

A RICH MAN KILLED.

Under this title the editor of the Century comments on a growing tendency to snobbery in a portion of the press.

The observer of American manners is called upon to note a curious tendency of some of our newspapers to question whether it is to be charged purely to sensationalism—of which it is undoubtedly one form—whether it reflects a growing tendency of the American mind. We refer to the habit of recording accidents and other interesting occurrences as happening not to mortals, simply as such, but as possessors, or prospective possessors, of worldly goods. In the journalistic "scare-heads" it is not John Jones, of Jonesville, who has been run over at the railroad crossing, but "A Rich Man Killed."

As a matter of fact, when you get three persons together of varying abilities or cultures, you are in danger of having immediately, in any community, an upper, middle, and lower class, as the English call it; and if there come a fourth and a fifth person into the group, perhaps you will have in addition your upper middle class and your lower middle class.

"Human nature is indeed 'much of a mussance,' but if there is any exhibition of this mussance which ought to be offensive to the inhabitants of a democracy, it is the kind unaccomplished and typified and glorified in the journalistic scare-heads to which we refer."

SPAIN'S YOUNG KING.

There are many stories of the young king which testify to his good heart, and others which would seem to imply what one guesses from his appearance that he possesses, also, a saving sense of humor, says Collier's Weekly.

When the king passes in his carriage through the streets of Madrid any one is privileged to run beside it and throw petitions at him. The custom is medieval and dangerous to the king, and frequently to the petitioner. The other day an old woman started toward the king's carriage, but a guardia civil, mistaking her motive, seized her roughly and threw her into the crowd. Instantly the king ordered the carriage to be stopped, and, jumping down, ran back to the policeman. "Why did you touch that woman?" he demanded. "You must never lay your hands roughly upon a woman. You have done very ill." Then he turned to the old lady, and, raising his hat, said: "I will take your petition, madame." And as she handed it to him he thanked her and bowed.

There is another story told of him, which seems to illustrate his sense of humor, and which, though it was told of him when he was in his third year—that same year when, at the queen's garden party, he turned a horse on the French ambassador—may be prophetic. Alfonso was eating something from his plate with his fingers, when the lady-in-waiting exclaimed in horrors: "Your majesty, kings do not eat with their fingers!" His majesty, again helping himself with the forks, said: "This king does."

It will be interesting to see what other things "this king" will do. He starts fair. He is young, strong, eager and intelligent, and every one wishes him well.

Court of Justice for Women. It is proposed in France to establish a court of justice run by women and for women, to which may be carried all those cases concerning which the most learned men know nothing. This will relieve a man judge, for instance, from determining questions as to fit in suits brought by dress-makers against their clients, and it ought to do away also with much expert testimony in such cases.—London News.

THE WINNING OF A FRIEND.

How a Big Business Man Was Brought Around an Old Man's Transferred Apartment.

Here is a little story which never before has been told in print, but which is surely as well worth the telling as the histories of wars and schemes and sharp tricks in the money market with which our papers and minds are filled nowadays, says the Congregationalist.

A certain shrewd Hebrew merchant, whom we shall call Lejee, built, a few years ago, a huge department store in one of our large cities. It was planned to occupy a whole block. But the corner lot, 46 feet square, was owned by an old German watch-maker named Weber, who refused to sell it.

"No, I will not give up my house," he said. "I bought it when property here was cheap, and I have lived and worked here for 32 years. I will not sell it."

"But," Lejee patiently reasoned, "you virtually gave up business years ago. You make or sell no watches now. Your sons have other pursuits. You don't live in the house, only sit in this office all day long, looking out of the window."

The office was a small corner room in the second story, with an open fireplace around which were set some old Dutch tiles. A battered walnut desk was fitted into the wall, and before it stood an old chair and a sheepskin cover.

BOOK-LOVER'S PREDICAMENT.

A Frenchman Who Married His Housekeeper in Order to Secure a Rare Volume.

M. A. Brisson tells in the Paris Temps some delightful anecdotes about bibliophiles and bibliomania. Here is one of them. A certain well-known Frenchman, an octogenarian, spent most of his time in his younger days hunting up valuable books among the second-hand bookshops in the neighborhood of the Place Saint Michel and the Place Dauphine. Heretofore he came across a "find," but his fervor never abated. He was a bachelor and for a housekeeper had an extremely plain woman, who, however, had caught from her master the taste for old books, and occasionally came home with an armful when she had been marketing.

One day the housekeeper appeared with a parcel of books wrapped in paper. Among the rubbish was a small volume bound in red morocco. "What have you paid for this?" the master gazed after looking at the title page. "Thirty sous for the lot," the servant replied. "But, my good woman, this book alone is worth 10,000 francs!" the bibliomaniac went on, and the moment after regretted the unwise speech. In vain did the master try to recall his remark. "I'll give you a hundred francs for it," he said. "But monsieur said just now it was worth 10,000." "I'll give you 500." "No, no." "Seven hundred and fifty." But it was no use, and, to make a long story short, the master married the bonnie in order to obtain the first edition of the "Heptameron" (1559). By this time, says M. Brisson, the wife has gone to a better world, but the comtesse and the portrait of Marguerite in the little red morocco volume remain with him.

The Name of Cuba. The island of Cuba was known by that name by the Lucayan Indians, who were with Columbus when he discovered it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Some people are born poor, some solve poverty and some thrust poverty upon other people.—Chicago Daily News.

We do not care how good looking a woman is, when she gets a jealous look in her eyes she is positively disfigured.—Atchison Globe.

A Distinction.—Does de razor pull, bees? asked the barber. "No," replied the man in the chair. "The razor only catches and you do the pulling."—Chicago Post.

Madge—"Dolly's got a divorce." Bea—"On what grounds?" Madge—"Incompatibility. Jack's hair doesn't match her new dress."—Princeton Tiger.

"Oh, woman!" he cried, "you are as cold as ice, and—" She turned upon him with a sudden frown.—"as dear." Her features relaxed again.—Kansas City Independent.

"This," said the peddler, "is a little device especially designed for use on our summer weather." "What is it?" inquired the curious man. "It may be used one minute as a fan and the next minute to shove off the snow."—Philadelphia Press.

Tramp (in the country).—"Yes, I once rode a bicycle, but I had ter give it up." Cydnet—"Why?" Tramp—"Well, yer see, the owner was comin' down the road behind me, and the policeman had a rope stretched across the road in front."—Chums.

Quite so.—"After all, there's nothing like the real estate of the most wealthy citizen. When a man owns land he is anchored, so to speak." Harry—"But what's to prevent him from selling, and resuming his waywardness?" Uncle George—"What is to prevent his selling? I see that you have had no experience in real estate transactions. It is always easy to buy, my boy, but when you want to sell—well, that's another proposition."—Boston Transcript.

OLD ENGLISH SPORT.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of the Field and Feted Persons Connected Therewith.

In the "History of Hertfordshire" Mr. Doubleday gives a very full account of Hertfordshire sport, both ancient and modern. James the First's hunting establishment at Royston is well known; and, to judge from the following, his visits must have been somewhat burdensome to the neighborhood, says the London Standard.

"There was one of the king's special hounds, called Jowler, missing one day. The next day, when they were on the field, Jowler came in among the rest of the hounds. The king was told of him, and was very glad; and, looking on him, he spied a paper about his neck, and in the paper was written: 'Good Mr. Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us), that it will please his majesty to go back to London, for else the country will be undone; all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him longer.'"

In 1617, by the king's express command, notice was given to the occupants of arable land that they were not to plow their land in narrow ridges, or allow their pigs to go loose without being ringed, so that they should not make holes in the ground, which endangered his majesty and the prince in hawking and hunting. Also they were to lower the fences which hinder his majesty's ready passage.

The first public pack of foxhounds was established in 1725, and was known as the Hertfordshire hounds. When Lady Salisbury became mistress in 1793 they were called the Hatfield hounds—"Lady Salisbury's fame as a mistress of foxhounds and as a daring rider and sportswoman is a very remarkable. She enjoyed the distinction of being one of the first English ladies who gained such a reputation. Many are the tales told of her daring exploits and of her hairbreadth escapes in the hunting-field. It was usual for Lady Salisbury to drive to the meets in a carriage drawn by four black horses, with an outrider, her hunters being led by a groom who acted as her pilot."

"A note in the Sporting Magazine for January, 1800, states that Lady Salisbury, one of the boldest female riders in the kingdom, relaxes a little with her own foxhounds. Some few years ago she invariably went over the gate; she now waits with more prudence until the gate is opened. It was not until Lady Salisbury was 78 years of age that she gave up the hounds and ceased following the foxhounds, and even then she said she thought she was good enough to hunt with the barriers." The fine old lady was burned to death at Hatfield house in November, 1836, at the age of 86.

It is surprising to find it asserted in this history of Hertfordshire that "shooting at flying game was not practiced till the end of the eighteenth century." It was the practice in the reign of Queen Anne, when Pope wrote " Windsor Forest." Sir Roger de Coverley tells Mr. Spectator that the yeoman who overtakes them on the road is a worthy man and shoots flying. In 1727 a poem on the art of shooting flying, called "Pterygia," was published by a fellow of St. John's college, Oxford. In 1730 we find a graphic description of it in Thomson's "Autumn."

Ray of Hope. Employer.—Mrs. Slack, would you like to have an increase in salary? Employee.—Would I? I should say I would. "Well, let me tell you, then, that unless you get here earlier and work a great deal harder, you'll never get it in this world."—Tit-Bits.

NOTES OF THE FASHIONS.

New French and India Fabrics, Satin Veilings and Challis for SUMMER GOWNS.

White buckskin shoes are considered the proper finish to a white summer costume, and pipe-clay will keep them in their pristine freshness.

Some of the more expensive fabrics of delicate French or India wool, silk or batiste, in robe patterns, have the usual number of yards of combination beautiful Perdan effects showing applique designs in high and low relief in shaded silks or tinted lace designs, with other devices in French arabesques and Flemish patterns in machine-wrought embossed work almost as perfectly executed as the most skilled hand embroidery. One notable sample of blue-rose pink silk-warp veiling has a silver-lilac and English rose bordering along its selvage. A delicate sage-green wool, as soft as velvet and as light as India silk, is bordered with sprays of violets interwoven with tea-rose buds and foliage. Voile, Venetian wood, albatross, Eolienne and grandiside fabrics furnish a list of handsome summer materials that are likewise decorated, says the New York Post.

Satin-striped veilings and French challis are made up into very modish and dainty summer gowns. The stripes—colored or white, but chiefly white—are set about two inches apart, pretty floriated patterns, dots and other small figures partly covering the material. Ready-made voile, challis, albatross and satin foulard skirts are exhibited in great numbers. These are finely shaped where offered at the best houses, and also well made and stylishly finished. They are by no means expensive, and make most satisfactory emergency gowns.

Embroidered India mulls, in white or delicate shades of pink, blue, or ecru, made over lawn or taffeta slips, form very pretty summer gowns which are almost if not quite as effective and dainty as the more perishable chiffon. It does not matter so much this season what the material is, so long as it is fine and sheer and transparent enough to show the lining through, and all the delicate piecing-fabrics, together with canvas, etamine, grenadine, nun's veiling and batiste, are equally popular. Garden-party gowns of soft semi-diaphanous India silk, lined with color deep enough to tinge the white, are popular, and one of these gowns has the deep flounce of the demitrimmed skirt covered with tiny two-inch frills of the silk edged with narrow lace. The skirt lining is azalea-pink silk, and the tucked sleeves and blouse bodice are lined with pink mousseline de soie of an exactly matching tint. There is a plaited pink silk balayouse at the skirt edge. This may be a model too expensive for the average purse, but the ideas may serve to renovate a partly worn gown, using the latter for the under-slip, and new white silk for the dress proper, silk which can now be purchased at from 35 cents to one dollar a yard.

One of the features of the summer season is the revival of low-cut waists, and the wearing of flat felts, lace berthas, etc., with this collarless bodice. The contrast with all the high neck effects which have so long predominated is very marked, and the fashion obviously lacks finish and style. It certainly demands a white and shapely throat, and very handsome bodice fabric and trimmings, to render it anything but dowdy in effect. The fashion is at its best in evening dress. It destroys all appearance of finish and dainty smartness when it appears with any sort of day attire, except, perhaps, in a pretty summer negligee on a pretty young woman. With a dimity, organdie, or India mull frock, nothing looks better than a cape collar or fichu of embroidered batiste, or one finely tucked and edged with lace, the bodice made with elbow sleeves, with underleeves matching the collar. The old Flemish laces and Tambour embroideries on sheer Swiss muslin are also used, and with a plain pink or blue dimity, the smart wide cap-collar added to the collarless waist looks rather quaint and picturesque in the case of its wearer being charming enough herself to bear the test of this decidedly trying style of gown.

Well-Kept Hands.

Over my sink are two bottles and a nail-cleaner. One bottle contains five parts of lemon-juice to one of alcohol, which will keep indefinitely. The other contains the following lotion: One-fourth of an ounce of gum tragacanth added to one pint of rain-water, which has stood three days, then one ounce each of alcohol, glycerin and witch-hazel, also a little good faint perfume. After washing dishes or preparing vegetables I apply a little of the lemon-juice, then the lotion, and in a moment my hands are dry, soft and very smooth. All stains disappear as if by magic, and the nails are cleaned easily. The time required is not over two minutes. This process repeated five or six times daily will certainly repay housekeepers, for what is there more indicative of refinement than well-kept hands? Then, too, the expense of these lotions is comparatively nothing. Be sure to have them in a handy place.—Woman's Home Companion.

Their Education.

Mrs. Hatterson—I suppose you send your children to public school because you want them to learn to accommodate themselves to all sorts of people. Mrs. Catterson—Yes. Later on, you know they will go to summer resorts.—Cleveland Leader.

VOGUE IN HANDCLASP

Passing Styles of Performing Courtesy and What Is Expressed.

Nothing More Than Here Form in the Varying Manner of Greeting.—Look of Steerily in Giving the Hand.

Clasping the hands is one of the time-honored methods of intercourse among civilized people, and the days of chivalry gave it a glamour of romantic poesy which still lingers, accounting for many of the attendant sentiments, otherwise meaningless. For instance, the proffer of the right hand was construed in older and more ferocious days than now, to signify confidence, the one offering his defensive hand thus putting himself at the mercy of the other. The extending of the hand of hospitality by the woman of the house recalls the days when guests were led to the cheer provided for them, and the friendship symbolized by clasped hands is so generally recognized among all classes that it is no uncommon thing for the lowest and most abandoned criminals to refuse to touch hands with those whom they mean to injure.

There are fashions in hand-clasping, carrying the fingers high or low, demanding a clasp or a mere passive touch, regulating even the length of time which the meeting members should retain their hold, but through all these, which flash and fade as the seasons roll, there is the real sentiment of human brotherhood, the establishment of a voluntary link between two bodies, and of a corresponding link between the two personalities, for the moment. One should realize all this before offering or accepting a handshake. Where there is no cordiality in the heart, there should be no meeting of the hands. Where there is not a mutual desire for the close communion which results from the pressure, there should be no attempt to establish that union. The cold passivity of the unwilling or apathetic hand is apt to chill the warmest cordiality, and the grudging touch of half-withheld fingers is little less painful than a recognized snub, says the Pittsburg Chronicle-Dispatch.

The hand is so active a member of the personality, so close to the brain in its workings that it expresses oftentimes unconsciously, the feelings resident in the brain. But if neglected in its character as a medium of personal expression and regarded as a mere mechanical servant, to wash and scrub and turn machines or write credits, it loses half its reaction and the owner loses one of his purest channels of expressing feeling. Watch your handshakes, and if you shrink from giving your whole hand, bare and unprotected, to any one person, refuse the clasp. If you do give it, make it warm and cordial. Study the talents of your hands in expressing your different degrees of feeling and you shortly will know that there is little which the lips and eyes can say which is not also expressible through the hand. Give whole-heartedly and warmly or not at all, and you will find your friendships augmented and your loves emphasized by the practice.

A MAMMOTH WASHBOWL.

The Hand basin of "Big Tom" Wilson of North Carolina is a Brass Preserving Kettle.

Real mountaineers of North Carolina rarely ever are the owners of wash basins. A wooden, mossy trough brings the water from the spring to the family spout, as it is called. There the entire family perform their morning ablutions. Visitors are sometimes given a bread pan or a dish pan for their morning bath, says the Chicago Tribune.

Of late the Asheville (N. C.) papers have been printing a good deal of a visit that the president probably will make to Senator Pritchard in the fall, and of a proposed bear hunt over on Casey river, "Big Tom's" country.

"Big Tom" Wilson is known far and wide. His home is in the heart of the big hills under the shadow of the Great Dome. Big Tom is said to have killed more bear than any man in the state, and it seems that the president wants to meet him. Big Tom's home is primitive. His own bath is taken at the family spout where the water leaps clear as crystal and cold as ice, but for his friends he has something unique in a washbowl. It is a brass preserving kettle, polished and shiny, and it is brought in with your soap and towel. Many people after a visit to Big Tom have spoken of the preserving kettle washbowl. Will it be offered to the president, or will Big Tom send one into the valley and purchase a real bowl and pitcher for so distinguished and honored a guest?

Know Her Name.

"And shall I speak to your father, darling?" asked the young man immediately after the fair maid had landed him. "Yes," replied the one and only, "but for goodness' sake don't say a word to mother." "Why not?" he asked. "Because," she answered, "we don't want the engagement made public for two or three days yet."—Chicago Daily News.

It Was.

First Summer Boarder.—The proprietor of this place is not a lover of the truth, apparently. His hotel isn't anywhere near a cliff, and yet his circulars say it was "built on a magnificent bluff." Second Boarder.—It was. He hadn't a cent to his name when he began it.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

TRIALS OF TRAVEL IN ITALY

The System of Railway Transportation in Wretchedly Inadequate and Costly Ways.

Returning from the latest of a long series of journeys in Italy, I hope that you will allow me to send a few words of warning to British and American travelers, writes a correspondent to the London Times.

This warning does not refer to minor discomforts of Italian travel to the petty vexations, imposition and losses so often complained of but to what seems rapidly becoming a complete breakdown in the Italian railway system as regards the decent or even safe conveyance of travelers. For several years, at each of my visits, it has become more and more clear that the existing system of railway transportation in Italy is wretchedly inadequate, and, as the volume of travel and traffic increases, steadily growing worse, and that there is a other intention in the minds of those in control than to make the most money possible out of the present system, no matter what suffering or danger may thereby come to the traveling public.

First, on the lines between Naples, Rome, Florence and Verona, and between Venice, Milan and Genoa, and along the Italian Riviera, the rule prevails to crowd and stuff the carriage beyond endurance, and this with first class passengers as well as with those of other classes. During a large part of the year, at every important station, almost without exception, comes a struggle—pushing, pulling, quarreling, fighting the way in and out of carriages. Again and again, in first class carriages, I have seen passenger standing, in addition to those who are crowded together upon the seats. This I recently saw at Florence and again at Milan. At Genoa I recently saw an ladies and gentlemen waiting for half an hour in the rain for a chance to push their way into seats. At Florence I recently saw what I have seen at various times, a hand-to-hand struggle for places in first-class carriages in which men, women and children were concerned.

It may be said that this was due to some special increase in the number of passengers. This was not the case. It occurred as I was coming from Rome northward, just before Holy week, when the main stream of travel was southward.

All this is greatly aggravated by the ignorance or inability of Italian railway officials in making up and managing the great trains of travel which, during a large part of the year, sets both ways between Venice and Florence would seem fully to warrant, if not a through train, at least an adequate number of through carriages. By no means. Again and again, year after year, men, women and children traveling between these two cities are turned out of the carriages at an intermediate station and are separated in order to squeeze themselves into such scattered accommodations here and there as they may chance to find in the through trains between Verona and Florence. It would seem that the petty profit derived by underlings from pulling passengers out of one train and crowding them into another supply the central idea of this policy.

Take next the main stations. A most without exception they are inconvenient, unsanitary, and utterly inadequate. During my latest visit to the Genoa station, I have noted what seems to be the beginning of an enlargement; but it is the only one where any such tendency is visible. It was high time, for a physical impossibility to get the trains in and out of the station was becoming manifest; but at other stations where the demand is almost as great there is not the slightest sign of improvement. At Florence, where increased accommodation is perhaps most needed there has been, for 10 years, talk of improvement; but nothing has been done.

Take next the railway carriage. With the exception of those in the trains of luxe, for which heavy supplementary prices must be paid, to which, as a rule, only first-class passengers are admitted, they are, for the worst known to me, in Europe. In very many of them, no account seems to be taken of the needs of invalids, children, and other feeble folk who resort to Italy, say nothing of the general public, have known, in every part of Italy not merely inconvenience, but suffering thus caused—sometimes dangerous suffering. To this may be added the fact that the petty railway servants are evidently allowed by their superiors to prey upon the traveling public in many ways, generous but venacious. I may mention a typical case at Genoa, where on two occasions a well-dressed official caused articles of light luggage to be hidden in the waiting-room, order that he might secure a reward by finding them.

The misfortune of all this state things is more noteworthy when one considers the improvement of Italy in other respects. My own recollections extend over nearly 30 years. I have seen the Italian cities, Rome, Venice, Naples and many others, from breeding-beds of pestilence made clean and healthy; hot which it was once dangerous to enter have been made among the best in the world; the old loathsome street beggary has been nearly abolished, and the traveler finds about him a people far more decent and self-respecting than under the regime.

Jealousy's Other Name. Jealousy is but another name for inordinate self-esteem.—Milwaukee Sentinel.