A DREADED PIRATE.

BLACKBEARD LOOKED ENOUGH LIKE SATAN TO BE A BROTHER.

The Ferocious Robber of the Seas Had a Hideops and Repulsive Manner-Story

of His Successful Voyages.

Pamlico sound, now the haven of the storm tossed mariner and the home of peaceful industry, was once the theater of the last century its placent waters reflected a flag which struck terror to thousands of hearts and paralyzed the commerce of the New World; the thickly clustering vives and luxuriant growths ringing its shores concealed, like the original Eden, a hiding devil, the foe of God and man-Blackbeard, the pirate. From a strange tendency of human nature the life of the pirate possesses a fascinating interest, not only for the small boy who devours the pages of his half dime yellow back novel, but also for the reader of stronger judgment and better Indeed some of the greatest writers have been unable to resist the fascinations of this wide and tempting

Sir Walter Scott, Marryatt and Cooper thought it not unworthy their mighty pens, and the genius of Byron attained one of its highest flights in the description of the prisoner Conrad in the lonely turret, baring his beaum to the midnight storm and defying the lightning of offended heaven to transfix him. Of all this unholy brood Blackbeard was facile princeps, as Milton says of satus, "By merit raised to that bad eminence." was an Arabic tradition, relative to the great unknown Atlantic that the gnaried and bony hand of the devil rose from out the waves of the sea of darkness to seize the presumptuous mariner, and in his diabolic career Blackbeard seemed to be the impersonation of this mystic monster. Perhaps a greater demon never prowled the seas or walked

the earth in human form. Even in personal appearance he was hideous and repulsive, nature baving stamped him both as a physical and moral monster. The name by which he derived from a singular circumstance. which illustrates his savage ferocity. His naturally dark and forbidding face was covered almost to his fierce, sensuons eyes with a shaggy black beard, reaching below the waist. This is

ocument, or which he was very proud. a eigarette case, and delighted in offer and which he cultivated with sedulous care, he was accustomed to braid with us and to twist about his ears until it stood forth like projecting horns.

Into the ends of these he stuck small. slowly burning fuses, whose sulphurous rendered him a not unfitting represents returning from such a walk, he was Pashion of Getting Rimself Up in a tion of the satanic ideal, whose character he so successfully emulated. In time of action ho slung around his neck a scarf into which were thrust three braces of ble o pistols. Our readers, even those who pistels. Our readers, even those who "But I belong to the palace," faltered are not endowed with Dantesque powers the khedive, delighted. peaceful industry, was once the theater of imagination, and especially our femi-of far different scenes. In the beginning nine friends, can readily fancy the im pression such an aspect would create when met upon the lonely ocean, with the black flag fluttering above his head

and his merciless face lighting up with

a gleam of demontacal joy as his help-less victims walked the fatal plank. The real name of this man was Edward Teach, and he was a native of Bristol, England. Of his early career nothing definite is known. He first emerged from obscurity as a common sailor on board a privateer commanded by Captain Benjamin Hornigold, sailing from Jamaica and preying upon French commerce. In that humble capacity he dis-tinguished himself by his skill and courage, which attracted the attention of his not over scrupulous commander, who soon intrusted him with a prize he had captured. In 1717 these two choice spirits spread their sails from Provi lence (auspicious name!) for America capturing en voyage three vessels laden with wine, flour and miscellaneous cargoes, which they appropriated to their

The speed of their vessels being crippled by foul bottoms, they cleaned them upon the coast of Virginia and went in quest of fresh booty. On this cruise they seemed the most valuable prize vet captured, a large French Guinea man, richly freighted, bound for Martinique. At this juncture Hornigold's avarice seems to have been satisfied, or more likely his heart failed him, for, taking the two vessels with which they originally sailed, he returned to Provience and availed himself of a pardon offered by the king to all pirates who

own use and turned the crews adrift.

should surrender in a specified time. Teach, however, only embeldened by success, now assumed an independent was known throughout the world was character and began that career of crime which removed his name so infamous -Richmond Times.

> Khedive and Sentry. The khedive, oddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, but always carried

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Fair. 34 Helen B, Mathers—As He Cometh Up The

Author, Collis Voor Money or Your Life, r Besant-The Liumbing of the Mem-

Euglish sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by the British. The khedive was an early riser, and

was in the habit of walking in his gar- The Effort of New York Organ Builders. fumes enveloped him in a litrid hue and den early in the morning. One day, stopped by a sentry.

Yer can't go in here, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amia-

ontempt for a fat little foreigner.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?" "Very good," was the modest response, "Ah, yer look like it. Nothin to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. What sort of a feller

And then, alas, the sergeant coming along recognized and saluted the khe dive, to the vast discomfort of the sentry as well as to the chagrin of his highness who would have been glad to hear more

about bimself .- Youth's Companion.

The Wearing of Lines. with a palpably ugly hand will call poet, everybody's attention to it by hanging her fingers with sparkling rings. A certain intuitive vanity that is common to men and women alike ought to teach her botter. Freckles, big knuckles and ugly or ill kept nails are all accentuated showy rings. I've seen a woman se rough, red hand must be her ever present thorn in the flesh load it with hier diamonds the white sparkle and dull gold setting of which intensified the redness and coarseness of the fingers they encircled. I long to tell such a one to put her jewels at her throat, on her arms, in her hair-any- sq.mame.

where but on her hands. "In contradiction to this I recall a woman of my acquaintance who has a downe, married Mr. Victor Cavendish principal objects of her captors was to that always of odd design. I've seen her wears a superis alexandrite that shows dukes and marquises. black in some lights and deep seagreen in others. I always applaud her wisdom New York Times.

The Germans have some educational ideas which we in this country have borrowed with profit, and there are still others which we might be wise to adopt. Among them no doubt are the wall maps of different species of pestiferous weeds, which hang in school rooms where the children can see them as long as they

A practical idea underlies the displaying of these maps. It is well known that farmers are prone to treat all weeds alike, and inmily to observe any differof weeds differ as much as the natures of other plants do, and the sort of treatment which will exterminate one will sometimes increase and multiply

It is important therefore that the farmer and gardener should understand the weeds which they are trying to extermi-

toate. It is here that these German wall maps come in. They show colored pictures of the most pestiferous weeds, in all stages of growth, and also the ways in which they scatter their seeds and propagate themselves. By learning them thoroughly, through seeing them day by day on the walls, the child grows up with a knowledge of the best way to uxterminate them .- Youth's Companion.

Lint's Gypsy Protege.

The great planist, who was passion ately fond of the gypsies, once endeavored to educate and civilize a gypsy lad, but failed ignominiously. The wild spirit of the nature of countless generations child liking the novelty of the new life the journe mypsy submitted, but with a bad grace, to the instruction of the teacher Liest provided, he soon broke e, and became arrogant and incrdirectly conceited. However, his naturered playing was excellent, and he became the put of those foolish women in some y who are ever on the lookous for time new craze to feed their flighty craying after variety. Soon the child of nature pined for the freedom of the fields and savagery, and so he went. He ran away three times and was brought back. and then Liezt let him go for good.

In after years he turned up again in or losit, s, but he was only then a med our player-instruction had actually kni of the real ability that as a child be had possess I fo was shattered one of the or some of Lisat's life; he learned the a savage man could not be tamed sandy as a cavage beast, as many had an envered before him. -Belgravia.

A Bellesie and Dangerous Treatment. A certain cure for freckles is carbolic acid, and its effects are not only certain, "ma'am."-London Letter. but sprick. The skin must first be washed thoroughly in warm water, and then dried with a soft towel. Each freekle, or bunch of them, must be dealt with fingers, and touch the freekle with a Europeans and natives are far too vigor-To every delinquent subscriber who will pay up between now and January drop of pure carbolic acid. Allow this ous to permit of much intermarriage to dry on the skin, and in a few minutes with a people who are neither one so, and leave a new rosy white skin in from being very painful and from leaving a bad scar on the skin, the blisters One thousand volumes have been ordered from New York and will arrive formed should be pierced with a silk thread soaked in sublimate solution.

Scotland fresh in his cheeks is carried Leave the thread in position while the off by his landlady's daughter, while ontside of the blister is covered with a Tommy Atkins falls a comparatively 10 per cent, solution of iodoform vase-

line. Fresh salve should be applied ing it and little presents of money to the daily, and no pain will be experienced, and severe contraction and wrinkling of the skin after the wound is healed will be prevented.-Yankee Blade,

> What the New York organ builders tell me most emphatically is that organs are now made in this country from an art standpoint rather than a trade standpoint. They have given up trying to make little Gothic cathedrals of the organ cases. "Spend you money on the works," they tell their customers, "the plain case is the handsomest case." Most modern American organs have little or no woodwork above the feet of the front pipes.-Cor. New York Times.

Tempson and America.

Tennyson was extremely eager to go America, and touching this point a story is related to the effect that Bar num offered him an enormous sum to go there, though probably not as one of the attractions of the "greatest show on earth." "All you have to do," said Bar-"It is a constant surprise to me," said num, "is to stand on a platform and a man the other day, "that a woman have your hands well shaken." The however, declined the tempting ffer. - Cor. Boston Herald.

TITLES OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

Distinctions That May Seem Rather Com plicated to an American. It is little wonder that foreigners bun-

For instance, a marquis' daughter who name and adds to these the husband's dollars in return, which were on board. Thus, when Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice

small brown hand like a gypsy's. She she became Lady Evelyn Cavendish; has evidently studied its limitations, for | but the London dailies spoke of "Lady she wears never more than one ring, and | Victor Cavendish's going away dress," The only case in which a lady of title

wear a black pearl sunk in dull silver, a is called by her husband's Christian hoop of carbuncles or an old Euglish name as well as his surname is in the ring of hammered gold, but she oftenest case of the wives of the younger sons of

These men bear courtesy titles of "lord" before their Christian names in banishing pearls, emeralds and dia- and surnames, as Lord George Hamilmonds or any conventional styles from ton, Lord Charles Beresford, and so on, her ring box."-Her Point of View in and the only correct way of addressing or speaking of their wives is the same way, putting "lady" in the place of "lord."

To call the wives of younger sons Lady Hamilton, Lady Beresford, or whatever is the surname, without the male Christian name, is as incorrect as to call Lady Evelyn Cavendish by her husband's full name.

On the other hand, the wife of a baronet or of a knight is "lady," with his surname alone after it. .

Confusion grows in many minds from the fact that any peeress (under the rank of a duchess) is also spoken of, and to, by her equals as merely "Lady Soence between them, whereas the natures and so "-the name added, however, not

Marchioness of Salisbury" or "There is Lady Salisbury and Lady Lathorn.

A duchess, the highest rank in the peerage, is the only peeress who escapes this equality of title in the everyday language of her equals in society. She spoken of as "the Duchess of So-and-so" in full always, and is addressed in conversation by her friends as "duchess, he name of the peerage not added.

Moreover, every other lady of title, from a knight's wife (which is not a real title), right away up to a march- nius of Love." ioness, is equally "my lady" to her social inferiors.

Sir John Smith's wife is Lady Smith. The wife of Lord John Smith, who is a peer's younger son, is Lady John Smith, and if you know her on terms of equality you may call her Lady John, but never Lady Smith. Lady Mary, daughter of either the earl or the marquis, or could not be tancel, and though as a the duke of somewhere, and the wife of Mr. John Smith, is Lady Mary Smith; call her Lady Mary if ahe seems friend-Smith

The wife of Lord Smith, or the earl or the marquis of Smithville, you may call Lady Smith or Lady Smithville, as the case may be, but if Smithville is a duke on no account call his wife Lady Smithville.

If you think that she will not snub you as too familiar, you may call her simply "duchess." You may say, "Duchess, may I get you some tear for example. But till you know her well, or feel on quite friendly terms, it had betone of the numerous wandering gypsy ter be, "Will your grace take a cup of

> Finally, the oddest thing of all, if fate should make you acquainted with a prince or princess of the blood royal, you will seem very second rate if you keep saying, "your royal highness." You must say "sir" and "ma'am."
> Not, if you please, "madam," but ed the curio man.—Indianapons News.

"ma'am," as your housemaid says to

your own meek better half, Mrs. Smith.

Even a duchess calls a princess

Intermarriage in Eurasia. There is no remote chance of Eurasia ever being reabsorbed by either of its separately. Stretch the skin with the original elements; the prejudices of both it will burn and grow white. The skin nor the other. Occasionally an up thus burned will fall off in a week or country planter, predestined to a remote and "jungly" existence, comes down to place of the freekle. To prevent burns | Calcutta and draws his bride from the upper circles of Eurasia—this not so often now as formerly. Occasionally,

> The sight of a native with a half caste wife is much rarer, for there Eurasian as well as native antipathy comes into operation. The whole conscious inclination of Eurasian life, in habits, taste, religion and most of all in ambition, is toward the European and away from the native standards .- Sara J.

too, a young shopman with the red of

Duncau in Popular Science Monthly. Virus and Venom.

The difference between venom and virus is very marked. Both are poisons, and both of organic origin, but a venom is produced in secreting organs, com-monly called poison glands, and is introduced into the system by means especially adapted for the purpose, such as stings or fangs. On the other hand, a virus is the result of disease or putrefaction, and generally possesses the property of excit- | tlon!" ing in the system into which it is intro-

duced the disease which produced the virus. A virus commonly produces lit-tle, if any, local disturbance: a venom generally causes great pain, often severe inflammation and swelling. Venom has a marked local effect; virus causes a general disturbance of the system .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fortieth Friend (since breakfast)-By Jove, old fellow, you've got a fearful

What are you taking for it? Sufferer (honrsely) - Advice. - Now York Weekly.

A Scheme That Falled.

I hear a pretty good one at the expense of a Harvard boy who has been having an uncommonly good time in several chan-nels lately. His enjoyment was pretty expensive, and be finally outran his allow-ance and other resources so much that he was in imminent need of aid. So be sat down and wrote to his father thus:

"DEAB PA-I had the misfortune to be upset in a boat while out on the Charles river, and lost the beautiful watch you gave me. I would like some money to em-ploy a diver to recover it. Your affectionate son. Thomas."

The old gentleman was no fool. He re-

"It is not worth while diving for it. It might as well be in soak in one place as in another."—Boston Record.

The Cruelty of War.

An incident related in the biography of Sir Provo Wallis, admiral of the Britgle over our titles as they do, when in | ish fleet, brings home to the reader the our own public speeches and newspa- cruel nature of war. It occurred durpers it is often made plain that many do ing the war of 1812. An American capot understand how to use English titles. tain had taken a fine ship to Lisbon, where she had sold her cargo for the married a man without a title keeps the use of the British army under Welling title of "lady" and her own Christian ton, and received several thousands of

Meantime war had been declared, and on her homeward voyage she fell a vicprincipal objects of her captors was to obtain information. The American captain was sent on board the Shannonwhich afterward captured the famous Chesapeake-but was kept in ignorance of the war and of the fact that he was a

He answered unreservedly all the ques tions put to him, and Captain Broke, who greatly disliked the deception is had been obliged to practice, now felt it difficult to make the prisoner acquainted with the next step which must be taken. At length he forced himself to say:

"Captain, I must burn your ship." The American, overcome by surprise faltered, "Burn her?"

"Indeed I must." "Burn her for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own-and al the property I have in the world. Is it war, then?

"Yes," said Broke. Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each, but duty was duty, and the prize was destroyed. - Youth's Com-

panion.

A Feat in Writing.

John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ills., once being the family name, but the title of - wrote 4,100 words on the blank side of a postal card. This was sent to a Chicago Thus no equal would say, "I saw the paper, which heralded the story to the world as being the most wonderful piece the Countess of Lathoin," it would be of penwork ever executed. As a matter of fact Mr. Taylor's effort has been discounted on several occasions. Beedle, the penman of Ottery St. Mary, Liverpool, once wrote the following pieces en tire, without the slightest abbreviation, is never called "lady" only, but is all upon a piece of cardboard 314 by 314 inches in size: Goldsmith's "Traveler, "The Deserted Village," "Essay on Education," "Distress of a Disabled Soldier," "The Tale of Azim," "Justice," "Generosity," "Irresolution of Youth," "Frailty of Man," "Friendship" and the "Ge-

In the center of the card there was perfect picture of Ottory church, all of the shades and lines being formed of parts of the writing. As a kind of talepiece he added the anthem of "God Save the Queen," embellished it with seventy two stars, lifty-one crescents and nine teen crosses, finishing the whole by drawing a picture of a serpent which inclosed the whole of the miraculous production, If you wish to ascertain exactly how much Beedle's effort exceeded that of ly, but nor Lady Smith or Lady John Mr. Taylor, count the words in the Goldsmith pieces catalogued above.-St. Louis Republic.

Why It Was Rejected.

The farm editor received the following ector, who returned it because he knew it stated facts and not fiction: A horticulturist had missed many apples every night. Finally he set a watch, expecting to trap his peighbor's boys. In the dim night light he saw limbs of apple trees shaking, and then he heard the fruit falling. He had seen no one enter the orchard. plused, he crept up close to the shaking tree. He saw a hedgehog descend from the tree, roll over on the apples until its the quills, and wabble off. The farm editor an insect eating animal wanted with ap-

"For the worms," triumphantly explain



"Is that Ralph Hownow, who was men d in his late uncle's will?" "Yes; \$1,000,000 went to charity, and what was left of the cetate went to Ralph."
"Indeed, and what was left!"

"Ralph."-Life. She Know How It Was Herself. A substantial looking country woman went into a Woodward avenue furniture

store the other day and asked to see a par-lor chair. "How's this one madam?" inquired the clerk, setting out a weak wicker affair. She took the chair and shook her head. "How do you like this heavier one?" he asked, dragging up another style. She shook it and shook her head.

Then he showed her a lot, each a little heavier than the one rejected, and all were pronounced too light. "Good beavens, madam," exclaimed the exasperated clerk, "do you want an iron miles in diameter.' seated brick chair, with a stone founda-

"Yest that's it, that's it," she said eager-"Suppose It has?"

ly. "You see, my girl Susan has got leamps onto steady company this fall, so he comes every night, and between 'they've broke down every chair in the plor; and now, before I'll have my bran naofy amashed or the engagement bust. I'll get a chair strong enough to carry to the company to the c if I have to mortgage my house and far I was a gal once myself, and know how

The clerk took her order for a sto LUNCH IN THE FIELDS.

Blue sky and sun-hine and noontide, And rest from the reaping, And all in the wheat ears the south wind its fragrances sweeping.

White is the bread that the master Shall have for the taking; Coarse is the loaf that their hunger Finds sweet in the breaking.

Golden the vase and the flagon His red wine is spilling: Rude is the cup for their drinking. The flask for their filling.

His is the cool and the shadow, The gold and the guerdon; Theirs is the fleres daw of labor, The best and the burden.

Yet while the great sky gives blessing The wide summer weather, No od is of face are they asking-They are together! Harriet P. Spofford in Harper's Basar.

A SERVIAN SONG

Mother, a dear little lad Alone through the night is creeping. He has lost his way and is sad: I hear him histerly weeping. I know he is coming to met On to the door and se

Daughter, woman's undoing Is to be won without wooing.
When she meets her lover half way.
He holds her favor light
As the cap he drains by day.
Or the lamp he burns at night.

Mother, no more, But open the door;
I have his heart, he mine;
He must be housed and fed;
I will give him kisses for wine.
And my eyes shall light him to healt
ea. To Modrard in Conterv.

Football as the Girls See It I took the gentle Annabel
To see a football game,
And thus unto a friend of hers
Did she describe the same:

"Oh, May, you should have seen them play: Toras such a lovely sight!

And though the first game I had seen
I understood it quite.

"First came the Yales, all dressed in blus: Then Harvard came in red; One fellow yelled, the rest all tried To jump upon his head.

"And then one fellow stopped and stooped, And all the rest got round, And every fellow stopped and stooped And looked hard at the ground. "And then another fellow yelled,

And each man, where he stood,

Just hit and struck and knocked and kicked

At every one he could.

"And then one fell upon his neck, And all the others ran, And on his prone and prostrate form Leaped every blessed man,

"And then the ambulance drove on, And loading up with men With twisted necks and broken lungs Went driving off again.

"Ob. football's last the cutest game! It cannot be surpassed; But yet it really is a shame -Boston Couries.

Both Liked the Change Friend-Given up housekeeping and gone

a hotel eh! flow do you like hotel McTiff-First rate. Never was so happy

"Indeed! And how does your wife like "First class.

"Where are you staying!" "I'm at the St. Charles, and she's at the St. James."-New York Weekly.

A Dwarf. short to look well in a Prince Albert!

Clinker—I am too short to get anything

olse New York Herald

A Farseeing Boy. First Boy (dropping in for a call)-Wot are you doin with your hat an coat an gum boots on in th' house? Second Boy-Mamma is puttin things to rights, an I want to keep these things where I can find 'em,—Good News.

First Sister-Why don't you cry! Second Sister-Can't. Left my embroid-ered handkerchief at home.-Texas Sift-

A Misleading Expression

In a street car the other day two women were talking of a sick friend when a little girl sitting at the side of one of them interrupted with: "Mamma, what is the point of death? Will it hurt Mrs. Locke?" So many such expressions are widely misleading to the groping, literal child mind. - New York Times.



let me introduce Mr. Young. He was th gentleman I was engaged to when I mar-ried you, you know!—Truth.

No Patriotic Citizen Could Stand Such .

Disgrace. "Taint food," he urged as he ambled along beside a Tribune reporter crossing City Hall park, "'taint even beer." "Then it's four or five small children, all starving," suggested the reporter. "No, 'taint."

"Sick wife maybe-sick for two months No doctor and no medicine. Want a dime to get both?"
"No, 'taint."

"What is it, then?" asked the reporter looking with some curiosity at the small and dilapidated individual beside him. "I have no wife, and I have no children, said the small man mildle, "but my old mother keeps house for me over in Brook

"Case of mother instead of wife," mus

mured the reporter.
"And I find myself in a horrible situation," continued the small man, ignoring the interruption. "As I was about to start for my humble home I suddenly thought of the comet."

"The what?"
"The comet.—this dreadful monster ap-roaching through the heaves."
"What of that?" "What of it? Why, that comet is 40,000

"Welly "It has a tail 5,000,000 miles long." Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Scott Enjoyed Being Lionized.

Sir Walter Scott is an example of a

great man, who, so far as we can judge

enjoyed paying the penalties of his greatness, even in his hour of death. Pe

was great enough, but then he was that

kind of a man, and the circumstances

among which he lived were favorable.

That was before the day of the penny

post, of the electric telegraph, of rail

ways and of the interviewer, and in Lis

prime he lived at Abbotsford, v luch is

equivalent nowadays to saying that he

lived at Joppa. He seems to have beam

He appears now and then to have

The Story of "Maud."

peculiarities better than did his neigh-bor Mrs. Cameron, the well known pho-

tographic artist, who made a fine series

of character portraits by photography to illustrate Tennyson's poems. The

The sequel to the story of Mrs. Cam-

Few people knew Tennyson and his

"Do you realize—why, my dear sir, do you realize," ejaculated the small man, solemnly removing the pretzel shaped remnant which did duty as a hat, "that that When Lillian is licensed at the la " Her fame, he sure, will live foretur, No barrister will pick a flaw In logic so extremely clever.
The sheriff will forget his nap
To feast upon the lovely vision,
And e'en the jndge will set his cap
At her and dream of love Elyslan.
Samuel M. Peck in San Francisco Argonaut.

comet is now only 1,000,000 miles away and traveling 1,000 miles a second head on for the United States?" The reporter admitted that the situation

was grave.
"You see," continued the small man earnestly, "there is no telling when the shock may come. I am on my way home, and as I have no money I must walk all the way. Mind, I am not asking for cash, because I never drink beer, and I like to walk, but while that mighty comet flashing toward us through the realms of space I want to ask you a solemn ques-tion."

"My dear sir, would you be willing-eavens and earth, what a horrible thought —would you be willing to have an American citizen hit by a foreign comet without one cent in his clothes?"—New York Tribune.

singularly free from the pennities of greatness, which have enormously in-creased since the Wizard of the North The orthodox clergyman of a New England village, recently placed in a trying po-sition, acquitted himself with unusual caution, if not with perfect success. The in his way he seems to have heartily euoccasion was the funeral of a Mr. Follet, the third husband of Mrs. Follet, a woman much younger than be. The Foliets' relished being turned into a rare show. regular clergyman was away at the time and to being pointed at wherever he went as Walter Scott. Indeed this beof Mr. Follet's death. In this emergency the family called upon the orthodox clergying pointed at seems to have been relman, who was almost a stranger. A neigh-bor instructed him hastily as to the admiished by many men whose greatness was rable qualities of the deceased and his farntimes almost to have resented not being pointed at.—All the Year Round.

ily relations. During the funeral discourse po outsides would have suspected that the clergyman had not been a lifelong friend of the late Mr. Follet. When he came to mention the low in his prayer, however, it was evident that his data had become somewhat onfused. He said, "And now we com mend to thy care this widowed handmaid who has been bereaved again and again and again"—then besitating an instant he added, "and perhaps again." -- Argonaut,

Bring on Your Bear. Josh Billings spent a number of sum-mers at a famous White mountain hostelry at the foot of Mount Washington. On the way to Emerald pool, one of the numerous "points of interest" near the hotel this pature's nobleman had improvised a spring of crystal parity, and embellished it with some of his inimitable verses and the warning:

Whoever steals this little cup Will by bears be eaten up. some thirsty soul had written;

The cup is gone, I don't know where, And now, Josh Hillings, bring on your bear. —Harper's Bazar.

Con Amore The barroom loafer had eaten 196 big oysters in forty minutes, and thereby had won a wager for a professional sport who had backed him to the extent of fifty dol-

"You needn't have exerted yourself so much," said the sporting man, rolling up

Chicago Tribune. Quite the Contrary.

with your whole soul, I hope.

Pa On the contrary, my dear, I expressed him with my whole sole.—Boston

ties.-Truth.

A Russian Joke. At a country ball-"My dear sir, you have just stepped on my partner's foot. I demand satisfaction!" "Oh, certainly! Youder sits my wife; go and step on her foot."-Peterburgskaya

Effectual. Husband-How is it that the cats didn't trouble us last night? Wife-I threw out one of your new neck-



Hard Up Gent-Say, boss, can't yer give feller a few cents to help him along? Mr. Delawney-Why don't you do son thing faw yaw our living? You had better ask for bwains instead of money. Hard Up Gent-Well, boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had the most of,— -Brooklyn Life.

How to Renovate Gilt Frames Moisten a sponge with oil of turpen tine or spirits of wine and rob the frame lightly, letting it dry by itself.

Putup in neat watch-shaped bottles, sugar conted, Small Blic Beans. 25c, per bottle.

A FAIR ATTORNEY.

Alas! the world has gone awry Since Consin Lillian entered college, For she has grown so learned I Oft tremble at her wondrens knowledge. Whene'er I dare to woo her now was that I should so annoy her, And then proclaims, with lofty brow, Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life gildes no more on golden wings, A sunny waif from El Dorado: Pye learned how true the poet sings, That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
When tuttl fruttl lost its spell
I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel
I know my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques, With thats that would have crazed Muril Her tancy times, with brighter blusis, The splendid triumphs that await her. When in the court a breathless hush Gives homage to the queen debater.

Tis sad to meet such crushing noes From eyes as blue as Scottish heather; Tis sad a maid with checks of pose should have her heart bound up in leather; "Ta sai to keep one's passion pent, Though Palins' arms the fair environ: But worse to have her quoting Kent When one is fondly breathing Byron.

history of her search for and selection of models for these characters is interesting. Maud was a starving Irish girl, who served her both as model and wait

ing maid.

eron's Maud is too pretty not to be given. When Mrs. Cameron held her exhibi-tion in London, Maud was sent up with a chaperon to explain the pictures to the public. A gentleman came in one day, Whoever steals this little cup
Will by bears be eaten up.
One day the cup was missing. On the
piece of birch bark below the poet's lines
passed into the Indian civil service, but before starting for the east he went down to Freshwater and knocked at Mrs. Cameron's door, begging for Maud's

Tribune

hand. The beautiful Maud was willing,

and they were married.-New York

How wonderful and ever present is the contrast in eastern travel to all life and movement at home. No heavy carts and lumbering wagons jolt to and fro his winnings in a compact wad and pocket-ling the pile. "The bet was that you could No light vehicles and swift equipages between the farmyard and the fields. eat 175 systems in an hour."

"I know it, boss," replied the system ester there are no roads—and if no roads, how apologetically, "but I hadn't had anything to eat for four hours, and I was hungry."—
Thatched roofs and tiled cottages, laures Thatched roofs and tiled cottages, lanes and hedgerows and trim fields, rivers coursing between full bunks, be out all Clinker—What do you think of this
Prince Albert? It was my brother's, and I had it made over for me.

Daughter—Pa, did my friend call on you train—these might not exist in the world of at all, and do not exist in the world of the Persian, straitened and similarly but Daughter-And you expressed yourself inexpressibly tranquil in his existence. Here all is movement and bustle, finx and speed; there everything is imper-turbable, immemorial, manutable, alow,

-"Persia and the Persian Question." A Boy Prima Books. First Boy-You ought to come to the concert our music teacher is goin to give. Second Boy-You goin to be in?

"Yep. I'm one of the primmer don-We're goin to give a cantata." "Wot's that?" "Oh, it's all about sunshine and storms and picnics and harvesters and all sorts of country things. It's great."

"N-o. I'm only in the first scene,

"Do you sing all that?"

'Early Mornin on th' Farm."

"Wot do you do?" "I crow."-Good News. Women with No Children. The fact that the total population of the United States has falled below the popular estimate of 64,000,000 is likely to call attention to the fecundity of American women. Not long are s

newspaper took a census of the children in certain fashionable quarters in New York city and brought to light the fact that comparatively few children gladlich the spacious homes of Murray bill, and that the birth rate there was alarmingly low. The last state census of Massachre sotts brings out some interesting facts in relation to the percentage of : arrived women having no children. He e is a table compiled from the Massa nusetts census showing the percentage of native and of foreign born women having no children:

The state..... 20.18 19.43 Middlesex..... Nantucket Plymouth mffolk .

Here we find that one-fifth of the married women of Massachusetts are childless. It is said that in no country save France can a similar condition of affairs be found. On the other hand, instead of over 20 per cent., only 13.27 per cent. of the foreign born women of Mass setts are childless. What is true of this state is undoubtedly in a greater or less degree true throughout the country. The time has come when we must face the fact that the increase of population by birth is decreasing—that the te of the times among well to do Americans is to small families, and that one fifth of our native married women are childless. Chicago Tribune.

General Philip Kearny left an arr

in Mexico, and was known among his men as "One Armed Phil."

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