

# THE REAL AGATHA?



AGATHA FIRST.



AGATHA SECOND.



AGATHA SIXTH.

WHICH OF THE SIX BEAUTIFUL AGATHA'S IS THE REAL ONE?



AGATHA THIRD.



AGATHA FOURTH.



AGATHA FIFTH.

The most Charming Problem Story of the year. This Delightful bit of Summer Fiction begins with our next issue and will enliven Review pages during the hot days of June and July.

**A Trying Moment.**  
Professor Leopold Schroetter was called to see the Crown Prince Frederick in 1887 before Sir Morrell Mackenzie had reached San Remo. The prince, evidently suspecting the worst, turned to Schroetter after the examination and said, "I request the truth as to my ailment." Schroetter hesitated and made an effort to direct the conversation in another direction, but Frederick insisted. "I am a soldier," he said, "and can look death in the eye. I ask you now plainly, to the point, is my complaint cancer?" Schroetter could hardly contain himself, and years after the scene when he recalled it he spoke of it as the most painful in his life. He conducted the crown prince to a chair and asked him to be seated. Then he said, "Your imperial highness, you are suffering from a serious complaint, and it is possible that that cannot be determined positively at this moment." Frederick became deathly pale, but never for a moment lost his self control and smiled grimly when he thanked the physician for his honesty.

**Coming to an Understanding.**  
In the amiable way of villagers they were discussing the matrimonial affairs of a couple who, though recently wed, had begun to find the yoke of Hymen a burden.  
"Tis all along o' these hasty marriages," opined one caustic old gentleman, who had been much to the fore in the discussion. "They did not understand each other. They'd nobbet knowed each other for a matter o' seven year."

"Well, that seems long enough," said an interested lady listener.  
"Long eno! Bah! Ye're wrong! When a body's courtin' he canna be too careful. Why, my courtship lasted a matter o' nineteen year!"  
"You certainly were careful," agreed the lady listener. "And did you find your plan successful when you married?"  
"Ye jump to conclusions," said the old man impatiently. "I understood her then, so I didna marry her!"—St. James' Gazette.

**Poor Comfort.**  
Apropos of the pretensions of those who might be counted as in society,

Mrs. Bloomfield Moore in her book on "Sensible Etiquette" tells the following story:  
A snobbish young man and his sister after their return home from an evening party were criticising the company, quite unaware that their sensible old uncle was lying awake in his chamber and could hear every word from where they stood in the corridor.  
"Why, even the Grinders were there, and you know their father was a grocer. I was never in such a mixed company," said the sister.  
"And we will never be again if I can help it," answered the brother.  
The uncle called out: "Children, what do you think your grandfather was? He was a bootmaker, and some people say not a very honest one either. Now go to bed."

**Cramp Rings.**  
Formerly it was customary for kings of England on Good Friday to bellow certain rings, the wearing of which prevented cramp or epilepsy. They were made from the metal of decayed coffins and consecrated with an elaborate ceremony, some details of which are still preserved. They were "highly recommended by the medical profession" about 1557, for Andrew Boorde in his "Breviary of Health," speaking of cramp says, "The kynge's majestie hath a great helpe in this matter in halloving crampe rings without money or petition." Occasionally cramp rings played a persuasive part in diplomacy. Lord Berners, our ambassador at the court of Charles V., wrote in 1508 "to my lorde cardinal's grace" for some "crampe ryngs," with trust to "bestowe them well, by God's grace."—Westminster Gazette.

**Wild Animals and Medicine.**  
A writer in the British Medical Journal thinks that an interesting essay might be written on the addition to medical remedies made by animals. It is said that it is to dogs we owe the knowledge of the fever abating properties of bark, while to the hippopotamus is attributed the use of bleeding. The story is told in Pliny's translation of Pliny is as follows: "The river-horse hath taught physicians one device in that part of their profession called Surgerie, for he finding himself over-grosse and fat by reason of his high feeding se continually gets forth of the water to the

shore, having spied afore where the reeds and rushes have bin newly cut, and where he seeth the sharpest cane and best pointed he ets his body hard on to it to pricke a certaine veine in one of his legs, and thus by letting himself blood maketh evacuation, whereby his body, otherwise inclining to diseases and maladies, is well eased of the superfluous humor, and hauling thus done hee stoppeth the orifice againe with mud and so stancheth the blood and healeth the wound."

**His Idea of the English.**  
The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued:  
"Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!' When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people! French people!'—'Memoirs of Victor Hugo.'

**Rossini and the Drum.**  
When Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" was performed for the first time the drum in the orchestra not only excited much comment, but caused the enemies of the composer, whom they denounced as a "foolish inventor of unmusical novelties," to threaten Rossini with bodily violence. One young man, a pupil of Rolla's, gained admission to the composer's presence and declared that art had been so violently outraged by the invention that he must kill the offender. He drew a weapon, but consented to listen to argument. He had been a soldier, and when the composer asked him why there should not be a drum where there are soldiers he sheathed his knife. "Promise me, though," he said, "that you will put

no drums in your future music." Rossini promised, but forgot.

**The Retort Courteous.**  
A young man in a hurry went through the left side of a pair of swinging doors in the senate wing of the capitol at Washington last session and almost knocked over a senator who was about to push through the right side.  
The young man apologized profusely. "I'm very sorry—I didn't know I was—I am in a great hurry."  
"That's all right, son," said the senator. "But let me give you a piece of advice about going through doors like these. Always go through on the right side and turn to the right. Then if you meet anybody coming through and bump into him you needn't apologize. He'll be a durned fool, and it won't be necessary. Good morning."—Saturday Evening Post.

**Greatly Underestimated.**  
"Bobby," asked his Sunday school teacher, "do you know how many disciples there were?" The little boy promptly said that he did and answered, "Twelve." Then he went on, "And I know how many Pharisees there were too."  
"Indeed!"  
"Yes'm. There was just one less than there was disciples."  
"Why, how do you know that? It is nowhere stated how many Pharisees there were."  
"I thought everybody knew it," said Bobby. "The Bible says, 'Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees,' doesn't it?"—Youth's Companion.

**The Grandest.**  
"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Victor Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers and continues, "And what is grander than a storm at sea?" "The unclouded heavens on a starry, moonless night."  
"And what is grander than these midnight skies?" "The soul of man"—a spectacular climax such as Hugo loved and still, with all its dramatic effects, the picturesque statement of a vast and sublime and mighty truth.

**Where It Comes From.**  
"What sweet sounds come from the water tonight!"  
"Yes; the fish are probably running their scales."

**Persian Burials.**  
In Persia two sticks a foot long are placed in the coffin to prop up the arms of the corpse when it rises from the grave and is being questioned by the angel Gabriel. After it has satisfied the angel that it is the body of a true Mussulman it will receive strength to stand alone. A glance from a dog is necessary to drive away the spirit of defilement, and for this purpose a street cur is brought into the room of death and its eyes led to the corpse by a tempting bit of bread laid on the still breast.

**Restlessness.**  
Mere restlessness is not a matter for which physicians are often consulted. It is on the face of it an unimportant malady, but when it exists in sufficient intensity to form the subject of complaint and to induce the sufferer to seek advice it is usually found to be the superficial indication of a grave underlying condition.—Hospital.

**Change of Heart.**  
Parson Primrose—Why do you think it was out of place for your father to say grace? Freddie—Because it was only a few minutes afterward that he was swearing over having to carve the turkey.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

**Labor Saving Devices.**  
"Do you know, Sam, that a man does not have to do as much work now as he did ten years ago?"  
"Yes, sah; I know it sah. Why, I's been married nearly eight years, sah!"—Yonkers Statesman.

**Pleasant.**  
Mistress—Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner, Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yez again!—Illustrated Bits.

**The Spoon.**  
"I'm gunning for railroads," announced the trust buster.  
"Then come with me," whispered the near humorist. "I can show you some of their tracks."—Southwestern's Book.

Beware of the man who does not return your blow; he neither forgives you nor allows you to forgive yourself.—George Bernard Shaw.

**Born in Iowa**  
Our family were all born and raised, and have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy (made at Des Moines) for years. We know how good it is from long experience in the use of it. In fact, when in El Paso, Texas, the writer's life was saved by the prompt use of this remedy. We are now engaged in the mercantile business in Narcoossee, Fla., and have introduced the remedy here. It has proven very successful and is constantly growing in favor.—Ennis Bros. This remedy is for sale by, Ph. A. Schlumberger.

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