In seas of creamy clover, white and plak, Hum tipplite bees, all drowsy with certume; And, in the exchard, one wile bote lak Breats the repose of twiltgin's dreamy gloom.

The wird wakes so'es in the somber pine.
Upon the hilleide desolate and ione;
And in ine wood, through labyrin ha of vine.
Is heard the brookiet's lisplag monotone—

Which mossy caverns echoing, repeat;
White o'er my a ut in tender changes, flow:
Mumur, us, met doors and strangely sweet—
The subtle must no mustician knows.
—R. K. Munstitrick in Century for August.

ALBION'S FALL.

In the country town of Countycorn it used to be a custom for the lads and lassies to enjoy a horseback ride to Powder Hill one May morning. Nothing ever prevented a general assembling of the young people but a downright storm, when the excursion was postponed till the first fair day.

Looking toward the hill, which commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, two old farmers were watching a company of riders returning from one of the annual expeditions. They were doing the home stretch in splendid style, the foremost leaders speeding ahead side by side, and without a break for some distance.

"That colt of Stickney's is a fine 'unthin in the neck and thick in the flank, and those long hind legs give him a powerful stride. See him git over the road, will yer? Jinny's old roan is hard pushed to keep up, but she'll make him if she can. She ain't goin' to be beat if she kin help it."

It was a cold, raw morning, and the old farmer drew his coat sleeve slowly along under his nose as he looked admiringly down the road. His companion shrugged his shoulders before answering

"It's mighty risky riding, Runnels, that's what 'tis. The colt ain't half broke, no more than the one that's riding But Stickney can't help it, I supp'ose; young folks will be risky." And now the cavalcade rode gaily up

and drew rein by the speakers. "Well, Mr. Runnels, what think you of our mount this year" called out one of the party.

"Fust rate, fust-rate, and no mistake; good turn-out, that's a fact. Albion here looks as if a leap over Raddy's Gulch wouldn't be nothin' to him or his nag," said the man addressed as Run-

"Come on, boys, let's go home that way and try it," cried out the leader, half turning in his saddle and starting forward. The others followed laughing. "What on airth d'ye want to put that in his head for Runnels? He's wild

enough to try it." "I guess not. He knew I were only jokin'. But, thunder and Mars! They are turnin' into Raddy's field-but they won't try it! No-no-they won't be so foolhardy! Albion's only goin' to scare

Still, the man looked after the retreating forms a little anxiously, while the other declared "the young un's blood was up-he'd dare anything."

Probably not one of the merry group anticipated aught but sport as they rapidly neared the ravine just outside the village known as Raddy's Gulch, when suddenly the Stickney colt and rider essayed the leap across, and would have been successful but that the opposite bank, which had been frozen, proved an footing, and gave way before the colt could scramble up the sides. None too quickly did the reckless young man loosen his feet from the stirrups. In the flerce struggles of the colt to regain a firm footing, he was borne to the ground. The gulch was not very deep or very dangerous, and the colt, sliding and slipping half way down, soon obtained a foothold, appearently unburt; but his rider was picked up and carried home in an unconscious condition; no one knew how badly he was hurt. And thus the day which had begun so brightly closed for some with gloomy

forebodings.

For months Albion was closely confined to the house and carefully nursed by his devoted mother. There were those who said he never would walk again.

A bed had been arranged for him in the sitting room, to be handy to the kitchen and make the work easier for those who had to wait on him. He anpeared to have very little interest in every day affairs, but once he spoke to his mother as she sat by the window sewing, and asked her if Jennie Burr had ever been into see him.

"When you were first taken," was the answer. "She's coming down the road; been up to neighbor Abbott's with some eggs, I guess," she added.

"Call her in, mother; call her in. want to see her," he said. Mrs. Stickney looked at her son cautiously, put down her work and went to

The girl, upon being spoken to, came up the walk slowly, and her plump, rosy face did not lighten when told that Albion wanted to see her."

"You go right in, and I'll look after my kitchen fire first and then follow Mrs. Stickney bustled away, and

went slowly into the sitting room, where after exchanging the usual greetings, she sat down near the door.

"I reckon ye don't miss me much," said the sick man. "I heard you were out riding with Ed Barton."

"Oh, yes, we do-we all do," Jinny said, hurridly.
"I suppose he thinks it's too bad for yer to be tied to a fellow like me, and

it's more than likely that you think so yourself," Albion continued, bitterly. The girl wound the fringe of her shawl in and out between her fingers, and did

not look up.
"Well, he has hinted, and perhaps you don't mind," she said, vaguely. "I do mind it, Jinny Burr; but if

you've let him hint, that's all I want to know. You may have him if you want for I'll have no girl 'round me that's sweet on another man. But what if you had got hurt and I had treated

The excited voice, with its tone of feverish pain, reached the mother's ears. She came hastily into the room and began to put down the shades.

"There, Albion dear, do keep calm. You'd better not talk any more to-day; it'll put you back." Jinny, with a look of relief, went out,

as Albion's finshed face, changing to white, sank back upon the pillows. "Mother, mother, mother, isn't it

Thus appealed to, Mrs. Stickney comforted him as only a mother can.

About this time the district school was to be lengthened by the ingenious device of boarding the teacher around in those families who sent children to school. The Stickney boys and girls had long been loud in their praises of the teacher, and when she came to their home the overworked mother did her best and most to make her welcome, but fell ill in doing; it was too much. The teacher proved equal to the emergency. She made the worn-out woman go to bed, and waited upon her faithfully before and after school hours. Minna Stickney, the eldest girl, had told her Albion did not wish to see any strangers, so she did net mean to go into his room; but one day Minna carried with his dinner the wrong sauce for the pudding. It would be spoiled, and she had taken so much trouble to make it! Without thinking how she looked, she rushed into the sitting-room just as she was, her sleeves rolled up, and a big apron up to her neck and down to her feet. "Don't look at me," she said, "but you've got the gravy for the meat, child; here is the right sauce for the pudding;" and, making the exchange, she ran out into the kitchen.

"Who is that?" Albion looked wonderingly after her.

"Miss Motley, our teacher. Isn't she good to take right hold so? Mother thinks everything of her already. I told her you didn't want to see her, and that why she told you not to look," said Minna, paively.

"What did you tell her that for? What must she think?"

"Oh, she don't mind. She says w must take folks as we flud them. But I do wish you'd let her come in and look after you to-night. We wont to go down to Charley Drake's; he's going to have a popcorn party, and she could take care of you and ma too, if you'd let her, and we children could go, I guess. Won't you, Ally?"

The children went to the party, and Mr. Stickney in search of help. His wife lay in blissful rest, quieted and assured by the energetic teacher that everything was going on right, and there was no cause to worry; the more she gave up and rested the sooner she would get back her strength.

Carrying in the tea and toast, she noticed there was not a book or paper in sight, and so asked him if he would not like to look at some illustrated magazines she had.

brought the books.

Albion had never thought before of anything nice being possible in his condition. She had aroused a little intershe would say next. After awhile, as they became better acquainted, she asked him if he had studied into his case, and if he were not interested in physiology and anatomy. She told him she had a cousin who was a physician and surgeon, and she would like his opinion. He might suggest, possibly, a more strengthening treatment.

She succeeded in arousing Albion to coursge and hope from indifference and almost despair, and from time to time, in a quiet way, loaned him text-books These engaged his mind, and as he became stronger, occupied more and more

One afternoon, his day's labor ended, his boys fluishing the chores. The teacher sat near him, busy with some work. This man had not failed to entertain her with his grumbling, as he did every one who would listen. He consid cred himself an ill-used, unfortunate person. Why a son of his should do so foolish a thing as to spoil his prospects for life and lame a valuable colt, was more than he could see, and right at the beginning of the ploughing and planting season-the worst time in the world. He was sure none of his "creatur's" ever would know anything.

His wife heard him uncomplainingly and so did the teacher once, but she did not mean to again. She would give him something else to think about, and so inquired what was the highest wages he had ever paid a hired girl to do his housework for him.

"Three dollars a week," was the an-"And then she did not do as we'll as

your wife manages, I presume?' "Bless you, no; 'twould take a smart one to come up to Harner; she can turn off work without wasting nothing." "And did you ever find a hired girl

willing to wait long for her pay?" was the next innocent query. "No, that's the plague on't; always want their money soon as their work is

done, and be glad to git it afore, I'll warrant Mr. Stickney gave a grim chuckle as

he tilted his chair backwards. "Why is it tha farmers' wives should have to wait so long for their wages. I should rebel if I were one," Miss Motley

said, demurely, "Farmers' wives! They don't have any wages," he said, surprised. "They ought to, then," was the quiet

response They have all they want-food, clothes, and git carried to church and stores and camp meetin'. What more can a woman want?

"A feeling of independence such as the possession of even small wages, if paid regularly and cheerfully, alone can give," was the firm rejoinder. Well, I never heard my wife com-

plain. "But don't you think she might have a cause for complaint, Mr. Stickney? Doesn't she ever say anything about the books the children are needing, or the shoes that ought to be mended? There are so many things."

"In! children are always wantin somethin', but as for Harner, she knows how to wait. I have to wait for my

"But when you get the cash for a load of hay and potatoes, does she share half and half with you?" "Of course she does. Who pays the taxes and all the store bills, and works

on the road, and keeps things going generally?

help indoors, although the work has been all the woman of the house could well do before. Then she gets sick, and extra money is paid out, which, if applied before, might have saved much suffering.'

Mr. Stickney was getting uneasy, and Ellen Motley knew when she had said enough, and now carried her work into

"I tell ye what," said the farmer not long after to his wife, "this 'ere schoolma'am beats all a talkin' to me. She says I ought to buy an orgin for Min."

'She has been so kind as to give the child music lessons, and says she has quite a taste for it. Don't you think it would be better than buying the land of Westcott? We have land enough, now Albion can never be a farmer."

The gentle suggestion did not at once appeal to the practical sense unused to laxuries.

"Seems to me you're gettin' to have expensive tastes, Harner. These wimmin folks'll be the ruin of me. Why, t'other day I was p'intin' out the place I thought of buyin' for Albion against his marryin' and settlin down, and tellin' how he wouldn't need it now, and she up and says he would want the money that the farm would have cost to prepare him for a different situation than the one he dreamed of; and I said I dunno bout his succeeding in anything else, but she stuck to it he would.

The organ was bought-one of the many innovations that almost imperceptibly introduced a new and better way of living in the Stickney family. It was set up in the place of the sick-bed which had occupied the sitting room for so long a time, and no one seemed more pleased than Minna's father to hear her performances upon it. He would stretch himself upon the loungeand tell her "to play away and rest him a spell," and say the sound of the music rippling off from her finger tips was like the dripping of

rain upon a tin roof. About a mile from the little country village of Countrycoru, some fifteen years later, a stout woman was toiling up the hill leading to a farm house. It was after ten in the evening, and no moon. She hurried on alone, and at last came to the door, where she stopped almost breathless. Entering the kitchen, a lamp on the table revealed the figure of a man dozing in a chair by the stove, pipe in hand. She touched him, and he started up, exclaiming, "Jinny, is't you? Where ye bin to enneyway? Never

knew ye to be off so long at night." "I've bin down to the town hall, Ed, to a lecture-didn't know of it till I got read," she said, smiling brightly, and did not wait, but went at once and brought the books.

The was all goin, and I went along. The hall was full, brought the books. wouldn't guess from now till the middle of next week. Dr. Albion Stickney? Yes, sir. And his mother was there with a new bunnit on, and his father est. He found himself wondering what dressed up in his go-to-meeting clothes as much as to say, 'He's my son; I raised him.' Lor'! ye never saw such a change in anyone-so slim and tall. I never could have believed he'd grow so good looking-Albion, I mean. After it was through they all went up to speak to him. I didn't go; I came home. His wife was there, too. She used to teach school here. Her hands didn't look much like mine."

The woman's eyes rested on her own hard hands, large and brown with toil. tell! That fall of his was the makin' of him, instid of the everlastin' ruination, Mr. Stickney sat on the piazza, watching drag all his life on other folks. Strange how things turn out, Jinny; but I've heard 'em say as how old Stickney says his son's wife is the smartest little woman in the country."-Woman's Journal.

Refining Metals.

As the perfect performance of this work is very difficult, requiring a thor-ough knowledge of chemistry and metallurgy, and the utmost carefulness of operation and calculation, so on the reliability of its results depends the successful operation of a reduction establishment.

The first process of the operation is

what is called "sampling" the various grades and kinds of ores, in order to determine not only their value, but the proportion of fluxes necessary to secure the extraction of the finer from the baser metals and rock mixed with them in the ore. The fluxes principally used are limestone, lead ore and iron ore, the iron ore being more especially to take up the sulphur in the other ores, and all are used in quantities according to kinds and proportions of metal in the ores to be reduced, the object of the fluxing being to fuse the undesirable portions of the cre, so as to enable the order to insure the application of proper character and proportion of the fluxing material and make the operation complete, the ores must be analyzed, so as to determine the kind and amount of all the materials composing them, and thus the character and proportion of the fluxes

required. In sampling ores for this purpose, the ore, as it comes from the mine, is passed through what is called a "crusher" and broken into pieces of the average size of a hickory nut. For the purpose of sampling, a small portion is taken from the mass in such a way as to best secure as nearly as possible a fair average of the whole. This, in turn, is ground in a sampling mill to a fine dust or pulp. A portion of this pulp is weighed, about one-tenth of an ounce being usually taken for an assay, mixed with granulated lead in a fire-clay cup, and then placed in what is called a "muffle," a tile-shaped oven surrounded by a coke fire. This melts the lead, which collects all the silver in the ore, and forms what is called a lead "button," usually of

about half an ounce weight. This lead button is then placed in a cupel, or little cup made of ground bone ash moistened and compressed into a mould, and then replaced in a muffle and submitted to nearly a white heat. Great care has to be taken to properly cade over cloth of silver, embroidered in regulate the heat, lest the metal itself Byzantine patterns of every kind, pale be destroyed with the lead. The air is admitted, which burns or exidines the of every rarity, but above all parares of lead, the oxide is absorbed by the bone jewels eclipsing every court in Europa ash of the cap, leaving the silver. As or Asia. I never imagined there were so this process goes on the purification ap-

creases the number of his hired men, he of the lead diappear, the pure silver rapnever thinks of supplying additional radiy brightens and shines out like a mirror. It is then pure-1000 fine.

ton. This is separted from the silver by a process called parting. To ascetain the relative proportion of gold and silver in the button, in assaying, the button is which dissolves the silver, leaving the caudies gold in the shape of a fine black powder. which is carefully washed, dried and weighed. The weight of the bullion button being known, a subtraction of the marsh mullows and Venetian walnuts. weight of the silver it contained, and a comparison of the weight of the two metals thus produced with the weight of the assayed gives the proportional amount of each to the ore thus sampled and assaved.

The Banko Swingie.

The care and skill with which the bunko swindle is conducted is illustrated by the experience of a visitor who said he allowed himself roped in for fun. A sweat-board was introduced in the usual manner, and a stool-pigeon lost a few dollars. He wished the visitor to play for him with his money, and the latter firs twon, but afterwards lost. At length he was told that he was indebted on his account to the extent of \$300. "I have not the money with me," he replied. 'Then give me a check," was the fellow's sufficient; "I suppose you have a bank account; or won't that be convenient?" It occurred to the visitor that to sign a check would cost nothing, as I could go immediately around to the bank and stop payment. A blank check was produced and he filled it out. The gambler scrutizized it and then dried the ink with a newspaper in lieu of a blotter. The stool-pigeon had bee quiet for a while. Now he suddenly broke out: "This is a friend of mine," he exclaimed, savagely, "and I won't see him swindled: he show't let won't see him swindled; he shan't let you have his check for a cent." He grabbed the check, tore it into bits, and threw them on the floor. "Come," and he seized the visitor by the arm; "let's get out of this den." There was an excited protest by the other chap, says the narrator, but we went out unhindered, and I parted with Dan on the corner, receiving his congratulation on having escaped un-scathed. On returning to the hotel I gave to the detective there an account of what had happened, explaining that I intended to stop payment on the check, but that no such precaution was now necessary. "Don't you lose a minute in going to the bank," he said, "or they'll get there with the check before you. It was destroyed? Not a bit of it. A newspaper lay on the desk, didn't it? and he put the check between its folds, face downward, as if to blot it. Then the stool pigeon snatched out, not the check itself, but a blank one that had been previously placed there. This dummy was what Dan tore up, and the real check was left safe and sound. That's the way they prevent their victims from stopping payments."

Other Worlds than Ours.

An incredible story is seriously given in some of the journals about the discovery of a sword which was found in an aerolite. A certain physician in the state of New York was attracted by a very brilliant shooting star which fell in the bed of a creek near where he was "Sho," said her husband, "you don't riding. Subsequent investigation on the spot where it fell discovered a sword of peculiar shape, which had evidently They go to the public library and get a been wielded in battle, and which must he'd better have died than live to be a have been used by one who would have been deemed a "giant among the sons of men" in this world. Of course the pre-sumption would be that this sword had fallen into the clay of a river, which was variety of the candles is endless; so is subsequently metamorphosed by heat the variety of customers. As a rule a into solid rock. In the course of man asks for a "box of your best canages a volcano developed under this rock, which projected the imprisoned have a one-pound or a two pound boxsword into space beyond the attraction of the planet from which it came. In the course of time the wandering aerolite in the interstellar spaces became entangled in the atmosphere of the earth, and fell into the creek, the impact breaking and setting free the sword. This reads like another Cardiff giant story, but it is very ingenious; and it is possible that some day or other we may have positive proofs of the existence of life and intelligence in some of the myriads of planets which inhabit space. A microscopic examination of stones at Berlin revealed the fact that they contain some sixty varieties of the outer shells of coral insects, which of course, establishes the fact that they were attached to coral insects which lived in warm oceans of salt water. The water must have contained lime, and islands must have been built up above the ocean as they are on our globe. But will see through his pretenses and buy that is, so far, the only trustworthy inseparation of the metal from them. In dication we have that there is anything on the other worlds approaching to the same kind of life we have on this .-Demorest's Monthly.

Skobeloff's Sister.

The belle of the ball after the Empress was certainly the Countess De Beaubarnais, sister of the late General Skobeloff: big-eved, dark-haired, attractive faces, with a marvelous figure, for whom men commit follies and women invent scandress, the cut of which dates from early in the sixteenth century. It was low off the shoulders, with long, hanging sleeves, plaited to to the elbow, with a pointed stomacher, and skirt opening beneath over the under petticoat. The fabric, heavily brocaded and embroidered, looked like chased metal, as its long train fell around her feet in singular folds. Her kakosehnik was festooned with pearls, dramonds and huge round emeralds; while round the entire corsage pearls and emerald medalions set off her pretty shoulders to perfection. A simple veil of talle was fastened with gold plaques behind the tiara. Other costumes were equally attractive without being so perfect in ensemble. White satin and deep black furs, maroon bro-cade over cloth of silver, embroidered in gray moire trimmed with rare lace, furs many enormous emeralds above ground. "Isn't that offset by her keeping the proaches completion, the silver rounds while diamonds in tiaras, riveres, collars have noticed sometimes, when a man in- lowish white light, and as the last traces less.—Lendon News.

A Chapter on tandy.

"Have you any potatoes?" asked a When gold is found with silver in the lady who, elegantly dressed, stood at the ore it still remains in the bullion but counter in the candy department of a prominent grocery store.

'No potatoes to-day," said the "sweet" clerk, who was filling a box with goodies; but we have Abbott kisses and apricot subjected to the action of nitric acid, slices, and all the nut creams and

"I don't like Abbott kisses, they are so sweet and large; but I dote on potatoes. Give me a mixed box with plenty of

"What are Abbott kisses? and why are you out of potatoes? There must be plenty in the market," asked and suggested a representative of The Post and Tribune to the good-looking proprietor, sane rag-picker. Nothing uglier than who had one eye on his customers inside of the store and the other on two it was a perfectly safe one. It reduced ladies outside, who were trying to upset a buggy on the Campus Martius.

"Did you ever see our potato patch?" he inquired pleasantly, when he had reconciled his visual organs, "Come upstairs, and I will show you how we grow our potatoes, and how Abbott kisses ---Then the voice became indistinct, and the elevator being brought into requisi-

tion, the visitor was taken up into the third story into a "sugar room," where the interesting process of making candy

was fully explained. It was on a large scale; some dozen or more of copper boilers, over hot fur-naces, were simmering with sweet de-coctions that gave out fragrant odors, and men in linen clothes and paper caps were ladling out the sweet stuff into shapes and essences. At a row of long

tables stood pretty, clean, modest look-ing girls who were "sugaring off" or finishing off all the delightful pink, white and chocolate creams that are indispensable to those who have a sweet tooth. Trays and trays by the dozens and hundreds were loaded with the dainty bonbons. A sheet of caramel substance was laid on a striped measuring table, and with a machine cut into squares of geometrical precision. Other girls wrapped the single caramels one at a time in little square pieces of white paper called

parafline. "Here are our potatoes," said the proprietor, taking up some small brown balls. They were white within and brown without; soft enough to bite into, cinnamon-flavored and delicious, with some quality that prevented them from pall-

ing on the taste.
"And the Abbott kisses?" Mr. Hull discovered a tray filled with triangles of sugar and cocoanut in irreg ular sections. They tasted so much better than they looked that the name seem accounted for. Then there were Spanish kisses and a delicate but rather unsubstantial sweet called the "Langtry kiss," a sort of elusive, sublimated

ethereal thing with sugar coating. There were barrels of white sugar standing about everywhere, and the visitor thoughtlessly asked where the glu-

cose and flour were kept.
"We don't use them," said Mr. Hull, and we can make all the money we want without either. Ours is the only candy manufactory open to the public. Anyone can see, the process and what we

use. A very "sweet" girl was dropping pink nut-creams from a knife into cuuning little shapes of regular size and beauty. The best candies are not mixed. but go into the cases each kind into a separate division. It is the customer

novel. Then they stop at the candy counter and get a pound of sweets. On Saturday nights it is like Macy's bargain counters in New York. Men, women and children waiting their turn. The dies," and the clerk asks him if he will Then he stops to think. If he is middle aged with a bald spot on the top of his head, he says one pound; but as a rule he is not middle aged, or if he is, his affections are not. The clerk knows his customer. He gives him a box with lace edges on the inside, a two pound box, and he crowds in the best and choicest sweets. Very likely he knows "her" tastes, and he makes the box of candy weigh two and a half pounds, and there

is not a word of complaint. The dashing young man buys a pound unless he is very much in love; then he wants a cornucopia filled or a fancy basket with a ribbon bow on the corner. and gotten up "regardless." The cheap young man with a small salary and large ideas sometimes makes the mistake of selecting a cheap candy for a sub-stratum wi'h big fat creams and rose walnuts for a top layer, and if his girl is sensible she her candy henceforth.

The father of a family may be known by the way in which he selects his halfbound and stows it away in his coat-tail pocket. It would never do to approach his domicile with the package in his hand. When the children have gone to bed he takes it out, and after he surfeits himself the mother takes what is left up to their dormitory and leaves it where they will see it in the morning. not an absolute beauty, but one of those father gives it to them he tells them it is sure to make them sick, destroy their teeth, spail their complexious, make them cross, and take away their appedal. This lady was dressed in a Russian tites, all of which is arrant nonsense and

he knows it. "It is a great mistake," said Mr. Hull as he stood at the candylcounter and commented on the growd, which now included a prominent lawyer and dector of divinity, "to suppose that men do not like candy. They are really fond of it, and unless they have impaired digestion eat heartily of it whenever they get a chance. I know a young man in this city who spends one evening in every week with some excellent young ladies, and he always takes them a two pound box of candy, and they explain laugh-ingly, that Mr. — was so fond of the candy that when he brought them a box he ate it nearly all himself .- Detroit Post and Tribune.

Ex-Empress Eugenie is thus pictured by a writer who saw her four weeks ago: 'A rather stately-looking woman, in deep black, not a bit of color anywhere, about her eyes the twinkling ripples that years make, around her mouth the deeper drawn lines of sorrow, a sallow face, hair with gray in it.

A tailor's goose-the dude,-Boston

Evolution of the Bathing Suit.

Interesting as it is to watch the proesses of evolution, it is unquestionably the duty of the conscientious observer to sound the note of alarm when he finds that evolution in any case is fraught with disaster. The time has come when the public should be warned that the evolution of the bathing dress has reached a point where it must be permanently check d, or else our seaside resorts must be abandoned by every sensitive man,

Ten years ago the female bathing dress consisted of a pair of blue flannel trousers gathered close around the ankles, a long blue flannel gown, a pair of canvass shoes, and the largest and ngliest straw hat ever invented by an inthis dress could have been devised, but all women to the same level of innocuous hideousness.

About the year 1875 the first visible change in the female bathing dress appeared. The trousers ceased to be gathered at the ankle, and were made to reach only about half way below the knee, while stockings were used to cover the gap between the trousers and the shoes. A year later the straw hat began to be superseded by the oil-cloth cap, and in the fall of 1877 a distinguished scientific observer met with the first specimen of a short sleeved flannel gown.

Since that time evolution has done its work steadily and rapidly. The flannel gown grew shorter and shorter until it became a belted blouse, reaching not quite to the knees. The sleeves became first rudimentary, and then utterly disappeared. The trousers shrank until they became invisible under the skirt of the blouse, and the stocking lengthened inversely as the trousers shrank.

At this point several scientific persons became alarmed and at least one of them publicly expressed his fears, without, however, receiving any attention. In 1881 these fears were fully justified by the disappearance of the oil-cloth cap and the simultaneous discovery of a new species of bathing dress made of a material lighter than flannel and clinging closer to the person. Last year the stocking and shoes began to disappear, and this summer they have been found wanting in hundreds of specimens of bathing dresses. Thus at present the female bathing dress is a short sleeveltss blouse and a pair of invisible trousers. Only those and nothing more. Is it not time for prudent men to ask what is to be the next change which the bathing dress is to undergo?

It is already believed that the sleeveless blouse is to be superseded by a sleeveless "jersey." This may perhaps prove little more dangerous than the present blouse, but whatever the next change in the bathing dress may be, there is only too much reason to believe that it will have the effect of driving all but the boldest and hardiest men from the beach. Already nothing but devotion to science enables a man of ordinary courage to study the female bathing dress with any closeness of observation. and though science will never lack devotees ready to win the crown of martyrdom by going down to the beach unprotected even by colored spectacles, the prospect that men will be compelled to flee from the sea shore to the mountains, and that excursion steamers with male passengers will be forced to avoid the neighborhood of beaches as carefully as who decides the mixing.

It is the way the ladies dissipate. they now avoid dangerous reefs, is one which no sincere philanthropist can couthey now avoid dangerous reefs, is one

A Warning.

The young man who attempted to kill himself by getting under a railroad train at Orange yesterday was a type of a large class of unfortunates, most of whom, however, bear their suffering in silence. or at least do not obtrude it upon the public notice in such a startling way. The story of this young man ought to be a warning to others who may come into similar circumstances and be tempted to do the same rash act that led this person to attempt suicide. It seems that Erhardt was sick some time ago and was nursed by a servant girl, to whom, in that state of semi idiotic gratitude that returning convalescence sometimes brings, he made a promise of marriage. When he got well he discovered that gratitude, although an admirable sentiment, is not the best capital to get married on. Most young young men, on making this discovery, would have promptly broken off the engagement; but Erhardt was doubtless terrified by thoughts of a suit for breach of promise, with damages enough to keep him poor for the remainder of his days, and he

chose suicide in preference. It is well known the young woman who nurses a man through a fit of sickness is even more fatal than the landlady's daughter, if that be possible. No young man who values his peace of mind can safely board with a lady who has a daughter. If he does he deserves no pity; for he has gone into the trap with his eyes open. But a sick man is not responsible and is taken at a terrible disadvantage. Even then a supre ne effort of the will may keep him from proposing to his nurse, but there are few young men strong minded enough to exercise such will power. This particular young man is not of the strong minded sort. Let his fate prove a warning, and many an unhappy marriage with no other foundation on one side than a gratitude that soon wears out may be prevented .- N. Y. Mail.

Japanese Cremation.

A Japanese cremation costs about \$1. One shitling's worth of fuel is the average consumption required for each body. Granite supports are laid in pairs along the earthen floor, and on these the coffin-chests are placed at 8 P. M., when the weil-dried faggots beneath are kindled. The fres are replenished from time to time, and at 6 A. M. the man in charge goes round the building, and from each hearth collects and stores in a separate urn the handful of ashes which alone remains. Some wealthy families secure the services of Buddhist priests to watch all night beside these funeral pyres, but this is considered quite a work of supererogation. After the religious service in the house the further attendance of the priests is optional; but in many cases they return on the mor-row to officiate at the interment of the