against moths and damp the backs of valuable pictures are covered with rubber cloth.

Although it would seem that no salicylic acid exists in the flowers of the pansy, Messrs. Griffiths and E. C. Conrad have extracted that acid from pansy leaves, stems and roots.

A paper chimney fifty feet high has lately been put up at Breslau. Compressed paper pulp is stated to be one of the least inflammable of substances and to make an excellent material for fire-proof doors.

Dr. Wilson, in the Medical News, claims to have obtained much better results from the use of the internal membrane of hens' eggs for healing large surfaces in wounds than from either human or rabbit skin.

Richard A. Proctor calls attention to the fact that the late Professor Draper succeeded in producing photographic plates showing stars which cannot be seen through the telescope by which these photographs were taken.

At Bourke, New South Wales, the average temperature of the hottest part of the day for the first fifteen days of the present year was 110.6° Fahrenheit, and the highest temperature recorded during that period was 122° Fahrenheit.

Since the year 1881 the number of original papers read before the Chemical Society of London has steadily decreased, although the membership is larger than ever before and the facilities for the study of chemistry were never greater than they are at present.

Two cases have been reported to an English medical society in which the electro-magnet has been successfully used for removing pieces of iron from the eye. Without the magnet it is thought that the sight of the injured eye must have been lost in each case.

FRILLS AND FASHIONS.

New York Mail.

Little girls' dresses are ungracefully short.

Feather fans take precedence of all others.

High collars and high coiffures are all the rage.

Visite mantelets are worn by ladies of all ages.

Glance silks are effectively trimmed with velvet.

Grass bonnets appear among Easter novelties.

The favorite red is coquelicot or wild poppy.

Capes and pelerines are excessively fashionable.

Lace and heads on dresses and mantles still hold their own.

Flowers and feathers will again be worn on the same hat or bonnet.

Chenille gauze enters into the composition of many rich ball dresses.

Embroidered tulle holds its place among light materials for ball dresses.

Cords and tassels again form parts of the decorations of dressy costumes.

Rows of very narrow velvet ribbon are seen upon new French parasols.

Gold and silver gossamer-like tissues appear among millinery materials.

Few walking or visiting costumes are composed of woolen stuff only.

Bustles as big as a small balloon deform the female form divine this spring.

Slate gray and copper color combine admirably in brocades and in millinery.

Lawn tennis and archery will be the pet outdoor sports at Newport this season.

An Ohio Man's Invention.

Columbus Interior-Ocean.

Charlie Kugle, an ingenious fellow in Barnesville, Ohio, has constructed a sheet-iron hen that promises to lay him a golden egg. It is finished up to life, full size, cackles, clucks, and looks with one eye at a time so naturally that it will deceive the oldest hen-hawk in the country. It is so arranged that when a hawk, mink or polecat pounces on to it the back springs open and the wings fly up and forces the assailant on to a ravensome buzz-saw that makes 1,700 revolutions a minute. After moving half a minute the saw stops, the hen closes up, folds its wings and begins to cackle as if it had laid an egg. One winding-up will answer for three massacres, providing the rather delicate machinery does not get clogged up with too much blood, bones and feathers. He set a freshly painted one out in the sun to dry last Wednesday which attracted the attention of a fine old cat belonging to a doctor who had been poking a great deal of fun at the fool thing. The hen is there, but the cat is hence.

Bell and Horn in Old Virginia.

Charlottesville Virginia.

On many plantations now we hear the sound of the farmer's bell for twelve o'clock. Between here and Buffalo we heard several recently. This is an innovation upon the old-fashioned horn, which "tooted" from nearly every farmer's house in days gone by. It was the regulator for rising and for meals. Each neighbor could distinguish the sound of his horn from the other and it could be heard a great distance. By the horn signal twelve o'clock was unmistakable. Clear or cloudy it never varied. The old mule and the old darkey, when it echoed over the hills, felt that rest was at hand and dinner to be eaten, and

"Woe to the man, wherever he was born,
Who dared stop work before he heard the horn."