

THE DR. CRONIN CASE.

Tracking Bloody Footprints—The Iceman May Squeal—Burke Identified in Winnipeg.

A last (Wednesday) night's Chicago despatch says: The special grand jury in the Cronin case gave its first indication of results at noon to-day in the shape of an indictment against Martin Burke on two counts. Burke, alias Martin Delaney, otherwise called Frank Williams, is indicted, first for murder, and secondly for conspiracy with Conghlin, P. O'Sullivan and Woodruff for the purpose of committing murder. Application will at once be made to Governor Eber for an officer who is now in Springfield, for requisition papers for the extradition of Burke. These papers, properly attested, will be spread before the State Department of Washington, and the Secretary of State will make a formal request to the Canadian Government for the surrender and extradition of Burke. The indictment was returned upon the testimony of Michael Gavin, of the Chicago Sewer Department. Gavin testified that he had known Burke for a long time; that he had frequently heard the latter boast of his friendship with P. O'Sullivan and others of the suspected parties, and that on one occasion Burke had expressed his conviction that Cronin was an enemy, if not a traitor, to the Irish cause.

An entirely new Cronin suspect is being looked for to-night. His name is Michael Cooney, known as "The Fox," because of a sough he used to sing. Cooney and Burke, it is claimed, actually killed Cronin. Both are Clan-na-Gael men. Cooney is a bricklayer and came from Ireland only a few years ago. Little hope is entertained of the immediate arrest of Cooney. State Attorney Longenecker allowed it to be inferred that he has two witnesses who will swear Cooney and Burke slept in the Carlson cottage several days prior to the tragedy, and were seen leaving the cottage on the fatal night. Both are said to have gone to a saloon and drank heavily.

When the Carlson cottage revealed its terrible story one of the most promising clues was the footprint in the paint. The murderer, walked about in the paint in his stocking feet. A shoemaker wrote to the police that a well-known Irishman and Clan-na-Gael man, whose name he had seen in the newspapers in connection with the murder, was his customer, and had very peculiar feet. A piece of the floor was cut out with three tracks on it and taken to police headquarters. Then the shoemaker was asked to produce the book in which he preserved the tracings showing the shape of his customers' feet. The outlines of the suspected Irishman's feet were found to correspond exactly in size and shape with the footprints taken from the floor. The peculiarities about the foot which made the paint tracks in the depth of the hollow part of it. In the paint tracks there is a great curve running in from the great toe to the heel, almost severing the latter from the front part of the foot. The board with the paint tracks on it and the measure book of the shoemaker have been in the Grand Jury room for several days. It is likely the suspect will be called before the jury.

It is reported the Grand Jury has obtained a complete list of the members of Camp No. 20, Clan-na-Gael, known as the Columbia Club, and has directed the subpoenaing of every member. It was from this camp that Cronin was expelled a couple of years ago on the charge of treason. P. O'Sullivan, the ice-man, indicted for complicity in the Cronin tragedy, was today removed to the "boys' department" of the jail, the recognized haven for "squealers." It is said he has offered to make a full confession. His motive is said to be flight over the arrest of Burke at Winnipeg and the disclosure that Cooney, "The Fox," is being actively pursued. It is expected, however, that his removal is simply shrewd tactics on the part of the authorities to break down one or another of the suspects. It is reported that O'Sullivan at his own request had conferences with the sheriff and State's Attorney.

PARACHUTE ACCIDENT.

Prof. Williams, Who Performed in Hamilton Last Fall, Has a Narrow Escape.

A despatch from London (Eng.), dated yesterday, says: Prof. Williams, American aeronaut and parachutist, was announced to make an ascent from the grounds of the Alexandra Palace last evening and to descend in the usual manner by means of a parachute. The balloon having been inflated by the hot air system, Williams took a firm hold, and the balloon shot rapidly up to a great height. The spectators soon perceived something was wrong, and in a few minutes it became apparent that Williams was unable to detach the parachute from the balloon, which sailed at a considerable speed over Highgate. When last seen Williams was hanging from the balloon by his hands, and grave fears were entertained for his safety. Great excitement prevailed amongst the spectators. Williams held on to the balloon with his hands and drifted nearly five miles to Horsney. There he descended, with the balloon and parachute together, on the top of the Local Board Offices. He was uninjured save for a few bruises.

Gold in Ontario.

A Winnipeg despatch says: It has all along been held by eminent and experienced miners that gold in alluvial deposits should exist at the Lake of the Woods, on account of its geological character, it having been cut down by glaciers and depositing alluvial soil. Up to yesterday all attempts at discovery have been abortive, but this morning Prof. Harvey, of Toronto, reached Rat Portage from Yellow Girl Bay, where he has been prospecting on some mining locations which he, along with other Toronto capitalists, is interested in. Some of his men, it appears, brought in some "black sand" taken from the bed of a creek in the vicinity of the camp where they were located that he thought contained gold. This dirt was washed down until nothing remained but metal, which showed a large yield of gold. The test was repeated several times with most gratifying success, gold being found in the pan after each wash.

The man who was lost in admiration of a woman afterwards found himself in love with her.

AN INVITED DOG-BITE.

A Man Bares His Arm to a Mad Dog's Teeth in Acceptance of a \$500 Offer to Test a Madstone—If This Madman Hadn't Done It, Another Was Ready.

A Kansas City, Mo., despatch says: The man who allowed himself to be bitten by a mad dog at the house of Dr. Edward N. Small, at Sedalia, is still alive and the madstone still clings to his arm. It is believed that the man was hardly maddened than the dog when he allowed the animal to bite him. Dr. Small is the chief surgeon of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway and is very cautious as to the powers of the madstone. His joking offer to pay \$500 to any man who would let a rabid dog bite him, in order to test the properties of the stone, was brought about by the fact that he had in his kennel several dogs which had gone mad or showed symptoms of doing so. In the course of some talk about these dogs he made the offer without the least idea that it would find a taker. When the man from Arkansas turned up to accept the offer Dr. Small promptly took water, not to save his \$500, but to spare the man. The latter refused to be spared, however, and gaining admission to the dogs' quarters surreptitiously, he bared his arm to one of the brutes. The dog bit a piece out of the arm, and fifteen minutes later he died in horrible convulsions. It is feared the man will follow the dog's fate. Had not the Arkansas stolen the lead, A. L. Sherman, of this city, would have placed himself at Dr. Small's disposal. Mr. Sherman lives at 17 West Fifth street, and in expressing his willingness to submit to the painful test he declared that he was actuated only by his desire to benefit medical science. J. M. Dickson, also of this city, owns the madstone which Mr. Sherman proposed to use, and he, it is said, agreed, in case of the stone failing to work, to pay \$5,000 to Mr. Sherman's heirs and a \$1,000 forfeit to Dr. Small.

NOTES FROM MANITOBA.

Mr. Hugh Sutherland leaves about July 1st for the old country. Ontario excursionists, to the number of 384, arrived at Port Arthur to-day, and will be here at noon to-morrow. Arrangements are being made for them to stop five hours at Griswold. Fifty teams were being engaged to drive them over the surrounding country. A picnic will be held at Hall's Grove.

G. Renfel, a wealthy Mennonite, of Gretna, imported two threshers and two engines from the States a few days ago. He paid \$3,000 in cash for the machinery, besides paying \$900 for duty and \$140 for freight. After they arrived at their destination a local machine agent discovered that they had been made by convict labor across the line and reported it to the Government. The machines were seized and will be destroyed, as it is contrary to the laws of Canada to import anything from the States made by convict labor. It is rather hard on Mr. Renfel, as he knew nothing about the law in force, and will have to suffer the consequences without any recompense.

The annual session of the Methodist Conference opened in Grace Church at 9 o'clock this morning with a large attendance of delegates and ministers. Rev. W. L. Rutledge (Winnipeg) was elected President; Rev. A. Andrews, Secretary. The President read a list of transfers into and out of this Conference as transmitted by E. A. Stafford, Secretary of the Transfer Committee, as follows: Transfers into Manitoba Conference—Albert G. Crews, from Niagara Conference; John Stewart, from Montreal Conference; J. J. Leach, from Bay of Quinte Conference; J. Emslie and J. W. Spaulding, from Montreal Conference; T. A. Osten and R. Jamieson, from Niagara Conference; J. W. Runions and S. R. Brown, from Montreal Conference; John Tozeland, from Bay of Quinte Conference. Transfer from Manitoba Conference—J. A. Jackson, into Niagara Conference.

The Manitoba and Northwest Conference meets to-morrow. Rev. W. L. Rutledge will probably be elected President.

Surveyors are at work on the Canadian Pacific Railway extension from Barnesley to Carman. It is expected the road, which is only six miles long, will be built by the end of July.

Sparks from a passing engine caused a fire at Donald last week, which it was at one time feared would destroy the town. Happily the danger was averted by the energy of the Canadian Pacific workmen.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE DEVIL.

A Young Woman of Illinois Stuck Full of Pins to Cure Insanity.

A Carthage, Ill., despatch says: A young woman named Hannah Hestland has been working for her brother in Quincy. She recently left his house and walked to her home in Tioga, a distance of 25 miles. She showed symptoms of insanity, and her parents, with other ignorant persons of the vicinity, held a sort of incantation over the girl, sticking pins into her person to "drive away the evil spirit."

The young woman became almost unconscious, and in this condition she was bound hand and foot, gagged, and placed in a farm wagon, brought to Carthage, and placed in a livery stable. Here she remained from noon yesterday until near midnight in an unconscious condition. The unfortunate creature was finally taken to jail, where a physician is trying to save her life. Pins are still found sticking to her person.

Keeping Up His Credit.

Young Wife—"My dear, you ought not to have purchased such a swell suit of clothes. It is entirely too costly for your income, and you certainly ought to know it."

Young Husband—"I got them on credit."

"Still worse."

"But I had to have them."

"What for?"

"To keep up my credit."

"The disease proceeds silently amid apparent health. That is what William Roberts, M.D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says in regard to Bright's disease. It is necessary to give any further warning? If not use Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney malady becomes too far advanced."

A FRIGHTFUL EXPERIENCE.

How an Indiana Girl Lost and Regained Power of Speech.

Miss Sue Sutton, of Mount Carmel, Ill., 20 miles south of here, some months ago suddenly lost her power of speech. Her voice was gone and she could not utter a sound. The affliction baffled the aid of the physicians, who could not understand the case. Miss Sutton is a very pretty and accomplished young lady of 20 years of age, and she continued to go about her household duties, assisting her mother after the first shock produced by her affliction had passed off. Thursday her mother sent her out to dig some new potatoes. She went to the garden and stooped down and began to dig into the potato hills. Suddenly she felt a strange sensation and she straightened up. She found herself nearly paralyzed. Her arms were entirely so. Almost overcome with horror with what she believed to be a multiplication of her affliction, she managed to reach the house. As she entered, her mother said: "Have you got enough potatoes already?" and looked toward her for an answer, which the mother expected would be made by motion of her head, as the girl could not speak. The young lady stood as if rooted to the floor. She could not move a muscle. Her arms were drawn up, half bent, and totally paralyzed. The strange sensation increased, and for a minute or two she stood looking at her mother with a peculiar stare. Great drops of sweat stood out upon her, a tremor passed through her frame, and suddenly all over and she replied in a strong voice, "Yes." To her great joy and astonishment her voice had returned, her strange nervous attack had passed away, and full use of her faculties had been suddenly and miraculously restored to her. Daughter and mother returned praise to that Supreme Giver of all gifts, and rejoiced that the strange affliction had been remedied.—Vincennes corr. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chancery Sittings and Assizes.

The Chancery sittings and Assize circuits have been fixed as follows:

- CHANCERY AUTUMN SITTINGS. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT. Toronto—Monday, Nov. 4. THE HON. MR. CHANCELLOR. Ottawa—Monday, Oct. 23. Kingston—Monday, Nov. 4. Belleville—Friday, Nov. 8. Cobourg—Thursday, Nov. 14. Morrisburg—Monday, Nov. 15. Brockville—Friday, Nov. 22. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PROUDFOOT. Lindsay—Monday, Sept. 23. Peterboro—Friday, Sept. 27. Woodstock—Thursday, Oct. 3. Stratford—Thursday, Oct. 3. Whitby—Wednesday, Oct. 15. Barrie—Tuesday, Oct. 22. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE FERGUSON. St. Catharines—Tuesday, Sept. 17. Guelph—Monday, Sept. 23. Owen Sound—Monday, Sept. 30. Brantford—Monday, Oct. 7. Simcoe—Monday, Oct. 21. Hamilton—Monday, Oct. 30. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROBERTSON. Goderich—Thursday, Sept. 15. Walkerton—Monday, Sept. 23. London—Wednesday, Oct. 9. Chatham—Thursday, Oct. 24. Sarnia—Thursday, Oct. 31. St. Thomas—Thursday, Nov. 14. AUTUMN CIRCUIT, 1899.

The Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and of Assize and Nisi Prius for the several counties of Ontario will be held as follows:

- THE HON. MR. JUSTICE PALCONBRIDGE. Toronto—Civil Court, Tuesday, Sept. 10. Toronto—Criminal Court, Monday, Oct. 7. St. Catharines—Monday, Oct. 21. Orangeville—Monday, Oct. 28. Milton—Monday, Nov. 4. Brantford—Monday, Nov. 11. THE HON. CHIEF JUSTICE ARMOUR. L'Orignal—Monday, Sept. 9. Peterboro—Thursday, Sept. 12. Pembroke—Tuesday, Sept. 24. Perth—Monday, Sept. 30. Peterboro—Tuesday, Oct. 8. Sarnia—Tuesday, Oct. 15. Barrie—Tuesday, Oct. 22. Owen Sound—Tuesday, Nov. 5. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE ROSE. London—Monday, Sept. 9. Chatham—Monday, Sept. 23. St. Thomas—Monday, Sept. 30. Sandwich—Monday, Oct. 9. Sarnia—Monday, Oct. 14. Walkerton—Tuesday, Oct. 22. Woodstock—Monday, Nov. 4. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE MACMAHON. Whitby—Monday, Sept. 9. Picton—Monday, Sept. 16. Napawan—Thursday, Sept. 19. Belleville—Monday, Sept. 23. Kingston—Monday, Oct. 7. Cornwall—Monday, Oct. 14. Brockville—Monday, Oct. 21. Cobourg—Monday, Oct. 28. THE HON. MR. JUSTICE STREET. Welland—Tuesday, Sept. 10. Stratford—Monday, Sept. 16. Hamilton—Monday, Sept. 23. Brantford—Monday, Sept. 30. Cayuga—Tuesday, Oct. 15. Berlin—Monday, Oct. 21. Guelph—Monday, Oct. 28. Brantford—Monday, Nov. 4.

A Little Child's Presence of Mind.

Ralph Ball, a little fellow 5 years of age, is the hero of the day in Carbondale, Pa. Several children were playing around an unprotected well, when Eddie Widner decided to take a drink from it. As the water rises within a foot of the surface the little fellow thought he could reach it by lying on his stomach and putting his head down to the water, but in trying this feat he lost his balance and plunged head first into the spring, which is over six feet deep. In his fall he turned a complete somersault, coming up head first, but as he went down he uttered a cry that attracted the attention of a playmate, Ralph Ball, who is only 5 years of age. The latter hastened to the place, and, with a precocious presence of mind that would have deserted many an adult, he took in the situation at a glance, and, seizing the already half-drowned boy, he held his head above the surface of the water until the united voices of the children drew a man who was working near by to the rescue. Eddie was restored to his parents rather the worse for his dangerous bath, but was soon completely resuscitated.—Chicago Times.

Charity and personal force are the only investments worth anything.—Walt Whitman.

The Sin Ye Bo says that on the day of his recent marriage the Chinese Emperor presented his mother-in-law with \$1,500,000 and \$750,000 worth of silks and satins. The cable cars on State street, Chicago, are driven at the rate of 10 1/2 to 14 miles an hour.

ALIVE IN THE COFFIN.

A Horrible Experience Undergone by a Minnesota Lawyer.

"It was horrible, horrible, sir; I lay in that coffin alive and just as conscious of what was going on around me as I am at this moment. I have always been of a hysterical temperament, and on one grievous occasion had lain in a cataleptic state for 24 hours. This last time I lay for three days, perfectly unconscious, as I said before, but to all appearance as dead as Caesar." "It has been said," continued the hero of this blood-curdling adventure, "that there are infallible signs which denote death, and are unmistakable to the practiced eyes of the medico. I deny that such is the case, and no one has had a better opportunity of judging than have I. When I died, or rather when three of the best known medical men in Boston had asserted that I was dead, I had been for three days previous to my supposed demise in a condition of violent hysteria, bordering almost on insanity, owing to the death of a sister whom I loved to distraction. At the expiration of that time I subsided into the condition I have previously described. My death was attributed by the learned disciples of Esculapius to disease of the heart." "The three old fogies held a consultation over me, and I heard them discuss the advisability of a post-mortem examination, there being a slight difference of opinion among them as to what was the actual cause. At this time I was lying on a board, perfectly rigid, and fully realized the fact that I should be buried alive if I could not brace up and explain matters within the next few hours. I immediately blessed my mother and brother for their refusal to allow those old butchers to go for me with their knives. That's all that saved me, I tell you. This seems a wild story, but just the same it's a true one. Why, I can even remember laughing quietly to myself to think that the windows had been opened all around the room. It was a devilish cold weather, too, but I could not feel the cold much. I knew, however, that those windows had been opened to prevent the decomposition of my ill-used frame. How did I get out of the fix? Well, it was just by the skin of my teeth. When the undertaker and his fool assistant brought the coffin and I was lifted into it, I knew at once that the coffin was too short, and just ached to say so, but I couldn't speak a word to save my life. I was tongue-tied, hadn't control of a muscle. The merest accident in the world prevented my being buried alive. I had been lying in the awful position I have described for over three days, when that beast of an undertaker came round again to screw up the lid.

"A tack had been left sticking out from the drapery gracing the interior of my sarcophagus, and the fellow in the coffin business commenced a series of vicious jobs at it with a sharp-edged screw-driver. On one of these occasions the instrument struck a nail-head and flying off at a tangent took me on the jaw with considerable force. The blood spurted forth and I instantly regained the use of my limbs. I wanted to knock seven kinds of blue fire out of the coffin-man, and was out of that in no time. The undertaker skipped, but I put it all over his assistant. I am ashamed to say, for the man was too horrified at my resurrection to defend himself in the least. Now you can just bet I am as healthy a man as the most of them nowadays, and I've issued strict orders that in the event of my death I am not to be buried until an artery has been opened and my disease absolutely proved."—St. Paul Globe.

PRAYER AGAINST OATH.

A Recorder Renders a Decision Worthy of Solomon Himself.

Recorder Price's court was the scene of an affecting incident in the trial of Duliss Christmas for assault on his brother William. The brothers had quarrelled over William's desertion of his wife. William claimed that he was not married to the woman, although he had had two children by her, because they were divorced, and they were both Catholics. He testified that she kept a disorderly house in San Francisco, and wasn't fit custodian for her children. The woman wept and eagerly besought the judge not to believe his statement, saying: "I have raised my children as they should be brought up."

"Well," said His Honor, "I'll test it, madame," and he turned to the little girl, not more than 3 years old, who was clinging to her mother, and said: "You say your prayers." Then ensued a most touching scene. The little girl climbed from her chair, knelt on the floor with policeman, judge, and her father and mother around her, and folding her tiny hands and lifting her eyes to Heaven, she made the grandest defence of a mother's word possible. Slowly, but distinctly, this child, born with the stain of shame upon her, and discarded by her father, lisped in childish accents the Lord's Prayer. As she proceeded, utterly oblivious of her surroundings, rough men who had not heard a prayer for years bowed their heads and many wept. Then the childish voice ended with: "God bless papa, mamma, and Uncle Duliss. Amen."

The case was settled, and had William Christmas sworn to a thousand oaths that his wife was bad he would have been disbelieved. It was several minutes before any one spoke, and then the Recorder fined the two brothers \$15 each and dismissed court.—Fresno (Cal.) Despatch.

Strategy in His Look.

Photographer—My dear sir, can't you assume a more smiling countenance and throw off that jaded look? Rev. V. V. Heighton—Take me as I am. I need a vacation this summer, and these pictures are intended for distribution among my parishioners.

The late Dr. Dio Lewis, over his own signature, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said: "I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself a victim of serious kidney trouble I would use the preparation."

An English millionaire recently paid \$5,000 to a beautiful woman at a Vienna bazaar for a kiss. It all came under the head of charity.

The more we study, the more discover our ignorance.—Shelley.

A baby born at Johnstown during the flood has been appropriately named Moses.

MARRYING HOUSEKEEPERS.

A Growing Preference for the Women Who Can Make Home Pleasant.

How did it come about? Is a question now asked in regard to the marriage of a popular writer. The man a society man in Boston married a sensible home body, some years his senior. The croakers croaked well, and decided that it was an unfortunate affair or would turn out to be in the end. George Eliot says that this love of "finding out how it came about" is due to "an excess of poetry or stupidity." I don't know as that is just fair, but I do think when a marriage is contrary to established rules, croakers are stupid and fortunately are often in the wrong in their prophecy. It is written that when a marriage was about to take place King James used to ask "What is the woman's malkind and her fairness?" The days of "infatuations" are now giving place to a keen outlook to the direction of personal comfort; malkind and fairness stand one side and the question to be answered first will this woman make my home restful to me, and will she live on what I can earn? Subtle has been the process that has led to this gradual change, but a change has come. The brilliant society man referred to is now a regular stay-at-home for the simple reason that his home is as perfect as a home can be made to be. The sunniest, brightest room in the house is his sanctum; here are his favorite books, pictures, he likes, the latest magazines, leaves out, and no end of pipes. When the train whistles into the depot, in which is this fortunate man, a fire is started on the low hearth to make the room cheerful although the warmth is not needed. To this man he brings his friends, and here husband and wife sit when alone. Everything that will help his wife to make home a means of grace she reads; on her table are always to be found books and magazines that talk of the higher life of the home. I mean good cooking when I say higher life; a hitherto much neglected part of religion. This man, formerly out every evening, rarely goes to theatre or opera, party or ball, because his home has greater attractions, and he is really now so sensible, well-informed and amounting to something that his friends are rejoiced that the seemingly incongruous marriage came about. When I was asked what I considered the reason of this transformation, I answered: "Clean, well aired rooms, good food, and a wife who is more anxious to be what a German writer calls 'a serene house-wife,' than to keep her weather-eye out to see if she will ever get her rights—and vote."—Good Housekeeping.

The Best Time for a Girl to Marry.

Probably the best time for the average civilized woman to marry would be any age between 24 and 30. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages; but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Very early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble, and the character is unformed. The considerations which would prompt a girl to marry at 17 would in many cases have very little weight with her at 24. At 17 she is a child, at 24 a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents, the seven years between 17 and 24 are the period which both mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development. Before 17 few girls have learnt to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best, either in the father's wisdom or in the mother's tenderness. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and the workshop, and hurried off to a long campaign without any period of preliminary drill and training; or like a schoolboy removed from school to a course without being sent to the university or to a theological hall. Who can help grieving over a child-wife, especially if she have children, and a husband who is an inexperienced, and, possibly, exacting boy-man? The ardor of his love soon cools; the visionary bliss of her poetical imagination vanishes like the summer mist; there is nothing left but disappointment and wonder that what promised to be so beautiful and long a day should have clouded over almost before sunrise.—Hospital.

Bridal Etiquette.

A correspondent writes on this subject to the New York World: "A friend is to be married this month very quietly. He has requested me to act as best man. The ceremony is to be as simple as possible, only the contracting parties, their very near relatives, a friend of the lady to act as bridesmaid and myself in the capacity referred to, to be present on the occasion. Will you kindly inform me how I should deport myself under the circumstances and thus confer a favor on." And the editor replies: "With gentlemanly dignity. You should neither be too grave nor too gay. Don't turn handsprings, and on the other hand don't appear as if it were your turn next to view the corpse."

The man who attempts to beard the lion in his den is apt to have a close shave.

HOW THEY PAY THEIR CAR FARE. Have you ever watched the warfare of two women over car fare? Each advance with generous feeling. Each inspired with gentle horror. But take note—the more insistent of the combatants persevere.

She whose hand most promptly snatches At her pocket-book's stiff catches, She who murmurs: "Don't be strange, dear; It's all right; I've got the change, dear; She (though I am sad to say it) Always lets the other pay it."

—This is the longest day.

A married woman has just begun suit against a prominent man in Ontario County, N.Y., for \$200 damages for kissing her on the cheek last September. Her complaint does not say how she would have taken the tribute of affection had it been planted on her lips.

Society has the yellow fever. Bridesmaids wear yellow tulle gowns, yellow roses, cream-colored hair, with yellow ostrich tips and yellow suede slippers. Black ebony cabinets are relieved with yellow Japanese bowls, or a drop lamp or pedestal burner of orange china, with trimmings of blackened iron. Palms in halls or doorways are grown in huge yellow vases, and in the king's blue candlestick burns a gilded yellow candle.