There are several unusually attractive articles in "St. Nicholas" for June (New York), and even in the great flood of magazine literature and the inundation of war news they will not be overlooked by the young audience to whom they especially appeal. Miss Strobridge tells a story of "An Unwilling Balloonist"—a newsboy who in the early days of California was by accident carried aloft by an escaping balloon. The illustrations by Kaufman are finely characteristic. Major J. B. Pond in his boyhood made an unlucky swap, and tells us of the misadventure in "My First Gun." The weapon was a "pill-lock"—a variety probably new to this generation. Few know that Beranger's song, "The King of Yvetot," dealt with a true potentate and a real monarchy. Gerald Brenan talks entertainingly of the quaint little realm, and revives its traditions and legends for the modern reader. Lawrence Irwell has a story that will appeal especially to philatelist. It is called "A Stamp-Collector's Experience," and incidentally shows the fallacy of some circumstantial evidence. The illustrations are by Malcolm Fraser. Barney Hoskin Standish writes of "The Bumble-Bee," and succeeds in making an effective plea for the furry little fellow. If Mr. Standish is right, the prosperity of the nation depends on this fertilizer of the clover-heads. Other items of the table of contents that may well be mentioned are "Flower Names," by Miss Mosby, a little discourse on derivations; "The Scribe of Durley," one of Miss Cloud's clever ballads; "The Art of Whittling," with illustrations; and Mr. Riordon's brisk short story, "How Matt Became a Reporter." The serials by Mr. Stockton, Rupert Hughes, Mrs. Jackson and J. T. Trowbridge are varied and absorbing in interest to their respective admirers.

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As its opening feature the June "Ladies' Home Journal" (Philadelphia) interestingly presents a series of characteristic anecdotes of Mrs Cleveland, illustrated with photographs. With the concluding letters of the series giving "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife" in Washington the authorship is disclosed. The poetic romance of the Brownings is related by Clifford Howard in "The Most Beautiful Love Story in Literature," and the Shaker community of Mount Lebanon is described by Madeline S. Bridges. Edward Bok has a vigorous editorial page, while Lillian Bell has crossed the Russian frontier, and writes of her journey. "The Graves in the Old Breastwork" narrates an Alabama Memorial Day incident, the other fiction feature being Julia Magruder's "A Heaven-Kissing Hill"—the third installment. There is a sketch by Humorist Burdette—the second of his "Kindergarten" series, and a song, "First Summer Days." Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes on soups and on fruits, and the "Journal" architect presents plans for three small churches. Four special pages are devoted to women's gowns, and there are articles on needlework, and nearly every feature of home life is touched upon.

* * *

The June number of "The Century" (New York) has several features of particular timeliness. Captain Alfred T. Mahan contributes a paper describing the reasons for the failure of the Spanish Armada. This is introductory to a general article on the Armada, illustrated by Varian, and written by William Frederic Tilton. Mr. Tilton's paper is chiefly based on the survivors and other authentic Spanish papers, gathered by Captain Duro, the historian of the Armada. Emory W. Fenn, who served as a Major in the Cuban army, recounts his experience under General Garcia in an article entitled "Ten Months With the Cuban Insurgents." R. O. Crowley, formerly electrician of the torpedo division in the Confederate Navy, describes "The Confederate Torpedo Service," which he was largely instrumental in organizing. Mr. Crowley laid the mine which blew up the first gunboat ever destroyed by this means. Stephen Bonsal, formerly of the American Legation at Madrid, writes of "Toledo, the Imperial City of Spain," the illustrations being by Joseph Pennell. Accompanying a number of hitherto unpublished drawings by Vierge for Cervantes' masterpiece, William Dean Howells has an article on "Pictures for Don Quixote." Bret Harte contributes one of his characteristic Western stories, "The Passing of Enriquez." "The Three R's at Circle City," by Miss Anna Fulcomer, is the description of a queer polygot school. Another story in the series of "Gallops" by the new "Century" writer, David Gray, is called "Carty Carteret's Sister." Two illustrated papers make up "An American School of Dramatic Art"; one by J. Ranken Towse, giving "A Critical Review of Daly's Theater," and the other by the late George Parsons Lathrop, presenting a pen picture of "The Inside Working of the Theater." Andre Castaigne's illustration this month in "The Seven Wonders of the World" is a striking reconstruction of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon. Of special interest to women is Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason's "Club and Salon."

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Much is said and written nowadays as to the decadence of the spirit of poetry at the present time, but that the poetical inspiration is still far from extinct is evidenced by the remarkable group of poems which appears in the May "Atlantic" (Boston). Any one of these four poems alone and singly would attract deserved attention; their simultaneous and joint appearance reflects credt upon the conductors of the "Atlantic," and renders still more emphatic the different phases of poetic feeling which they exemplify. Of these poems, two are of American, and two of English authorship; three are by men, one by a woman; and their scope and character of subject and treatment are as varied as their origins. Henry Newbolt, whose "Admirals All" was considered to be the best new English poem last year, leads off with "Gillespie," a stirring ballad of Indian mutiny, which is written with a verve and spirit that promises to rank it high among famous ballads; Stephen Phillips, one of the "crowned" poets of the London Academy, contributes "After Rain," a poem of great delicacy and of singular restraint and precision; William Vaughn Moody of Chicago writes "Good-Friday Night," a tender, semi-religious poem, of unusually fine imaginative quality; while, as powerful in its way as any of the others, and not the least noticeable of the four, is the feminine contribution, Miss Anna Hempstead Branch's "Song of the Wandering Dust," a poem of evolution, filled with imaginative strength and eager intensity, which exhibit the range of the author's power and mark her as a coming poet. So strong, original, and varied a collection of verse as this "Atlantic" group has not recently been given in any magazine, and its appearance goes far to disprove the theory that the day of poetry has passed and that there are no longer any poets.

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"Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" for June (New York) gives portraits on its patriotically illuminated cover of General Miles, Admiral Sampson, Admiral Schley and General Gomez. There is a fine colored frontispiece of "A Colonial Home," and the interior illustrations are very numerous and very handsome, being mainly the best order of half-tones. The text matter is exceedingly varied—romance, war sketches, poetry, biography, art, history, religion, travel, research, etc. It is an especially fine number.

* * *

"What to Eat" for June (Minneapolis) is up to its standard, very complete and handsome number. There are many articles on topics especially interesting to the housewife, with recipes, menu lists, housekeeping notes, advice as to the table and kitchen, etc.

* * *

"Ainslee's Magazine" for June is at hand. It is the fifth number of a new periodical issued by Howard Ainslee & Co., 81 Fulton street, New York. It presents a handsome appearance, is varied, cleanly, instructive. It is freely and artistically illustrated, and in all addresses our judgment as a magazine fairly and strongly competing for place in the periodical field. Its character is indicated by the following list of contents: Cover design, "Gomez Leads the Charge"; frontispiece, "Exchange of Prisoners," painted by Gilbert Gaul; "A Painter of Travel," Theodore Dreiser; "The Rush to Cariboo," Frederic R. Marvin; "Cuba—1898" (ode), Harold R. Vynne; "The Swashbuckler's St. Elsie" (story), Theodore Roberts; "Tom Quaritch's Sister" (serial), Stanley J. Weyman; "A Flower" (sonnet), Phelps Graham; "In the Nick of Time" (story), Tom Hall; "Ad Bellonam" (ode), Frank L. Pollock; "Be Blessed" (allegory), Henry Sienkiewicz; "Song of the Days" (poem), W. Tyler Olcott; "Where Battleships Are Built," Edward Al; "The Trans-Mississippi Exposition," Edmund Stowe; "Floating Homes of Naval Officers" (sketch), Henry Harrison Lewis; "Two Portraits" (General Fitzhugh Lee and Frances Willard); "The Duchy of Deodonato" (story), Anthony Hope; "Mulvaney Regrets" (poem), Rudyard Kipling; "Strategy in Modern Warfare" (sketch), a graduate of West Point; "The Child Wonder" (storyette), Izola Forrester; "Letters to Justina"; books and reading.

* * *

The "Woman's Home Companion" for June (Springfield, O.) is a charming number, with a new and handsome cover. As usual it is very full, very varied and full of interest as to its best matter, while its illustrations are many and choice. A notable and very freely illustrated paper is by Cora Stuart Wheeler on "Court Painters to Queen Rose," and another seasonable and interesting paper is of "The Summer Piazza," by J. Harry Adams. A notably useful paper is on "The Simple Art of Swimming," by Frank H. Vizetelly.

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"Pearson's War Pictures," issued weekly by the Pearson Publishing Company, 114 Fifth avenue, New York, is a publication giving in a large, bold form collections of large half-tone pictures of subjects related to the present war. We have Nos. 1 and 2, and they can be very freely commended as well worth the trifle asked for a number. The pictures are all from photographs and in the best process style of half-tone engraving, and serve a good purpose in informing and instructing and in correcting erroneous ideas about conditions, warlike and otherwise. With each picture there is text accompaniment that is expository, compact and clear.

* * *

From J. Fisher & Bros., 7 Bible House, New York, we have a piece of new sheet music, a march (two-step), entitled "The Patriotic American." It is composed by George H. Fisher, and seems to be an effective march. The melody throughout is bright and catchy and combined with a good martial rhythm, which makes this composition excellently adapted to either dancing or marching purposes. It is arranged for band and orchestra, as well as for piano.

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In "Harper's Bazar," published May 21st, readers who are fond of golf will find an admirably practicable paper by Horace G. Hutchinson, entitled "Hints on the Up-Keep of Golf Greens." Miss Adelia K. Brainerd tells of rowing at Wellesley College, which is carried to great perfection under the able instruction of Miss Lucile E. Hill, Wellesley's physical director. Dr. Grace N. Kimball writes of "Women and War," and there is a clever and amusing little sketch by Helen W. Pierson of "Pamela's Black Gown" and what it accomplished.

* * *

We have in hand "Current History," edited by A. S. Johnson. Vol. 8, No. 1. First quarter, 1898 (Boston: New England Publishing Company, 3 Somerset street). While the war with Spain is absorbing the attention of the press in general, largely to the exclusion of other topics of importance, we note that "Current History" remains true to its purpose of presenting a faithful record of the world's doings along all lines, without undue exaggeration or distortions. The present number, first quarter, 1898, reviews the Cuban imbroglio up to the time of the submission of the report of the Maine court of inquiry; and also covers the usual world-wide range of topics, giving a complete handbook of easy reference on all questions and events of the day. The political developments in the Far East, the Hawaiian question, Behring Sea dispute, the problems arising out of the Greco-Turkish war, the Dreyfus case, Currency reform, the rush to the Klondike, the Dingley tariff and reciprocity, the relations of the powers in Africa, United States and Canadian politics, the general business situation, progress of science and mechanical invention, etc., are among the other prominent topics presented in this valuable number. Illustrations are very abundant. The work is eminently one to be permanently preserved and regularly bound.

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"Godey's Magazine" for June (New York) opens with a contribution by Joseph Dana Miller, on "The Spaniard in Cuba." In this paper Mr. Miller gives a clear, concise and unanswerable statement of the whole Cuban question. Following this is a remarkable poem by Paschal H. Coggins, "The Awakening," that should be committed to memory by every true American. There is a short editorial "When War is Right," that clinches the arguments of both article and poem. The leading fiction is the second instalment of "A Golden Sorrow," by Maria Louise Pool. Other stories are "The Case of Paddy McCarty," by Virna Woods, a tale that involves the question, "Has a Lawyer a Right to Defend a Guilty Client?" "The Smudge of Money," by J. Albert Smith, a droll bit of humorous fiction; and a quaint tale by Idah Meacham Strobridge, "According to One's Standpoint." Under the caption "Ghosts of Light and Sound," Joanna R. Nichols Kyle tells of the strange freaks of foghorns and light-house lamps. "Our System of Moving Freight" will interest every one who has any interest at all in our railway workings; and "Pretty Plates and Dainty Dishes" will attract the attention of connoisseurs in pottery. Under the heading "A National Wonder" is given an illustrated description of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, which opens June 1st. Numerous other articles, poems and sketches and full departments, complete the issue, which is amply illustrated throughout.

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"Harper's Magazine" (New York) for June richly and profusely illustrated, has these special features: "The Czar's People," twenty-six illustrations, including frontispiece, from drawings by T. de Thulstrup, W. A. Rogers, W. Louis Sonntag, Jr., G. W. Peters and Harry Fenn; and from photographs, by Julian Ralph; "Current Fallacies Upon Naval Subjects," by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; "A Century of Cuban Diplomacy—1795 to 1895," by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart; "The Trolley in Rural Parts," five illustrations, by Sylvester Baxter; "William's Moose," four illustrations, by Hamblen Sears; "A Study of a Child," forty illustrations from drawings made by the child before his seventh year, by Louise E. Hogan; "The Situation in China," by Cathay; "A Rebel Cipher Dispatch," by David Homer Bates. The number contains also the sixth installment of Henry Seton Merriman's novel, "Roden's Corner," illustrated; and "Miss Maria," the third of the series of "Old Chester Tales," by Margaret Deland, illustrated. The short stories are "The Spirit of Mahougui," by Frederic Remington, with three illustrations; "Mrs. Pettingrew's Question," by Ellen Douglas Deland, with three illustrations; "A Woman Who Lost Her Principles," by Louise Betts Edwards, with two illustrations; "With Music and White Light," by Abby Swani Meguire; and "Dictated," by Alexander Black. The poems of the number are by Francis James Macbeath, Meredith Nicholson and Ethel A. Ireland. "The Editor's Study," by Charles Dudley Warner, discusses life in Mexico, Mexican archaeology and Christian science and crows. "The Editor's Drawer" opens with "Nearest of Kin," by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Illustrations for the "Drawer" by Peter Newell, Louise L. Heustis and O. Herford.

* * *

LIEUTENANT FREMONT.

Commander of the Torpedo Boat Porter.

A gallant Lieutenant, commander of the torpedo boat Porter, is John C. Fremont, the worthy son of the "Pathfinder." He is a grandson on his mother's side of Thomas H. Benton.

Young Fremont was appointed at large and graduated from the Naval Academy in 1872. Since that time he has been shifted from post to post, and has gained a good idea of naval work. He was made a Junior Lieutenant in 1883, and a year later was made a Lieutenant. His daring in landing under the very nose of the guns of Morro Castle and picking up valuable information, was favorably commented on by his commander, Admiral Sampson. Those who know him best say there is little doubt but that he will distinguish himself in case he gets into battle, and his daring and perseverance will serve the country well.

My Country.

Land of my love, O land of mine!
Mine not by right of birth, but choice—
A dearer sonship—let my voice
Lisp its allegiance in this line.

From where the purple islands rear
Their sunlit sides above the sea,
I came, a stripling soul, to thee,
O motherland of mine, most dear!

Came—and beneath thy shelter found
Room for a larger manhood; place
And opportunity to trace
Life's purpose to its utmost bound.

Found—not the wealth of miser-hoard,
But greater riches: Wife and child—
Twin guerdon for desert most mild—
And love and home and heaven outpoured.

These were thy gifts, O motherland!
These are my gods, O land of mine!
I consecrate them. I consign
Them to the keeping of his hand

Who keepeth thee. His purpose vast
Nor war nor peace alone fulfill,
But each and both, obedient, still
Masketh his love, as in the past.

The old Armada sailed afar
'Gainst kinsmen common to our race;
And with the same old dragon-face
A new Armada sails anear!

So be it, then. The royal breed
That met the old will meet the new
And lay its sacrificial due
Upon the altar of thy need.

O motherland! Thy loyal sons,
Or native-born of law,
With courage firm that knows no flaw,
Serenely stand behind thy guns,

And wait thy summons to a fight
For justice and humanity.
Beneath thy flag, on land or sea,
May the Lord God defend the right!
—George Hawthorne Smith in New York Times.

Between Friends.

She was boasting of her latest conquest.

"The first thing I knew," she said, "he was at my feet."

"Who threw him?" asked her dearest friend.

Of course, it is well known that these little pleasantries are not unusual between feminine friends.—Chicago Post.

"How did you get your boy out of the notion of going to war?" "I told him to go, by all means—it would save me the necessity of buying a wheel. I'd use his."—Chicago Tribune.

McMorry sells groceries. Agent for Coronado water and Stockton sarsaparilla and iron. 531 M street. *

A BANKRUPT PRINCE.

HE IS NOW STUDYING MEDICINE IN BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Ran Through an Immense Fortune and Piled Up a Mountain of Debts.

Over in Brooklyn lives a real Prince who has squandered a fortune in riotous living, and is now a medical student. His associates at the Long Island College Hospital know him simply as Francois Auersperg. He is a Prince of the ancient and honorable Austrian house of Auersperg, and when he left Vienna he likewise left a trail of innumerable debts and innumerable romantic stories concerning his escapades.

While debts are behind, in the care of creditors, the wealthy family of the debtor, and the bankruptcy courts of Vienna, the stories of how the debts were made and most startling incidents connected with the Monte Cristo career of the young Prince have followed him to New York.

If half of these stories were true they would show that Prince Auersperg had crowded into his life of only twenty-nine years more than what falls to the lot of many men of his station in four score years. It has been stated on the very best authority that his total indebtedness amounted to $500,000.

For Prince Francois to make this debt was not at all difficult. His family standing and credit made his obligation acceptable, for the family is one of the oldest in Austria, and its good name recommends every member of it. It was an easy matter for the son of Prince Adolph Auersperg, the nephew of Prince Carl, lay Minister of Austria; the grand nephew of Count Anton Alexander Auersperg, the famous writer of German poetry, to get credit for the asking of it.

True it is that most of the millions of florins left by his father went to his elder brother, Carl, but he had a generous allowance, the amount of which his family keeps a secret.

As the story goes, wihch comes from Vienna, the young Prince's money did not last him long, and soon credit was resorted to, but, alas! there is a limit to credit. In 1894 creditors began asking for their pay, and when it did not come they resorted to legal procedure to make collections. Then came the end. Something had to be done. Prince Francois decided to leave Vienna, and turn over a new leaf. He has done both, and friends and family commend him most heartily.

But where did the money go? The Prince had to be well housed and well clothed. He had to travel and entertain, and did so most royally, without counting the cost. Then he speculated and did not speculate well. He was fond of the drama and more fond of the actors, male and female. All of this meant dinners and suppers, with expensive viands and more expensive wines. It meant carriages, horses, railway tickets, fine dresses and no end of presents in jewelry. It was a continual dance, for which the piper had to be paid.

Ladies of the opera and drama sought the Prince's favors. A story is told of jewelry worth $20,000 that he gave to a leading actress. Unfortunately for her, she lost it, for it was intrusted to the Prince for needed repairs, and while in the hands of the jeweler was seized by a diligent creditor and sold, under process of court, to pay a debt.

So attentive was the Prince to the leading lady that he accepted her entire troupe as his guests for a long time, paying railway and hotel bills and all other expenses. She was one of many, for the Prince was more than liberal in forming friendships and extravagant in proving his good fellowship.

This is one of the many stories told of the Prince, but as his acquaintance was large and his generosity unbounded there was no poverty in opportunities to spend money. As the spender placed no value on money, and was bent on having a good time, the cash went and soon dragged the credit after it.

Then the Prince's speculations took him into the real estate market. He is said to have made many purchases of Vienna suburban property and to have gone heavily in debt for it, thus involving himself in no end of trouble and litigation. One of the most handsome villas purchased by him was sold or given to Pauline Lucca, who was greatly admired by the Prince. His creditors claim it was not a purchase, and as a gift is not good as against their claims. The courts must settle the question.

For the purpose of learning where fact ended and fiction began, I called on the Prince and on those of his acquaintance who know of his career at home and in New York during the two years of his stay here. The stories and interest in the Prince were brought to the public attention by the cable news from Vienna that the bankruptcy proceedings had been concluded.

The Prince I found at his apartments, No. 341 Clinton street, Borough of Brooklyn, and was most cordially received by the young man, who in his bearing and conversation showed military training, high education and liberal physical and mental endowments. His countenance, which bespeaks frankness, and his high and broad forehead, which tells of mental ability, brought to my mind the picture of his father, Prince Adolph, as he appeared when Prime Minister of Austria, and who died in January, 1888, after having been Minister of Finance. "I am pleased to meet you," said the Prince, " and am glad of an opportunity to correct some of the absurd stories that have reached this country in relation to me, for many of them have caused me much annoyance. It has been said that I have been ostracized by Vienna society and could not return there. This statement is absolutely false, and I intend to return to Vienna in May of next year, when I will be graduated from the Long Island College Hospital, where I am now pursuing my studies. I have many friends there, and will be welcomed by the best society of the capital, but I have no idea of taking up the life I left there. I will continue my medical studies, and after that expect to return to this country and conduct a sanitarium.

"This may all sound strange to you after the stories you have heard, but it is all true. I have turned from my old social life, and am now devoted to a study which I love and intend to master. I came to New York for work and I am doing it. I knew little of the language when I started, but I have acquired that, understand the English books and lectures thoroughly, and so far have successfully passed all of my examinations. My life is a quiet, uneventful one and very different from that I led in Vienna. My studies occupy so much of my time that I have but little for anything else. It is lectures during the day and my books at night, so I have made but few acquaintances.

"When I entered college here I wished to avoid all notoriety, and though I informed the proper authorities who I was, I kept my title from publicity, so far as possible, but news from abroad has given information of me, and a mass of fiction has come from it. Think of it! It has been said that I was running an elevator in a large New York hotel. How absurd! Running an elevator is an honorable employment, but there was no necessity for my resorting to it. Then it has been reported that I was serving beer in a saloon. Now the papers are after me to learn the truth about these things; and—will you believe it?—the reporters appear to be disappointed because I am not running an elevator, or serving beer. I suppose such facts would make a more sensational story than the simple one that I am studying medicine.

"I took up medicine rather than the other employments because it is more congenial to my tastes and education. Then I am not driven to the merely menial occupations. I have the means of supporting myself like a gentleman and taking up the study of my choice. My family is abundantly able to supply me with all needed funds.

"As to my debts," continued the Prince, "I made them, and the family has taken care of them. No one will lose anything on my account. I am on perfectly good terms with all of the members of my family, and nothing keeps me from Vienna except my desire to make a change in my social habits and to acquire a medical aducation. It was best I should come here for those purposes.

"Yes, I have spent money, and a great deal of it. I had to keep up my social position, and it cost something. If I ran into debt the debts, as I said, have been taken care of. I have been like many other young men, and now I have taken up more serious things, and propose to place myself in a position where I can earn money in a noble calling. I have not thought of marriage yet; but there is time enough for that."—New York Herald.

HEALTH DON'TS.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't sleep in the same flannels that you wear during the day.

Don't keep the sun out of your living and sleeping-rooms. Sunlight is absolutely necessary for a right condition of the atmosphere that we breathe and for our bodily well-being.

Don't neglect your house-drains or the drainage about the house. The first condition of family health is a dry and sweet atmosphere. With dry walls, a dry cellar and drains that carry off refuse without letting in foul gases, half the battle for good health is won. Pure drinking water is indispensable for health at home or anywhere.

Don't catch cold. Catching cold is much more preventable than is generally supposed. A person in good physical condition is not liable to colds and will not fall a victim to them unless he is grossly careless. Keep the feet warm and dry, the head cool, the bowels and chest well protected; avoid exposure with an empty stomach; take care not to cool off too rapidly when heated; keep out of draughts; wear flannels.

Clever Anthony Hope.

After the reading Mr. Hope was entertained by Mrs. Rohlfs, and after the evening reading he was the guest of the Saturn Club. He is a shrewd man, all right, all right, and the interviewer who stumps him must be a good one. For instance, a smiling woman with paper and pencil begged for his views on the new woman.

"Anything you please," said Mr. Ope Awkins; "just say it yourself for me."

"Do you think——"

"I agree with you entirely, madam," was the reply.

"Then you——"

"I do."

"Really?"

"Acutally, 'pon my life," and Mr. Ope Awkins left her ladyship smiling.

"Writing?" he said later. "It's work and it's hard work. You ask me which of my books or writings I like best? I don't know. I don't know which I like least, either."

"Which book did you enjoy writing most?"

"It is all work," he replied. "I wrote 'The Prisoner of Zenda' in comparatively short time. No, I do not plan all the details before I begin to write. I have a rough draft of my story; how it begins, a few chief incidents, the happenings, they all come as I write. I may write a chapter to-day. I may spend a week or two weeks on the chapter following. You've seen a Turk weaving a rug. He has his frame and his materials ,and them he works them together as he goes. It is hard at times, it is easy at others. It grows tedious it becomes easy, it grows tedious again, and so it goes."

"Are you writing now?"

"I have two books coming out, but I am not writing at present. I am reading what I have written. No, I will not admit American audiences are quicker and more appreciative than English audiences. I am not going to go back on my countrymen like that. But they both are quick and appreciative. You see?" and Mr. Hawkins smiled sagaciously.

"The greatest living writer? No you don't. The greatest book of the year? I haven't read it, I verily believe. Enjoy America? Certainly, tremendously, but no book about it just yet. I'm busy reading just now, and I am full of the present, with the future very well able to care for itself when its time comes," and Mr. Hawkins turned to revel in the joys of gush with six women who fluttered in.—Buffalo Express.

How sure one grows of the power of spirit over mind and matter. Matter has its laws, but the laws of mind are stronger, can overcome those of matter, but over all is spirit with its laws, breathing through mind and matter, and molding them in its own likeness.

Rosy Cheeks Yum, Yum.

Rosy cheeks and a clear complexion denote perfect health. You cannot possess either if you have a foul breath arising from a disordered stomach. A torpid liver or bowels constipated. Do as others are doing—taking "Ott's" Liver Pills, price 25c and follow with a 25 cent bottle of "Ott's" Port Wine and Iron.

FRANCIS S. OTT,
No Percentage Pharmacy.
200 K St. south side Second and K.

POPULAR SAYINGS.

WHERE EXPRESSIONS PEOPLE

Some of Them Date Back to the Very Old Saxon and Roman Times.

These are great days for tearing away the underbrush of fiction, sentiment and superstition and getting right down to the first principles of fact. One battalion of workers is campaigning against the secrets of nature, another is waging war on the venerable dogmas of creeds and another is tracing family pedigrees back to their source. But only a few of the curious-minded have seen the charm of hunting our popular, every day sayings down through the debris of a dust-covered past. To those with the faintest taste for this weird, literary sort of ghoul work this research will always be full of fascination. It hasn't quite the dignity or importance of more profound studies into relics and records of the past. But there is scarcely a single popular saying bequeathed to us by our long-buried human brethren that does not throw a gleam of light on the history, customs and traditions of the past.

For instance, that expression heard every day in the world, "I'll take him down a peg or two," wasn't invented by some genius, didn't drop from the skies; its roots lie deep in the Saxon days of centuries ago, as far back as good St. Dunstan. This popular prelate had the hot-headed and stormy men of a very wild period to deal with. They drank deep and their swords were ready as their flagons. So, at the saint's suggestion, to reduce the chances of broils over their cups, small pegs were inserted at regular intervals in their big drinking mugs, so that when more than one drank from the same bowl none should play the hog and exceed his share. The good saint's fierce parishioners, however, soon found the pegs handy in drinking bouts; they served as quiet and reliable umpires. A gentleman's standing in society was measured by his capacity to pack away sack under his belt, and the pegs measured the potations in these bibulous contests. The victor was the man who brought the liquid a peg or two lower than his rival; took down his pride and self-conceit—just the meaning we hang on that ancient peg to-day.

OUR DEBT TO ROME.

"Turning the tables" has a pedigree longer still. It conveys the idea of springing a countercharge or some winning tactics on your accuser. The wealthy nabobs of the days of Augustus in Rome were possessed, among other fads, with a mania for certain costly tables of Mauritania wood inlaid with ivory; the table madness, as Pliny puts it. All sorts of ridiculous fancy prices were paid for these coveted gems. It soon became the retort fashionable among the fair dames of Rome, when charged with extravagance by their spendthrift lords, to turn the tables on the men, and it usually brought a swift change in the conversation.

"To scrape an acquaintance" has had several assigned pedigrees, but none so plausible as that given by A. Wallace in his "Popular Sayings Dissected," a choice little companion, by the way, for students of these linguistic heirlooms. He says the expression had an imperial godfather in the Emperor Hadrian, who, when attending the bath, caught sight of an old soldier of the Imperial Guard making use of a tile in place of the ordinary flesh brush to rub himself down. Hadrian made inquiries into the man's condition, and finding it necessitous sent him a handsome present of clothes and money. The next time he went to the bath his eyes rested on a dozen or so of veterans armed with broken tiles working away industriously on their bodies. Grasping the idea that he was being "worked" by these agile paupers the Emperor remarked: "Scrape ahead, gentlemen, but you'll not scrape acquaintance with me."

"Go to the dogs" has probably a classic origin. The ace or the dice used by the Romans was called canis—dog—and throwing three aces meant losing the game, a sense essentially conveyed in the general use of the expression nowadays.

"Dog-watch" is a corruption of "dodge-watch," introduced on board ship, where the sailors are divided into watches, and each watch takes the place of the other every four hours. To prevent the same men serving at the same hours on subsequent days two dog-watches of two hours each are introduced in the course of the twenty-four hours, by which means the ordinary sequence of the four-hour watches is dodged or avoided. We have the same corruption in the expression, "to dog a person's footsteps."

AS TO MRS. GRUNDY.

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" that venerable social bugaboo, which has been thrown at us so long, had its origin in a very old popular play. In Bishop Morton's "Speed the Plough," written in the sixteenth century, Farmer Ashfield, one of the leading characters, becomes nettled at the continual deference his wife pays to her neighbors' opinions, and thus breaks forth at his sensitive helpmate: "Be quiet, woolye?—always dinging Dame Grundy in my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy say? What will Mrs Grundy think? * * * Let ur alone and behave y'rself pratty!"

COOKING YOUR GOOSE.

"Good wine needs no bush," meaning that a good thing can make its way without advertising or horn-blowing, is not sound gospel in these days of department stores and newspapers, but its pedigree is quite clear. It was the custom in England several centuries ago, to put an ivy bush as a sign outside of taverns, or private houses, by the roadsidee,e where travelers could be regaled with wine and beer. The custom still survives in some parts of Gloucester, especially on festival occasions.

"I'll cook your goose for you," another old friend, was born when Eric, the warrior King of Swenden, had the habit of fighting everybody that came along. He laid siege once to a town which he hadn't the force to capture, and the inhabitants had some fun at his royal expense by hanging a goose from the walls on a pole. Eric returned later with reinforcements and, when the heralds bawled their challenge from the towers, he announced that he "had come to cook their goose," which he did.

"To show the white feather" has reference to game-birds. The presence of a white feather in a game-bird generally indicates cross-breed. In fact, no game-cock has one, and as the inseparability of pluck and good breeding in the animal world is generally admitted, so also is the converse, and the presence of the white feather is regarded as a sign of lack of courage.

SENT TO COVENTRY.

To "grin like a Cheshire cat" dates back to the particular pattern of stamp for their butter pats, long used by farmers of that agricultural district in England. The popular imprint was a cat wearing a remarkably wide and open smile—hence the expression.

To "send one to Coventry," meaning to declare a social boycott on a person for some breach of decorum, is based on the tradition that in one of the long ago reigns, when partisan feeling ran high against the royal forces, the good people of Coventry set their faces against any communication between their own party and the soldiery quartered there, and if any of their women folk transgressed their unwritten social law and were caught speaking to these sons of Mars they at once became the object of town scandal.

When "a man of straw" is referred to, we go back, in fancy, to the court customs once in vogue at the Old Bailey, or Westminster Hall. When the lawyers had need of an elastic sort of witness they took a stroll around the precincts of the court, where there could always be found eligible gentlemen bearing straws in their shoes or sleeves, a sort of cipher code which conveyed the intelligence that they were waiting patiently to be "suborned" in every emergency. It has been said, however, that the straw was also the peculiar jewelry worn by professional bondsmen, who made a business of supplying bail for prisoners in civil cases.

YOUR P's AND Q's.

"Mind your p's and q's" has three possible origins: First, that it is the outcome of the writing master's injunction to his pupil, to be careful in the formation of those letters, to distinguish them from y's and g's; next, that it may be derived from the formerly common custom of chalking up beer scores on a slate or board behind the door, pints being indicated by p's and quarts by q's. When such an account was growing beyond reasonable proportions it would be likely that the landlord, or the customer's gossips, would bid the offender mind his p's and q's. The third is that p's and q's are the anglicized version of pieds (deportment) and queus (tails of hair). The grace and the graceful arrangement of these were distinguishing marks of the exquisites of France in the time of the later Louis.

"Dead as a door nail" is not so hard to guess. Its origin dates to the primitive times of old-fashioned knockers, which the visitor hammered on to arouse the inmates. As the plate, or the nail that held it, was favored with more pounding than other nails it was naturally thought to be the deadest member of the nail brotherhood.—S. P. B., in New York Mail and Express.

Given Away.

Senior Partner—We must discharge that traveler of ours. He told one of our customers that I was a fool.

Junior Ditto—I'll see him at once and insist upon his keeping the firm's secrets.—Boston Traveler.

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We will put rubber tires on your buggy and take our pay in monthly installments.

Can you afford to be without an article that will save you their cost on repair bills? and you gain comfort and health for no outlay whatever.

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NOTICE TO VOTERS

REGISTRATION!

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF Sacramento County, State of California, having made an order on May 5, 1898, directing a new and

Complete Registration

Of all the voters of said county in accordance with the provisions of Section 1094 of the Political Code of the State of California, it will be necessary for all electors, in order to vote at the next general election, to be held on Tuesday, November 8, 1898, to make application in person to be registered.

Notice is hereby given that said new registration will commence on June 1, 1898, and continue to and including August 14, 1898, when such registration shall cease, provided that any elector who has registered and thereafter moved his residence to another precinct in the same county thirty days before said day of election may have his registration transferred to such other precinct upon his application, verified by oath, setting forth the change of residence and containing the other facts required for original registration, but no transfer from one precinct to another shall be made after a date twenty-seven days before November 8, 1898.

The office of the County Clerk at the Courthouse, corner of Seventh and I streets, Sacramento City, California, will be open from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. each day except Sunday. All citizens please take notice and get registered.

W. B. HAMILTON, County Clerk.

Just a Moment.

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which is run by a practical carpet man, and where only first-class help is employed. Therefore why consider any other proposition. Ring him up.
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