

FLOWERS ON SUMMER GOWNS.

Smartest Fad of New Girl is Copying Nature's Blossoms in the Figures of Her Dresses.

Flower gowns are the fad of this year's summer girl. She is now busy collecting the gowns for the various resorts where she will be an ex-

One of the simplest and prettiest of these frocks is the daisy gown. It is made of sheer white goods, with a touch of yellow either as a gir-

The girl who is fond of red and has a weakness for daring combinations will not omit a nasturtium gown from her wardrobe. This is exceed-

In this particular instance as many as four shades of red are introduced, ranging from a pink to a deep rasp-

Another charming thing in red follows the fashion set by the poppy, and is a vivid crimson, relieved with a bit of black.

The girl who likes pink catches her note from the carnation and appears in a pretty little pink affair relieved with a bit of green.

One great charm of these novel frocks is their softness and daintiness. They must be as fresh and pleasing in color as their sundowner prototypes, and while they may have all the ruffles, tucks, lace and hand-

TRIPS THE PATIENCE OF MEN.

Feminine Fad That Causes the Masculine Gender Misery and Annoyance.

Men have many traits that the better half of humanity would not of. One of the greatest of these in the estimation of a majority of the sex is the breed portiere that is found in so many private houses and public places in summer.

In one of the hotels a wide doorway is hung with such a portiere, and the methods pursued by the lords of creation greatly amused one woman spectator the other evening.

The men who were accompanied by women were in great stress of mind as to how to proceed, but they usually succeeded in corralling a sufficient number of the stragglers to allow the companions to pass and then they slipped through themselves, shaking off the ends that smote them as a water dog shakes off the liquid drops.

As a test of character the reef portiere is valuable, and a young woman might obtain some significant side lights on the disposition of her masculine callers by intruding herself behind such a barrier and watching the emotions writ on their mobile faces as they endeavored to reach her side.

Mrs. Fitz Fijit. Who was that snored in the chair this morning during a pause in the singing? Mr. Fijit. Snore! Great heavens, woman, that was my bass solo.—Ohio State Journal.

ANIMALS COMMIT MURDER.

Dumb Brutes That Long Cherish Their Enmities Toward Man and Finally Kill Them.

In almost every part of the world man-killing by animals is common enough, but cases where a man is murdered deliberately by an animal are quite rare, says the New York Press.

Stories of several murders by animals come from England. A Lincolnshire bull suddenly evinced a hatred for its owner, and the farmer had need of the greatest agility to avoid the animal whenever he happened to be in the same field with it.

A corporal in a native Indian regiment was murdered by a monkey. The monkey had been caught young and had been kept as a pet by an officer of the regiment, who was fond of him on account of the unusual intelligence he showed.

A boy of 13 was murdered by a race horse, which had taken a violent dislike to him. It is believed that the boy at some time had teased or maltreated the horse, for it was gentle with every one else.

UP-TO-DATE JAPAN.

It Knows All About the Tricks of Stock Watering and Company Flotation.

Economic developments in Japan during the past few years have been very striking indeed. From a native source the Kobe Chronicle reproduces certain figures which show what an enormous expansion there has been in the capital invested in joint stock companies since the war.

Far and away the greatest increase is, however, in banking and money lending, now responsible for 275,432,000 yen, against 79,370,000 yen in 1895, and if the figures are reliable, it is not surprising that the necessary competition for business has resulted in disaster.

Spelling of Geographical Names. If anyone should ask you about "S. Gravenhaag" you would perhaps not know that they were talking about The Hague, but they would be, and would also be perfectly right, according to the second report of the American board of geographic names, just issued from the government printing office at Washington.

First Burglar (disgustedly).—Only two dollars in the house and the silver all plated!

Second Burglar. Yes; an I s'pose I'll get ketch'd into the bargain. I allow do get collared for these mean little jobs that wasn't worth doin'!—Puck.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

When at home among their constituents Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, smokes a corncob pipe, and Senator Daniel, of Virginia, sits on a store box in front of a grocery, and whittles.

These maxims Jowell once wrote out "for statesmen and others: Never quarrel. Never fret. Never disappoint. Never fall. Never fear. Never spare. Never tell."—London Chronicle.

Mrs. Marcus Daly explains the recent marriage of her daughter by an Episcopal bishop by saying that although Mr. Daly was himself a Catholic he was liberal and allowed his children to be brought up in their mother's faith. He gave, says Mrs. Daly, to all denominations.

When the recent Austrian census was taken Emperor Francis Joseph filled in the usual form in his own hand and answered every question with great care. Among other things he had to state how many windows his residence contained, and whether or not he could read and write.

William K. Vanderbilt does not intend that "Idle Hours," his new home at Oakdale, Long Island, shall be photographed without his permission. He has had pictures taken of the mansion, grounds and rooms from all sorts of viewpoints and has had the photographs copyrighted.

At the silver wedding of the prince and princess of Wales, an English town wished to present an address, but there was a great discussion as to its wording; for some time they could not agree at all. "Conscious as we are of our own unworthiness," was universally condemned; but when some one proposed: "Conscious as we are of each other's unworthiness," it was agreed to by a man.

The question: "Who was Bismarck?" which was put by a German officer to his men, called forth some curious answers. Nine said that he founded the German empire, seven thought that he was an emperor, a great number pictured him as a general, one said that he was a poet, and another that he translated the Bible. The nearest answer was that he was "the kaiser's greatest enemy."

FIRST MINISTERS IN VIRGINIA.

They Were All-Round Men. Says This Writer, Who Went to Cock-fights as Well as Prayers.

Mr. Landon Knight, the correspondent, has made a special study of the early church history of Virginia. The fruit of one of his latest journeys is a timely and patriotic article: "Where the Spirit of Independence Was Born." It appears in Woman's Home Companion.

History has pictured Empress Josephine of France as a paragon of all the virtues, and her spouse, the great Napoleon, has been soundly berated for his treatment of her. Yet she was not all the fancy of her biographers painted her, and no doubt the patience of the emperor was often severely tried.

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Costs of an Old Town. Jamestown, Va., where the English gained their first foothold in the new world in 1607, was burned in 1676. Today, nobody lives there.

A Boston man, so mean that he wants his landlady to reduce the price of his board because he has lost two teeth.—Chicago Daily News.

TIME, NOT DISTANCE.

Season Tickets Are One of the Novel Ventures of Danish Railway Travel.

Denmark was absolutely the pioneer in cheap railway fares. The fares were reduced all around, so that the longer the distance the greater the reduction, but, at the same time, the return ticket system was abolished for journeys within Denmark, says the London Express.

One of the greatest booms to business and holiday makers is the so-called fortnightly ticket. For third class it costs 22s. 3d., and for second class £1 15s. 6d. Such a ticket entitles the holder to travel all over Denmark for a term of 14 days.

He can also buy a ticket for a month, which costs 50 per cent. more, and the longer the time the greater the reduction. While a fortnightly ticket costs 22s. 3d., a 12-month ticket costs £10.

If, instead of paying for a fortnightly ticket, a traveler went from Esbjerg to Copenhagen and back as often as he could within 14 days, he would cost him over £8, and this amount would be doubled in a fortnight if he went sightseeing from one place to another, traveling all over Denmark in easy stages.

Season tickets can also be had for journeys between two towns. In this case the price for one month is, say 5s., 7s. 6d. for two months and £1 for a whole year.

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MADE BONIFACE A KNIGHT.

Singular Frank of a Bismarck Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the Last Century.

During the last century one of the dukes of Richmond was lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was a convivial spirit and during his term in office was wont to hold some notable orgies.

With his boon companions it was his daily habit to go to a certain fashionable inn at Bray kept by one Michael Connolly. There much wine was consumed during his incumbency of the lord lieutenancy, and many and wild were the nights that the little inn at Bray witnessed, says a London paper.

Connolly had a reputation as being the best cook in Ireland, and it was said his wine was the best to be found within the confines of the emerald isle. The duke of Richmond said so, and he ought to have known, as he had eaten tons of the one and imbibed tons of the other.

Therefore no one thought it strange when the duke sent for mine host, and, after a short speech of praise of his wares, the way in which they were prepared, and especially of his wine cellar, bade him kneel.

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BETRAYED BY SHOWER BATH.

How a Ship's Crew Got the Morsos Maw-Haw on Their Tattooed Officer.

"There was an officer of the fleet put on the retired list the other day," said an old-time messenger at the navy department who put in many cruises as a petty officer in the United States sea service, relates the Washington Star.

This officer was a fine sailorman to serve under, and the men were mighty fond of him. But he had one kink. That was his opposition to the practice of tattooing.

There were a lot of men in the crew that did tattooing, and the "first luff" kept an eye on them. He didn't want any of the new young chaps in the service to get themselves marked up, and when he caught the lads with new bunches of ink on their persons he invariably berated them soundly.

This executive officer, however, considered the practice foolish and barbarous and idiotic, as it is no doubt in, although I've got the ink scattered over a good deal of my old frame.

"Well, you ought to have 30 days in some lumber' jail," said he to me. "An old jack like you getting himself scraped up like a beach-comber, after all your years in deep water! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I felt pretty sheepish, of course, but I told him that I wouldn't have done it if it hadn't been for a bit too much of the rice wine on the afternoon before; but he only snorted and walked aft."

"Well, only two mornings after that this kindly 'first luff' showed himself up and got the terrible laugh from the whole ship's company for a shower bath on the after deck, under which, with only a pair of small trunks on, they'd stand when they got up on the hot mornings to get cooled off."

"For the executive officer was just one mass of ink tattooing from his neck to his middle. It was all Japanese work—dragons, eagles, snakes, dainty garden scenes and all that sort of stuff. In all of the Japanese tattooer's colors. His arms had all kinds of adders and pythons and boa constrictors coiled around them, and all in all, I don't believe any of us in the crew had ever seen a man, for and or aft, so completely tattooed up as that 'first luff' of ours was."

"When he heard the tremendous laugh the executive officer looked up in surprise, and when he saw the whole ship's company doing nothing but stare at him with grins, he turned as red as a beet, looked down at himself and hustled for his room at the gallop. He looked pretty sheepish and red when he emerged, about half an hour later, in uniform, but he took it all good-naturedly, and that afternoon he said to me on the quiet:

"You lads forward here got it on me sure enough, but I had those imbecile thing needed on me when I was a pinhead of a cadet, thinking it was fine. Anyhow, it's not a case of doing as I do, but of doing as I say!"

"I could only grin in reply, and he snorted and then grinned and went aft."

"From then on until the windup of the cruise he never said another word against tattooing."

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