THE VIRGINIA ENTERPRISE

VIRGINIA, MINN.

W. E. HANNAFORD, - - - Publisher.

CURIOUS CONDENSATIONS.

—No Englishman can legally wear a foreign order, or bear a foreign title, in England without the sanction of the crown.

—It is stated that Assam tea is the richest in theine, that Ceylon and Indian teas will not keep, and that Dayeeling is the best of all.

—Queen Elizabeth used to play at chess and draughts with Roger Ascham, who was her preceptor before she ascended the throne, and afterward her esteemed friend.

—Buckle, like Macauley, was a leader of all sorts of literary matter that had a historic, social or political value. He seemed to have no choice of authors and read with an eye to the probable worth of the matter in his subsequent work.

—Owing to the strict nature of the French marriage law concerning the necessary consent of guardians until the Frenchman is 28, there are hundreds of deplorable instances where English women are wives in England and not in France.

—Sir William Cubitt, when the treadmill was first introduced into Brixton jail, in 1817, openly declared that he had taken the idea from the Chinese, who have a similar contrivance for raising water for the irrigation of their fields.

—The art of gardening was introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported till about 1510. The gooseberry, with salads, garden roots, cabbages, etc., was brought from Flanders and hops from Artois in 1520.

—If tradition and the questionable authority of ancient British history are to be credited, York is the oldest city or town in England, for it has had assigned to it an antiquity as high as 1200 B. C. Oxford is the next in order of time, being founded 1180 B. C.

—The name of the ginseng root in the Chinese language is schinseng, signifying the trunk of a human body, and Grosier, the scientist, says that this is because the root, which is divided into two branches from the main trunk, bears resemblance to a man's thigh.

—At one time the ginseng root commanded fabulous prices in China, the finest qualities of which are obtained from Manchuria and Corea, fetching as much as $300 and $400 a Chinese ounce. The collection of it was prohibited at one period because of its scarcity.

—The Exeter municipal records are singularly perfect, and each reach back in an almost unbroken series to the reign of Henry III., A. D. 1263. The early charters (one of Henry II. and one of Richard I.) are on the narrowest strips of parchment; but the caligraphy is exquisitely fine.

—High church means a close adherence to the rubrics and ceremonials of the church; broad church, as accepting them with liberal allowances; and low church, as approaching to the simplicity of dissent, or not too rigidly insisting on mere literal interpretations of formal observances.

—The judge of the household of the kings of Wales, in the time of the Anglo-Saxons, possessed the fifth place of rank and dignity, and had a seat at the royal table. He was sworn into office with great solemnity, and invested with it by the king giving him a chess-board of curious workmanship.

—Do cats often live in trees? Two cases are recorded—one recently and the other in the summer of 1891. The latter was in St. James' park, London, when a stray cat made a nest in a tree some forty or fifty feet from the ground, and her kittens were seen to be disporting themselves in the branches like so many squirrels.

—The difference between a brilliant and rose diamond is that the former is cut in faces both at top and bottom, and whose table, or principal top face, is flat; while the rose diamond is quite flat underneath, but its upper part cut into divers little faces, usually triangles, the uppermost whereof terminate in a point.

—Under the name of sun bear are often included three very different species—the Himalayan bear, Indian black bear, or Tibetan sun bear (Ursus Tibetanus), and the Malayan bear or bruang (Ursus Malayanus). The Himalayan bear is found in Nepaul, Assam, Eastern Siberia and China. It rarely exceeds five feet in length.

—When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox, and so he continues to grow in strength till he reaches his eighth year, when he grows no more. For twenty years after his fangs and talons show no signs of decay, but after that he gradually becomes feeble, and his teeth fail him.

—The distance from the source of the Amazon in the Andes to the Atlantic ocean is 2000 miles in direct line, but by the course of the river 4000 miles. The plain through which the river and its tributaries flow is 12,000 miles wide and in some places 18,000. The mouth of the Amazon is 160 miles wide, and its mud tinges the sea for a distance of fifty miles.

—An interment thirty years after death took place in 1867 in Berlin. The deceased was a celebrated beauty, Rachel Levin. She had ordered in her will that her coffin should have a glass plate in the top, and that it should be constantly watched for a month and then deposited in a particular vestibule for thirty years; all of which orders were scrupulously carried out.

—Stow states that "in the yeere 1564 William Boonen, a Dutchman, became the Queen's (Elizabeth's) coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. After a while, divers great ladies, with as great jealousie of the Queen's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and down the counties to the great admiration of all beholders."

A Dog's Grief for Its Master.

I think the most pathetic thing that has come under my notice occurred when I was in the ticket office of the Grand Trunk. It was there that one of my nearest and dearest friends, until his sudden death on Monday morning, was passenger agent. When I went to inquire the particulars of "Phil" Slater's death his dog came rushing in, hunted every corner of the building for him, and was out like a flash. Within fifteen minutes the poor, broken-hearted animal was there thrice, and would pay no attention to any hand or voice while his master could not be found, and at the sad home on Gerrard street nothing but violence could restrain that faithful animal from lying beneath the coffin or prevent him, with his paws on the black box, from whining mournfully for the word of recognition that he would never hear again. Of the great army of friends that "Phil" Slater had in this city and all over the province—and there never was a bigger-hearted, more generous or kindly man—how many of us will remember him or mourn for him as incessantly and with such whole-heartedness as that poor, broken-hearted dog?—Toronto Star.

The Monkey Up a Tree.

"I see a monkey up a tree. He sees me and gets behind the trunk of the tree. I start to go around him and he keeps going around as I do, keeping the trunk of the tree between him and me. I reach the place I started from, with the monkey still opposite on the tree. Now, I have been around the tree. Have I also been around the monkey?" A Boston woman is quoted as saying: "I tried it on my husband. I had him for the monkey and I took a whisk broom and went around him, brushing his clothes. He kept turning around just as I did and when I had been clear around I had only brushed one side of him and one leg of his pantaloons. Now, all the professors of Harvard university couldn't convince me that I had been around that man, and neither had the man been around the monkey in the tree."—Buffalo Express.

His Teeth a Battery.

An electrical paper reports a case in which a man who had a severe pain in his tongue consulted physicians without getting relief, until finally it was discovered that his false teeth were fastened with two different metals, and that, as soon as they were moistened in his mouth, they became an electric battery.

Amazing Memory of a Parrot.

Parrots are in many respects, no doubt, wonderful birds, and to the many stories concerning them has to be added one from Mayfair. The particular bird in question was in the habit of calling the footman who fed it, "Jacko," and the correspondent of the Manchester Evening News, who tells the story, says that bye-and-bye the footman left the establishment. Years passed and he was forgotten. One afternoon, however, the parrot suddenly startled the inmates of the house by muttering "Jacko" rapidly and excitedly, as it were, in his dreams. Someone had the curiosity to run to the window, and was just in time to see a carriage disappearing in the distance on whose box sat Jacko, the footman, in all the glory of powdered hair. The bird, who had never seen him in his guise before, must, it is alleged, have recognized him at once.—Westminster Gazette.

FRENCH THRIFT.

Children Taught in Schools to Save Their Pennies—Basis of Prosperity.

The French suffer less from panics and depressions than any other people on the globe, and it is because thrift is the basis of their prosperity.

In France nearly every person saves something for a rainy day. The habit is almost universal, and those who earn the least are sure to be found in this great saving class. The French savings banks have more than 8,000,000 depositors, and their deposits amount to about $800,000,000, and this large sum is made up of small sums.

The French schools teach the children to save money, and the most frequent prize given to a bright pupil is a savings bank book with a small sum to the credit of the owner. This is given where in this country we would give a medal or a book.

When a community has a lot of money deposited in savings banks it is easy to borrow money without going to outside capitalists. The local banks are prepared to loan to home people at a moderate interest. In the large cities and factory towns of the Eastern states the savings banks are the great safeguards of the poor wage-earners against hard times, and if the saving habit was as general here as it is in France, our people would have passed through the recent financial depression without seriously feeling it.

Every child should be taught the importance of saving without being avaricious and niggardly. We need more thrift. The average American wage-earner wastes enough in his lifetime to make him comfortable in his old age. We should take a lesson from the French in this respect. They know how to enjoy life and at the same time work hard and save money.—Atlanta Constitution.

Bombard the Bank.

Did you ever hear of the naval Yankee who threatened to bombard the Casino at Monico?"

"Never!"

"He was the captain of a trading ship intrusted with 20,000 francs. Putting in accidentally to Monaco, he thought he would visit the gambling rooms. Allured by the horrible fascination, he ventured a small stake. Like all beginners he won coup after coup, until the turn of the tide. He carried the precious notes in his pocket, and, his own money exhausted, was tempted to borrow from the sacred trust. In a few nightmare hours he found himself a penniless, ruined and dishonored man. But the old boy didn't take long to make up his mind. Broad and burly, he presented himself to the 'administration' and explained the awful state of the case.

"Naturally, they refused to refund the money. Then the mariner grew terrible in his despair. 'Under these circumstances, gentlemen,' he said, 'life is valueless. I shall go back to the boat and if I don't receive 20,000 francs within half an hour, shall blow out my brains; but before sending in my check I'll have the satisfaction of bombarding your confounded Casino. I take my oath to that. Good morning!'

"He was soon busy loading, aiming and placing his solitary cannon, but in something under twenty minutes the vessel was hailed by a trim employe from headquarters. 'Captain,' said the visitor, politely, 'your preparations will be unnecessary; you can unload. Here are your 20,000 francs. Bon voyage!' "—London World.

Where They Live Long.

At a recent gathering of old folk at Barwick-in-Elmet some rather remarkable facts were disclosed as regards the longevity of the residents of this village. The population of the place is under 800 souls, 90 of whom are over 60 years of age. The age of half this number exceeds 70 years and the aggregate of the ages of these residents is 3381 years, which gives an average of 75 years each. No doubt the longevity of the inhabitants is due to the healthy sanitary conditions of the village, or to the quiet serenity of everyday life which pertains to Barwick; probably both considerations are factors in the case: but the figures given furnish a remarkable record, and we question whether they can be exceeded by any village in the county.—Leeds Mercury.

An Old Remedy.

A widely-quoted remedy for the relief of appendicitis, this old disease with the new name, is sweet oil taken internally, from one to two ounces administered every three hours till the pain and fever are relieved. In addition, the patient should be kept in bed and hot poultices applied over the seat of pain. It is said that this trouble is not infrequently experienced and recovered from, and the sufferer never knows it. Of course, if the inflammation lasted long and spread its character would declare itself; but nature's first impulse is toward a cure when she finds the bit of foreign body, which may be anything, not necessarily a seed, and very often she accomplishes it without help.

It Was a Mistake.

An amusing tale of a phrenologist's mistake is credited to John Burroughs, the author and horticulturist. "Here's a boy," said the professor, in examining the head of the youthful Burroughs, "who will amass great wealth. All his ideas will be of money and money-making. He will be immensely rich and a power in that line." "The trouble was," says Mr. Burroughs, "that he struck the wrong boy. It's a pity he hadn't gone in next door and got hold of the boy there, for that boy was Jay Gould. We used to go to school together."

Four Leaf Clover.

"Is it lucky to find a four-leaf clover?" asks a little girl.

"You are lucky to find it, are you not?"

Speaking of four-leaf clovers it is a pretty idea to hunt for them all through the summer, press them nicely and mount them for Christmas and birthday cards by-and-by. Of course no one believes in the superstition, but it is a poetical way of wishing friends good luck.—New York Recorder.

Jilted Him.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Huskip, "I understand that you have jilted the man who drives the icewagon for theh milkman."

"Thrue fer yez, ma'am. Oi hov thot same," was the reply.

"And that damp spot on the doorstep is all there is to show for the twenty pounds of ice we take?"

"Yis'm."

"Well, Bridget, you can either arrange to be a sister to both of them or you can look for another place."—Washington Star.

Books First.

Dr. John Hall advises people to buy books first and clothes afterward. It is painful to assume an attitude of opposition to the clergy on any point whatever, but in this instance there is no way of avoiding it. In this climate, and under the existing police regulations, a combination of pneumonia and imprisonment would be the inevitable portion of anybody who followed the doctor's advice.—New York Times.

Had Plenty of Words.

A statement that a child of 5½ years of age would not have more than 150 words in its vocabulary that it was able to use understandingly led a careful mother to note for a month the number of words used by her child.

All the parts of speech used were recorded, with the result that in this case the child appeared to have a vocabulary of 1528 words.

Permanent Fishery Exhibit.

For several months past the fish trade of Boston and vicinity has been engaged in preparing an exhibit which will adequately illustrate this great American industry and be a permanent feature in the city. An industry which represents an annual value of more than $40,000,000, gives employment to about 175,000 men and keeps afloat 6376 deep-sea vessels, is worthy of such representation.

Boston Vanity.

The little Boston boy was so plainly puffed up with juvenile vanity that the visitor noticed it.

"Robert seems unusually proud today," she said.

"Yes," the fond mother answered, "he has on his first pair of spectacles."—Indianapolis Journal.

Loves Her Dearly.

We wonder if the time will ever come when a man will tell his wife he loves her more than life, in order to coax her to buy him new pants?—Atchison Globe.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

Small Boy's Spring Poem.

Say, isn't spring th' crazies' time?
  Nothin' t' do at all.
Th' fellers don't do nothin';
  Don't even play baseball.

Summer's a good deal better,
  Baseball—'n' ev'rything,
'N' when you're hot—go swimmin',
  Y'u can't do that in spring.

'N' winter, too, is pretty fair;
  Y'u c'n slide, 'n' coast, 'n' skate,
'N' paste a man 'ith snowballs;
  I say, the winter's great!

'N' then there's fall—a right good time,
  Football, 'n' nuts to pick;
But all this stuff 'bout beautiful spring—
  It kind o' makes me sick!
—Grand Rapids Press.

"The Talking Tree."

Once there was a certain King whose greatest delight it was to collect whatever was wonderful and rare. Now it happened one day that a stranger came to the palace, and the King was showing him his curiosities.

"Your majesty," said the stranger, bowing politely, "possesses the greatest collection of wonders I have ever seen, but there is one thing you do not possess."

"And what is that?" asked the King, eagerly.

"It is a talking tree," answered the stranger.

"And is there such a thing as a talking tree? Strange I have never heard of it before. And where does this talking tree grow? Tell me quickly and I will dispatch my servant at once and fetch it. It will add greatly to my collection."

"It grows," said the stranger, "in the Wrecken valley, which is on the other side of those lofty mountains."

The King immediately ordered one of his most trusty servants to mount his flying horse and go in search of the talking tree. But in a few days the servant returned, saying he had searched the valley through and through, but could find no talking tree.

The King, thinking the stranger was making sport of him, had him arrested and thrown into prison. "There you will lie," he said, "till you tell me where this talking tree grows."

"I am sorry, your majesty, but can't you send again? Perhaps another of your servants can find it." So the King sent again; but, as before, the servant returned, saying: "There is no such thing as a talking tree to be found."

Then the King was very angry, and issued a command that the stranger was to be beheaded in three days unless he told where the talking tree really was. But the stranger only said, as before, that he had seen such a tree, and that it grew in the valley beyond the mountains he had designated. So, as he was able to obtain no other reply, the King grew uneasy. On the morning of the third day, having still had no further answer, he arose and went to the prison in hopes of satisfying his mind whether there really was such a thing as a talking tree, or whether he was merely being jested with. "For," he said to himself, "if there is such a thing, by killing the stranger I shall lose my only opportunity of ever finding it."

"I am sorry, your majesty," said the stranger. "I would tell you, but I have forgotten the precise spot where the tree grows. Only it is somewhere in Wrecken valley between the two high mountains."

"Have you yourself seen it? Have you heard it talk with your own ears?" asked the King.

"Yes," answered the stranger. "I have seen it with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears."

"And what did it say?"

"It said, 'To live without any one coming is to die.' "

"That is true," said the King, who thought he would try again, and he sent a third servant, who returned as did the others, not being able to find the slightest indications of a talking tree.

The King became more anxious than ever now to possess the talking tree. He could neither eat nor sleep, and he feared to kill the stranger lest he should lose all chance of finding this wonder.

At last he called a meeting of his courtiers and made know his intention.

"The talking tree I must have, and since no one seems able to find it I will go myself. Until I find this tree I shall not call myself a king."

And off he went on his flying horse across the mountains. After many days he came to Wrecken valley. Now it happened when the King descended and dismounted from his horse he touched him with his spur, and the animal immediately began to rise, and, before the King's eyes, sailed across the mountains. Now the King was sore put and he knew not what to do. How should he ever be able to return? But being tired and sleepy he threw himself down on the grass and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

How long he slept he did not know, but when he awoke the moon was shining full in his face and he could hear a low mournful humming. At first he could not make out the words, but at last they became intelligible.

"To live without any one coming is to die." Was he awake, or was he dreaming? He listened again:

"To live without any one coming is to die."

No, he had not dreamed, and he asked immediately, "Who are you?"

Nobody answered, but the words he heard were just the same as those of the speaking tree.

"Who are you?" he again asked.

Still nobody answered and dead silence ensued.

In the morning when the day broke he discovered that he had been sleeping under a beautiful tree with outspreading branches.

"This must be it," he said, and to be certain he plucked a leaf off.

"Ah, why do you hurt me?"

"Who are you? What are you? If you are a Christian soul answer me in God's name."

"I am the daughter of a Spanish king," said the tree.

"And how is it I find you here?" asked the king.

"One day when I was out walking in the forest I saw a crystal brook and thought I would like to bathe. But alas, as soon as I touched the water I found myself transformed into this tree."

"What can I do to rescue you?" asked the King.

"You must understand magic and swear to marry me."

"I swear I will marry you immediately. But where and how am I to learn magic? I will know the secret if I have to go to the end of the earth in quest of it. But why did you not answer me last night?"

"The sorceress was here. Hush, keep quiet. She is coming. If she should find you here she would do the same to you that she has done to me. You will be turned into a tree. Her husband is a wicked giant. They are very fond of my leaves because they have a flavor of human flesh."

The King hid behind a large rock and saw the sorceress coming, riding on a broomstick.

"Whom did you speak to?" she asked.

"I talked with the wind," answered the tree.

"I see footprints here," said the sorceress.

"They must be your own," said the tree.

"Are they?" And she, grabbing her hatchet, began measuring the track with her foot, and the King crept away and concealed himself in a safer place. Toward evening he climbed into the top of a thick fir tree, for he was afraid of wild animals which he heard screaming in the distance. He had scarcely reached the top of this tree when a big giant, followed by a hundred hounds, came howling by. The dogs barked, snorted and fought, biting each other furiously. The giant was shouting with all his might, "Sic, sic!"

When they came near to the talking tree the giant cried "Zounds!" Every dog became quiet, stood on his hind legs and listened.

"What a delicious smell of human flesh," he exclaimed. The King felt sure his time had come to die, and shook so he nearly fell from the limb whereon he was sitting. Fortunately for him it was so dark the giant could not see him. After sniffing the air a while, he started away in the direction he thought his prey had likely gone. The King stayed till broad daylight in the fir tree, but when he came down he was utterly bewildered and did not know where he was nor where was the princess whom he wished to rescue. However, he did not go far before he met a beautiful maiden sitting on a bank of moss, under a tree.

The King said: "Beautiful maiden, will you have pity on me and tell me where I am? Will you show me my way out of this valley?"

"I am sorry," said the girl, "but you are lost. My father, the giant, will be along soon and he will eat you alive. Your bones will be given to the dogs."

Before she had ceased speaking the giant, surrounded by his hungry hounds, appeared. "Sic! Sic!" he was shouting.

"Come," said the girl, "lie flat on the ground, and I will sit upon you and cover you with my skirts." The King did as he was bid and was fairly well covered when the giant came up.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am resting myself."

"Ah! What a delicious smell of human flesh." And he began sniffing the air.

"There came a little boy just past," she said, "and he made me a good mouthful."

"Bravo! And what did you do with the bones?"

"The dogs ate them."

But the giant thought she was deceiving him and began sniffing the air again. "Ah! What a delicious smell of human flesh."

He looked up the tree and in every direction, and not seeing anyone, cried: "Sic, sic," and was off with his hounds.

"Thank you," said the King. "You have saved my life. What can I do for you, my good girl?"

"Marry me," said the giant's daughter.

"But how can I?" said the King. "I have given my word to another. Kings must keep their word." Then he related his history, but said nothing about the talking tree. The giant's daughter took him to her house, saying: "It is my fate to be unhappy, but I must bear it. I will save you from my father." And she went to the cupboard and took out a box of pomatum and rubbed the King's hands and face. "Now the giant cannot harm you. You may go your way. Should you change your mind, come back and I shall be waiting for you."

Then the King borrowed an ax and went to the talking tree, which he could now find very well. The sorceress was there, and was amusing herself riding around it on her broomstick. She did not see the King, and he threw himself down in the grass and waited. It grew dark and the old hag galloped across the woods on her broomstick. Then the King said:

"Beautiful maiden, I am here to redeem my pledge. I have an ax and will cut you down."

"Oh, beware! My heart is in the wood the same distance your heart is from the ground. Should you touch it you would kill me instantly. Further, just as soon as you strike the giant will come. You must sever me off with one blow." The King, who had a strong arm, did as he was bid, and felled the tree with one blow. The top swung off, the bark parted and a beautiful maiden stood before him. He heard the giant and his dogs coming. He was shouting, "Sic, sic."

The King looked around, not knowing where to fly or what to do. He knew he was safe himself, but trembled for his fair companion. At this moment, to his surprise, his flying horse descended, and stood before him just as the giant was going to seize the princess. The King intercepted him, and grasping her in his arms sprang upon the steed, which immediately ascended with them into the air, and was soon out of sight. The giant tore himself with rage, but the King and the princess were so happy they never looked back, and in a very short time the flying horse brought them to the palace door, and the news spread all over the kingdom that the King had returned, and that instead of bringing a talking tree he had brought a bride whose beauty dazzled all who beheld her. Immediately preparations were made for the wedding, but when the princess, before being arrayed in her wedding garments, was taking her bath, the waiting women discovered that when they touched her she felt just like wood. They told the prime minister, who informed the cabinet, and action was at once taken. They never would submit to having a wooden Queen. The King was informed of their decision. He said nothing but ordered the preparations to cease. That evening he mounted his flying horse, and traveling all night arrived the next day at the hut of the giant's daughter. There was a malicious look in her eyes as she said: "Ah! You have come back. You will marry me after all."

"Yes, I have come back," he said, "to return your axe." As he handed it to her he unintentionally cut her finger a little.

The blood began to run and she screamed: "Get the salve, the pomatum in the secret drawer." Before the King could find it her hair turned into leaves and branches and her body into a tree. The King was very much astonished, and was about to ask her what he should do when he heard the giant scream: "Sic, sic!" Having the box of pomatum he rubbed some on his face and hands, and, mounting his steed, rose above the giant's head, who screamed and yelled in mad rage. He tore his hair and shouted with all his strength, "Sic, sic!" But the King was soon out of sight. He flew at once to his palace, arriving early the next morning. The maids in waiting rubbed the hands and face of the princess with pomatum and immediately her flesh became natural. The preparations for the wedding were resumed at once and the festival lasted seven days.—New York Mail and Express.

Joke on Irving.

A good joke is told on Henry Irving, who, being anxious to buy a new horse, attended an auction sale of blooded (?) beasts in London, where he purchased a fine-looking chestnut mare for £8 ($40). Irving could not imagine how a good animal could be procured for so small an amount so he bribed the groom and asked him how it was.

"The 'orse 'as two faults, sir," replied the man. "The first is, when 'e's hin the pasture hand you wants to catch him yer can't do it, yer know, because 'e runs away all over the bloomink field."

"Not a bad fault," remarked the great actor; "shows he is spirited. What about the other failing, my man, eh?"

The groom scratched his head and eventually replied: "Well, Mr. Hirving, to tell you the honest truth, when you do catch the hanimal, it ain't worth a damn."—Cincinnati Commercial.

Man's Weakness.

"Is it weak in a man to shed tears?"

"Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to which the heart never mounts in dew. Only when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred."—Bulwer Lytton.

"Tears spring from no weak and woman source, but flow from the loftiest fountain of emotion. Tears benefit a warrior when his troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their doom—a father when his children rebel against his love."—Lytton.

"There is a sacredness in tears. They are messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love."—Washington Irving.

Saved His Honor.

The ceremonial of the Chinese court is somewhat exacting. It used to include, if it does not now, complete prostration before the throne. Last century a Persian envoy refused to go through the degrading ordeal. Directions were given to the officials to compel him by stratagem to do so. On arriving one day at the entrance to the hall of audience, the envoy found no means of going in except by a wicket, which would compel him to stoop very low. With great presence of mind and considerable audacity the ambassador turned round and entered backwards, thus saving the honor of his country.—London Standard.

Oblige Him.

A lawyer, residing in the north of England, and noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client, who would not succumb to his reiterated demands for the payment of his bill:

"Sir, if you pay the enclosed you will oblige me. If you do not, I shall oblige you."—Tid-Bits.

Hard on Pat.

Says Bridget to Pat: "An' how do ye loike bein' on the jury, Pat?" Says Pat: "It's somewhat confinin'." "Yes," adds Bridget, "and it's harrd wurrk, too." "Well," says Pat, "it's aisy enough decoiding which solde is right when only one of thim's Oirish, but whin they're both Oirish, bedad, it's the very divil."—Household Words.

TENNYSON TO DATE.

In the spring the maiden's fancy
  Turns to thoughts of hat and frock,
And the young man's, e'en more surely,
  To his annual bout with "bock."
—New York World.

Jails and Churches.

Over $50,000,000 is spent in maintaining the churches of the United States, and $400,000,000 in running the jails.—Independent.

How to Enjoy Money.

Money would be more enjoyable if it took people as long to spend it as it does to earn it.—Economist.

Imperial Tokay.

In the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man fall all the uncorked bottles, to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Vinnese come readily to purchase the remains. And there is no other means of procuring Imperial Tokay than this.

SMELLED SOMETHING BURNING.

Startling Experience of a Young Lady in a Boston Street.

Two young ladies who were walking up Beacon street in the morning had passed the Puritan club and were sauntering along the north side of the street when one of them fancied she smelled burning grass. "How like spring that smell of smoke is!" she said; "they must be sweeping up the common and burning the grass." Presently a whiff of smoke came into her face. "Dear me!" she said, "do you see them burning grass on the Common anywhere? It must be very near." Her companion kept her eyes fixed on the Common.

Just then an express wagon came whirling up alongside. The driver looked at them and hauled up. "Young lady!" he exclaimed to the first of the two, "do you know that your hat is all on fire?" At that moment she became quite aware of it, for the fire laid hold of her hair. She had the presence of mind to snatch off her hat and get out of reach in an instant and also put out the fire in her hair. It was a narrow escape from a serious matter.

Where did the fire come from? The conjecture is that some one threw a lighted cigarette or a burning match out of the clubhouse window and that it fell upon the young lady's hat, igniting the straw; but that is, of course, a conjecture. The hour was one at which there are ordinarily none but servants in the clubhouse, so that none of the young gentlemen of the Puritan club are in the least likely to be chargeable with the carelessness. And of course the burning article might have come from the window of some private house. From a window somewhere it must have come, for straw hats are not known to be subject to spontaneous combustion. The incident ought to warn people to be very careful about throwing matches or other lighted things out of windows.—Boston Transcript.

A BARONESS SHOT RUDOLPH.

Secret of the Death of the Austrian Crown Prince Revealed.

Just before his death in the asylum on Ward's island at New York, Johann Tranquilini revealed the secret history of the Crown Prince Rudolph's death at Meyerling, January 30, 1889. Johann Tranquilini, while he was no more than a humble fluker-kutscher, or the driver of a fiacre, was the intimate friend and boon companion of Rudolph. For years all the royal frolics were familiar to him. He it was who drove the crown prince on all unheralded excursions.

Tranquilini gained for himself a place in the world's history when he drove the crown prince to Meyerling the night of Rudolph's death. When the rumors of the tragedy were whispered stealthily from mouth to ear in Vienna he left and came to New York. He seemed liberally provided with money and for a time lived in lavish extravagance among the Austrians in that city. His claim was that the prince was attacked by Baroness Vassera, who was in love with him. She then turned a revolver upon herself and expired almost instantly. A count, who was her relative, then dealt the prince a mortal blow on his temple.

SHIP CANALS IN PROSPECT.

One Between Baltic and Black Seas will Cost $100,000,000.

The ship canal between the Baltic and Black seas will be about 1000 miles long. There are no very formidable engineering difficulties. The estimated cost is $100,000,000, and the construction will occupy five years. The canal will be twenty-seven feet deep, 213 feet wide at top, and 114 feet at the bottom. It is to run from Riga, follow the course of the Dwina, Beresina and Dnieper, and end at Cherson. The canal will be lighted by electricity along its whole length, enabling the transit to be performed in six days, reckoning six knots as a maximum speed. Other towns and districts besides those touched by the canal will be benefited, owing to the improvement of navigation in the various rivers.

A bill has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies for making a canal between Marseilles and the Rhone. The cutting will be forty-six miles long, and is estimated to cost 80,000,000 francs.—Exchange.

Brazil's Climate.

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, has a notoriously bad climate. It is a fastness of yellow fever and subtle tropical ailments, and the death rate is so alarmingly high as to seriously affect the commercial prosperity of the city. Some time ago the Brazilian government took in hand the question of removing their capital, and appointed a scientific commission to fix a site. The commission has selected a plateau which should be a real land of promise to the transmigrants from the coast. The spot is between the parallel of 15 degrees 40 minutes and 16 degrees 8 minutes south, and the meridians of 49 degrees 30 minutes and 51 degrees west. It is over 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and its temperature resembles that of middle France. There is plenty of water for agriculture, and no yellow fever. The journey by railway from the coast is a matter of some eighteen hours. This is believed to be the first occasion on record in which science has been called in to choose the site of a capital.

Uniform Temperature.

A house of one uniform temperature, summer and winter, is a dream of hygienists which seems to have been realized by M. Caron at Chamonix in Upper Savoy. The secret of construction is merely an elaborate system of water pipes forming the framework and supporting the wooden walls and floors. In summer cold water circulates through these pipes and in the cold season this water is heated to the desired temperature before it enters the pipes. There is little doubt that M. Caron's plan will be interesting for hospitals and public buildings to examine as well as for private villas.

An Outrage.

"What do I think of the income tax decision?" said the young man with the thin mustache. "I think it's an outrage, it's robbery of the poor, it's taking the bread right out of the mouths of honest men and their families. That's what I think of it."

"I don't quite understand what you mean," said his friend.

"Don't eh? Well, I guess if you'd been hustling for a year to get a job as income tax collector, and then, just after you'd been appointed, had it taken away from you in such a fashion, you would understand."—Buffalo Express.

Young America.

Percy is a bright Capitol hill boy, who has occasional attacks of prevarication which commenced when he was about 5 years old. When about 6 years old he was called to account by his father for a whopper, and was told the old, old story about George Washington and his hatchet and the cherry tree, concluding with the remark that "George was a good boy and never told a lie." This impressed Percy very much for a minute. Then an explanation occurred to him and he asked: "Why, papa, couldn't he talk?"—Washington Post.

Dislikes Flowers.

The Empress of Austria has a curious dislike for flowers. It is said that she cannot bear to sit in a room where they are. When she was last in England her apartments at the hotel were lavishly decorated with the choicest blooms, but directly the royal steward arrived he requested that all the flowers might be removed before her imperial majesty came so that she might neither see nor smell them.

No Time Left.

"In life to come," shouted the evangelist, "there will be no marrying or giving to marriage." Those who were sitting near the Chicago woman heard a low cry of horror as she arose from her seat. "In that event," she remarked to the usher, as she left the church, "I've got no time to be monkeying here."—Detroit Tribune.

A Serious Joke.

Jane—"Henry, what would you do if you should go to the postoffice, buy a stamp, ask the man to stick it on for you, and he refused?"

Henry (who is very serious)—"What would I do? Stick it on myself."

Jane—"I should stick it on the letter."—Tid-Bits.

Mean Men.

Some men are so mean that they won't take a seat in a street car for fear they will have to get up and give it to a woman.—Philadelphia Record.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES

Serenade.

The thrush upon the apple bough,
A-sway each tardy daybreak now,
Hath a new song within his mouth,
Taught by the breezes of the South.

Of loosened soil he softly sings,
Green moss and happy garden things—
Wake-robins on the sheltered side
Of hedges where white violets hide.

His ear laid to the rugged bark,
He hears the sap stir in the dark,
He feels a vital pulse imbue
The branches wet with morning dew.

And where the lowest twig descends
Earthward to meet its grassy friends,
Through bud and blade a tremor shoots,
And thrills among the apple roots;

And every breathless branch vibrates,
Quick with a million blossom fates—
And in the gray, expectant hush
One hears the singing of the thrush.
—May Byron in the Spectator.

The Effect of Clothes.

Clothes are beginning to have such an immense influence upon our life that I think the late bronze statues (which have not proved a success) should have been looked upon as a sort of hint at a reaction, a very natural desire to see if bodies have any show at all in these days of buckram, haircloth and sleeves.

We may almost begin to look upon ourselves as suits of clothes, hats and boots, for the sake of which our society is tolerated. Never before in the history of the world has so much been written, so earnestly and seriously, about clothes. The dress is actually considered before the women.

First of all, we hear that a woman wore a "stunning gown," after which we hear that she was a pretty woman, and, incidentally, we are finally told that she is a very clever or good woman. The order in which the items of her individual makeup are given is significant.

Men have been heard to say that they prefer to act as escort to a well-dressed woman than a pretty one. The fact that a woman dresses well is beginning to cover a multitude of sins. Women are making dress an undesirable influence with men. We shall soon have men breaking off engagements because they find that their fiancees wear ready-made coats.

Does not a certain style of dress demand and inspire a certain sort of refreshment for its wearer? Millinery of the highest French type calls for and gets champagne, while a sailor hat merely suggests a soda drink or beer. It is impossible to offer a Frankfurter to one who wears white kid gloves.

And if dress has such an influence upon what the attendant man supplies to the woman who wears the gown for which he has such a high regard, how much more has it upon our conversations? I have seen a man waste brilliant conversation upon the being that was inside a gorgeous Paris gown, when if that same being had been inside a calico one he would not have talked at all to her.

Tailors are the only saviors of some men and dressmakers of some women. Without these saviors they would not be tolerated. It is well known that the woman who is always well dressed either gives all her income or all her mind to the matter.

We are in great danger of losing individuality now that we are becoming merely animated suits of clothes.

A man used to ask a woman to bestow her society upon him and it was the woman herself that he paid deference to. Now a suit of clothes asks a suit of clothes to go somewhere, where both suits can be well seen and all the attention that the male suit pays the female suit are the grade of attentions that such a female suit merits.

In the very latest and most advertised novel of yesterday, before any other description is given of the hero, the writer remarks: "He happened to be immaculately dressed."

This remark is significant in the modern novel. It means that when once the reader knows that the man wears good clothes and does not pay an afternoon call in evening dress or go to a ball in a sweater, nothing else matters much. The man's mentality, virility, spiritual or moral nature is of secondary importance. "Thou shalt not be badly dressed" is almost recognized as an extra commandment.

The right of an artist to go long-haired, of an enthusiast to wear bad boots, of a poet to wear a threadbare velveteen coat, or a thinker to keep his cuffs out of sight, has often been severely questioned by those who guard with solicitude those hothouse exotics popularly known as the conventionalities. It has often occurred to me that we ought to recognize in this apparent disregard of appearances the healthy evidence of a few independent and fearless minds, absorbed in something better than the shape of trousers or the style of neckties.

There are enough fanatics on the matter of dress. Why not sanction the existence of a few on the small matters of art, poetry, music and religion, which sometimes absorb the mind so that the great subject, "dress," is obliterated?

And yet a man may be a profligate or a woman a callous schemer and the fit of their clothes unconsciously is recognized by the world as a factor of their redemption from ostracism.

But Heaven help them if their clothes are not well cut.—J. M. W. in New York Recorder.

The Art of Pleasing.

The art of pleasing, which used to be considered quite enough of a profession to satisfy the soul of any female, seems today in the reaction against such an extreme view in some danger of being thrust into a place dishonorable.

True, it takes time to acquire this gentle and valuable art, and true, it takes money indirectly, for time is coin for the modern woman, whose work is worth its hire. But no amount of direct money earned or inherited can buy the genuine art to please. It is born with some women, as intangible as a gossamer web, seemingly a nothing until it clings about the face in a forest walk, not to be lightly brushed aside. To deliberately acquire and weave so delicate a fiber takes, not coin, but heart and hand labor.

"Now," asks the modern woman, "is it to be demanded of me to keep up my public career, my home life, my social duties, my power to dress well, and cultivate also the art of pleasing?"

Unless you do all this and more, madame or mademoiselle, you are not a typical modern woman. The blown feminine flower of this decade must have the broadening influence of a public career, the sweetening of home life, the power which social influence undoubtedly gives, and the arts of dressing well and of pleasing must be included under the general heading "womanly."

How one human body can support this many-sided strain is an end of the century marvel, but women are noted down the ages for their powers of endurance, and certain it is if they now let slip but a single one of all these gradually-acquired attributes they will miss it sadly at every turn.—Harper's Bazar.

Wasted Money in Wasted Food.

There are few households in the land but have a periodical recrudescence of economy in the matter of food supply. A big grocer's or butcher's bill immediately suggests that there should be some economy practiced "somewhere."

The present activity in the field of dietetics should spread valuable knowledge into every kitchen. It is already showing benefits in the matter of nutritious food versus medicine.

Housewives do not always realize that they have a prominent part to play in this grave question of the day, the "disposal of garbage." That responsibility lies within the domestic threshold, and to consign the collection of waste to the scavenger is not the limit of her power nor a self-satisfying conclusion. What she consigns does not concern her, and this "bete noir" found in every part of the land, a subject fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties to those whose business it is to find a healthful and quick disposal of garbage is far more the business of the housekeeper than she is willing to acknowledge. We must go back of the garbage can to find the cause. American extravagance is proverbial the world over. We provide with a lavish hand. Unskilled and indifferent help waste accordingly. Expenditure for food in a large percentage of the middle and lower classes is estimated to take very often fully three-fourths of the income. Actual consumption and benefit derived from quantity supplied is notably small in the wealthier families.

Convincing proof is found in the overflowing garbage can. Lack of robustness among a certain class and the amount of debility afflicting a majority of people, prove to investigators a want of proper nutriment to build up the overwrought body, which must endure somehow the strain and stress of American life and climate.

The unintelligent methods of poor servants, unskilled in handling food, is one cause of the effect. It is considered their prerogative to waste what does not suit their fancy. "Leavings," which may be the best portions from the mistresses' table, are not palatable to their taste, and so a good material is speedily hidden from sight, more is called for, and a haphazard supply to keep Bridget good-natured furnishes her with an abundance to overflow ash cans, clog pipes, choke traps, fill cesspools, draw vermin and offer culture as a medium for the ubiquitous microbe. Noxious odors offend the nostrils and dangerous effluvia jeopardize the health and obstruct sanitary measures.

It is just this waste in the world that has been the cause of plagues, pestilences and diseases. It is wasted time, wasted strength, money, happiness and, too often, life.—Baltimore American.

Meaniness Compliments.

It is really pitiful to a thoroughly seasoned woman of the world to see how very much in earnest the society novice takes all the pleasant or unpleasant things that are said to her. Such a novice is not the girl who has been brought up with the knowledge that as soon as her school days are over she is to take her place at her mother's side and be formally presented to the gay world. No, indeed, that young woman is well versed in society's ways before she has an opportunity to judge them from personal experience, and when her time does come she is quite able to cope with all the varied types of men and women who range themselves before her.

The novice of which we speak is generally a young married woman, who has been having a cramped, uneventful life, until someone discovers that she is pretty and that they would like to do something to make her days pass more pleasantly. Little by little she gets into the swim, but it is a long time before she learns that society ways are largely artificial and that she must not take everything au seriense.

Many a woman discontented with the narrowness of her own lot has gladly welcomed any change that would make it less monotonous, but many a heartache has been the accompaniment of this new existence. Men in society say all sorts of little flattering things that they do not mean at all; women are equally insincere, but only through the influence of their training, that has taught them to be diplomatic and graciously well-bred always. Having seen one woman and known of dozens of others who accepted all these speeches as gospel truth, it behooves a kind-hearted sister to raise a warning finger, as domestic trouble will surely follow if the innocent novice has an idea that she has hitherto been unappreciated, and has at last found sympathy and a recognition of her true merit. Much unhappiness has been caused through mistaken confidence in meaningless compliments and the woman is very foolish who attaches any real value to the frothy conversation of the average man of the world.—Philadelphia Times.

Sweat-Peas.

It used to be considered in the "good old days," when our grandmothers grew the sweet pea, that any one could grow it. This is true, in a way, today. But not every one can grow it well, and no one knows the possibilities of this beautiful flower unless it is well grown.

The first thing to do in growing sweetpease is to obtain good seed. You can get it if you buy of dealers who have established a reputation for fair dealing and honesty. They cannot afford to sell anything but good seed, if they had the disposition to do so. The best may cost you a trifle more than the inferior kind, but the extra cost will prove money well invested.

Unlike other flowers the sweet pea insists on being planted as early in the season as possible. As soon as the ground can be worked begin to get ready for it. If you the going to sow in rows—and that is advisable, because it is easier to furnish support for your plants when grown in that way—dig a trench about six inches deep. Throw up the soil and let the sun have a chance to get at it and exert its mellowing, disintegrating influence upon it. It will be thrown up in lumps and clods, because at that season the moisture from melting snows and early spring rains will not have drained out of it: but a day or two's exposure to the warmth of the sun will so affect it that it may be easily crumbled and pulverized by the hoe.

Sow the seed thickly. It should not be more than an inch or two apart. Cover lightly at first. After the plants have got to be an inch or two high, draw a little more soil about them. Keep on putting more soil into the trench as the plants grow, until all the earth thrown out of it at planting time is returned to it.

Window Draping.

A great many people when they go to buy lace curtains haven't any idea that different rooms require different hangings, whereas there is a well-defined rule in the matter. For parlors Irish point tambour and Brussels net, for dining rooms Nottingham lace and for bedrooms muslin. There may be exceptions to this rule, as in the case of houses where all the windows on one side are draped alike for the sake of the outside appearance, but practically it is like a law of the Medes and Persians and altereth not.

Irish point is the newest, and in every way the most suitable curtain for a drawing room. It comes in white and ecru, with an applique figure in muslin outlined with braid, and is always elegant, whether one pays $1.98 for it, which is the lowest price in the store, or $25. The main difference in the grades is in the heaviness of the figuring. The expensive ones are in finer net, and are figured all over; but many buy the sparsely figured and cheaper ones because they think them prettier.

Tambour differs from Irish point in having the figure simply outlined without being filled in with muslin. Brussels net is figured all over, and very heavily at the edge, with a fine, close braid. Muslin curtains are as charming as Irish point in their way, and have two decided advantages over every lace curtain: they wear well and wash well. Lace curtains when washed have to be dried on a frame, but muslin curtains can be laundered like a handkerchief. They are generally made quite simply with a ruffled edge, but sometimes they are scalloped and often hemstitched. One very handsome pair was seen that was embroidered all over, and finished at the edge with hemstitching. When the ugly window shade is dispensed with, dotted swiss or muslin sash curtains are sometimes used all over the house, and the effect is very dainty and homelike.—New York Recorder.

Silk Skirts of the Season.

The importation of silk skirts for dressy uses exceeds in beauty of material and elaboration of trimming anything ever before exhibited. These skirts are unusually wide, and in order to aid in distending the dress skirt proper without the use of stiff interlinings, which have been abandoned, the skirts have long, deeply plaited fan and shell-shaped festoons, with usually rows of lace at the edge of each plaiting. Paris designers are making costly garments like a low-necked, closely fitted princesse dress. This mode is a sort of compromise between a petticoat and a silk corsetcover, and, being narrowly gored and beautifully shaped, makes an ideal garment to wear beneath a handsome day or evening toilet, as there are neither bands nor gathers about the waist and hips. One, however, need not go to the importers or even to the fancy dry goods stores for one of these slips. The modiste can easily make the garment, or the home dressmaker, by the aid of a fine-fitting princesse dress pattern, can make a slip in very little time, with very little trouble, and at very little cost, as a good firm quality of white taffeta silk can now be purchased for 60 cents a yard.—New York Post.

This Story Has Reached Kansas.

A tramp appeared at a house in North Atchison with a cat in his hand this morning and asked the lady of the house for a little salt. Of course she asked him what he wanted with the salt. He told her that he was starving, but was too proud to ask for anything to eat and was going to cook the cat. Of course the woman was touched and gave the tramp the best she had in the house. When the tramp got about a block away from the house the cat appeared and he fed the animal. The tramp told an Atchison man confidentially that he worked the cat racket all the time. The tramp then stuffed the cat in his coat-tail pocket and laid down under a tree to think.—Atchison Globe.

It Cost Him Two Pence.

A man notorious for his "nearness," lately went into a butcher's and inquired the price of a certain soupbone. The proprietor of the shop is a generous fellow, and in answer to the old man's question, he said, "Oh, I'll give you that."

The customer put his hand to his ear. He is somewhat hard of hearing, and had missed the other's reply.

"Can't you take something off that?" he asked.

The butcher took pity on him.

"Yes," he said, "call it twopence."

And the old man went home with a comfortable sense of having driven a good bargain.—Tid-Bits.

—Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

GOT A BABY BOY NOW.

Happiness in a Southern Man's Home —Tells About the Red Flag of Danger at the Railroad Crossing—Warning to America's Men.

"For twenty-six years I have used tobacco in great quantities and of late years took to cigarette smoking," writes Mr. W. E. Simpson, of Lecompte, La. "I want to go on record that tobacco has robbed me of many years of life and a great deal of happiness. I realize it now as I compare my feelings and my condition with that of a year ago, when I was a tobacco saturated cigarette fiend. Many and many a time did I try to quit smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous torture, which would increase hour by hour till finally, to save myself as it seemed, from almost flying to pieces, I had to light the little, white pipe-stick and swallow the smoke. One day I read in my paper 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing. It came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and said that No-To-Bac was an absolutely guaranteed relief from tobacco slavery. I did not believe it, but like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I commenced taking No-To-Bac. The effects were magical, it destroyed the nerve craving, and desire for cigarettes. Two boxes, would you believe it, made me well and strong. I have gained mentally, physically, in vigor and manhood, and with the brain free from the nicotine and a breath no longer befouled with tobacco smoke I am so happy to-day to write No-To-Bac did it all a year ago, so the cure is time-tested and tried, not only in my own case, but several of my friends who have also been cured.

We have a baby boy now. My wife and I feel that all this happiness started from the time when I first used No-To-Bac, and in evidence of our appreciation and in order that the memory of this happiness may be perpetuated in a living form, we want to name our baby boy after the man who wrote the line 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.'

No-To-Bac is popular here and all our druggists sell it. Hardly a day passes but somebody asks me about No-To-Bac, so I don't want you to hesitate to use these lines in any way that you think will make known to suffering humanity the happiness that there is in No-To-Bac for the many men with nicotinized brains and weakened resolutions. If they will only make up their mind to save the waste of vital power—to say nothing of the money—now going up in smoke and out in tobacco spit.

—In the observatory at Pekin they have records of eclipses of the sun which carry them back to 2000 B. C. Again, the Chinese praying machine, into which one repeats prayers, which are duly given forth again, was but the forerunner of the phonograph. The play and the novel were known to the Chinese centuries ago.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD

when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments, and Scrofula, it is an unequaled remedy.

Born on Pike's Peak.

Some people are born great and some people have to achieve it. The former condition is what happened to the newborn babe of Mr. and Mrs. John Taggert, who is the first child, so far as any one knows, ever born on the famous old mountain. Mr. Taggert is the foreman of the section gang on the Manitou & Pike's Peak Cog road and lives at the section house a mile and a half above timber line and a mile from the summit. Sunday a 10-pound boy was born at the section house. The altitude at which the child was born is over 12,000 feet. Without doubt he is the only child ever born at such an altitude in this country and perhaps in the world. Mrs. Taggert has promised the train-boys that they should christen the child, and they have decided that his name shall be Pike's Peak Taggert.

Proud Heart

To live above our station shows a proud heart and to live under it discovers a narrow soul.—H. Malot.

—Coins of modern reigns in England are of slight value, even to collectors of such things.

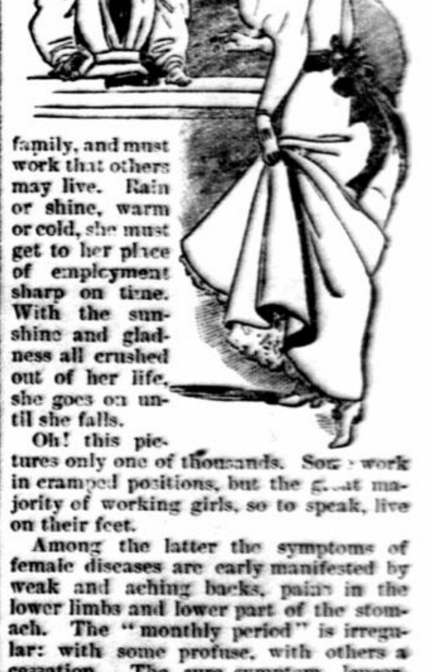
WORKING GIRLS.

WILLING, ABLE, AND AMBITIOUS,

But Often Held Back by an Illness They do not Understand.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

A young and intelligent working-girl of Brooklyn, N.Y., graphically pictures the working-girl's life.

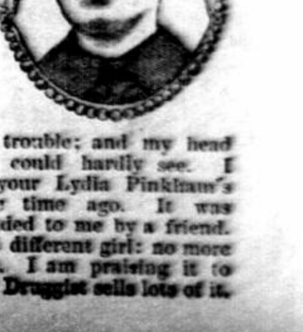


Day in and day out, month after month, she toils. She is the bread-winner of the family, and must work that others may live. Rain or shine, warm or cold, she must get to her place of employment sharp on time. With the sunshine and gladness all crushed out of her life, she goes on until she falls.

Oh! this pictures only one of thousands. Some work in cramped positions, but the great majority of working girls, so to speak, live on their feet.

Among the latter the symptoms of female diseases are early manifested by weak and aching backs, pains in the lower limbs and lower part of the stomach. The "monthly period" is irregular: with some profuse, with others a cessation. The sure symptom, leucorrhœa, is present, and with faintness, weakness, loss of appetite and sleep. She may be sure that a womb trouble assails her. She knows not where to go for aid.

Miss Mary Smylie, of 2078 Susquehanna Avenue, Kensington, Philadelphia, Pa., urges her fellow working-girls to have faith in *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound.



She says: "I am a working-girl, and must stand eleven hours every day. I have suffered terribly from painful menstruation and kidney trouble; and my head was so dizzy I could hardly see. I began to take your Lydia Pinkham's Compound some time ago. It was highly recommended to me by a friend. Now I feel like a different girl: no more aches and pains. I am praising it to every one. Our Druggist sells lots of it.

DEFECTIVE PAGE