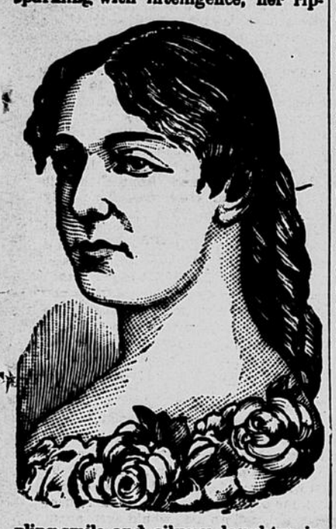
THE SCANDAL IN SERVIA.

Queen Natalie.

Queen Natalie, whose separation from her husband, King Milan, of Servia, on account of political and other differences, has travelled over Europe, and her history has filled numberless columns in the journals of the world. It is unnecessary to review the situation of Servia, whose peculiar relations to Russia and Austria, have magnified the importance of this little kingdom and the intrigues in which has disrupted its lately happy family.

Queen Natalie is the daughter of a Colonel in the Russian Imperial Guard, Kechko, of Bessarabia, and of Princess Puleherie Sbroudga, a Roumanian. She was born May 12, 1859, and married the reigning Prince of Servia in October, 1875. Their only child, Alexander was born August 14, 1876. His mother has superintended his education.

It is difficult to describe the rare and exceeding beauty of the Queen. Her classical features have at the same time a commanding royal majesty and the charm of a playful girl. Her fair broad forehead is crowned with a profusion of jet black hair; her almond-shaped brown eyes have a look at once inexpressibly tender and sparkling with intelligence; her rip-



pling smile and silvery laughter irradiate a clear and pale complexion, recalling her own Russian snows, warmed into a richer coloring by the Eastern suns. She is tall and surpassingly graceful, and her manners have a subtle charm, partly royal and wholly feminine.

The Queen is well read and possesses a solid and varied intruction. She speaks French quite fluently and takes particular pleasure in reading the poetry of France as well as all the publications treating on history, which is her favorite study. On her book shelves, besides the classics and serious volumes, can be seen the works of Taine, Coppia, with his musical verse; Sully Prudhomme, the satirist; L'Amand and Alphonse Daudet. Before the fatal Servian-Bulgarian war broke out, while she was enjoying her popularity and the glory of her late accession to the royal crown, Queen Natalie had made her remote little court the resort of Western elegance, wit, and refinement, and enlivened it with receptions over which she presided with juvenile gayety and womanly tact. At the time of her marriage to the man who now seeks divorce from her, he was known as Prince Milan. On March 6,. 1882, he was proclaimed King Milan I. His seat is a very uneasy one, and it is open to doubt that his present policy will save him much longer from the ignominy of losing his crown.

A Modern Tantalus.

From the New York Sun.

At the centennial banquet a lady, when told that Gen. Sherman often attended 15-course dinners a week, asked how he managed to escape gastronomic suicide.

"I do not eat 15 per cent. of all the dinners I go to," he said. "I go to see the dinners and enjoy their enjoyment, which I never could do if I were foolish enough to treat my stomach disrespectfully. You see, it has been too staunch a friend to neglect. I eat to live, and am satisfied with the simplest kind of food. Then I take great pains to give hunger a show, and while I believe most thoroughly in the value of regular hours for meals and rest, I have learned how to go through a dining room without eating a morsel without being detected, and without hurting the taste of the hostess."

Perfectly Convenient.

"Could you render a poor printer, out of work and destitue, a little assistance?" queried a disreputable looking specimen as he came, in a rather hesitating manner, into the sanctum. "Don't put yourself out" he added hastily as the editor rose with great suddiness' "don't put yourself out."

"I won't," said the editor cheerfully, as he rolled up his sleeves, "it isn't myself that I'm going to put out."—Epoch.

A few pigs can be kept and fattened with very slight expense, merely by feeding them what would otherwise be wasted, and if given in addition what a large, healthy dog would require the pigs will be fat all the time. Nothing that is eatable, unless it be tomatoes, comes amiss to the pig, and the man who said he fed all he grew to his pigs, and lives himself on what the pigs would not eat, must have fared rather poorly. The amount of garbage gathered in large cities and in many places, dumped instead of being fed to hogs, shows a great waste of pig feed, and also a violation of the laws of health. The pigs will dispose of this garbage with less offence to the public than it can be disposed of in any other way.

SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

Reminiscences of Experiences with Feminine Teachers of Varying Ages.

A Cleveland Editor's Account of Dramatic Incidents in the School Room--The Young Teacher is a Sweet Creature but is Lacking in Tact.

There are teachers and teachers, says the editor of the Cleveland, O., Union. There is the elderly teacher of matronly proportions and the lovely but inexperienced girl who has just doffed her beautiful graduating dress and taken upon her young shoulders the training of a room full of youngsters whose highest ambition is to throw spit balls and make faces behind the teacher's back. The girl school teacher is a sweet creature, but it is the elderly, matronly appearing teacher, with a good fund of experience, who is much more capable of controlling a large body of children. The latter is not so liable to fly off the handle when she catches a girl writing notes or a boy peppering the surrounding landscape with spit balls. She is also more capable of making the punishment fit the crime in case a seance with a fractious pupil becomes an overpowering necessity. When one of the inexperienced girl teachers in a moment of etreme irritability indulges in the art of corporeal punishment, there is always more or less fun for the school and disarrangement of wearing apparel for her. Unfortunately, it is also one of those utterly incomprehensible freaks of nature that the smaller and paler and sicklier the teacher the bigger and more vicious the boy that she tackles. There is something degrading in the spectacle of a fragile, well educated, unmarried female school teacher dancing madly up and down the room in the embrace of an overgrown boy with a dirty nose and a sore heel. Memory brings to my mind's eye the scenes of the bent pin, slapped ear days of my youth. I was a boy with a stubbed toe and many freckles. I was also a nuisance to the world at large and a sort of gymnasium to the teachers. I had but one virtue—I, a patient little cuss. I kindly allowed the girl teacher to bend my fingers back as though the knuckles worked on hinges and chase the flies off of my soiled palm with a big ruler. Then I retired to my seat and wrote notes to the girls across the aisle, which if published in book form would cause the average "letters of courtship and marriage book" to become a nauseating drug in the literary market. The sweet girl teacher grabbed me by the coat collar and shook me until my head looked like seventeen heads to the rest of the scholars and I could see the air full of stars and stripes and the signs of the zodiac. "There now, young man, perhaps you will behave after this!" she gasped, breathless with her exertion, but I only smole a sickly smile as I retired to my desk, and when she turned her head I fixed a perpendicular slate pencil in the chair of the "teacher's pet," so as to impale him when he sat down after reciting. When his wild shriek arose on the stilly air and he ran madly up and down the aisle with the slate pencil sticking to his polonaise, I was willing to call things square, but the teacher wasn't. She came over and laid her girlish, lily white hand on my ear, in a manner that caused me to hear the roar of Niagara Falls distinctly. There also seemed to be more or less heavy cannonading taking place on the rim of my auricular organ. When I recovered consciousness I decided to offer a remonstrance to any further demonstrations of this nature on her part. I "passed" at the end of the term, notwithstanding her efforts to teach me nine different studies in almost as many minutes, and was handed over to a muscular young lady, who proposed, in my hearing, to take the nonsense out of me via the rapid transit route. She pulled the girls' ears so they hung down on their shoulders, and slapped the boys out of their seats with a single graceful swipe of the hand. One day she caught me studying my geography lesson out of a yellow-covered book entitled "Rattlesnake Mike, or the mystery of the Blood Sausage." She ran a foot-race with me around the room, then laid both hands upon my shoulders and attempted to wave me about in the air, but the back of the chair to which I clung came out and we both fell back upon our shoulder blades while an angular pair of youthful legs together with a brilliant display of striped stockings rose high in the air. We were disentangled with some difficulty and while the teacher was looking for her back hair, I went home with flying colors and orders not to return. I finally ended the boycott by resorting to arbitration, and was transferred to another room and the tender mercies of a round faced little woman teacher whose head had become well shaped in her long experience in the school room. As usual, I soon kicked up high jinks, and was ordered to stay after school. I sized up her big ruler and well developed arms and decided there was going to be trouble. I could hear the boys whistling and shouting outside and wished I had been unmercifully flogged before the whole school and allowed to go. One by one the scholars went out and finally we were alone. "Down here to my desk," a firm but unpleasant voice said, and I swaggered up defiantly. The expected punishment came, but in a different form from that expected. A pair of soft arms entwined themselves about me, a pair of soft, motherly eyes looked down into my rebellious young heart, while a voice in tender accents pleaded with me to be a good boy for the sake of those who loved me. Then she kissed my trembling lips, and my eyes and nose suddenly dissolved at the same moment, and between my sobs I said, "Ye-ye-e-yes, I wou-wou-would be goo-good, boo-hoo!" I was conquered, and the next day at recess I licked the mischief out of a boy who had dared to make faces at our dear teacher behind her back.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festive season,
When Nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystic splendor
That rivals the beauty of Spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair Summer could bring.

Some spirit akin to the rainbow
That borrows its magical dyes,
And mantles the far-spreading landscape
In hues that bewilder the eyes.
The sun from his cloud-pillowed chamber
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dreams that his favorite children
The flowers, have not yet passed away.

O! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favorite child of the year;
Though darling whom Nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile,
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of Nature.
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.

Not alone to the sad fields of Autumn
Dost though a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a word-weary spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more:
Thy loveliness fills us with memories
Of all that was brightness and best—
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

Her Husbands Letter.

IT is best on the whole not to read your husband's letters until he hands them to you, and it is much the best not to examine his pockets, except for holes, and then set aside whatever you find there without examination.

I believe that Mrs. Elliott would give any young wife that advice today; but there was a time—we are all fallible, being mortal—when she had been married about two years, that she made herself an amateur detective so far as her Frank went, and had found holes that she could not explain—one that had something in it about Clara particularly. It was only half a letter, but it was suspicious.

Naturally jealous, she was too proud to betray the fact intentionally; but there is no keeping a secret of that sort from the servants. They knew it, other people guessed at it.

Her fancies about Clara—oh, who was Clara?—made her heart ache, but rumaging and prying did not help her.

When her husband was away—as he often was—she suffered tortures. He might, for all she knew, be leading a double life, and as she steamed all his letters open before she forwarded them, and now and then found something that might mean more than it said; and so we come to an afternoon when she—Mrs. Elliott—came down stairs dressed for dinner, for which she always made a careful toilet, and met the waitress ascending the upper floor. The girl's place at that moment was in the dining-room, and Mrs. Elliott knew that nothing was needed or forgotten that pertained to the dinner; moreover the girl had an air of secrecy about her, and seemed to be hiding something under her apron.

"What's that you have there, Rosa?" Mrs. Elliott asked a little sharply.

The girl stopped, looked down, and answered:

"Only a letter, ma'am."

"For yourself?" asked Mrs. Elliott.

"No, ma'am, for master," said the girl.

"Well, give it to me," said Mrs. Elliott.

The girl hesitated.

"Indeed, ma'am, the lady said to give it to himself," said Rosa.

"A lady? A beggar with a petition, I suppose," said Mrs. Elliott.

"A lady. ma'am, and she's gone," said the girl. "She wore a blue veil; but I never saw her before, I'm sure."

"Oh, very well," replied her mistress. "Give me the note. Mr. Elliott is shaving and would not wish to be disturbed."

The girl gave a little impertinent toss to her head as she obeyed and flounced downstairs in a way that made her mistress resolve to give her warning.

The trouble was that the lady in the blue veil had given Rosa some money; had whispered, "Mr. Elliott, and no one else," and had hurried away in a suspicious mannner.

Mrs. Elliott meanwhile stood turning the envelope over. The address was merely her husband's name—Mr. Frank Elliott—and the edge of the flap was still damp, as if sealed at the door. It would open at the touch—she could read it and know its contents if she chose.

"I do chose," she said the next moment, and the edge of the envelope rolled back and a slip of paper fell out. On it was written these words:

"DEAR FRANK: Meet me at the usual place if you can dodge your wife.

A moment more and the letter was resealed, and Mrs. Elliott, trembling with anger, stood leaning against the window frame. She felt that the dread that had been upon her had taken shape at last.

However, she would not be hasty. She would wait until she was sure that he desired to receive the letter. If he did not obey the summons it would prove to her that he was true to her. Then she would tell him what she knew and ask his confidence.

She carried the letter down-stairs with her and placed it at his plate, and as he opened it she watched him closely.

It certainly did not seem to please him. He frowned, changed color, and thrust it into his pocket; but he went on with his dinner without any remark.

Mrs. Elliott, however, could not remain silent.

"You look as though you had received a plumber's bill," she said.

He laughed.

"It's not a bill," he said; "it's a note, and it vexes me because I shall have to change my plans for tonight. I intended to take you to the theater; now I can not do it. I shall have to leave you, and, what is more, I shall not be back until to-morrow night. I'll send a messenger to Uncle James. He will escort you to the theater and——"

"I will not go with your uncle James," said Mrs. Elliott, sharply. "You must take me; I will not be used in this way; you must go with me."

"My dear, I can not tell you how it vexes me to have to leave you," said Mr. Elliott.

"Frank," she answered, "I have always said that there are some things which a wife should not endure."

"Lizzie, my dear, listen. I will take you to the theater tomorrow night or the night after; we will enjoy ourselves quite as well. I think it will rain tonight, anyhow."

"Do you suppose I am a baby to fret about not seeing a play?" said Mrs. Elliott. "No Frank, only you must tell me why you break the engagement and where you are going."

"Business, my dear, business," said Mr. Elliott, in an artifical manner. "I'll explain some day. Business is business. Now, be quiet and comfortable, like a good girl. Good-night."

He tried to kiss her, but she pushed him away. Then he took his hat and overcoat and left the house with a little laugh not like his own.

Hardly had he passed the threshold when his wife sprung to her feet, slipped on an ulster that hung in a closet in the dining room hall, donned a little round cap and gray veil, and sneaked out of the basement door—sneak was the word.

"She's following him this time," said Rosa to the cook.

"Jealous again," said cook.

"I guess he's giving her reason," said Rosa.

"It's something dreadful," said cook, "the way married men go on."

Meanwhile Mrs. Elliott lurked in the shadow of the stone balustrades and saw that her husband stood under the gas-lamp at the corner examining the note which he had received.

Well, wherever he went there also she would go. Whosoever he might meet should also meet her. This was the end of everything, the finale. But she would not weep—she would have long years for that. She would behave as an insulted wife should.

He was about to enter a car; she also hailed it. An ulster and a thick veil reduce all women to one level. He would not know her even if he saw her. She sat in her corner and saw that he stood on the platform smoking. Which way the car was going she scarcely noticed. He left it at last and entered another; so did she. Again he smoked on the platform, but at last "Fort Ice ferry!" shouted the conductor and she followed her husband into a ferry-boat. It was dark, and though it did not rain the air was full of moisture. There were very few people upon the boat, but several of them were brutal-looking men, and they stared at her, seeming to wonder at her thick veil. She had forgotten her gloves and her small, white hands glistened with rings, some of them very valuable.

As she left the ferry and, following her husband's figure, crossed the great track of a railroad she trembled with terror. As he ascended the bluff she kilted her skirts and followed.

Who could Clara be? What manner of woman was she to appoint a a rendezvous like this? It was a nasty, slippery, unpleasant place. There was a drinking saloon hard by which seemed to be full of rough men. She drew so near to her husband that she could have touched his coat as they passed this place, but he did not look around. And now it began to rain in earnest, and the road they had turned into seemed to be two feet deep with mud, and still Mr. Elliott marched on. At last a frightful thing occurred to Lizzie. She wore upon her feet a pair of patent leather ties, and with all this climbing and straining of the shoes the ribbons had come undone. Suddenly the mud caught at them with that curious power of suction which mud seems to have at times, and the shoes came off. In vain she felt around for them; they seemed to have vanished. Just then:

"Halloo!" said a voice near her; "what's the matter with you, young woman?"

"I—nothing!" gasped Mrs. Elliott. A large policeman stood before her.

"This an't no place for young women to be kiting around alone," said the policeman. "It's dangerous if you're a decent girl. What's happened? Lost yourself?"

"No," said Mrs. Elliott, "I'm not alone; there's my husband! Frank! Frank! Frank!"

Mr. Elliott turned and walked back.

"Left you behind did I Lizzie?" he said.

"You're a mighty careful husband," said the policeman, "I do think," and strode away.

Then Mr. Eliot who was a strong man, simply picked his little wife up in his arms and carried her back to the grounds which encircled the tavern. Here he set her down upon a wooden platform. Then for a moment he vanished and returned with a glass of wine, which he made Mrs. Elliott drink.

"I've hired a cab," he said; "we'll drive back to the ferry. It's too stormy a night to go looking for Clara; besides, she's thousands of miles away."

"Clara!" cried Mrs. Elliott. "Don't speak of Clara—how dare you?"

"She very nearly ruined me, my dear. I threw away lots of money on her," said Mr- Elliott, "but she is looking up now. My dear, I know you've been rummaging my pockets and reading my letters for two years, but I only found out what you suspected when my mother told me that you had asked her if I had ever known a lady named Clara before I met you."

"Oh, Frank, don't try to deceive me!" sobbed Lizzie. "I read the note the woman left tonight—I—"

"Oh, I knew it," said Mr. Elliott; "it was fixed for you to read. I wrote it to myself, and my mother left it at the door at dinner time. I gave her a signal from the window that she might know you were coming downstairs, and I've kept an eye on you—I've watched you ever since you left the door. My dear child, I never knew a Clara in my life; I never had a doubtful love affair even as a boy. The note you saw was about an oil-well in which I had shares—the Clara. She was a fickle creature, I admit, and made me anxious, but since you were bound to be jealous——"

"Carriage, sir?" said the driver.

Mr. Elliott lifted his shoeless wife into the vehicle, and half way home she vowed that she would never forgive him, but the other half she wept upon his vest.

"I felt so helpless without my shoes," she declares, "that my spirit was fairly broken."

But at all events she was never jealous of Clara again.—Fireside Companion.

An Old Skipper's Yarn.

Down South street, the other day, they were talking about a schooner which had been struck by lightning, when the reporter singled out an old mariner, and said:

"Captain H——, it seems to me I've read or heard of you brig being struck?"

"Yes, she was," answered the old yarn-spinner.

"Where was it?"

"Off Point Aux Barques, about fifteen years ago. Very strange case, that. Probably the only one of the kind ever heard of."

"Give us the particulars."

"Well, we were jogging along down when a thunderstorm overtook us, and the very first flash of lightning struck the deck amidship and bored a hole as big as my leg right down through the bottom of the vessel."

"And she foundered, of course?"

"No, sir. The water began rushing in, and she would have foundered, but there came a second flash, and a bolt struck my fore-to'-gallant-mast. It was cut off near the top, turned bottom end up, and as it came down it entered the hole and plugged it up as tight as a drum. When we got down to dry dock we simply sawed off either end and left the plug in the planks."

A Terrible Superstition.

A correspondent of Notes and Queries sends the following extract from a letter received the 13th of June from an English merchant at Pernambuco in Brazil: There has been quite a reign of terror here during past fortnight, owing to the disapearance of about a dozen children, who have, it is said, been kidnaped, some say to be trained for the circus, others to be killed for the benefit of sufferers from leprosy, for which disease there is no cure, but an old superstition is that a cure may be obtained if the persons attacked eat the internal organs of a young, healthy child, wash themselves with its blood, and make grease of its body for anointing their bodies. Whether there is any truth in the presumed connection between this belief and the disappearance of the children I cannot tell: any way, report says there is the demand, and that the price paid for a child is £10. It seems really too horrible to be true; anyway, a panic exists, and hardly any children are now seen out, and the public schools have been almost deserted. Some people who were supposed to have bought some children had their carriage stopped in the street and were stoned. Our children now go out for their walks attended by two servants."—St James's Gazette.

A Eulogy on Silk.

Silk is an agreeable and healthy article. Used in dress, it retains the electricity of our bodies; in the drapery of our rooms and furniture-covers it reflects the sunbeams, giving them a softer brilliancy, and it heightens colors with a charming light. It possesses an element of cheerfulness, of which the dull services of wool are destitute. It also promotes cleanliness, and will not readily imbibe dirt, and does not harbor vermin as kindly as wool does. Its continually growing use by man, accordingly, is beneficial in many ways. Grace and beauty, even, owe something to silk. You cannot stiffen it like woolen or linen without destroying all its gloss and value. The more silk ribbons, therefore—the more silk kerchiefs and robes are used instead of linen and wool—the more graceful becomes the outward aspect of mankind. A number of strange, grotespue fashions originating in the use of linen would never have been invented during the more general employment of silk. The fluttering of ribbon, the rustling and flowing skirts of silk, the silk kerchief loosely knotted round the neck, have materially contributed to make our customs more natnral and pleasing to the eye.—Exchange.

Strangers and Mourners.

The "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" was exemplified this summer in a little Swiss village. An American gentleman travelling for his health, accompained by his sister, died suddenly of hemorrhage at the village inn. A temporary interment was nessesary, to permit communication with friends this side of the water. At the simple service in the little cemetery on the mountain side the bereaved sister noticed with surprise four gentlemen, evidently not natives, standing a little way from her, with uncovered heads. She found afterward that of these self-imposed mourners, one was a Scotch-man from Glasgow, another an Englishman from Sheffield, and the others two German gentlemen. The latter were travelling in company, but were strangers to the others, who in turn were unacquainted with each other. Yet all of them had delayed their departure over one diligence to pay a tribute of respect to the unknown man, dead in a strange land, and the solitary mourner far from home.—London Letter.

ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS.

Are We So Very Much Wiser Than Former Generations?

The discoveries of recent years in Egypt, in Asia Minor, in Palestine, and in other places where the civilization of the ancient was most perfect, have done much to enlighten the modern world on the subject of ancient history and customs, and have supplied many missing links that promise in time to unravel the whole mystery of the progress of the human race back to the prehistoric dates.

The most remarkable development of this latest Babylonian discovery, a feature common to all the antiquarian discoveries of recent years, is that a very high degree of civilization is indicated to have existed in those old days which for so many centuries the world has been taught to call barbaric and heathen. What fragmentary information we have hitherto possessed told of wars and strifes of these ancient people, but intimated very little of their social and domestic life. We have had only the colossal relics of their past grandeur to study, and while these proved the existence of a lost civilization, they were but dumb witnesses of the greatness of the men that reared them. Now, after thousands of years of waiting, the buried knowledge is coming to light, and the ancient relics are beginning to unravel the mystery of their existence.

The monuments of old Egypt, her ruined temples and gorgeous palaces all pointed to a degree of civilization existing in the dead past that might well put to blush the boasted progress of our nineteenth century, and now that the documentary evidence is coming to light it is made evident that the silent monuments of ancient greatness have not belied their creators.

The ignorance of the world's past that has prevailed for so many hundred years is easily explained in the destruction caused at the end of the Roman period by the barbarians that overran Europe and in the devastation of the followers of Mahomet in the east. Had the ancient and celebrated Alexandrian library been spared by the torch, or had the hardly less celebrated collection of Constantinople disappeared with the eastern empire, and with so many of the arts that were blotted out with it, the world's knowledge of ancient man might have been more extended, but the destruction of the dark ages has left gaps that may never be filled up.

The labors of learned antiquarians of the past half century have done and are doing much to restore the ravishes of the barbarism of the middle ages, and slowly but surely the tangled thread of the history of the human race is being unraveled.

The Origin of Lager Beer.

Fable says that one Gambrinus, a fiddler, being jilted by his intended, went into the woods with a view of hanging himself. Just as he was about to drop, a weird old man in a green coat appeared and bargained with the disconsolate fiddler to enjoy thirty years of great prosperity, but then to give his soul up to the devil. The fiddler consented, and his satanic ally helped him to invent lager beer. The emperor was so pleased with this drink that he made Gambrinus the duke of Brabant and the count of Flanders. At the end of thirty years the devil sent Jocko, one of his envoys to receive the soul, as bargained. Jocko found Gambrinus busy drinking lager beer, drank freely himself, and finally became so drunk that he could not fulfill his mission. So Gambrinus was left to drink to his heart's content, and he kept on until he finally turned into a beer barrel.—Ex.

Woman's Use of Arsenic.

According to the Philadelphia Record a well known druggist makes the statement that fly-paper is largely used in England by women for the purpose to which Mrs. Maybrick devoted it. Soaking the paper in water will extract the arsenic from the sheet and transfer the poison to the liquid. It is then applied to the skin or drank in minute doses with the result which is so apparent in Mrs. Maybrick's appearance.

Like the opium habit arsenic eating grows upon the victim, and its work is slow but sure. Arsenic is used for annointing purposes, too, by large numbers of working girls who toil in the mills and the factories.

They have not yet learned the art of eating the drug, and employ it in a crude fashion by dissolving the substance in water and applying it in lotion-like form to the face and hands.

Its baneful effects are not so quickly apparent as are those of arsenic eating, but sooner or later the foolish victims of the poisonous drug contract an appetite for it, and their death is but a matter of months.

It is impossible to esitmate the number of deaths among women for which the use of arsenic is responsible, owing to their secrecy in using the drug. But a goodly proportion of so-called blood poisoning cases can be traced to an ignorant use of arsenic. There is no denying the fact that its use is daily increasing.

A Frugal Mind.

"So, then, my poor woman, your husband had to have his leg taken off?"

"Yes, bad luck to it! Fancy, only a week ago I bought him a new pair of shoes. Now, what am I to do with the odd one?"

Like Any Other Standing Army.

General Booth says the Salvation Army has 2,700 societies, 8,000 officers and an annual income of $4,000,000. That's just like the other churches. Salvation's free, but it costs money to maintain an army of officers.—Burdette.

In nature all is managed for the best, with perfect frugality and just reserve, profuse to none, but bountiful to all; never employing [illegible] more than enough, but [illegible] in Nature retrenching the [illegible] to what is [illegible] bury.

An Amusing Fish Story.

Speaking of fishing, reminds me of an amusing little incident that occurred in my family last spring. My wife shares with me a passion for fishing, and during the season we frequently take a boat and row out to the mouth of the river to fish for pike and white bass with minnows. Some unscrupulous person has told my wife that male fish will not bite a hook held by a man, and vice versa; so that one lovely evening toward the latter part of June, when we had dropped our anchor on our accustomed fishing ground, I said; "Now, my darling, we will soon see whether there is more he or she fish in the creek." We had hardly assumed the easiest possible position to await the bites, when my wife, in her accustomed energetic manner, succeeded in landing a two pound white bass. She did not say "First blood," women are so funny, you know, but I am sure she thought it.

A weary half hour dragged away-No bite. I began to think my minnow must be off, and pulled up to see. While adjusting the bait a mean but brilliant idea presented itself to me—why not catch her fish over again? As her back was partly turned, and she was intent on fishing, the plan seemed feasible. I put her poor little he bass on my hook and slid him gently in. I had hardly got my line ont before I pulled it in again. I said, "We are even."

This scheme worked like a charm; so that, by the exercise of considerable tact and by working hard, I succeeded in hauling that fish in seven times before dark. I dragged him (to her) all over tde river. "Mostly she fish tonight," I said. She said, "Let's go home." As I had been having quite a good time, I did not object.

Well, when we came to string those fish there was but one in the boat. Only the sound of the oars broke the stillness in that boat as we rode home.—Forest and Stream.

Western Wisnom.

The way to get rich with a rush is to go slow.

Your friends punish you more than your enemies.

Many a man knows a dollar by sight who does not know its value.

When you look at some people the first thing you think of is a club.

Don't try to drown your trouble in the cup; troubles are great swimmers.

The first time a man is called Baldy the thought of a fight comes into his head.

It is so easy for a mean man to say that the people dislike him because of envy.

It is safe to say that no girl ever went to a party without wearing something that was borrowed.

There is a coarse streak in every man that lives; it is bound to crop out if you know him too well.

The two ugliest things on earth are the man who looks like a girl and the girl who looks like a man.

The woman who takes three hours to dress for a party may be vain, but she will never try to act like a man.

Every man knows how mean he is himself, but he is not absolutely sure about his neighbors; hence his fondness for gossip.

When a young man starts out to get a drink and passes an old drunkard on the way we wonder that he doesn't think of him.

When a woman pays another woman a compliment she speaks of her as having been good-looking once, and then adds, "But my how she has changed!"

If you want to get along smoothly accept the shams of the world. If you commmence a fight on them the shams will wear you out and live long after you are dead.

A slouchy woman who cannot make the best use of her clothes is apt to say that the woman who dresses well on a similar allowance did not come by her clothes honestly.—Atchison Globe.

A Maryland Prodigy.

Maryland, not to be outdone dy Germany, which produced Josef Hofmann, has brought to the front a child which promises to be as great a marvel as that infant prodigy. He is a manly little tot only 6 years of age. His name is Guy Hoppe. He was born in Emmittsburgh, and inherits his musical talent from both parents. His special instrument is the coronet, one of the most difficult instruments upon which a child can preform. His rendition of difficult selections is marvelous. He has played before the leading musical critics of Baltimore. and has been engaged by a mannager of that city.—New York Star.

THE attempt to popularize George Eliot's works in France has failed, her novels remaining on the publisher's hands. M. Zola explains this failure by saying that George Eliot's philosophy is too dull and sad for the Latin race.

TWO FORTUNATE MEN.

Mr. C. A. Buckingham Captures a Prize in The Louisiana State Lottery.

C. A. Buckingham is night clerk of the United States Express Company in this city, and a sober, industrous young fellow at that. Last month the clerks in the same office made up a purse for the purpose of buying some tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery and asked young Buckingham to go into the combination, but he refused, saying, that he needed his earnings to care for his family, a wife and child, the wife having been sick for some time. Just before the drawing of the 10th of September, however, Buckingham concluded that he would try his luck, and on the quiet sent $2 and received in return two one-twentieth tickets. One of these was one-twentieth of ticket No. 69,159, which drew the third capital prize of $50,000. The fortunate man forwarded his ticket to the Louisiana State Lottery company and received in return $2,500 in hard cash. This is another case of where the prize fell into excellent hands and where it will serve the excellent purpose of making easy for the time being, at least, the path of a most deserving young man and his excellent family.—Chattanooga (Tenn) Times.