

EUGENE CITY GUARD.

L. L. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A LITTLE GIRL INFLUENCED A KING.

The Royal Heir of Belgium Grants a Philadelphia Child's Appeal.

In August, 1893, Frank S. Moore, of Philadelphia, a sailor on the steamer Rhineland, after the captain had refused his ship, after the captain had refused his leave of absence, for the purpose of hastening to the bedside of a dying sister. After the death of his relative he shipped on the Waesland, of the same line, under an assumed name. Six years after his identity was disclosed by a fellow seaman while the vessel was in Antwerp, and he was seized by the Belgian authorities and thrown into a dungeon. Since that time all the resources of diplomacy have been exhausted in an effort to secure the man's release, but nothing availed until the latter part of June last, when Bessie Keim, a little niece of Moore, wrote this letter to the king:

"TO LEOPOLD III, King of Belgium, Antwerp: "YOUR MAJESTY—I am only a little girl 15 years old, and I hope you will pardon me for writing to you when you hear all."

"My uncle, Frank S. Moore, is now in the Belgian prison for desertion from the Rhineland, over six years ago. He was sailing on the Rhineland, and my aunt was very sick. Her only prayer was to see Uncle Frank before she died. We sent word to him that she was dying. He showed the letter to the captain of the Rhineland, but he refused to let him leave the steamer. The sailors advised Uncle Frank to run away, and he did.

"Aunt Debbie lived about a week afterward. After she died Uncle Frank found that his vessel had sailed, so he sailed on the Waesland under the name of Frank S. Walker. That has been over six years ago, and he was just arrested in Antwerp, as you can see by the newspaper slip that I send in my letter. Your majesty, if you had been in his place would you not have done the same thing you will pardon Uncle Frank for deserting and me for writing to you, I am, very respectfully, BESSIE KEIM."

Moore was released subsequent to the date of Bessie's letter to the surprise of all his friends, but the matter was explained when the thoughtful girl received at her home a big envelope stamped with the royal arms of Belgium. The letter was written in French, and, when translated, read as follows:

"AT THE PALACE, BRUSSELS.—Cabinet of the King: I have the honor of informing you that the king has read your letter and taken action upon your request therein contained, by which you solicit that he remit your uncle's imprisonment. "By his majesty's command an order to that effect has been transmitted to the minister of justice, out of compliment to his majesty's little friend. For the king, "BOMBERHEIM, Secretary."

"TO MME. Bessie Keim, at Philadelphia.—Exchange.

A Present That Wasn't Made.

In a certain family, as the Christmas season came around, it was resolved to try an experiment. Every member of the family wrote out a list of the Christmas presents that he or she would like to get, and hung it on the chimney piece for the guidance of those who were going to make gifts. It was rather convenient and nice all around. But a young man of the family conceived the idea of throwing a little humor into the list of things he wanted, and among the other articles he put down as desirable Christmas presents for himself he included "The Tail of Roberto." Now Roberto was the name of a cat that lived in the house; and the young man could not possibly have his cat's tail for a present, because it was bobtailed. It was a fairly good joke; but it happened that a member of the family, who wasn't very good at orthography, took this entry for the name of a book, and, having a party for the young man, started off on a tour through the book stores in search of it. "Have you 'The Tail of Roberto?'" she asked, at a very large and entirely first class store. The bookseller scratched his head for a moment, and made answer: "No, we haven't it in stock just now, but we can send and get it for you."—Boston Transcript.

Franks.

Punkatoway has a boy who, when he reads, turns everything upside down. Newspapers are his hobby, and he reads them when inverted best. This peculiar faculty was not inborn, but acquired. The child did not go to school, but passed the time away in a room, the walls of which were covered with newspapers. The latter were generally upside down, and by reading from the bottom upward he became familiar with inverted print. George Broombaugh, a 9-year-old pupil of Mapleton, is an ambidexter of a peculiar nature. He writes equally as well with either hand. However, when he writes with his left hand the copybook is reversed—topside down—and the letters are formed in an inverted position. When writing with the right hand the copybook is in the usual position. All efforts at correction have proved futile.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegram.

Hunting in Maine.

Even the women and children are participating in the present good hunting up in western Maine. The other day, Mrs. George Brown, of Guilford, in Piscataquis county, while looking out of her kitchen window, saw a large and handsome fox come out in the field near her. Her husband being away, she took down his rifle and pointed it out of the window at the fox. The window being low, she found she could not rest the gun on the sill and take good aim, so she raised it and held it at arm's length, fired and killed the fox instantly. She then went out and brought her trophy into the house. The Portland Press, from which this paragraph is taken, says that the distance, being measured, proved to be thirty rods.

The President of the Seattle School Board recommended at the last meeting that that body that shade and ornamental trees be placed around all the school buildings in that city, and, although action was deferred on the proposition, it is quite probable that such a step will be taken at an early day.

OLD MAN GILBERT.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY,

Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joanna," etc.

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"Why should I trouble myself about his name?" said Lottie, impatiently. "Is there any way for me to see him?" persisted Winifred, desperately. "Winifred Thorne!" cried her cousins in chorus. "The enemy of your country? Surely you would not speak to him?"

"If he can tell me anything of my brother I would go down on my knees to him!" Winifred declared, with a tremulous fervor. "Oh, Lottie! Oh, Bess! You do not understand. Brer Nicholas was all I had to love."

"You had your father, and you have him still," said Lottie, with virtuous superiority; "though she did not think that she herself would have liked the colonel for a father."

"And your Aunt Elvira," said Bess, reproachfully; "and yet Bess was not passing fond of Miss Elvira."

Winifred smiled sadly. "Yes," she said, "I suppose they both loved me as a child, but they kept me at a distance, while Brer Nicholas—I lived close to his heart. I have missed him always; I shall never rest until I find him."

"Your father will never forgive you if you make overtures to this Capt. Fletcher," said Lottie, with conviction. "Fletcher?" cried Winifred. "Thought you did not know his name?"

"Well—if you must have the truth, Winifred, we know his name, not because we care about it, but because we cannot help knowing it. John Lorimer Fletcher—there's enough of it, goodness knows."

"My Aunt Winifred's friend?" Winifred exclaimed in extreme surprise. "I know now why you and Bess looked at each other so."

"If you were so unfortunate as to meet him at your aunt's," said Lottie, with a judicial air, "why you know, Missy, that was something you could not help, and you are not bound to know him now, of course."

"I did not know him! I would not know him!" cried Winifred, in strong excitement. "He was at aunt's once, for a few days, and I begged her not to let him meet me. When he came unexpectedly into the room where I was, the only time I ever saw him, I turned my back upon him and left him. The sight of him made my whole heart burn. I could not think of him except as an enemy arrayed against my dear, dear brother, who I knew must be in the Confederate army. I never dreamed of the possibility of a meeting between him and Brer Nicholas, except in mortal combat, and the sight of him was dreadful; it was intolerable to be in the same house with him." She threw herself back in her chair, and covered her face with her hands, trembling. "Oh, if I could have known! If I could but have known!" she moaned.

"Well, we don't know that he did anything much for Cousin Nicholas," said Bess, with intent to be consoling. "And one doesn't care to be under obligations to a Yankee officer."

"If he did but see Brer Nicholas, that is much. Oh, Bess, think how long it has been since I have seen my brother! And this man is my Aunt Winifred's friend—my good old aunt, who was always so patient with me."

"It makes no difference," said Lottie. "He brought a letter from your aunt; Cousin Jasper told grandmother all about it. He said that Mrs. Lorimer expected to see him when she begged to have the carriage wait when she and Miss Elvira alighted at Mrs. Herry's door."

"I should think you had had riding enough after nine miles," said Miss Elvira; "but you young people are never tired."

Winifred did not explain, but as soon as she had seen her aunt comfortably settled in Cousin Myrtilla's room she bravely announced to Lottie and Bess that she was going to drive to Mrs. Theodore Scott's.

"To meet that Yankee officer?" cried Lottie and Bess, indignantly.

"Oh, Missy! Missy!" lamented Lottie. "We shouldn't have thought of it—you—a Southern born!"

"For my part," cried Bess, "I would rather never hear of my brother."

"I haven't asked you to go with me," Winifred retorted in an angry tone, but checked herself, and added, with a sigh, "We'd better not discuss this question, Bess."

"Did your father give you leave?" asked Lottie, excitedly. "For if he did—" "I haven't asked him. Don't say any more; I can't help it; I don't want to think whether I am right or wrong. Let me go!"

She broke away and hastened out. At the gate she met Mom Bee.

"Whichever you gwan, honey?" asked the old nurse, suspiciously. "De sount me word you wuz to be spendin' de day, en' I come stretway ter git a glimpse at you. I 'lows ter spen de day, myself, of Miss Myrtilla ain't objectin'." en' I know she ain't. Lemme tell you, chile; I ain't got speech o' dat Fed'ral gemman yit."

"Never mind," Missy interrupted, impatiently. "Let me go!"

"You ain't gwan after him, Missy, now sho'ly you ain't?"

"I surely ain't," Missy declared.

"Den I kin tell you hit ain't no use," said Glory-Ann, planting herself solidly in the way. "Miss Theodo' Scott is done got him inter ter two-hawse buggy, en' tuk him down ter St. Mark's. Fac'."

"How do you know?" cried Missy, impatiently.

"How do I know? Ain't de bespoke de buggy long o' Tom Quash, who is quit de hotel en' jined de livery stable?"

"Now, honey, jes' you go back ter yo' cousins en' bejo' yo' self, en' wait on succumstance. Leftum ter yo' ole mammy, I gwan mammy."

Missy sighed and submitted. She sent the carriage away and returned to the parlor, where Lottie and Bess were still holding an indignation meeting. Mom Bee followed hard behind, but stopped upon the threshold.

"Ob, Winifred, we're so glad you've changed your mind!" cried Lottie, as Winifred sat down, sighing.

"I've not changed my mind," Winifred returned; "but Mom Bee says they've gone to St. Mark's. Today of all days!"

At this Bess looked up inquiringly, but Mom Bee's vigorous pantomime imposed

silence, and Missy, who had turned away, was none the wiser.

Late that afternoon, when Miss Elvira and Missy had departed, the diplomatic Mom Bee sought a private audience of Mrs. Herry.

"Hit's about Missy, Miss Myrtilla," she said, anxiously. "cause dat chile ain't got no no' gumpion den a baby. Hit runs in de Thorne fambly ter be heady, en' Missy is heady. Mialo-virey, wid en' eyes sot on de grab book, she ain't never gwan onest'ant nuth'; en' mawster, he don't onest'ant nuth'; leastwise, Missy gotter be policed."

"What in the world is the matter?" Mrs. Herry asked, bewildered and alarmed.

"Miss Myrtilla, I is 'most 'shamed ter tell you. Missy done begged ter run after dat Fed'ral gemman ter Miz Theodo' Scott, 'cause dis ole fool nigger had ter go let on dat de wuz a talk he had met wid Mawse Nick in de wah. Lawd! Miss Myrtilla, I catch dat chile on de track of dat fed'ral gemman dis blessed mawmin'! He's a proper gemman, may-be; but mawster ain't gwan know nothin' 'bout him, en' Missy got no business followin' him up, jes' ter git a word 'bout Mawse Nick."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Herry. "She must not."

"I know better den tell her she must," said the sagacious Glory-Ann. "I wuz 'bleeged ter tell dat bumpion chile what Miz Theodo' Scott en' dat fed'ral wuz outen town. But I can't keep on tellin' such lies ter save her manners. She ain't gwan believe me bout her. You en' me is gotter look after Missy, Miss Myrtilla. Now I'm gwan see dat fed'ral gemman, come ter-morrow. Hit ain't no use ter ax mawster ter put his wah feelins' en' his politics in his pocket; he ain't gwan do hit. Hit's me wen' I'm gwan back ter Mawse Nick; en' den I'm gwan back ter de plantation, ef I totes myself, ter tell Missy, fur de peace o' her min'." De ain't much use in freedom ez I kin see, de ole nigger lak me ain't free ter use her judgment. En', ef you please, Miss Myrtilla, lem' me 'side saddle, en' I'll muck out, some ways, ter git a muel."

The next morning Glory-Ann interviewed Capt. John Lorimer Fletcher. She was greatly disappointed to find this important personage in citizen's dress, but otherwise his appearance won her approval; she decided in an instant that he was "quality" and she did obeisance accordingly.

The captain was seated at a table in Mrs. Theodore Scott's parlor, writing a letter, and he did not relish the interruption; yet he was agreeably impressed by the stately manner of this old negro woman in a blue homespun gown and a towering yellow turban.

"Well," he said, with a sigh of impatience, "what can I do for you, my good maum?"

A southerner would have addressed her as "auntie."

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"Oh!" exclaimed Capt. Fletcher, pushing away his writing materials. "Who sent you?"

"Dullaw, mawster, de ain't nobody sont me; I come o' my own notion. I nussed all de Thorne chillen; en' Missy, she ain't studyin' nothin' but Mawse Nick."

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"Dat's Miss Winifred Thorne."

"Ah, yes; I understand," said John Fletcher, biting his mustache to hide a smile. Miss Winifred Thorne was the young lady who had turned her back upon him one day, in Mrs. Lorimer's parlor, and marched out of the room. Mrs. Lorimer had told him her history afterward; and he had promised to befriend this defiant young lady's brother, if ever the opportunity should offer.

And, strange to say, the opportunity did offer. Nicholas Thorne was wounded and taken prisoner at Nashville; yet Capt. Fletcher might never have heard of him, except for an old negro, who, following after, in mortal terror of shot and shell, and by dint of sheer persistence of inquiry, had found his young master in the hospital, and had insisted upon being held prisoner with him.

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"De amazin' powers! Ole man Gilbert, tubbe sho! What a gret pity ole man Dublin is dead en' gawn, dat he can't hear de news! Ain't Missy gwan be sp'ised?"

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There was little more to tell. Through Capt. Fletcher's exertions Nicholas was promptly exchanged, and the captain had never heard from him since.

Unfortunately Capt. Fletcher could not recall the name of the little place in Mississippi where Nicholas' home then was, and where his wife and child were living; and he had made no memorandum of it, and the letter he wrote Mrs. Lorimer at the time had never reached her.

"I'm pow'ful 'bleeged ter you, mawster," said Glory-Ann, with a profound courtesy. "I dunno what my po' little Missy is gwan do 'bout hit all, but I know hit gwan give de chile some sort o' comfort."

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"You have betrayed me; I happened to tell you of my having met Nicholas Thorne before I knew that his father would refuse to receive me, and now the story has gone abroad."

"It was too good to keep," was all the satisfaction Mrs. Scott gave him.

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders, saying:

"That unbending old southerner will imagine that I am trying to force his recognition."

"You can decline in your turn," his friend suggested.

"I shall never have the chance," John Fletcher said; "but after all, what does it matter?"

CHAPTER XXIV.
GLORY-ANN INTERFERES.

Winifred Thorne was not determined, in spite of her father's opposition, to see Capt. Fletcher. The first time, therefore, that she went to town to spend the day with her cousins she begged to have the carriage wait when she and Miss Elvira alighted at Mrs. Herry's door.

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acquaintance while at school, and they justly reproach her teachers for not having adopted the more liberal policy of educating a girl who was to leave school at 20 on the possibility to provide for this active and proper demand without compromise which is unfair to thoroughness, and which will not result in superficiality, I am justified in having adopted and for many years defended such a plan by the highest authority among the educators of modern times.—Mrs. Sylvanus Reed in Scribner's.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE WOMEN OF THE RHINE, WHO WORK AND SING AND MARRY.

Value of Seasoning—Designers of Advertisements—The Happy Woman—Make Womanhood a Specialty—The Modern Girl Must Know Everything.

It is a land of corn and wine that borders this turrid river, but its fruits are not gathered without its women. They want these Rhensish peasants say, who sit in rocking chairs. It is the girl who sings the loudest in the vintage who soon gets a husband. Twelve cents a day is the wages she earns besides the prospect of marriage.

Forty cents is a man's hire, with two quarts of the poorer wine. And when the rustic lover has married, his sweetheart then will see her climbing the hillsides in the morning to cut grass for her cows. If you walk you will notice everywhere the stone posts set back a few feet from every highway.

Between these and the beaten track the peasant women's sleds are always busy, for these little margins are public property and supply grass for the summer and hay against the winter time. You will meet her, too, with an enormous weight of wood on her head, a load that no man could not carry, dead and alive, the little party will pass her digging in the little patch of vines and potatoes that are her peasant's orn and leaves his wife to plant and hoe and harvest, while he hires out to a vineyarder. This is her morning—her housekeeping—and at 1 o'clock she, too, is ready for half a day's hiring to pull weeds or train vines. And while she bears many children and finds life not less pleasant than women of other lands whose tasks press not so heavily.—Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Value of Rich Seasoning.

A potent aid in making cheap cookery savory is the judicious use of seasoning. In some homes knowledge of these seems to be confined to an acquaintance with pepper, mustard, onion and parsley. Little is known of the variety of even simple herbs, like thyme, sweet marjoram and summer savory, and still less of Worcester sauce, Harvey's, anchovy and chili sauces, vinegar, of bay leaves, of tarragon butter, of olives, of tomato and walnut oil, or of the careful employment of spices in small quantities. The magical improvement wrought by the addition of a little lemon juice and a wingful of California sherry (at fifty cents a quart bottle) is utterly unknown.

Of course the first outfit for some of these commodities may savor of extravagance. But many of the articles are very cheap, and even the most costly ones are so sold in such small quantities that a supply of any one of them will last a long time. Moreover, if a woman's aim is to prepare dishes which her family will eat and enjoy she will find that the purchase of condiments pays, and the variety their occasional use gives will make a change back to simple diet more agreeable.—Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick in Harper's Bazar.

Designers of Advertisements.

Clever draughtswomen in various sections of the country are doing a brisk business getting up striking pictures that they sell at high rates for advertising purposes. If they succeed in hitting upon a novelty adapted to some particular trade a quick and handsome profit is the result. A couple of sisters who were left entirely dependent on their own exertions happened upon a combination scheme. One of the girls possessed a knack for rhyming, while the other was ready with her pencil. Having neither money nor influence, their combination seemed pretty serious, when by inspiration the eldest sister sketched a fleeing army of bugs pursued by a bottle having the wings and head of a scorpion and carrying a flaming sword.

It was not much of a picture after all, but a firm bought it of her and asked to see other designs. This first encouragement set her wits to work, and she soon turned out a number of effective sketches. They were nearly all accepted, and when the younger girl supplemented the drawings with odd and catchy bits of verse they were paid double for their work.

For two years these young women have lived in comparative ease on their jingles and pictures, that bring in a tidy monthly income.—Illustrated American.

The Happy Woman.

I know a woman whose lot in life is one of the pleasantest, and far above the average. She has a loving husband commanding a comfortable income, one of the sweetest babies in the world, and a home that is a perfect picture of artistic beauty and domestic comfort. Yet she is discontented because just opposite to her home lives a woman whose fortune borders close to a million dollars, left her by her husband. She has her retinue of servants and gorgeous livery, and everything in the world apparently to make her happy. Is she?

Listen to her own words as told to a member of my family: "I suppose the world regards me as a happy woman; but it does not know how I suffer! What is my money to me when at the strike of the midnight hour I awake, as I often do, and stretch forth my hand in vacancy for the form which lies in the graveyard, or turn to the crib in search of the little form that lies with me! I tell you, my dear, money is a mockery when your heart longs for companionship and for sympathy!" But yet her neighbor across the way, who at night needs only to stretch forth her hand to touch the shoulder of her protector, and hears the soft breathing of her infant child, envies this woman her happiness!—Ladies' Home Journal.

Make Womanhood Your Specialty.

Homaniism is a straw, we are told, that shows the trend of feeling and ambition among women of all grades. Having asked for and obtained the index of equality, we will be content with nothing short of the ell of acknowledged superiority. Satirists point to such indices of popular sentiment as incident to the history of all emancipated these telltale floats bring pain and uneasiness. If woman would be truly great she must be great in a womanly way, and within the pale of the sex she reverences so fondly to risk confounding it with another.

The path to success in this age is trodden most securely by the specialist. Let woman make a specialty of womanhood, and the inconnumerable obligations and opportunities that belong to it. Costume is more than a badge. It is a symbol and a pledge. All nations and ages have accepted this as truth. The least offensive implication of the homaniist's dress and ways is that she is dissatisfied with her gender; that she desires to look and act and feel as little as possible like a woman and as much as may be like her exemplar and superior—man.—Marion Harland in New York Herald.

The Modern Girl Must Know Everything.

The conditions of modern life in this great and growing country are such that the average American girl of more favored circumstances may step from the school room, generally before she is 20 years old, into a station where the demands of domestic, social, charitable and practical affairs leave her little time for further systematic study, and yet max every resource of her store of knowledge and equipment. If then she is confronted with subjects of which she is ignorant, but wish which she should have acquired at least a speaking

acquaintance while at school, and they justly reproach her teachers for not having adopted the more liberal policy of educating a girl who was to leave school at 20 on the possibility to provide for this active and proper demand without compromise which is unfair to thoroughness, and which will not result in superficiality, I am justified in having adopted and for many years defended such a plan by the highest authority among the educators of modern times.—Mrs. Sylvanus Reed in Scribner's.

Children's Rights.

If a child has any sensibility scolding either kills it or makes it vicious. Children have rights which ought to be respected as much as with their elders. They can reason as well as older and are not parents are as quick to see as anyone else when the household of a noted dramatist in New York is said to be a democracy. The voice of the youngest child in it is as potent as that of a parent.

This is a rare incident of the recognition of children's rights, and while it might not prove successful if generally applied, owing to parental incapacity, who can say that it is not a plan of wisdom, and one that in many cases might work worse domestic harmony? While oftentimes children have been ruined by indulgence they have frequently been spoiled with discipline.

Children were never designed for nonentity—a fact in proof of which the omniscient small boy stands out with monumental prominence. While children can be allowed to become a nuisance by the laxity of parents they can, on the other hand, be oppressed until they become atrophied in mind and heart and soul.—Albany Journal.

For Children's Spare Hours.

A pleasant pastime for children originated in the active minds of some Kansas youngsters, and was called "The Children's Industrial Exposition." In vacation days six little ones, between the ages of 7 and 12, worked busily with their hands on all sorts of industries with which they were acquainted, and dolls' houses and furniture, pump, small herbulariums consisting of small collections of plants neatly labeled, leaves of trees and specimens of forest woods, chicken feather fans, small tables, benches, boxes, boats and drays in wood work, searoll saw baskets and frames and wall paper fans were among the products of their toil.

These were exhibited on neatly decorated tables in "Basement hall." The proceeds of the small admission fees were applied to premiums for exhibited articles. The cards attached to the articles, as well as the posters used for the occasion, were hawked by the children, and the affair proved a very happy and interesting one for all concerned. Here is a hint for vacation employment for children.—New York Ledger.

Be Careful of Your Broom.

With the little care brooms can be kept equal to new for a long time, as with everything else, they must be well treated to do their best work.

Always scald a new broom before it has ever been used. Pour boiling water all over the broom where it is attached to the handle; then stand the broom up to dry, with the end of the handle resting on the floor and the straws upmost. This treatment renders the broom soft and pliable, making it wetter bent. Do not use a broom that is not in use never stand it with the straws next the floor, for it tends to make the broom one sided and spoils its shape. Rather stand the broom so it will rest on the end of the handle, with the straws lying leaning against the wall, or better still, pierce a hole through the top of the broom handle with a red hot nail, run a string through it and tie in a loop to hang the broom up by.

Then see that the broom is always hung up clear of the floor when it is put away.—Youth's Companion.

Color During Mourning.

There is much to be said against the custom of wearing mourning. When carried to excess it is a reprehensible one, as it casts a gloom over the family circle and is an eternal reminder of the lost loved one. It is of course incompatible with one's feelings to don a colored gown immediately after the demise of a friend, although the heart may throbs as sadly beneath a rose colored robe as it might under one of as funereal a hue as that of Hamlet's ink cloak.

It has become quite common of late years for dying people to ask their survivors not to wear black, and these well intentioned requests are often productive of embarrassment, as it is difficult to explain this fact to the world. A lady once told me that one of the most trying ordeals she underwent during her whole life was the wearing of a blue bonnet to her father's funeral, his last wish being that the family should attend in their ordinary attire.—Jennet-Miller Magazine.

Dress—Its Proprietries and Abuses.

Shun peculiarities of dress which attract the vulgar.

Materials may be humble, but they may always be tastefully made and neatly kept.

It is a shame for a woman to dress unattractively who has it in her power to dress well.

Dress in such a manner that your attire will not occupy your thoughts after it is upon you.

That mode of dressing the form and face which best harmonizes with its beauty is that which pleases God best.

A woman was made for something higher than a convenient figure for displaying dry goods and the possibilities of millinery and mantua making.—Good Housekeeping.

Romania's Pretty Queen.

Her majesty of Romania, who under the name of "Cecilia Sive" is well known both as poetess and authoress, is, at the age of forty-seven, still a beautifully woman. She is tall, with an extremely good figure, and, but for the silvery lines which have dimmed the brightness of her golden hair, still retains most of the beauties of her youth. Her eyes are quite bewitching, being large and blue, with a delicious dreamy look. She has a really classical mouth, exquisitely white, regular teeth, a finely cut nose and small, well shaped hands and feet. She was very quickly dressed in a gray tweed walking gown.

When at home