

HABITS ARE VERY BAD

MRS. LESLIE SCORES THE LONDON "SMART SET."

Plutocracy, she says, the only recognized aristocracy—Debutantes talk shockingly, and the cake walk is a favorite in society.

The Baroness de Bazus, more familiarly known to the general public as Mrs. Frank Leslie, is home from Europe and tells some interesting things about the "smart set" of London. She expresses decided disapproval of many of the features now existing in English society. Plutocracy, she asserts, is the only recognized aristocracy of England. The marriage game is played on a strictly financial basis, and settlements are talked about long before the betrothal of young persons for whose benefit the alliance is planned. American women who find it impossible to enter society in New York can obtain easy access to the London smart set if they only possess the necessary capital with which to lay siege to British royalty and nobility.

"My last trip abroad, from which I have just returned, has convinced me," she said, "American women who are perfectly proper at home frequently



MRS. FRANK LESLIE.

act in an utterly shameless manner when they discover an opportunity to sell themselves or their daughters to some nobleman or aristocratic Londoner. A million dollars is a mere bagatelle nowadays when it comes to purchasing an eligible life mate in the gay English capital. The more you pay the better the article. No small dowers are accepted. You don't have to be in the Queen's set to learn that.

"The English know how to appreciate our money bags as well as our beautiful women. London and Paris are filled to overflowing with Americans who are very popular just now because they have been approved by King Edward, who has always been an ardent admirer of American women.

"England may be Americanizing, but the habits and customs of the smart set across the Atlantic are revolting in the eyes of Americans of refinement. That disgusting travesty on dancing, known among us as the 'cake walk,' is danced every night by the aristocracy of England. I do not mean to intimate that the cake walk is not danced here in America, but it certainly is not now taken up as a fad among our select sets as it is in England.

"There seems to be no sense of the proprieties regarding the discussion of certain phases of society which are seldom spoken of among us, but which, in London, you may hear young debutantes discussing in the most candid way. Vice in the abstract is openly discussed, and frequently forms the sole topic of conversation at dinner parties where both men and women are present. The example is partly responsible for this state of affairs.

"Drinking is indulged in on a much more temperate scale in London than it is here, and in fact than it was there a few years ago. The nicest people imbibe only the light wines, and while you often see a dinner begin and end with champagne, almost never do you see a variety of wines, while liqueurs and cordials are seldom used and brandies and whiskies are absolutely tabooed in polite society. Of course, the men drink the stronger liquors after the women have left the table and sought the seclusion of the drawing-rooms.

"Much as I might say in honor of the beauty of the American woman, I must confess that the English matron outshines her in one respect. She maintains until she is long past middle life a most glorious complexion. I suppose the climate does a great deal toward improving her complexion, she is virtually steaming her face every day in the dense fogs and rains.

"Oh! I nearly forgot to tell you that King Edward is really in love with Queen Alexandra. He really cannot forget how attentive she was to him during his last illness, and, while he still admires Lily Langtry and occa-

WICKED LITTLE REPUBLIC OF MORESNET, WHICH IS TO BE SWALLOWED BY BELGIUM



Moresnet, the little neutral district whose wickedness has caused its downfall, is an odd patch in the map of Europe, at the junction of Prussia, Belgium and the Netherlands. It is about a mile and a half square, contains not more than 2,500 people, and until 1814 was a part of Austria. The repartitioning of Europe after the downfall of Napoleon in 1815 resulted in an agreement to leave the little strip as neutral ground, upon which all the adjoining countries could meet. So the district has been practically a republic until a few days ago, when the letting of gambling privileges by the councilmen and the consequent debauching of young men from the surrounding country led to diplomatic "notes" between Germany and Belgium and the sale of Germany's claims to Belgium. It is said that Moresnet will now be disciplined, taxed, swallowed up by Belgium, and her men forced to military and other odious service.

sionally puts his stamp of approval on another chosen one, his heart is safe in the keeping of that regal beauty, the Queen."

The title of Baroness de Bazus, which Mrs. Leslie says she has adopted for business reasons when she did not desire her name to appear before the public, is an hereditary one. Baron de Bazus was an ancestor of hers who came to this country to avoid the persecution of the Huguenots.

REMEMBERS WAR OF 1812; IS PROUD OF HER ANCESTRY

The oldest "Daughter of the Revolution" is Mrs. Elizabeth Sumner Anderson, of Dover, Mass., formerly of Roxbury. Mrs. Anderson was born in 1808, and is one of the five members of the society living whose fathers fought in the revolution. Mrs. Anderson remembers the stirring times of 1812, although but 4 years of age at the time. The events were calculated to leave an impression in her childish mind. She relates stories of all the great battles of the revolution as they were told her by participants. She remembers her father and grandfather as they left home to join the continental troops that forced the British out of Boston. Mrs. Anderson is proud of her ancestors. Her father was Edward Sumner and her mother Johanna Sumner, daughter of Rev. Joseph Sumner, of Shrewsbury. Thus she traces her lineage through both of the famous



families of Revolutionary fame. Her paternal grandfather, William Sumner, was a member of the committee of "correspondence and safety" of Roxbury and one of the Boston "Tea Party" on March 4, 1876. Mrs. Sumner is proud of the fact that her mother saw Gen. Washington. Through her father she is related to Governor Increase Sumner, and is herself a first cousin to Charles Sumner, Massachusetts' great anti-slavery representative in the United States Senate. The furniture in her home is of the troublous times, and every piece has a history of its own.

FISH CLIMBS TO REACH WATER.

"Old Angler Tells Story to Prove Platitudinal Reasoning Power." "Fishes have more sense than they are credited with having," said an old angler, "and my experience has taught me not to put much faith in the statement that they only know things from the vibration due to concussion. I think they reason in some way or other. I don't know just how it is. I am satisfied that nature has not been particularly extravagant in the matter of giving fish intelligence. Besides, I know that their eyes are 'fat,' and

they can see but very little. I suppose the eye of the fish is worse, if anything, than the eye of the reptile. But taking all these things into consideration, I am convinced from little things I have observed that the fish is a pretty wise member and that he at least knows what is good for him when he is confronted by the blunt issue of surviving or not surviving. Why is it that a fish always flounders toward the water? That's the point I have in mind, and it is the one fact above all others that has convinced me that the fish has more sense than we think. I have never seen a fish that would not flounder toward the water.

"I know two answers will be made to this suggestion. One is that there is generally a slope toward the water, and that hence the force of gravity determines the direction of the fish's movement. And the other is a primary reason—the matter of instinct, as distinguished from reason. These explanations do not satisfy me. In the first place, I reject the theory which makes a difference between instinct and reason. I cannot tell the difference between the attributes, so much as they alike. In the second place, I want to tell you that I have seen fish floundering up hill. Why? Simply because they were forced to flounder up hill in order to get back into the water. Does a fish know anything about direction and distance? I think so. I have seen them jump and flounder up hill, inch after inch, until they got back to the edge of the stream out of which they had been jerked. It may be what some of the writers call 'instinct,' but to save my soul I can't tell 'instinct' from what we are accustomed to regard as reason in higher forms of life."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Recognized His Portrait.

Miss Fanny, who had just taken hold of a room in an East Side school, says the New York Times, had been having short talks with her children on subjects which she thought would be at once interesting and instructive.

One morning she told them about the "three kingdoms": the mineral, the vegetable and the animal, and explained as simply as she could the meaning of each. Then, naming a number of objects, she let the children tell to which kingdom each belonged. They greatly enjoyed the exercise.

The next morning the talk was along the lines of simple natural history.

"Now, children," she said, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell me what that one is? It has bristly hair, likes dirt, and is fond of getting into the mud."

Miss Fanny looked expectantly around the room. "Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked encouragingly. "Yes'm," was the shamefaced reply. "It's me."

A Curious Case.

A horse belonging to a Missouri man got a lump on its jaw three years ago. Its owner had a veterinary surgeon operate on the animal the other day and he took out a hard, smooth substance about four inches long and an inch wide, resembling a white stone. Those who have examined it say it is petrified cotton. The commonly accepted theory is that the horse, while eating, got a cob caught in its mouth, which slowly worked its way into his jaw until it lodged just beneath the skin. The animal never seemed to suffer from its presence.—New York Tribune.

As a rule, when any one asks us to stop and "chat" with them, we feel a disposition to be as quiet as a clam.



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time.

"The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman.

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Based on Experience. "Sag," queried the janitor, "did it ever occur to you that beggars and peddlers are not superstitious?" "It never did," replied the elevator man.

"Well they're not," said the janitor. "It takes more than a sign to keep them out of a building."

His Wants Defined. Church—I see that florist wants some one to write some advertising verses for him.

Gotham—Some nursery rhymes, evidently.—Yonkers Statesman.

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That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness, and regulate your bowels. You need Ayer's Pills. Vegetable; gently laxative.
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