TRIALS OF A WOMAN.

SHE WHO TAKES THE TICKETS AT THE PICTURE SHOWS.

[For The Ladies, White Novelty Backing. Invite a study of some of the Costumes Worn at Madison Square That at Times Look as Dress Parades.]

As a rule the young women who follow the profession of the ticket-seller in an art exhibit herself. The other evening I spent a more money than I had allowed myself for a "good time." It is approximately easy enough to be the ticket taker at a picture show. All there is to do apparently, is to sit in a roomful of pictures, take people's tickets as they come in and sell extra ones.

"You would be surprised to see how much stock it is," said a girl who takes tickets at one of the big exhibitions. "You have to keep your eyes open all the time, for there are a large number of people who try to run past without tickets. I have to go after people a dozen times a day, calling 'Ticket, please,' and they turn on me with an indignant stare. Most of them then go and buy tickets. But one well dressed woman the other day took up her lorgnette, looked me over from head to foot, and said in an icy tone: 'Ticket! I have no ticket!' and proceeded calmly on her way. I ran after her again.

"'Madame,' I said, 'I shall have to trouble you for a ticket.'

"'I have already told you I had none,' she said.

"'I'm afraid you will have to get one,' said I. I was beginning to be afraid I should have to get a 'mother' to put her out, for I was determined she should not go in without paying. That is what I'm here for, and I am conscientious. Well, at last she flounced out to the ticket office, bought her ticket and put it down on my desk, saying:

"'What an imposition!'

"That is one sort of the people I have to deal with. Then the other is the kind who wish to borrow a catalogue for a minute and keep it the whole afternoon. I have to be very stern about returning. The best way is to politely hand up whatever picture is asked for and to absolutely refuse to let any one take a catalogue for a moment. One old lady took me at my word.

"I really believe she asked me every single number in the room. I did more than 25 cents' worth of work for her, I can tell you. The worst is telling people the price of pictures. After about six weeks of it it grates on one's nerves. This is what continually happens: A threadbare old gentleman comes to the desk:

"'Do you know the price of pictures?' he asks.

"'Yes; would you like to know the price of any?' I reply.

"'There is one in the other room,' he says.

"'What is the number?' I ask.

"'I can't tell you the number, but it's in the other room.'

"Then I have to send him for the number.

"'No. 221.'

"'That is $500.'

"'Why?' asks my old gentleman.

"If it's early in the afternoon, I explain to him that I suppose the artist thinks it worth that; that he is well known, or what not; later I say, 'I don't know.' Not one person in 50 of those who ask the price have the slightest idea of buying. Some will go through half an exhibition and insist on knowing the prices of all. I get so tired of being polite and affable to all these people that by the time I get out in the evening I am ready to insult my dearest friend for the sake of being rude to some one. It's so hopeless telling the price of a picture over and over again and each time having the people exclaim, 'What an awful price!'

"A great many people hold me personally responsible for the pictures. Lots of people come and talk very disagreeably to me about them. 'What makes them have such bad shows?' they ask me. Young men come up and say, 'Isn't this awful trash?' in an accusing sort of way, as though I had done it all myself. And one man fairly shook his fist in my face and demanded his money back. 'It's a swindle!' he shouted at me. But it really wasn't my fault.

"Sometimes it's different. At private [illegible] There people come up to me and say, 'What a privilege to sit among the works of the masters all day!' I don't tell them that if I sat among the works of the masters much longer I should go mad, but I would like to.

"The other day a friend of mine took my place. A man came up to her and asked:

"'Miss, is your picture among these works of art?'

"'Why, no,' she replied.

"He stood off a little way and squinted at her. 'It should be—you are worthy of it. Did no one ever tell you you had a beautiful profile?'

"That was a little startling, coming from an utter stranger. Later she learned that her admirer was —, the well known photographer. Of course he had been looking at her through an artist's eyes and from a purely artistic standpoint and had meant no offense. But it was trying."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Fire at Weddings.

Fire is an essential in some wedding celebrations. In Persia the service is read in front of a fire. In Nicaragua the priest, taking the couple each by the little finger, leads them to an apartment where a fire is lighted and there instructs the bride in her duties, extinguishing it by way of conclusion. In Japan the woman kindles a torch, and the bridegroom lights one from it, the playthings of the wife being burnt then and there.

The best medicine that money can buy is Hood's Sarsaparilla. First, Because, it combines economy and strength. There is more concentrated merit and medicinal power in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in half a dozen bottles of other blood purifiers. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine enclosed in an steam cooker.

Hood's Sarsaparilla argument as to strength and economy—and will last a month, while other remedies average to last a week or fortnight. Second, Because those who have bought it and taken it universally praise it. It cures even when other remedies fail to do any good whatever. In fact, it is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Its thousands of testimonials are as reliable and worthy your confidence as if they came from your most trusted neighbor. Third, Because there is no substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Dealers who try to sell something else, generally say "Ours is as good as Hood's"—thus really admitting that Hood's is the standard and possesses merit impossible for others to reach. There are many other reasons why Hood's Sarsaparilla is America's Greatest Medicine, the Best That Money Can Buy. But if you will only buy it and try it yourself you will have reasons for faith in it stronger than them all—that of *personal experience* with, and *personal knowledge* of, its curative powers. Take it *now*. Get Hood's. *It never disappoints.*

Best

Money

Can Buy

Wouldn't Wear the Crown.

The late William Morris' views on the laureateship, as made public in Mr. Mackail's biography, were peculiar and interesting. Mr. Gladstone was willing to offer Morris the succession to Tennyson; but, on being sounded, the socialist poet, although pleased with the honor, declined unreservedly, stating that, in his opinion, the function of poet laureate was that of a ceremonial writer of verse, and that the Marquis of Lorne, the languidly literary son-in-law of Queen Victoria, was the finest person to fulfill it.

Japanese Ideas of Women.

The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are indecility, discontent, slander, jealousy and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies afflict seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self inspection and self reproach. The worst of them all and the parent of the other four is silliness!—Cornhill Magazine.

Normal Old Age.

The general tendency is for men to live longer. There is much evidence to show that in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries men of 70 were considered very aged, and that a man of 80 was a very rare phenomenon. If medical science, sanitation and general obedience to the laws of health continue to improve, the gauge of normal age may yet rise to 100.—Boston Post.

When a wise prophet predicts the end of the world, he invariably puts it so far in the future that no one he knows will live to contradict him.—Chicago Tribune.

The woman who mislays her hat and looks for it in her purse, among other impossible places, is very like the physician who looks in all sort of impossible places for the cause of a disease. The heart begins to act irregularly and straightway there's an examination of the heart to find what is interfering with it. The liver gives trouble, and is doctored with drugs and pounded with pills to bring to light the cause, and all the time the trouble is in the stomach.

The intimate connection of the stomach with the heart and the other vital organs, necessarily results in the sympathy of these organs with any derangement or disease of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition.

Thousands have been cured of palpitation, liver trouble, shortness of breath, pain in the side, backache, and numerous other complaints by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine acts directly upon the stomach, the organs of digestion and nutrition and the blood making glands, and the fact that it cures so many forms of disease is the best proof that these diseases originate in the stomach and must be cured through the stomach.

"I had been a great sufferer for several years, and my family doctor said I would not be a living man in two years, but, thank God, I am still living," writes Mr. George W. Truslow, of Lipscomb, Augusta Co., Va. "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is what saved my life. I had heart trouble so bad that I could not lie on my left side without a great deal of pain. I was nearly past work when I commenced your medicine, but I can do about as much work now as any man. I cannot say too much for the benefit I have received."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the "Bible of the body," is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only, for cloth-bound edition. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

BILIOUSNESS

Do you get up with a headache?

Is there a bad taste in your mouth?

Then you have a poor appetite and a week digestion. You are frequently dizzy, always feel dull and drowsy. You have cold hands and feet. You get but little benefit from your food. You have no ambition to work and the sharp pains of neuralgia dart through your body.

What is the cause of all this trouble?

Constipated bowels.

Ayer's PILLS

will give you prompt relief and certain cure.

Keep Your Blood Pure.

If you have neglected your case a long time, you had better take

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also. It will remove all impurities that have been accumulating in your blood and will greatly strengthen your nerves.

When the Doctor.

There may be something about your case you do not quite understand. Write the doctor freely; tell him how you are suffering. You will promptly receive the best medical advice. Address,

Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

The Remorse of a Guilty Stomach

Henry McLellan, of Hamilton, Ill., is a veteran of the 16th Illinois Infantry. He said:

"For more than 15 years I was a sufferer from gastritis in its worst form. I was much reduced in flesh and strength and unable to attend to business. Finally my wife persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and to my surprise I began to get better. Three boxes effected a cure that has been permanent. When I began to take the pills I weighed 190 pounds; now I weigh 165. These pills did me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken.

"H. K. McLELLAN"

Subscribed and sworn to before me this second day of December, 1897.

R. H. WALLACE, *Notary Public*
—*From the Press, Hamilton, Ill.*

To any sufferers from stomach or bowel trouble Dr. Williams' diet book is free on request.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box. 6 boxes $2 50.

How Care Kills.

Wise people have long been aware that "care killed a cat," but it has been left to the X rays to explain how and why. Dr. Fritz Lange of Munich has turned his fluorescent screen upon the stomach of a happy and contented cat and has seen the process of digestion going on as it should in all well regulated stomachs. Then he has introduced care and irritation into the feline mind by placing a live mouse just beyond reach and has seen digestion stopped thereby.

The Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may cry out on behalf of the cat, or the mouse, or both, but the lesson against worrying is as complete as any Christian Scientist could desire. Worrying stops digestion, causes dyspepsia, retards all the normal physical processes and demoralizes both body and mind. It wastes the forces of life, destroying the tissues without accomplishing anything.—Chicago Tribune.

Dinnis McGuire's Whisky.

Meagher was full of anecdotes of his famous brigade. One story is too good to be lost. He said he was leading his men to the front in one of the seven days' battles when an aid rode by and announced the news that our army had carried a certain strategic point and several colors. "D'ye hear that, boys?" shouted Meagher. "Our men have won the day and captured the enemy's colors!" "Just as I said that," remarked the general, "a private who was plunging along out of one muddy hole into another, looked up at me and said, "Ah, gineral, I'd rather hev a pint of Dinnis McGuire's whisky now than all the colors of the rainbow."—Donahue's Magazine.

SHE DECLINED THE PRINCE.

A Colorado Girl's Little Romance and the Lesson It Teaches.

Not all American girls abroad are seeking titles. Miss Della Rogers of Denver, heiress to one of the great fortunes of the west, rejected in the most emphatic way the offer of marriage of Prince Ghika of Roumania.

It was in Paris a fortnight ago. Miss Rogers has been one of the American beauties and favorites of the season there. She is not only rich, but she is

MISS DELLA ROGERS.

accomplished in that art which Paris likes best of all, music. She loved it so much that she was not content to sing for her friends and at private salons. She took it up as a profession.

It was a novelty to see an American heiress on the stage. It was known that she lived like a princess.

Her grandfather is Multimillionaire George Tritch, banker, merchant and property owner of Denver. Miss Rogers is heiress to a good share of his millions. Music was always her passion. Her mother took her abroad several years ago. She studied with the best Italian masters. She made her debut in grand opera at La Scala, Milan. She went with her company to all the great capitals of Europe.

Prince Ghika of Roumania was fascinated by Miss Rogers' brilliancy or her wealth. He sought her everywhere—at the opera, at the salons. He told her of his old Roumanian castle, of his ancestral estates. He imagined that the American heiress was favorable to him. But that showed he did not know the hearts and ways of girls from "the States."

The prince was desperately in need of winning his suit quickly. He is said to belong to the oldest and richest of the Roumanian nobility. But his bohemian tastes had estranged him from his family. He had spent almost the last remnant of his available fortune. The income of his ancestral estates was mortgaged to money lenders. He was even reduced at one time to the extremity of becoming the manager of a circus. A real prince in this position proved the greatest drawing card of the show.

He succeeded in making himself one of the best advertised princes in Europe. The income that he made by this means he devoted to spending in a most princely way. He made up his mind that he could work on the imagination of the rich and pretty Della Rogers by his dashing, courtly ways.

Then occurred something that was quite like the denouement of a drama. A passionate letter which Prince Ghika had written a year ago to the former Princess Chimay, once the beautiful Clara Ward of Detroit, now the wife of the gypsy musician Rigo, came to light. In it Prince Ghika had offered to make Mme. Rigo a princess again by sharing his title and somewhat visionary estates with her.

An unknown villain in this social romance brought this letter to the notice of Della Rogers, and incidentally Miss Rogers learned from some kind friends that the prince had agents looking up her grandfather's bank account. From that moment Prince Ghika was forbidden to even speak to her again.

What a lesson for an American girl to teach Europe's effete sons of royalty!—New York Journal.

Law May Decree Fashions.

Lord Salisbury, it appears from an English journal, does not approve of present dady fashions, and fears for their outcome. At a banquet of the royal academy not long since, the prime minister nipped in the bud any ideas that we are advancing toward the ideals of the beautiful; and it was to woman's charge that the shortcomings were chiefly laid. His belief, stated the chronicler, is that, should a Dante arise to write an artistic "Inferno," its lowest circle would be tenanted by women attired in knickerbockers, and should a Fra Angelico or a Correggio wish to pay any of their lady friends a delicate compliment by painting in their faces as saints for a religious subject they might experience some difficulty. It is hinted that the future may bring all under a legislative hierarchy, and that dress will be governed by prescribed rules and regulations.

No Longer Carries a Purse.

The tailor made girl who wishes to do the real smart thing nowadays no longer carries a handsome purse in her hand, nor does she wear it strung about her neck on one of the long chains so lately fashionable. She keeps her change carefully tucked away in some of the many little tiny pockets with which her tailor suit is so plentifully supplied. All she is supposed to want in the way of money for car fare, ice cream soda, etc., is carried in this way. For large purchases there is the credit system and the "C. O. D." arrangement, so that all the money she needs for her daily use can be stowed away in her jacket pocket. "Of what use the pockets," says the practical girl, "if one does not use them?"

BACKACHE is a symptom.

Something makes the backache and that something requires attention or the backache can never be permanently stopped. "I suffered for years with a long list of troubles," writes Mrs. C. Klenk, of Wells, Minn. (Box 151), to Mrs. Pinkham, "and I want to thank you for my complete recovery. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for women.

WEARINESS OF BACKACHE

"I had severe female complaints causing terrible backache and nervous prostration; was crazy most of the time, had headache and such a tired feeling. I now have taken seven bottles of your Compound and have also used the Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without feeling tired. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the credit, for I know it has cured me of all my troubles. I would not do without your remedies for anything."

Mrs. E. Furton, of Meade, Mich., writes: "Two years ago I was troubled with constant backache and headache and was very nervous. I resolved to try your medicine and took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and on taking the third a tumor was expelled. I was a little frightened and sent for the doctor; and he said that it was fortunate for me that it came away. I got quite well after that and have your Compound alone to thank for my recovery."

Multitudes of women suffer constantly with backache. Other grateful multitudes have been relieved of it by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.

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Former Brutality in War.

Before a battle in former times the priests solemnly devoted to the gods the whole of the hostile army then in sight, and, if possible, no man of it was left alive. A writer in The Nineteenth Century says that when Hermann decoyed the great host of Varus into the forest depths all the Romans that escaped death in the battle were captured and led into the dark recesses, where every man of them was sacrificed upon hastily erected altars.

Latham, in his edition of Tacitus, quotes six contemporary authorities to show that this practice of concluding a victory with human sacrifices was customary among our Teutonic ancestors. Some crucified their prisoners, others hung them up to trees for archery practice, but in general a captive was either slain on the spot or else reserved to be sacrificed to the gods. Even when the progress of agriculture induced them to keep a majority of the prisoners alive to be slaves they appeased the gods for this indignity by increasing the tortures inflicted on the small remainder.

Gibbon describes how, before the blazing altar, every hundredth man's arms were hacked off him and, before his eyes, thrown into the flames. All that a red Indian would have done last century was freely practiced by our ancestors of 12 centuries ago. And the highest ideal of a man then included, as a duty, dark cruelty and grewsome revenge against all his enemies.

The National Capitol.

North and south are joined in the material of the national capitol. The central building is constructed of Virginia sandstone painted white. The extensions are of Massachusetts marble, and 24 columns of the grand central portico are monoliths of Virginia sandstone 30 feet high, and 100 columns of the extension porticoes are of Maryland marble.

Whites of Eggs.

If a child needs nourishment, one of the simplest forms in which it can be taken is by the raw whites of eggs. These are nutritious and easily digested. The white is broken into a jar with what milk is desired and the two shaken thoroughly together. A pinch of salt may be added before drinking if preferred.

Would Go With Mamma.

Little Girl (to visitor)—My papa's a good man. He'll go to heaven, won't he?

Visitor—Oh, yes, indeed! And are you going to heaven too?

Little Girl—Oh, no! I'm going with mamma!—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A man with a family to support can never understand why all the old bachelors are not millionaires.—Atchison Globe.

Selfishness is a disease for which sad experience is the remedy.—Dallas News.