

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

King Edward has established a new decoration, the conspicuous service silver cross, for warrant officers and subordinate officers in the army.

French olive growers have suffered so much from the adulterations practiced by middlemen that arrangements are being perfected for dealing directly with customers.

The supply of coal for eastern Siberia comes chiefly from the island of Sakhalin, where the mines are worked by convict labor; also from Japan and from the mines in the vicinity of Vladivostok.

The treatment of copper ore in Austria is still conducted on rather antiquated lines, and the output is small, the entire production for Austria-Hungary and Bosnia averaging some 1,300 tons annually.

According to an apparently authentic article in a French periodical, not fewer than 30,000 aristocrats are at present confined in the prisons of Europe. Russia stands first, with 12,000 blue-blooded lawbreakers.

Green and brown jasper is mined in the neighborhood of Zlatoust, a Russian village. This stone is used for tables, wash basins, handles for knives and forks, is susceptible of a high polish and is equal to the well-known Ekaterinburg stone.

France produces a fair quality of coal, but not sufficient for the demand. The economical policy of the country has encouraged a system of utilizing coal dust, compressed into briquettes, which fuel is almost universally used on the railroad lines.

After a thorough study of the drink question in Kansas, Stanislaus Ferguson, a St. Petersburg editor, has published a book in which he seeks to prove that the government monopoly and the closing of saloons on Sunday have led to a great diminution of the evil of intemperance.

IMPRESSIONS OF INDIA.

The Most Thing About It is an Element of Mystery That is All-Pervading.

In his papers on "The East of To-Day and To-Morrow," Bishop Henry C. Porter, writing in Century, gives his "Impressions of India."

"If one were asked to express in a single phrase that which exists in the western mind as its distinctive conception of the land and the people inhabiting it, it would be difficult to do so, for India, it would seem to me, is a land of mystery, and travelers have probably been as often obliged to correct their earlier impressions of either of these countries in the light of a fuller knowledge.

But no other people have in them so much that has been inscrutable, and that continues to be so, as those various tribes and states that extend from the Russian frontier to the Indian ocean.

"And the interesting thing is that this element of mystery does not disappear with closer observation or more intimate acquaintance. It would be a small thing to say that my Bengali servant was inscrutable to me after several weeks of his constant companionship by day and by night, in travel, in rest-houses, in bungalows, and inns, on shipboard, and in those frequent and quite unreserved conferences which are indispensable in travel between a foreigner and one who is his guide, valet and interpreter all in one.

Any traveler would say, doubtless, that to understand the occult mental processes and cryptographic speech of any foreign servant is easily beyond the cleverness of the most experienced mind-reader. But this inability to comprehend, and still more to forecast, the mental processes of these orientals, is, I have found, unreservedly admitted even by those who have known them for a generation. Indeed, the dramatic element of British rule in India largely consists in that absence of certainty as to the character, motives or possible conduct of those over whom they are set which I have often heard admitted on the part of their rulers.

"It is in this that must needs lend to the land and to its people an exceptional and perennial interest. As in the costumes and customs of other eastern nations there is forever wanting that note of almost startling piquetresque which salutes the stranger in India, so it is with all that costume and custom stand for. Prodigious wealth, oriental splendor, subtlety in speech and action, inexhaustible craft, unwearied furtiveness, swift and secret revenge, hot passion and its reckless blow, far-seeing purposes and their marvelous adroitness of scheme and instrument, the carelessness of life in warfare, the unspoken perils of intrigue in the lives of kings and courts, the surface of gentleness and obsequiousness, and the hard glitter of undying hatreds that gleam beneath them—these are some of the elements that long ago made up life in that strange land, and that are a long way from having vanished out of it to-day."

"The Learned Quicker. Bridget was just over, and didn't understand the uses of the call bell, so her mistress explained that she was to come to her when she rang it. The next day Bridget missed the bell. She called Bridget to inquire about it, and Bridget replied: "Sure, mum, I have it, and when I want you I'll ring it."—N. Y. Times.

A Fessler. Chilly Nites. Bilkin ask more puzzling questions than a criminal lawyer. Breaker Day—Who's his latest? "Dis: 'Wot would yer sooner do er met do it?'"—Judge.

MOST DREARY OF REGIONS.

There Are Few Things of Interest and No Attractions in the Great Dismal Swamp.

Weird and solitary and destitute of attractions to mankind is the famed Dismal swamp. It occupies a billowy plain some 40 miles in length by 25 miles in breadth along the Atlantic seaboard, extending from Suffolk, Va., in a southerly direction, well into the bounds of North Carolina, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Its deep shades, great stretches of brake and its very solitude make it a region of interest. To the naturalist and sportsman it has much to offer. In its silent fastnesses the black bear finds a home admirably adapted to his protection and in every way favorable to his increase. Here amid the dense growth of underbrush and timber he may live in comparative safety. And there is perhaps no locality in the whole eastern United States of like extent which can offer a larger bear population than this great morass. The white-tailed deer is also an abundant denizen of the swamp, frequenting the elevated parts.

In addition to the deer and bears there is a big game feature of a rather unusual nature. The swamp abounds in wild cows. These animals, of a brown color and somewhat smaller than the ordinary cow, having for many years been under the peculiar conditions of the swamp until they are almost completely speckled, are extremely wild. They are ferried from the herds of the farms adjacent to the swamp, and are the descendants of cattle which many years back wandered into the fastnesses and were lost to their owners. Being no longer recognized as property, the sportsman may call game all that he may have the prowess to shoot.

Lake Drummond, some ten miles from Suffolk, Va., is the only great body of water in the swamp. It is a beautiful sheet of water, of an oval contour, and fringed with a heavy growth of timber, mostly cypress, white cedar and black gum. Its water is of a dark color, owing to the decaying vegetation of the surrounding country, but is suitable to drink, and possesses the quality of remaining pure longer than most other water. For this reason it is often carried to sea by sailors on long voyages.

THE EDEN GARDEN IN VENICE.

A Beauty Spot That is Visited by Many Notables in Their Visits to the Sea City.

In a long, illustrated article on "Venice Gardens," Mr. Lee Bacon writes thus in the Century of the Eden Garden in the City by the Sea:

"Where the roses bloom in greatest profusion is the Eden garden, on the far side of the Giudecca, stretching away in the direction of the salt marshes, which give out such strange seaweed odors.

"The English gardener, who speaks with a burr and an Italian accent at the same time, told me the property once belonged to a 'couvret.' I surmised that it intended to say convent.

"Here the late empress of Austria was wont to sketch, and here the Italian actress Duse, fortunate in being a welcome guest, spends many mornings wandering up and down its shady walks. One is rarely near enough to see whether it be Alfred de Musset, Dante, or one of the English authors she has in hand; for as one advances within sight and sound, the slight figure is apt to lose itself in the crowd of paths, though when Henry Bacon was painting his picture of the Virgin among the lilies he was often aware of the shadow of the noted Italian falling almost on his canvas. These paths are overhung with grapevines trained upon trellises, and here and there great acanthus plants, with the wonderful foliated leaves which seem to have been the inspiration and base of four-fifths of the world's decorative designs and carvings. Farther along, hundreds of lily plants raise their straight stiff stalks, and at a certain time are covered with so many blooms that one is fairly driven from them by the heavy perfume."

Fine Feathers Free.

The head of a fashionable millinery business witnessed the Oaks this year, where he also witnessed a lady wearing a hat which she had ordered "on approval" the day before. Next day she was therefore surprised to have the hat sent back as "not quite suitable." His surprise has been heightened by two or three more being ordered on trial just in time—such is coincidence—for Ascot. This is like those unscrupulous gentlemen who obtain free riding for months on trial horses and stop six weeks at a country house by keeping up a fiction that they are examining some of the land for immediate purchase.—London Sketch.

Astronomers Live Long.

M. Flammarion, the French astronomer, believes that the study of astronomy is conducive to longevity, since it calms the human passion. He points out that the French Astronomical society, composed of about 2,500 members, possesses one member who is 105 years old, a dozen who are over 90 and a very large percentage of octogenarians.—Science.

One or the Other. A woman always has the best or the worst of it.—Aitchison Globe.

WHERE HOME IS.

Is It Ever So Nasty There Are Times When Compensation Comes.

It was the up-town Philanthropist who said to his friend of the Settlement: "I hold that your tenement dweller is such only through force of circumstances. He has been thrown here, so to speak. But one place is as good as another to him."

"Perhaps you don't quite understand," said the District Worker. "One is apt to forget that human nature is pretty much the same all over."

"No. Filial affection, for instance, I grant you, exists here. There is the love of the father for his children, of the wife for the husband. But do you find the love for old associations? No. How can it exist? Your tenement dweller can't afford to be sentimental. Suppose he develops a fondness for the two rooms that he occupies. Well, he'll have his heartstrings wrung, pretty likely, the first hard winter. The money goes and the dispossessed notice comes in. And mighty glad to move from the district he would be if he had the chance."

"Yes," responds the Worker, with fine sarcasm, "that's the reason your quarter has more souls than any other in the city."

Through the air, heavy and hot with the crowded humanity, comes a thin, attenuated melody, so thin, in fact, that it ought rather to be called the ghost of a tune, says the New York Times.

"The bloke's got an accordion," is the comment from a boy in the court below.

"Sounds more like a French harp," says another.

"Well, anyhow, 'tain't a drum," ventures a third.

Then they stop to listen. The thin strain resolves itself into something like an air. All ears await its recognition. But the musician seems, for the time being, satisfied with merely making some kind of a sound. After a few notes there is a repetition. Again and again the listeners hear the same wheezing treble, then a few notes of the bass. With disappointment comes indignation.

"Say, you," comes from a rear window, "d'ontcher tink people ever want to sleep?" If the player hears he pays no attention to the interruption. He is still grinding out the sound.

The little sausage maker on the top floor adds his voice to the protests hurled from half a dozen throats.

"Zum Teufel!" he shouts, "vat is does noise? You don't goin' to blay all night, iss it?"

Still no pause on the part of the musician. The same bars are being repeated for at least the hundredth time, and they are gradually developing into something intelligible.

Then a baby's shriek shuts out the sound. Two cats begin to yowl on a nearby fence. From the street arise the mingled midnight noises of the city. A horsecar jingles along and a truck clatters past, the horse's hoofs awakening hollow echoes from the street. A belated rooster in front of the saloon on the corner adds his voice to the general clamor in a mangled song. The musician seems baffled. But the cats cease to howl. The reveler has passed through the side door for "just one more," and the truck is far away down the street.

"Acht, dass is something like idt. Listen, Minna." He nudges his drowsy spouse, who shakes her head sleepily. "Ya, ya, school! school!"

"Say, dat's de tune dat makes me get a frog in me throat," comments the boy in the court.

And into the still night air, from the stifling room of the tenement, floats the sound of the concertina, now clear and distinct, resolving itself into the familiar strain: "There's no place like home."

HOW THEY LAUGH.

People of Different Nations Have Various Ways of Expressing Their Mirth.

"The Chinese laugh is not as hearty or as expressive as the European or American. It is oftener a titter than a genuine outburst of merriment. There is little character or force in it, says a London exchange.

As for the Arabian laugh, we hear little of its hilarious ring through the ages of mirth in the old world. The Arab is generally a stolid fellow, who must either see good reason for a laugh or be surprised into it.

In Persia the man who laughs is considered effeminate, but a free license is given to female merriment.

One reads of the "grave Turk" and the "sober Egyptian," but it is not recorded that they have never moments of mirth, when the fez bobs or the veil shakes under the pressure of some particularly "good thing." In Mohammed himself Christian writers have noted cordiality and jocoseness, and they say there is a good, ringing laugh in the prophet with all his seriousness.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh as languid but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as unceremonious and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Perfumed Dorviches. The Sudanese natives eagerly buy clothes, cotton goods, sugar, perfumes, tea, nails, chains, wire, leather, false jewelry and iron trinkets. Great Britain furnishes the cotton goods, but Germany, Austria and Italy have almost the monopoly of the other articles. Germany does a huge trade in perfumes. A single caravan started off recently with 20,000 francs' worth of German scents for the natives.—Geneva La Suisse.

MOUSE IN A TRUNK.

A Woman Guest's Expensive Experience with Sequestering Hotel Bellhops.

A woman guest at an uptown hotel was awakened about midnight by the rustling and gnawing of a mouse. She was one of the few heroic women who can endure the presence of a mouse without getting up on a chair or screaming. She threw every shoe and slipper within reach, but as the munching continued she pushed the bell. The boy that answered got a tip of a dime, and he then said he'd have to send up the head boy on watch to investigate, relates the New York Sun.

In ten minutes came up a very imposing person, who listened blandly to the woman's story, and finally said he'd try to find a trap. As Boy No. 2 was more elegant than Boy No. 1 she thought a quarter would be the least she could offer him.

In half an hour Boy No. 3 appeared with a mousetrap, which the woman had placed near her trunk, where the papers had been most boisterous. Less simple-minded than usual, the woman lifted the trap to see if it was properly set. There was not a bite of cheese—not a morsel of anything to tempt the appetite of a wary mouse. She caught Boy No. 3, who had stopped to discuss politics with the elevator boy, and suggested cheese for the hungry mouse. He got half a dollar to shake off his unconcern.

But in the morning the trap was empty. Then she put the whole affair out of her mind; thought the mouse had escaped into the hall, or something, and began to dress. She was sitting down putting on her shoes when her eye caught a twinkling little dot peering at her from a crack where the trunk had not shut quite tight; and there was the mouse, and it had been in the trunk all night.

It glared defiance and she glared back revenge. She pushed the trunk shut with the tip of her umbrella and rang the bell. She told the boy the mouse was in her trunk, and No. 4 got another half dollar for killing it with a shovel.

When the woman came to examine the scene of the execution she found most of her things smeared with ashes from the shovel, with here and there the coloring set on by a scarlet touch of mouse blood—quite artistic, but damaging. And a white shirt waist that cost five dollars had been chewed up till it was past wearing.

The woman was out \$1.35 in tips, and the hotel people decided that they were not responsible for the damage done, as the mouse probably had been brought in in the trunk. Had he not been killed in the trunk?

PHILIPPINE GRASSHOPPERS.

How They Are Caught by the Natives and Prepared in Various Ways for Food.

"One thing I have found out since coming to the Philippines," writes a Kansas boy, according to the Kansas City Journal, "and that is how to catch grasshoppers and prepare them for food. The Filipinos not only make grasshopper pies and cakes, but they pound them into powder, and steep them in water, drink it."

"There are several methods used by the natives for catching grasshoppers. The most effective is the net. This is a large butterfly net, arranged with netting placed over a loop, and to the latter is fixed a piece of flat wood about ten inches in diameter. If the grasshoppers pass over one's own property this method is used, for then all the grasshoppers killed by swinging this instrument through the clouds of grasshoppers as they pass over are dropped to the ground and can be picked up at leisure. Another method consists in exploding cartridges in the midst of the swarm. After an effective explosion the ground is covered with them. But this is very expensive and is seldom used. Grasshopper catching is a profitable business in the Philippines. They sell at two dollars a sack."

"I never saw a native eat a green grasshopper, but I have seen them eat the dried ones by the pocketful. The housewife in the Philippines takes considerable delight in placing a nice grasshopper pie before you. Great care is taken in preparing them so that they do not lose any of their form."

How Aged Indian Women Die.

The attention of the United States government has just been called to a barbarous custom that is still being practiced among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians in Oklahoma territory. The Indians of these three tribes, while living under the management of an Indian agent, are comparatively civilized, and do not go on the war path, but work for their living at farming. But they have no love for their hearts for one of their own people after that person has passed his or her age of usefulness. An aged squaw, after she reaches the age of 80 years, is sent into the fields and left there to die, unless some sympathetic white person comes along and sends the poor old woman to the Indian agency, where she may be taken care of at the expense of the government.

Travelers in the reservation may hear the distressing cries of some deserted woman at most any time they care to listen.—Buffalo Courier.

FRESH FEMINE FINERY.

The Newest in Dress Fabrics—Latest Fancies in Sleeves—Various Dainty Trims.

Ribbons of all widths, fabrics and colors play an important part in the devising of smart summer toilettes; gold and delicately enameled buttons also, says the New York Post.

With the seven-gored or circular skirts of opal gray or cream white cloth, to be so much in vogue this summer, will be variously worn dainty waists of lace and embroidered batiste; liberty silk, inset with soft coru guipure lace bands and medallions; India silk strapped with black panne and draped with black and white embroidered India mull, creped satia trimmed with point Arabe lace dotted with pin-head spangles of gold and silver, or silk veiling decorated with bands of Persian embroidery in delicately shaded silks.

Louise silk and silk and satin foulards are constantly increasing in favor as fabrics for dressy wear this summer. Rows of way lace insertion and tucking in every form are the popular finish for gowns of these materials. Silk strappings and rows of velvet ribbon also form a serviceable and pretty decoration for Louise and foulard silks for beach and traveling costumes.

Newer, however, are the pretty chine silks, brocaded with shadowy patterns in delicate pastel tints; besides, they have the saving grace of elegance of unaggressive character. Very little trimming is required for these delicately patterned silks, bounces and plaatings of the goods being used on the skirt and draperies and choux of net or lace on the bodice.

The narrowest bebe velvet ribbon or tiny lines of black chenille are very effectively employed in throwing up the designs of lace used to trim bodices, blouse vests, fichus, etc. Black velvet leaves and flowers arrayed on applique on lace, net, chiffon and silk severally, have likewise a very rich and becoming effect.

A very handsome blouse waist, made by Hentzen is of palest blue peade soie, covered entirely with cream-colored point de Venise net, with a deep yoke of Venise lace. In addition, straps of the silk about half an inch wide were laid over the lace and met about three inches apart—these merely fastened at neck and waist by tiny gold sequins, which kept the deepening place for the space of about four inches from the neck down and the waist up.

The new "Raleigh" sleeve is of the bishop order, with small, pretty wrist-puff, the latter being outlined with narrow bands overlaid with silk appliques. It is shaped with an inside seam, and made on a close coat-shaped lining. Another popular model is the Bernhardt, a long shapely sleeve, which has an inside and outside seam, the latter terminating at the elbow, and from there fastening with a clever arrangement of buttons and lacing cords. The sleeve is in bell style at the wrist, and a thumb tacking gives it the mitt shape, and when made of lace or net the outside seam extends to the lower edge of the sleeve.

A WORD TO THE THIN.

Care in the Diet Available But Little When One Is Given to Pre-fering Over Trifles.

A great deal has been written by physicians for the benefit of fat persons who desire to reduce their weight, but the discontented at the other end of the scale, who long for more covering on their bones are very generally left to discover for themselves, if they can find a means to gain their end, says Youth's Companion.

Thinness, like obesity, may be due to some constitutional defect in nutrition, often running in the family, or it may be a symptom of chronic disease. A gradual loss of flesh, occurring without any apparent cause, in one who has been in previous good condition, is a suspicious sign, and should lead one to seek a careful medical examination, so that the cause, whatever it may be, may be discovered and corrected while there is time.

Other persons have always been too thin, while serving in other respects to be in fair health. To such a few simple directions may be of service.

Thin persons are very apt to be nervously strung, fretting over trifles and borrowing trouble on every possible occasion. They sleep poorly, dream much and are always in a state of unrest in their waking hours. They are not uncommonly large eaters, but their food is for the most part meat, and is bolted with very little mastication.

It will be of little use to modify the diet in such cases unless the nervousness is treated at the same time. The person must avoid all things which stimulate the nervous system—exciting novels and theatrical pieces, the use of tobacco, coffee, tea, and so forth. The diet should consist largely of articles of a fattening nature, such as starchy vegetables, sweets, butter and fat meats. Meals should be small but frequent. A certain amount of nourishment taken in six portions will make more flesh than the same amount divided into three meals.

Chocolate may be substituted for the morning tea or coffee. Water should be drunk in large quantities at other than meal times, but fluids should be taken sparingly with the meals. Cod liver oil, if it does not nauseate, should be taken regularly; if it cannot be tolerated, cream may be substituted.

The night hours of sleep should be long, and a nap may be taken with advantage in the middle of the day.

AN ELEPHANT DERBY.

Exciting Sport That is a Great Attraction for Natives and Foreigners Alike.

"An elephants' Derby sounds distinctly sensational, but the idea cannot sound more sensational than such a contest actually is, says the London Express.

The Briton is nothing if not a sportsman, despite Napoleon's historical sneer about our being a nation of shopkeepers; and wherever John Bull goes there you may be sure to find him indulging in one form of sport or another.

Thus, in India elephants are often impressed into the service of our sporting enthusiasts, and an elephants' Derby recently took place up country.

Steeplechasing with horses is exciting enough, but when you have elephants engaging in this form of sport—well, you somehow forget that life ever seemed dull to you.

Naturally, the course is not so perfect as at Epsom. Nevertheless, there are plenty of coigns of vantage from which crowds of eager spectators, native and white, watch the progress of the contest and encourage the riders by their shrill shrieks and constant shouting.

By the din alone you would know that you were in the east, even if you did not see the spectators and competitors.

The mahouts, as the native drivers are called, cling to the necks of their mounts, urging them on by means of their sharp goads, which they apply to the elephants' ears.

To see the huge, lumbering creatures being driven over the course at their utmost speed is at once one of the most comical and exciting sights imaginable.

Barriers and ditches are constructed at intervals across the track, and though a novice would in nine cases out of ten regard the elephants' efforts to negotiate these with convulsions of laughter, devotees to this form of racing become far too absorbed in the fortunes of the contest for the ludicrous side of it to appeal to them.

Besides, it is just these obstacles which provide the critical points of the race, for the elephants attempt to get over or out of them many a rarer goes down, and many a moment is thrown to the ground at imminent peril of being crushed by the elephant which is immediately following.

Taking it as a whole, an elephant steeplechase is a sight to remember, and one you should never miss, if ever you get an opportunity. It out-derbies all the Derbys within flying recollection as far as excitement is concerned.

RUSSIA'S AWAKENING.

Entrance into a New Country and Freedom from Slavery Enlighten the People.

One phase of the present awakening of Russian intelligence is vividly pictured by Alexander H. Ford, in Century:

"I once traveled for more than a thousand miles in far-eastern waters on a Russian emigrant transport, where convicts were buddled together in the forward hold, Cossacks amidships, and the emigrants aft. When the ship drew up at the wharf at Vladivostok, and the peasants who had settled in the province a year or two previously came to meet the latest arrivals from Little Russia, the contrast between the unkempt, sluggish creatures aboard ship and the bright, active men on the wharf was striking, even impressive. The newcomers, practically slaves, the children of slaves, accustomed for centuries to huddle together by families in a single room, like so many sheep in a pen, and forbidden by law to wander beyond the confines of the village mir, were still dazed; their compressed intellects could not yet take in anything unconnected with the vast stretches about the homes they had left 12,000 miles behind at the command of the czar. The entire mir had received word to move on. There was no word or murmur of complaint, and, so far as I could discover, not one ray of hope or spark of curiosity inspired these emigrants on their way to a new home and broader life. But about the men on the wharf? There was nothing of the stolid, sleepy Russian muzhik about these far-eastern farmers who had learned the use of modern agricultural machinery, and even hired Manchou coolies the year round to bear the burden of the hardest and most menial labor. Realizing by comparison that they were no longer the lowest beings in the scale of humanity, the restrained mirth and suppressed freedom of centuries seemed bursting forth. Right and left these freemen plied their whips, letting the lash fall indiscriminately upon the shoulders of the coolies, just as in like manner others had for generations demonstrated their superiority over them. The muzhik was learning his lesson, that was all, and once the Russian muzhik begins to acquire knowledge, his thirst for enlightenment becomes all-consuming.

"The peasants who were leading, I was assured, would not long be content to remain more ignorant than the careless Cossack, and this I found on better acquaintance, to be quite true. Almost every condition of Russian life can be studied side by side in this new region, in the regeneration of which American machinery and methods play so prominent a part."

Rewrite This Joke. Lady—Where is the hose department, please? Floor Walker—Fire, garden or ladies', ma'am?—Puck.