

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

The Simple Life of England's Queen in Her Childhood Days.

James Cassidy has written for St. Nicholas an article on the "Girlhood Days of England's Queen," in the course of which he says:

There was an occupation in which the wee woman of seven years, wearing a simple white gown and large straw hat, was frequently seen engaged. It was watering the garden plants. One of those who saw her said that as he sometimes watched her intently at work he wondered which would get the most water, the plants or her own little feet.

The princess was an early riser, getting up at 7, frequently earlier in the summer, and breakfasting at 8 o'clock. Her breakfast was just such as any well-cared-for little girl who was not a princess might be expected to enjoy, bread and milk and fruit, placed on a small table by her mother's side.

When breakfast was finished, the little princess went for a walk or a drive, while her half sister, Feodora, her almost constant companion, studied with her governess. From 10 to 12 the duchess instructed 'Drina, after which she was at liberty to wander at will through the rooms, or to play with her many costly toys.

Two o'clock was the dinner hour of the princess, though the luncheon hour of the duchess. Plain food, nicely cooked, was placed before the little girl, and she did it justice, for she was healthy and strong and enjoyed her meals. After dinner she received assistance in her studies till 4 o'clock, when she was taken by her mother to visit a friend or perhaps to walk or drive, or she was permitted to ride a donkey in the gardens.

At the dinner hour of the duchess her little girl supped, seated next to her mother. Then came a romp with her nurse, Mrs. Brock. By the time the romp was finished the house party would be at their dessert, and then the princess would be called in to join them.

Nine o'clock was bedtime, and she never prolonged her day beyond that hour. No matter whether she was at home or at the house of a friend, "9 o'clock bedtime was rigidly enforced." Her little bed was placed beside her mother's larger bed, so that by day and night mother and daughter were never far apart.

Regular study, regular exercise, simple food and plenty of time out of doors, plenty of play and plenty of sleep distinguished the upbringing of England's future queen.

First Duels in Italy.

The first duels were fought in Italy, according to Millingen, who speaks of a manuscript discovered at Cassel and describes a duel between a father and a son in the reign of the Emperor Theodorich. When Charlemagne forbade wagers of battle among the Lombards, he encountered the fiercest opposition from the nobles. Early in the ninth century De Medicis, a knight, defeated in single combat the bandit Miguel, who devastated the Florentine district now called after him, Mugello. Otto II granted the prayer of the nobility for the re-establishment of wagers of battle in 988. Women and priests were not compelled to accept it. The Normans showed less gallantry. With them a woman had to accept, nor could she name a champion. Her male opponent, however, was buried in his waist in the earth. Armed with a club, he tried to strike her as she circled around him, his weapon being a ball of iron at the end of a cord. If he failed to touch her at the third attempt, he was vanquished, which meant to him death with dishonor.

Becarin says that the reason so many duels were fought in Italy in the early days is that where the law does not afford protection one must look to single combat to retain the respect of one's fellow men. In the middle ages the ferocity of Italian duels passes belief. "Any way of putting an enemy to death ('ogni modo') is good enough," says one of their writers. "When an Italian spares his vanquished adversary," says Brantome, "he maims his arms and legs and gives him as a memento of his kindness and generosity a hideous gash across the face." Lampagnano practiced on a painted model of Galeazzo Sforza before he stabbed him. Duelling was called "la scienza cavalleresca."—Cornhill Magazine.

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WAIL OF A FLAT DWELLER.

Mr. Werkendam's Remarks on New York Apartment Bathrooms.

"A long and bitter experience in

apartment forces me to observe," said Mr. Werkendam, "that the architects who plan the ordinary flat of commerce do not bathe. I don't judge this from their appearance, because they are a particularly clean and nice lot of men. But I cannot believe that any one with the least respect for the importance of the bathroom could treat it with such architectural stepfatherliness.

"It always is shoved away in a dark corner as far from the bedrooms and as near the parlor or dining room as possible. It always is dark and ventilated by an airshaft up which there blows perpetually a dismal draft that has something on its mind and groans about it all the time. It ought to have something on its mind, for it is a sure killer. Then, of course, the bathroom, being the only place in the house where one takes off all his clothes and gets wet all over, is the place which most frequently has no heating appliances.

"Again, why do so many architects build the washstand in the hallway instead of in the bathroom, where it belongs? I don't know whether they think that a man enjoys taking his bath in sections or whether they act on the theory that he ought to take it gradually, preparing himself for the bathtub by degrees.

"I asked an architect once why he did it. 'Well,' said he, 'we hardly ever do differently except in private houses.'

"Has only the privateer, then, as the Europeans call him, the right to take a complete bath in one room, or has evolution produced a species of flatters who naturally are incapable of doing it?"

"I suppose that the smallness of bathtubs is explained by the lack of room. Of course every flat-house bathtub is too small for any one except an infant, and I have noticed, not without some awe, that in each new flat into which we move the bathtub is smaller than it was in the one preceding. As I am growing stouter each year, a genuine misfortune for one whose finances make a third or fourth flat necessary, I am sure that if we make two or three more 'moves' we will, on this scale of bathtub decrease, find a bathtub into which I will not be able to get at all."—New York Press.

A TEST FOR HORSEFLESH.

But Even a Chemist Cannot Always Recognize It.

"People are apt to jump at conclusions," said a chemist in speaking of the latest notable murder case. "Chemistry is a very nice science, but it is possible to make some sad blunders in applying it to law and evidence. There are certain things you can prove by it if you are sure of your premises and certain other things that you cannot. This thing of trying to prove a good deal by chemistry calls to mind the best extract case that gave a packer in this city considerable uneasiness.

"Somebody got hold of his beef extract and claimed that it was made from horseflesh, and it was proved by analysis—that is, to the satisfaction of the man that analyzed it. The ordinary test for horseflesh, according to the authorities, is glycogen. This is a substance that, speaking in a general way, is found in horseflesh, but does not exist in beef, and it was shown that this particular extract contained glycogen.

"The packer came to us in some distress of mind for a way out of the difficulty. He said his extract was made of nothing but beef, and he wanted us to help him prove it, and we did so to his relief and to the satisfaction of the white officers. We demonstrated that, while an ordinary piece of beef did not contain glycogen, it existed in the heart, liver and blood of cattle, and some of each of these might have entered into the making of the beef extract. The result was that the chemist who had arrived at such sweeping conclusions from the first test had to back down from his position."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The new ribbons are very attractive and are evidently going to be more than over a feature of dress-making. There are gorgeous plaids and the most fascinating array of stripes, up and down and across in the Roman fashion. Three or four shades of one color are striped together, with possibly a velvet stripe on one edge, and then again there are many stripes of contrasting colors blending together with a bright, pretty effect. Oriental brocaded ribbons add to the variety, and so do glace ribbons with fancy borders. There are ancient velvet ribbons with the ribs running crosswise, some in lovely colors, the newest being a clear shade of purple blue.

A Procession of Worms.

In some of the Hungarian forests and in the pine woods of Norway there exists a tiny, wormlike insect called the sciarid, of the genus tipula. During the month of July or early in August they gather together in large numbers, preparatory to migrating in search of food or for change of condition. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge serpent-like mass, often reaching a length of between 40 and 50 feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciarid is only on an average about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to compose a continuous line of the size above mentioned is almost incalculable. Their pace is, of course, very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they will either writhle over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for this purpose.

M. Guerin-Meneville, a celebrated French naturalist, says that if the rear portion of this wonderful snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part and a sort of circle formed the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours without apparently noticing that they are getting no "forerider" on their journey. If the procession be broken in two, the portions will reunite in a short time. The Norwegian peasants, when they meet one of these trains, will lay some article of their clothing, such as a belt or handkerchief, on the ground in front of it. If the procession passes over it, it is regarded as a good sign, but if it makes a way round the reverse is believed. In the Moravian districts a similar experiment is supposed to foretell a good or bad harvest.—Popular Science.

Teaching Children.

Noah Webster of dictionary fame would not have been in favor of the kindergarten, so people who sometimes revert to the beginning of the unbridled edition find by his memoirs there. "He felt," the writer says, "that children should learn to acquire knowledge by severe effort; that the prevailing effort to make everything easy is unphilosophical and wrong; that the great effort of early training is to form the mind into a capacity of surmounting intellectual difficulties of any and every kind. . . . He wished at an early period of ready memory and limited comprehension to store the mind with many things which would afterward be found of indispensable use, things which are learned with the utmost reluctance, or rather in most cases are not learned at all, in the more advanced stages of intellectual progress. He felt there must necessarily be much of drudgery in the formation of a thoroughly educated mind."—New York Times.

Points For Poachers.

The West Indian negro is a born poacher. He catches the quail by the cruel expedient of strewing finely powdered cayenne or bird pepper in the little dust pits where the birds "wash." The burning powder gets into the eyes of the birds, which, confused and helpless, are then easily caught. When he wants a wholesale supply of fish, he explodes a piece of dynamite, which was probably intended for the making of new government roads, over a hole in a mountain stream, and the fish are killed by the concussion. But his favorite resource is the barn of the dogwood tree. This he drops into a river hole, and the mullet, intoxicated, comes to the surface of the water. This singular property of the dogwood has caused it to be employed as a narcotic. It is particularly useful as a local anesthetic, and it has been recently proposed to apply it in dentistry.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Actor and the Man.

Great painters, sculptors, musicians and actors are careful not to lose their heads in the tumult of their emotions. Edwin Booth, so far as is known, never threw himself into his character but on one occasion, and then he was playing Bertuccio in "The King's Fool." It is related that he came off the stage at the conclusion of the performance convinced that he had surpassed all of his previous efforts, and that he was excited, thrilled, tingling with the emotions of the character into which he had blindly cast himself, but his daughter, Edwina Booth, who had been sitting in a stage box, told him she had never seen him act so badly. For that one performance Booth deliberately had chosen to be the man and not the artist.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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Bad Story Telling.

If Oscar Wilde's assumption were to be taken seriously, that all fiction is lying, it might account for much that afflicts readers, since the lack of morale affects the intellect, and what is done without conscience is apt to be done badly. Of course all fiction is not lying, as all killing is not murder, but it is a sad fact that many writers of novels and short stories seem to have left their consciences and much of their brains behind when they go forth to work—as if these belongings might safely remain in seclusion, with the dress coat and the white tie, to be brought out only for special occasions. Artemus Ward once remarked that he had a giant mind, but did not have it with him, and that for the latter half of it is apt to be the case with any of us when we are careless. True, even good Homer sometimes erred, but this affords no example for us who are not Homers. To come to our tasks otherwise than with all our wits about us and invite public attention to the chance "ozings of our brains" is as if one should issue from his apartments unshorn and half clad or enter upon the busy haunts of men without money in his pocket.—Frederic M. Bird in Lippincott's.

He Passed Out.

"I won't submit to being turned away," said the disappointed arrival at the hotel. "See here—I'm flush!" And he displayed a roll of bills. "I know," responded the clerk, "but I've got a full house."—Philadelphia North American.

Leighton's "Cimabue."

In describing a visit paid to the late Lord Leighton, Mrs. Tooley said that the artist on that occasion referred to the success of his first picture of note, "Cimabue," and to the fact, which evidently still pained him, that his next picture, "Orpheus," was greatly ridiculed.

"Where is the picture now?" he was asked. "Don't I wish I knew!" he replied. "It would be worth a fortune to me at the present time." And that was all the reference he made to it.

The curious part of the incident, however, lies in the fact that after his death the canvas of this very picture was discovered rolled up and thrown away to the coal cellar.—Strand Magazine.

Resented.

"That escaped criminal seems to have had rather the best of it," remarked the talkative friend.

"Not at all," replied the detective, drawing himself up indignantly. "We've got him so frightened he doesn't dare show his face where we are."—Washington Star.

Plants From buds.

There are certain varieties of mountain plants which have a singular provision of nature for perpetuating their species. The duration of summer in those elevated regions is too short to permit of the ripening of seeds, and the top buds fall off and take root as would the seeds.

Folk in general are not nowadays so careful as they were years ago in the matter of affixing postage stamps to letters and receipt stamps upon bills, and many never note whether the stamps are the right way up or upside down. It was very different, however, before the rush and roar of this half of the century began, for it was next door to a crime, in the eyes of many, to affix a stamp with the queen's head the wrong way up. Many were not only under the impression that her majesty would "feel offended," but that if she took the matter up personally or told officials to act punishment could follow. There are still, however, many people who look with horror upon a postage stamp upside down.—Notes and Queries.

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