

FARMS in the Mississippi bottoms are liable to have a hop crop, judging from the frog croaking.

ONE Michael Flanagan has entered the fiftieth year of his service as City Clerk of Kingston, Ont., and he knows what he is there for.

THE skin of a boiled egg is an excellent remedy for a boil. Carefully peel it, wet and apply to the boil; it draws out the matter and will relieve soreness.

A LEADING actress says that "a kiss to be artistic must be impersonal." There is entirely too much in artistic realism in shadowy halls and cosy back parlors.

THE summer girl has taken to wearing suspenders, but the acme of feminine imagination will not be reached until she is able to scold her husband for not sewing on the buttons for them.

A NEW YORK preacher proposes that the churches should open some strictly moral saloons in which nothing but mildly alcoholic drinks shall be sold. This seems to be a movement for a union between church and state—namely, the state of intoxication.

WESTERN farmers who expect to raise a crop of corn this year, observes the Bangor News, "will have to use diving-bells in planting it." This has been done already, dear friend, and arrangements have been made to procure oyster-tongs later in the season for gathering the crop.

ANOTHER murderer was electrocuted in New York the other day, and one of the attendant physicians declared "there was nothing horrible about it." Judging from the expert testimony in these cases, science will some time make these entertainments quite amusing to all but a single interested person. And they now say that even he no longer kicks.

IF the road-making experiences of modern Europe teach us in America one lesson more than another, it is that our common roads should be taken as much as possible out of the hands of the merely local authorities, and administered by either the national or the State governments after some plan in accordance with scientific knowledge and the needs of the people who use the roads.

BON Ford wore an opal pin in his neck-scarf at the time he was shot. Friends had frequently reminded him of the unlucky qualities of the opal, but he failed to heed their warnings. By his violent death the baleful influences of this ill-omened stone are again illustrated. It is especially dangerous when worn on the persons of people who have committed murders or who have otherwise incurred deadly enmities.

A NEW Boston Public Library seems to be suffering under a variety of afflictions. There was placed recently upon its facade an array of names of eminent lights in the book world, ancient and modern, which an acute observer noted one day was an acrostic, spelling the names of the firm of architects engaged in its construction. When taxed with this presumptuous offense the architects charged the responsibility upon the boys in the office. Perhaps it was the boys in the office who drew the plans of the whole building. But whether done by the office boys or the office employers the trustees have ordered the names to be removed, and a new set will be made which will not be acrostical in its arrangement.

DR. BACON, of Chicago, has introduced a word to public notice which bids fair to be a godsend to the medical fraternity. Mrs. Ford died from the effects of chloroform administered to facilitate a surgical operation, and her husband claims that she was given too much of the drug. The Doctor explains that her death can only be attributed to the fact that her constitution bore an idiosyncrasy to the drug administered. Idiosyncrasy, as Polonius would say, is good. There have been many instances in the past of patients dying while under the influence of chloroform. We now know that the accusations of carelessness and ignorance usually preferred against the doctors were unjust. The unfortunate patients were victims of idiosyncrasy.

THERE are 10,123 teachers instructing the public school children of Massachusetts, and just 901 are men. What is the inference? That Massachusetts is overpopulated on the female side; that she should be bled, so to speak, and that this congestion of one sex in one vocation should be sought to be avoided in our other commonwealths. But there is a point not to be overlooked and that is that in the intellectual State that Massachusetts certainly is, woman, seeking an independent vocation, first took to teaching; whereas in our newer States, where distribution of brain work among the sexes is becoming more equalized, both impulse and demand are multiplying the pursuits in which woman is inevitably to become a masterful competitor with father, husband, and brother.

IT'S English, you know, for women in "high society" to accuse each other of theft. A suit for slander arising from accusation of this nature has been begun in the Chicago courts, and a like one is compromised at Mil-

waukee by the payment of \$3,000 to the accused person. At a reception given by fashionable people in the latter city a set of silver teaspoons was missed, and one of the ladies invited to assist the host was charged by the latter with stealing them. Mrs. Chandler caused the arrest of Miss Laurence for the theft, but subsequently lacked courage to continue the prosecution. The spoons were found to have been accidentally taken by a caterer's, and Mrs. Chandler, being sued by Miss Laurence for \$5,000, has compromised for three-fifths of it. There is comfort in the reflection that if fashionable American women must imitate fashionable English women in some respects there is no evidence yet that the imitation can be carried to the pitch of stealing.

SINCE it is becoming more and more the fashion that the account between husband and wife in cases of marital infidelity shall be settled with the pistol, it would, perhaps, be well to insist upon an accurate knowledge of the use of fire-arms as an essential condition of marriage. It is certainly needlessly cruel to do the thing bunglingly when called upon to shoot the betrayer of one's honor. Take, for instance, the case in Paris, where a lady of the first social rank disposed of the woman with whom the husband had been guilty. The outraged wife fired five shots from a revolver into the victim, and even then did not succeed in killing her on the spot. The wretched creature lingered in agony for some hours. Since society seems inclined to regard the shooting as perfectly proper under the circumstances, and indeed as "very good form," it certainly should encourage the instruction necessary to the taking of better aim in the first place. It may be right to kill, but it is not contended, so far as we have heard, that it is right to torture.

AN accident occurred to a cabman in Chicago which seems so reasonable and logical in its nature one wonders that he does not read of such mishaps every day. Some portion of the harness gave way and the shafts shot into a perpendicular position. The jehu, as a natural consequence, found himself precipitated upon the hard pavement with painful emphasis. This accident calls fresh attention to a well-known fact—namely, that the Hansom cab is the most uncouth, uncomfortable, unreliable and ridiculous nightmare of a vehicle ever devised by a depraved inventive genius. It is a sort of balancing machine with the horse at one end and the driver at the other. When the driver is a heavy man, one can imagine the difficulty with which the poor animal catches his hoofs into the cobblestones as he pulls his load along. As for the upending feature, there is no reason why a passenger should not consider such a diversion possible at any moment. That cabs have not hitherto turned upside down with frequency can be attributed to no other reason than public good luck.

FROM Montreal comes the information that a number of Canadian capitalists have seriously taken in hand the project of connecting the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario by means of a ship railway. There was talk of this before the Tehuantepec scheme received its quietus by the death of Captain Eads, but never until now as anything more than a possibility. It is now stated that E. L. Correll, a Chicago civil engineer who was associated with Captain Eads in the Tehuantepec business, has just made a thorough inspection of the proposed route from a point near Collingwood to another near Toronto, a distance of about sixty-six miles, and pronounced it entirely and easily practicable. The plan is for a roadbed of fifty feet with six steel tracks, and the estimated cost is not more than \$15,000,000 for a road capable of carrying vessels up to 5,000 tons burden. A corporation called the Hurontario Ship Rail Way Company has been organized to carry this project through. When that is done and some improvements in navigation of channels connecting the lakes and of the St. Lawrence River are made the traveler can take ship in the port of Chicago and sail to any seaport on the globe, sixty-six miles of the distance overland, without leaving his vessel. This may be done before the century is out. Then look for the Tehuantepec ship railway, unless in the meantime the Nicaragua canal comes in to meet all the requirements of commerce in that quarter. Truly this is a century of wonders, and those who shall be octogenarians at its close will have seen greater things than have been seen in any other country since the earliest record of history.

Devoured the Elephant and Rhinoceros. This pleasant story is told of Thackeray by a woman at whose house he visited: After having told a lot of delightful stories, Mr. Thackeray remarked that he must leave, he was so terribly hungry. We told him that we could give him a very good dinner. "There is nothing, my dears, you can give me," he answered with a funny sigh, "for I could only eat the crop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant." "Yes, I can," exclaimed Dot, the 3-year-old daughter of the house. She disappeared into a big cupboard, and soon emerged with a look of triumph on her fat little face, holding in her hands a wooden rhinoceros and an elephant from her toy Noah's ark. Putting the two animals on a plate, she handed them with great gravity to Mr. Thackeray. The great man laughed and rubbed his hands with glee, and then, taking the child in his arms, kissed her, remarking: "Ah, little rogue, you already know the value of a kiss!" Then he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour the elephant and rhinoceros.

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WHAT WOMEN WEAR.

SOME HANDSOME MIDSUMMER GOWNS.

The Fashionables at the Summer Resorts Making frantic Efforts to Outdo Each Other—Becoming Costumes for the Street and House.

Seasonal Styles.

AS the summer resorts unfold their short-lived glory, there will be a scramble for the title of the most fashionable to outdo each other in the quaintness of their costumes and in the novel effects of their watering-place make-up, and midsummer will be sure to bring its mania, writes our New York correspondent. It is a little too early to predict exactly

what that mania will be, but it now looks as if it might run in the line of hats and crowns, and that we shall, ere many moons, see the summer girl ducking her head to get her towering sugar-loaf safely through the doorway. Another novelty to which I should call the attention of the men folk is the perfumed underskirt. It really seems to me as if the young girls are all destined this summer, if not to wear a rose in romantic palm, at least to be scented with the sweet odors which the summer girl will leave in her wake. The perfumed or sachet, underskirt is easily made. All you have to do is to run bands of silk under the lace flounces and stuff them full of perfume powders—orris, verbena, lavender, lilac—and the thing is done; and you'll leave behind you a trail of savory odors. But imagine the effect of several hundred of these sachet underskirts in a crowded ball room, in which the swaying of these garments will cause them to distribute their perfume in greater abundance? It does look as though that delicate creature, the dancing dude, were really in danger of being suffocated with sweetness.

At this season of the year a woman's thoughts are concentrated upon outdoor effects. The sunshade is such an effect. When it harmonizes thoroughly with a costume, the result is most pleasing. In my initial illustration the sunshade

popular summer gown, the muslin de-laine. The bodice simulates a jacket, and appears to open on a pleated front. At the waist there is a large bow with long ends. The bottom of the skirt is set off with pleated flounces. There is no doubt a vast difference between the woman who merely dresses neatly, and the woman who dresses with an object in view, namely, to render herself attractive to the looker-on. No woman is so helpless as she can afford to spurn the aid of modiste and milliner, and no woman is so with it that she can shrug when negligently or unbecomingly dressed. Her puffs may be good, but look at her puffs; her epigrams may be brilliant, but look at her ruchings and pincers; her learning may be astounding, but look at the fit of her bodice, look at the hang of her skirt. She certainly must have been thinking out the plot of a play while she was dressing. There is art in dress, and, while it may be to a degree like the lay of Shelley's "Skylark," "unpremeditated art," it is only so in a very slight measure, but like all art it must be acquired by study, observation and reflection.

In my last illustration I set before you a charming toilet for a Saturday night hop, which may be made up in any filmy, gauzy material, the cutout being trimmed with lace, as shown. The ribbon corset ends at the side seams; at the back there is a Watteau bow with long ends. It made up in pale blue, a passementerie band of silver crosses the bust and meets at the back under the bow.

The laced belt is a very pretty novelty in leather of various colors. At the back and front, the two pointed edges are laced with a silk cord. On each side there is a buckle. This belt goes with silk vests and blouses, so much worn at summer resorts. The lacing work should be tied at the bottom.

Crepions are much affected by young girls. They are usually made up of a deep choco ruff on the bottom of the skirt, crossed bodices, double puffed sleeves, deep cuffs and corsets, the latter being invariably trimmed with three rows of narrow ribbon, brought

in harmony with the underskirt and sleeves. In this costume the underskirt and tight sleeves are of a rich falle françoise, and the bodice, overskirt, and puffed sleeves of striped wool crepe. The collar, tab, and belt are of fine gold gimp. You may make this gown up in dark and light heliotrope.

Nothing can be prettier than a stamped foulard for a young person, and nothing more appropriate for summer wear. My second illustration pictures such a gown. The skirt has three ruffles made of b-a stripes. The charming little gypure figaro is outlined with ribbon set off with a double bow, as indicated. It is exactly the same at the back. There is also a ribbon belt, the sleeves rung out in different materials, while the vests run in different materials. The coat must fit the figure well. To do this, the vests should have long openings for the straps to pass through.

My third illustration presents another very pretty designed figured foulard, with a deep lace flounce and lace basque, down to a point on the right and fastened with a bow; same scheme of trimming on the cuffs.

From what I can hear even young ladies who adore athletics and discuss the merits of a game of base-ball will zealously guard their complexion this summer. The tall, slender, pale, refined girl is in fashion this season, and her powder box will be much in evidence even on boating parties. The reason of this is that complexions must be kept in harmony with the delicate tones of fabrics. I hear it whispered that the young men have resolved to adopt gray as their fashionable color. Why? Because it doesn't show rice powder.

Traveling dresses are made up in soft woolens, the skirts being fully gored, lined with satinet and finished with a ruching on the inside. The corsages are pointed in front, have dress-coat tails, and large rever, with a turn-down velvet collar. Small ruching velvet ruffs add a finish to the lg o'mutton sleeves. The vest is a parrate or may be buttoned to the lning of the corsage. The skirt is gathered at the waist.

The British Surgeon General writes in defense of the opium traffic which England persists in thrusting upon the Chinese. He even says the Chinese have been benefited by it, that they were formerly addicted to alcohol intermission, and he considers that the effects of opium are less degrading. The opium eaters do not engage in brawls or jump on their wives, nor become dangerous victims of delirium tremens.

In Germany in spite of the tendency to restrictive laws, there is a provision for trade-freedom, meaning liberty to carry on any trade or profession whatever. Thus the government protects all those who use the title doctor or physician illegally, or without due authorization, many a one is permitted to treat the sick who does not himself represent his titles or abilities.

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The morning costumes at the fashionable summer places have a great deal of dash about them. In fact, that is the study of the modish maiden. She doesn't care so much for a pretty face as for a fine figure, good carriage, and a certain air of sureness of self. Everything about her is scrupulously well made. She abhors slouchiness as nature does a vacuum. Take her in her blue serge; from beneath her skirt peep out her dainty ruffles, while her Eaton fits her like a glove. Its left lapel set off with a boutonniere, genuine man-fashon. Her vest, in some perfect becoming color, is set off with a deep chevron of guipure, and her neat leather belt, fawn color, accentuates the small, round, supple waist, while the morning's ruffling effect of her Hogarth falls her down well, drawn in graceful folds under her chin and tied at the back with its ends fluttering in the morning breeze. Such is the dashing girl at the Springs, out for a walk on the public promenade. She knows she is perfection, and she has no difficulty in making you think so, too.

My fourth shows a simple but always

A TALK BY TELEPHONE.

MOTIVES OF THIS NEW BUNKO GAME EXPOSED.

Wholesale Cut in Wages in the Protected Iron and Steel Industry—Tariffs and Prices Go Up While Wages Go Down—Monopolies and Millionaires.

The Reciprocity Fable.

United States—Hello, hello!

U. S.—Is that you, South America?

U. S.—What do you want?

U. S.—This is United States. You know we put a reciprocity clause into what we call the McKinley bill, that we passed here last fall?

S. A.—Yes, I heard you did.

U. S.—Well, that clause authorizes the President to put duties on tea, coffee, sugar, molasses and hides.

S. A.—Aren't you mistaken? I thought your constitution gave your Congress full and exclusive power to lay and collect taxes, duties, etc.

U. S.—Yes, so it does, but I haven't time to discuss a constitution more than a hundred years old and made to suit different times. As I was going to say, the President can put a duty of 3 cents per pound on your coffee, 1 cent per pound on your hides, and 2 cents per pound on your sugar; if, in his opinion, you unduly tax the goods imported into your countries from the United States. It is to learn what you intend to do in regard to this matter that I called you up.

S. A.—Well now, I'll tell you frankly, Jim Bl—

U. S.—Please mention no names.

S. A.—I beg your pardon, but this is what I think: If your President wishes to put a tax on these articles—all of which are now on your free list—and your people don't object to paying it, I don't see why we should. As to what kind of duties we should have, I think we could decide for ourselves without any foreign interference.

U. S.—Of course we don't wish to interfere, but don't you understand that if we tax our imports of these articles from your countries and not from other countries, you will lose some of your trade up here?

S. A.—Oh, yes, of course we might lose a little with you, but we would gain about as much with other countries.

If you tax raw hides and increase their cost to you, your manufacturers will make fewer gloves, shoes, etc., but Europe will make more; so if you tax sugar as you have been doing, your canners and preservers will do less business and Europe will do more in this line. I see clearly that while such a policy might injure us a little it would harm you much more—so much more that I can't think you would be foolish as to adopt it, but only intend it for a bluff. No; we don't care to swap any tariffs this year.

U. S.—But wait a little; don't talk quite so loudly. After I shall have explained a few things you may take quite a different view.

S. A.—Well, go on.

U. S.—You are, have had a high protective tariff for thirty years.

S. A.—Yes, I know that's what you call it. I agree, though, that it's high.

U. S.—Well, the Republican party that made this tariff has been telling the farmers and laborers that it was to their advantage to have it.

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U. S.—Oh, yes, I begin to understand; your reciprocity was only a piece of "Jingolism" to catch the farmers' votes and keep the Republican party in power.

U. S.—No, not exactly, but I don't care to stop to explain everything.

I don't care to tell you what you say, so you will not take offense at me. I am sure you know that protection was at fault, though it was explained to them that it was due to over-production, excessive competition, etc. Well, anyway, by 1890, when McKinley was revising the tariff, a few of us saw clearly that the protection system could not stand much longer, unless it was again repaired, with a view to helping the farmer. It was for this purpose that I—that we, I—hit upon this scheme of reciprocity to open markets in your countries for our farm products.