

WALBROOK'S Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BATTLE OF RIVOLI.

NAPOLEON SAID THAT HIS LIFE REALLY BEGAN THERE.

The short campaign was the turning point of the war and shaped the history of Europe for twenty years—The Austrians Five Minutes Late.

Professor Schane's "Life of Napoleon" in the Century describes the masterly Italian campaign, in which Napoleon's military genius first won world-wide recognition. Professor Schane thus describes the battle of Rivoli:

At early dawn began the conflict which was to settle the fate of Mantua. The first fierce contest was between the Austrian left and the French right as they rushed from the opposite side along the whole line as far as Capriano. For some time the Austrians had the advantage, and the result was in suspense, since the French left, at Capriano, yielded for an instant before the onslaught of the main Austrian army made in accordance with Alvinzky's first plan, and, as he supposed, upon an inferior force by a vastly superior in numbers. Berthier, who by his calm courage was fast rising high in his commander's favor, came to the rescue, and Massena, following with judgment which has inseparably linked his name with that famous spot, finally restored order to the French ranks. Every successive charge of the Austrians was repelled with a violence which threw their right and center back toward Monte Baldo in ever growing confusion.

The battle waged for nearly three hours before Alvinzky understood that it was not Jombert's division, but Bonaparte's army, which was above him. In his zeal he then pressed forward on the plateau beneath the height to bring more of his troops into action, and Jombert somewhat rashly advanced to check the movement, leaving the road to St. Mark unprotected. The Austrians, prompt to take advantage of his blunder, charged up the hill, and seized the commanding position, but simultaneously there rushed from the opposite side three French battalions, clamoring up to retrieve the mistake. Their physical strength and nervous activity brought them first to the top, and again the storming columns were thrown back in disorder.

At that instant appeared in Bonaparte's rear an Austrian corps estimated by him as 4,000 strong, which, having come down the valley on the left bank, had now crossed the river to take the French right at Rivoli in its rear. Had they arrived but a minute sooner the hill of Rivoli would have been lost to the French. As it was, instead of making an attack, they had to await one. Bonaparte directed a gallant artillery fire against them, and thus gained time both to reform his ranks and hold the newcomers in check until his own reserve, coming in from the next hamlet westward, cut them entirely off from the retreating columns of Alvinzky, and compelled them to lay down their arms.

This ended the most defeat and most complete rout which the Austrian army had so far sustained. Such was the result of demoralization of the flying and disintegrated columns that a young French officer named Rene, who was in command of 50 men at a hamlet on Lake Garda, successfully imitated Bonaparte's route at Lonato, and displayed such an imposing confidence to a flying troop of 1,600 Austrians that they surrendered to what they believed to be a force superior to their own. Next morning at dawn Murat, who had marched all night to gain the point, appeared on the slopes of Monte Baldo above the pass of Comano, and united with Massena and Jombert to drive the Austrians from their last foothold. The pursuit was continued as far as Trent. Thirteen thousand prisoners were captured in those two days.

This short campaign of Rivoli was the turning point of the war, and may be said to have shaped the history of Europe for 20 years. Chroniclers dwell upon those few moments at the hill above the plateau of Rivoli, and wonder what the result would have been if the last Austrian corps had arrived five minutes sooner. But an accurate and dispassionate critic must decide that every step in Bonaparte's success was won by careful forethought and the most effective disposition of the forces at his command. So sure was he of success that even in the crises when Massena seemed to save the day on the left and when the Austrians seemed destined to wrest victory from defeat at the last moment on the right, he was self-reliant and cheerful. The new system of field operations had a triumphant vindication at the hands of its author.

The conquering general meted out unstinted praise to his invincible squadrons and their leaders, but said nothing of himself, leaving the world to judge whether this was man or demon who, still a youth, and within a public career of but one season, had humiliated the proudest empire on the continent, had subdued Italy and on her soil had created states unknown before without the consent of any great power, not excepting his own. It is not wonderful that this personage should sometimes have said of himself, "Say that my life began at Rivoli," as at other times he dated his military career from Tolon.

Who? "Yes," said the practical politician, "it is true that I have made \$300,000 in the last ten years, but I worked for it."

"Of course you did," replied the epigrammatic, if ungrammatical, lawyer, "but the question the people are asking each other now is, 'Who did you work for?'"—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

LEAVES ITS MARK—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well! That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels acids and pains, mellowly and nervously, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

WHO SETS THE FASHIONS?

Evidence That the Royal Ladies of England Do Sometimes.

The late Mr. Worthing, the Parisian king of dressmakers, once said that it frequently took him as long as three years to educate the public up to one of his fashions, and to have it adopted. He of course has set a great many fashions in his time, but the dressmakers are not responsible for most of the changes that take place.

It is a simpler thing for a man like the Prince of Wales, who is generally admitted to be the best dressed gentleman in Europe, to change a fashion in men's clothing than it is for a lady in society to change the fashion of the time, or to bring in a new one. But any of the recognized fashion leaders, such as the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Brooke, the Countess Grosvenor or Mrs. Cornwallis West, can, if they persist long enough, bring in a fashion which will soon become generally popular.

For instance, the Duchess of Portland, after her marriage, had a strong inclination for Malmoism carnations as button-holes, and wore them on every possible occasion. Before that time they were not much sought after, but very soon all the forists in Bond street and Regent street had a great display of them in their windows.

The Princess of Wales is not a fashion setter, but is one of those most sensible ladies who favor comfortable costumes and tailor made gowns, and who does not run to the extreme modes. She dresses, however, with excellent taste.

Another matter in which the royal family are very conservative is the way in which they wear their hair. At the time when the "ban chignon" came in not one of the young princesses adopted it, although it was extremely fashionable.

Carved fringes, as is well known, are very popular with the royal family. Sometimes the fashions are introduced quite by chance. A few years ago, when a well known beauty was married to a young nobleman, the bride decreed that her bridesmaids should wear dark velvet hats with ostrich feathers. At first everyone was very much surprised, but the idea caught on, and during 1892 at three of the fashionable weddings dark velvet hats were worn with light dresses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SMASHED HIS BAGGAGE.

And Then the Man Who Owned the Trunk Had Something to Say.

"It's queer how people stand it," said the man with the buggy trunks as he looked down the valley on the left bank, had now crossed the river to take the French right at Rivoli in its rear. Had they arrived but a minute sooner the hill of Rivoli would have been lost to the French. As it was, instead of making an attack, they had to await one. Bonaparte directed a gallant artillery fire against them, and thus gained time both to reform his ranks and hold the newcomers in check until his own reserve, coming in from the next hamlet westward, cut them entirely off from the retreating columns of Alvinzky, and compelled them to lay down their arms.

"No, sir, and it hasn't been for a good many years. Last spring a baggage man threw my trunk off his wagon in front of a Boston hotel and busted it. He drove off singing as I stood looking at the wreck. Half an hour later I walked in on him at the depot and said: 'What for?'"

"For smashing my trunk in front of the Continental." "You get me?" "Trunks are liable to be damaged, and whoever heard of anyone having to pay for them?" "I'll show you a case right off. You had no more license to bust that trunk than you had to bust my head. You either come down or I'll begin proceedings."

"What will you do?" "I'll sue you the first thing tomorrow. I'll not only sue you, but I'll garnish your wages. I'll make it cost you at least \$20 to get out of it, even if you don't pay for the trunk."

"He blundered and defied me," said the man of the trunks, "but before 10 o'clock he came to the hotel and offered me \$7 to settle. I took a written promise on his part to handle all trunks with reasonable consideration thereafter and closed the case. He admitted to me that he had probably damaged 5,000 trunks in his life, but that no one had ever kicked before. He didn't suppose a trunk owner had the slightest legal right on earth, and he probably didn't get over looking pale for a week."—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap Lodging For a Prince. Accidentally a bill of an inn at Passer, Tyrol, was discovered among the papers of a recently deceased member of the official household of Emperor William I, which gives an idea of the cost of living at that time. In 1851 William, then prince of Prussia, with a suit of six companions, stopped at the inn. The lodging for the company amounted to 12 kreutzers—5 cents. The breakfast cost for each cup—i. e., 2½ cents. A dish of meat, 1 cent, two eggs for 1 cent. The dinner at the inn consisting of soup, meat, fruit, preserves and wine, cost 27 kreutzers, or less than 11 cents apiece. The total expense of lodging, breakfast and dinner for the party amounted to 2 florins and 25 kreutzers, or about 90 cents.

St. Elmo's Light. The atmospheric light known as St. Elmo's fire, or St. Elmo's light, gets its name from a curious old legend of St. Adelaide, who, having started one dark and stormy night to visit the bishop of Avonzone, lighted a candle to guide him on the way. It was wholly unperceived by anything like a covering; but, notwithstanding the fact that the wind blew furiously and the rain fell in torrents, "it continued to burn with a bright and steady flame." The news of this miraculous occurrence soon spread in all Catholic countries and soon found place in the monkish manuscripts, where it was declared that the good Adelaide must have really been attended by St. Elmo and his fire.—St. Louis Republic.

Pope's Favorite. Pope deemed the "Essay on Man" his most polished production, but was so fond of revising his poetry that the printed copy contained almost one marginal note for every line. If his wishes had been fully carried out, the second edition would have had so many changes as to be practically a new work.

Alam as a medicine has been in common use for nearly 800 years. It is found in many quarters of the world, and several varieties are known to commerce. Putrajali is a corruption of Porte Gale, the Roman name of the town of Oporto.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

YOUNG EDITORS.

A Monthly Magazine Published by School Children in Lynn.

The School Review is a monthly magazine published by some little people in Lynn.

The publishing is done under the name of the Center Street News Company.

The sanctum is a room in the Center Street school, but the building is mostly devoted to primary classes, and there is a fifth grade class of the grammar school in the building, and that is the class and room to which the members of The Review staff belong.

Miss L. M. Crosby is the teacher. Her mission is the modern idea of leading the children to grasp knowledge rather than tamping it into them, and her room exhibits many evidences of this.

It is more like a museum than a conventional schoolroom. There are all sorts of objects calculated to instruct or entertain the children—a table with mineralogical, botanical and other specimens, artistic drawings adorn the blackboards, and colored sketches by the children cover the walls above.

At one corner is a meteorological chart, where the children make and record daily their own observations of the weather, according to the weather bureau's system.

"I have always had a paper published by my scholars," said the teacher, explaining the origin of The School Review, "but we did not get the idea of the present magazine until we saw something in The Globe about a little paper published in Washington. Here is the clipping."

Miss Crosby led the reporter to one of the windows, where, pasted on the woodwork, was the story of Milton Tibbets and his Weekly Bulletin of Washington, printed in this paper several months ago with a cut of the young publisher.

"The children sent for a copy of Milton's paper, and that furnished them with a suggestion which they have followed, though The Review is a larger undertaking than The Bulletin."

Exhibiting a pasted board quite full of manuscript, the teacher explained that this was the repository of the contributions to The Review, from which the editors made their selections. This was a plan by which authors could tell whether their stories were accepted or not, as they could look in the box and find out at any time.

"The children have their own way in everything connected with the Review," said the teacher, "they brought the outfit for printing the paper, a copying press. Of course I assist them, but they are entitled to full credit for all the bright, original things published. It does not interfere with, but rather helps in, their school studies."

Robert Kellahan, editor in chief, is a 10-year-old boy, very robust in body, but bright as a gold dollar mentally. Albert Eldridge, the business manager, is 9 years old and handles his department like a veteran. He lives at 94 Grove street, and that is the business headquarters of the magazine. Albert also contributes editorials, prose and poetry to The Review.

The staff includes Matthew Martin, a clever pencil artist; Margaret Fabry, Willie Buckley, Herman Haines, Katie Connolly, Katie Martin and Emily Norton.—Boston Globe.

A Dainty Reward.

Willie and Charlie one day feasted well. They had pie made of honey sweet cherries and cookies the crispest ever were baked. And a bowl of luscious berries. And the reason their mother gave them these good things:

You have guessed it, my merry ones, maybe—Was because every time that she went out to work They took good care of the baby.

The Little Prince Baby Carol. The little Bulgarian prince, Baby Carol, likes to go riding. A young woman who saw him says that he really is a very bright, bonny boy. He was seated on the lap of his English governess, while in front of him was his Saxon nurse dazling in a bright red gown, her head bowed in a yellow kerchief and decked with glittering earrings. The prince's carriage is a small handcar, drawn by a pair of cream colored ponies. The coachman and footman in royal livery seemed somewhat out of keeping in the dusty rustic lane.

The Birds' Service to Men. Before many years have passed the legislatures of our states and nation will be forced to some action on the needless destruction of birds. The robins and bluebirds and virens and the dreeds of glad little singers of the woods and fields have been driven away not merely from the cities, which they need to inhabit, but from the villages on the outskirts, and in some cases from even the isolated farm-houses. The increase of insect pests within two or three years betokens a grave danger, and the cheapest and surest way to meet it is to stop killing the birds and let them return and dine upon the moths and caterpillars and the rest of the evil tribe that strip our trees and gardens. It will take many years, at best, to restore them in such numbers as they could be reckoned by a dozen or 20 years ago, but people by ceasing to be sportsmen, or at least by ceasing to kill the birds that are of no use as food, can bring good times back.—Exchange.

It is a fifty nine months old at Minneapolis park, Minneapolis, by Blackfield, son of Simmons, out of the dam of Minneapolis, it is 2 1/2 years that is pacing quarters in 45 seconds.

RIDDLES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Anagrams and Acrostics Have Been Known Since the Days of the Psalmist.

It seems ridiculous that the people who lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago were more interested in puzzles than you and I are today. This is true nevertheless. The puzzles I refer to are those in writing, although the ancients probably created some of their spare time with strange and puzzling devices of wood and metal, as we do.

What a pleasure it is to solve the problems in our favorite magazines or newspapers! It is very good exercise for one's brains, too, and where a prize is offered to the fortunate boy or girl who first solves the puzzles of different kinds the work is more pleasant still in the anticipation of proving oneself a little cleverer than the others and of receiving the gift. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind. Acrostic is Greek for a number of verses, the first letters of which form a word—sometimes a name and sometimes a sentence. The final letter forms a word, or, as Aristotle tells us, the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Hebrew poets often made their verses run over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the one hundred and nineteenth. This has 22 divisions of stanzas, corresponding to the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight couplets, and the first line of each couplet in the first stanza in the original Hebrew begins with the letter alpha, the second couplet with beta, the third with gamma and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses on sacred subjects after the fashion of the second commandment with a view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abecedarian hymns.

The riddle is also of ancient origin. The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the Queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solomon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains riddles, as do some books now in existence, written in Arabic and Persian. The ancient Egyptians also produced riddles, and these I have already mentioned. Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for her riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plutarch, died of vexation at not being able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were riddles in the terrestrial hall and also in the monastery. In later days some of the most brilliant men of letters contributed to the list of riddles.

The anagram, or transposition of the letters of words or sentences, was much used in the times of the olden times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doctors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with meaning they firmly believed it a revelation. The flat-footed James I. of England proved his right to the British monarchy as descendant of the mythical King Arthur from his name Charles James Stuart, which becomes "charles James Stuart."

The best anagrams are those which have in the new order of letters some significant meaning appropriate to that which they represent. Plutarch asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?), he probably had no idea that his question answered itself. But it did. The transposition made it, "Est veritas quid est?" (It is the man who is here. Answer the question, and you will know the truth, and their name comes from the Greek words, ana, backward, and gramma, writing.—Philadelphia Press.

Secret of Living Long. The necessity of relative harmony between the physical and mental systems cannot be too strongly urged. Herein lies the chief secret of health and long life. Manifest weakness, or even preponderant strength, in any part opens the avenue for the invasion of disease and the approach of death. What can the editors make their selections. This was a plan by which authors could tell whether their stories were accepted or not, as they could look in the box and find out at any time.

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A HOUSE OF FREAKS.

THE QUEER WHIMS OF AN ECCENTRIC RESIDENT OF CHICAGO.

He Has Money to Spend and Pays It Out For Work Upon a Hotel Which is Altered as Often as Once a Year, but Which Has Never Been Occupied.

On a certain west side street there stands a big white four story building. One would say it was an apartment house were it not that it seems to be empty. But each spring and fall signs of life overtake the place. Workmen in blue overalls and jumpers come in gangs. Wrigons drive up and unload lumber, bricks and mortar. Windows and doors are opened, and the ears of the people in the vicinity are greeted with the sound of hammer and saw. Were this building to be destroyed a landmark would disappear, and were its owner to die Chicago would lose one of its characters.

Possessor of an ample fortune, this man, who may be called Colonel Perkins, gratifies some of the queerest whims which ever burdened mortal man or caused a faithful public no end of amusement. This building is the object of his peculiar workaholic obsession, and its interior has probably worn more different aspects within the last five years than any other building in this city.

For heaven only knows how many years the colonel has intended to open a hotel. Once or twice and sometimes twice every year workmen are engaged, material purchased, and for a few weeks great bustle and confusion go on within the white walls. Partitions are torn down and put up, painters and paper hangers change the appearance of the rooms, and a great renovation is effected. This goes on for perhaps a month. Then suddenly the workmen are called off, doors and windows are closed, and the house is apparently empty for months. About the time the people are becoming accustomed to the deserted appearance of the place, the workmen again appear and tear out what they had put in.

The colonel spends from \$500 to \$5,000 every time he gets the workmen into the house. As you go into the building you first notice a great oak tree in his new hall, which he would open for the world's fair year. When he came home, he hired workmen, and a part of them he put on the staircase. The men started to work with sandpaper and pumice stone to take off the old paint and varnish. The colonel stopped them. They must scrape it with glass, he said. A foreman tried to explain that they could do it quicker and better their way, but to no purpose. It would not. It must be scraped with glass. He was paying for that staircase, and he was going to have it done his way. So the men got pieces of broken glass and scraped away with bits of glass. They finished the work in time, but the sum which it cost the colonel was something prodigious.

Then he concluded that a furnace in a house was a poor idea, so he had that taken out and the registers stuffed up. He said when he opened his hotel he would furnish the guests with candles, and they could have stoves if they chose to pay for them. The cheapest room in the house was to be \$2 a day. Personally Colonel Perkins does not like running water in a room. Therefore he had it shut off in his room and a basin set in the stationary bath. A pitcher of water sets on the floor. This oddity of his, or rather the way it is placed, is the queerest imaginable. If a person were to walk suddenly into this man's bedroom, he would rub his eyes and wonder where he was. Suspended in the center of the room by chains from the ceiling is the colonel's bed. He reaches it by means of a small ladder which he has built for the purpose. The reason he assigns for having his bed placed in this singular position is that the air circulates better up there. How the circulation of air could have any bearing on the case is not easily seen, as the transom and every window in the room is nailed shut with big spikes.

The blankets on the bed are of the finest silk. These he sends to Boston to be cleaned, where he also sends his trousseau every month to be pressed. One time during an annual campaign of repairs the colonel concluded the mattresses and pillows needed ruffling and the chairs and sofas needed new upholstery. Instead of sending the things out to be fixed he had men come to the house. The mattresses, pillows and furniture were all ruffled, and the contents he had the men pile in one room. Half way to the ceiling was a heap of hay, corn husks, curled hair and excelsior, and there it remains to this day, or at least a part of it is in that room. A portion, through carelessness of the workmen, has been blown through the rest of the house. The frames of the furniture also had to be all scraped with glass, and the cost was something like three times what new furniture would cost.

Another innovation which he colonel says he will embody in his hotel is a device which sink into the floor. He proposes to have the doors fitted so that by pressing a button they will sink into grooves until the top is flush with the floor. Pressure upon another button brings them up again.

Whenever he intends to go on a trip his trunks are packed and sent on exactly three days before he leaves. If by any accident the baggage is delayed one day, the colonel postpones his departure just one day.—Chicago Tribune.

A Progressive Princess. Mrs. Weldon, the wife of Mr. Frank Weldon of the editorial staff of the Atlanta Constitution, is in correspondence with the Princess Nuzur of Cairo, Egypt, with a view to securing an exhibit of the work of the women of Egypt in the woman's exhibit at the Cotton States and International exposition in his hotel in New York. The princess has abandoned the veil and enjoys more freedom than most Mohammedan women. She is regarded as the most enlightened and progressive woman in Egypt and has many friends and correspondents in America.

Not Superstitious. He seemed preoccupied. "Why so thoughtful?" she asked, while with dignity born of womanly reserve and consideration of a drug store complexion she did not come too near him.

"Is it true," he said, directing an intense gaze upon her, "that you have already had 12 husbands?"

"Yes." "Through her shyness to the winds she came and kissed him, and said, 'Yes, but I am not a bit superstitious.'"—Detroit Tribune.

HOLLIS' SCHOOL.

Nowhere are boys better cared for and more thoroughly taught than at Hollis' School, Burlington, San Mateo county, Cal. The school is in charge of Dr. G. H. Hollis, Ph. D., and will reopen August 6th.—S. F. Chronicle.

When Girls Smoke Cigarettes. "I have repeatedly asserted," commented a woman the other day, "that I never knew any woman who smoked and never met any one who knew one who did, but I can no longer say so. A case has come home to me in the family of a dear friend in a neighboring city, where the young daughter of the house, a girl of 16, is it feared, hopelessly ill from the effects of cigarette smoking. She first smoked in a spirit of foolish sport, but soon became addicted to the habit, and a package a day often did not satisfy her, and she is now a wreck, with little prospect of recovering. It has been a terrible revelation and shock to her mother, who had no suspicion of the fact till her child was almost beyond help. Other mothers ought perhaps to be told of the case as a warning to vigilance, though it cannot be possible that it will be often duplicated."—New York Tribune.

Baroness de Langensau. The Baroness de Langensau of Vienna, widow of a former minister from the Austrian court to Russia, has taken the vice presidency of the W. C. T. U. for that country. The baroness devotes all her varied gifts to the well being of those who need help. She has opened a home for servant girls, a mission for orphaned and a chapel for the Wesleyan missionary—a German sent out under the auspices of the London society. Perhaps a more difficult field for women's work could not be found than Vienna, but even there the light begins to dawn. Not only among women of the highest social rank, but among those of the least opportunity, there is "the sound of a going in the millinery trees" that means an escape from the bondage of century old tradition and prejudice into the new liberty of "Christianity applied."

Portia Versus Ophelia. It was Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, the impressive president of the Chicago Woman's club, who won the admiration of every one in attendance upon the meetings of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held in Philadelphia recently, who once declared that "if Hamlet had been in love with Portia instead of Ophelia he never would have gone mooning round and debating whether it was better to be or not to be."

Care For the Dress Shields. The woman who aspires to be dainty pays especial attention to her dress shields. New ones should be put in after every three or four times wearing at the most, or the old ones should be removed and washed before being used again. Unless this is done they will prove very disagreeable if the wearer perspires freely.

Decorated by a King. An American woman, Mme. de Hegern-Lindner, has received from the king of Sweden the decoration of "Litteris et Artibus" for her skill in conducting an opera which she gave at her home in Sweden. This lady is the third woman to receive this honor, Jenny Lind and N. Larson being the ones previously decorated.

THE KEYS TO THE ARCH. In the edifice of health it is, which means more muscular energy, but on a live discharge of the various functions of the body, as digestion, secretion of the bile, the action of the lungs, the circulation of the blood, nothing more actively or thoroughly contributes to the maintenance of the system than the renowned tonic and regulator, Hester's Stomach Bitters. The result of its use is a steady gain in strength, together with the agreeable consciousness that the tonic is doing its work. It is a reliable safeguard against malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble. Appetite and sleep improve through its use, and it protects the system against the effects of colds and damp.

"Do you think that Bitters would deceive a friend?" "Of course not. None of his friends would believe a word he says."

HOW TO GET WELL. We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We guarantee to cure you, or give you \$100.00. Write for circular. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials Free.

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