# EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

A LITTLE GIRL INFLUENCED & KING

The Royal Ruler of Belgium Grants Philadelphia Child's Appeal. In August, 1883, Frank S. Moore, of Philadelphia, a sailor on the steamer Rhineland, of the Red Star line, deserted his ship, after the captain had refused him 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 anthorities 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 13 years old, and I hope you will pardon me for writing to you when you

'My uncle, Frank S. Moore, is now in the Belgium 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

"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, each other so, Your majesty, if you had been in his place would you not have done the same? I am, very respectfully, Bessie Keim."

Moore was released subsequent to the know him now, of course." date of Bessie's letter to the surprise of "I did not know him! I would not all his friends, but the matter was ex- know him!" cried Winifred, in strong plained when the thoughtful girl re- excitement. "He was at aunt's once, ceived at her home a big envelope for a few days, and I begged her not to stamped with the royal arms of Belgium. let him meet me. When he came unex-The letter was written in French, and, pectedly into the room where I was, the when translated, read as follows:

"BOMMERHEIM, 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 thing much for Cousin Nicholas," said try an experiment. Every member of Bess, with intent to be consoling. "And the family wrote out a list of the Christ- one doesn't care to be under obligations mas presents that he or she would like to to a Yankee officer." get, and hong it on the chimney piece 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 be 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 partiality 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.

Punxsutawney 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 pu- felt before. pil 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 by. 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 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.

There has been an extraordinary and slarming increase in the number of suicides among officers in the German In one month twenty-eight offi-

cers shot themselves. The President of the Scattle School Board recommended at the last meeting of 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 e taken at an early day.

By ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY, ("KAMBA THORPE,") Author of "Four Oaks," "Little Joan na," Etc.

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"Why should I trouble myself abou his name?" said Lottie, impatiently. "Is there any way for me to see him?

persisted Winifred, desperately. "Winifred Thorne!" cried her cousing in chorus. "The enemy of your country? Surely you would not speak to

"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, Nicholas was all I had to love.

"You had your father, and you have him still," said Lottie, with virtuous reproof; 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 passng 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 be cause 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

"If you were so unfortunate as meet him at your aunt's," said Lottie, Hoping you will pardon Uncle Frank with a judicial air, "why you know, for deserting and me for writing to you, Missy, that was something you could not help, and you are not bound to

only time I ever saw him, I turned my "AT THE PALACE, BRUSSELS,-Cabinet back upon him and left him. The sight of the King: I have the honor of inform- of him made my whole heart burn. I ing you that the king has read your let- could not think of him except as an ter and taken action upon your request enemy arrayed against my dear, dear therein contained, by which you solicit brother, who I knew must be in the Conthat he remit your uncle's imprisonment. federate army. I never dreamed of the "By his majesty's command an order possibility of a meeting between him and to that effect has been transmitted to the Brer Nicholas, except in mortal combat, minister of justice, out of compliment to and the sight of him was dreadful; it was his majesty's little friend. For the king. 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 mouned.

"Well, we don't know that he did any

"If he did but see Brer Nicholas, that for the guidance of those who were going is much. Oh, Bess, think how long it to make gifts. It was rather convenient 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. Lorrimer expected too much when she asked him to invite a Yankee officer to his house. He was very angry; and that was why he wrote for you to come home so suddenly; and as a dutiful daughter I don't see how you can take any notice of this man, Lottie concluded, with some emphasis She rather distrusted her cousin's five years' residence at the north.

"Nobody notices him," said Bess, re enforcing her sister's argument, "excep-Mrs. Theodere Scott-she was Miss La taste, don't you know, who used to give you music lessons. He was ill at the hotel, and she took him away, and in sisted upon his staying at her house She says it is her duty to take care of him, because his family had shown he some kindness or other, years ago; but people don't go to that Mrs. Scott's now

not if they can help it." In spite of this statement Winifred Thorne's heart was on fire to go to "that Mrs. Scott's." She was sitting, the next day, absorbed in this desire, when, happening to glance up in the restlessness of her impatience, she found her father's gaze bent upon her. She had thought herself alone, and started slightly, reddening with a sense of guilt she had not

"What is the matter with me?" asked, and smiled faintly. "Nothing; I see no fault in you, Wini

fred," the colonel replied, with an ar swering smile, followed by a sigh. The tears rushed to Winifred's ev

All at once she comprehended that it must be her duty to confide in her father and with that impulsiveness which had characterized her decisions of old, sh asked:

"Father, aren't you going to see this Capt. Fletcher, some time? He is Aunt Winifred's friend, you know."

"What do you know about him?" the colonel asked, with a searching glance. "Did Mrs. Lorrimer tell you of his pres ence here?"

"No, no; she told me nothing. I did not know of his being here until yesterday. But I wish you would go to see

"Do not ask that of me, Winifred, said the colonel, frowning. "The bitterraised it and held it at arm's length, ness of defeat is not yet over. My aunt expects too much." 'It is not for Aunt Winifred's sake."

said Winifred, in a voice that shook with her intensity of feeling; "it is that he has seen Brer Nicholas."

The colonel had been striding up and down the room, but he stopped short when Winifred said this, and seemed to ponder the statement. "It is quite possible that he may have

met-your brother," he said at last; "but what does that signify? I attach no im-

portance to it. "Oh, my father!"

The plaintive cry touched the colonel. but it did not soften him. "How did you

near?" be asked, gloomily. "Mom Bee told me; and yesterday I asked Lottie and Bess about it, but they Winifred's friend, you know. Just once!

Winifred, what does this mean? Do rou know this Capt. Fletcher?" the coland naked, suspiciously, "No, no; but I should be so thankful to see some one who has seen my broth-

er." Her voice died away, choked with The colonel went to the other end of the room, and stood there, looking at his daughter across the intervening space in gloomy silence. "It is of Nicholas she thinks always," he said to himself, bitterly; "not of my wrongs,"

"Winifred, why cannot you let bygones be by-gones?" he exclaimed, at ast. "I have given Nicholas up!" "Oh, no! no!" Winifred entreated,

shrinking as from a blow. "You should know," the colonel consecause you wished it, I stooped to make overtures to my graceless son-that I wrote again and again; but he refused

to respond, and now"-His voice shook, and he ceased abruntly.

Winifred went to him and put her hand on his arm. "You know where he is, then?" she whispered, her face transfigured with joy ineffable. Her father looked at her with burning

eyes. "I know nothing of Nicholas Thorne," he said, coldly. "For your sake I would have forgiven him. I have tried to find him, but he would not be found-and now-my sole desire is to

There was that in his face and his voice that touched Missy keenly. "Oh, no, no, my father," she faltered piteously

'To forget is death; and you love him But on the instant the colonel was

himself again. His fatal shyness made him shrink from the very sympathy he Yet would not Winifred be discouraged. "Try this once more," she en-

treated. "Hear what Aunt Winifred's friend has to tell." The colonel frowned and shook his head. "I do not attach the slightest sig-

nificance to any chance meeting he may have had with Nicholas. Pray let me hear no more of this." he said, coldly. It enraged him to find his pretty daughter "I will be the judge in this matter," he declared. "If I should chance to meet him," said

Winifred, slowly, and with beseeching eyes, "I may speak to him-for Aunt Winifred's sake? She was so faithful to

"There is no probability of your meeting him," her father replied, with cold

CHAPTER XXIV. GLORY-ANN INTERFERES



Wall," he said, with a sigh of impatience Winifred Thorne was now 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

"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 brayely announced to Lottie and Bess that she was going to drive to Mrs. Theo dora Scott's.

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

"Yes." said Miss Winifred. "Oh, Missy! Missy!" lamented Lottie 'We shouldn't have thought it of youa Southern born!" "For my part," cried Bess, "I

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,

"Did your father give you leave?" ask ed 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 astounding news of all. "Dat Missy, me go!"

She broke away and hastened out. At

the gate she met Mom Bee. "Whicherway you gwan, honey? asked the old nurse, suspiciously. "De sont me word you wun ter be spendin' de day, en' I come stretways ter git a glimpse at you. I lows ter spen' de day, myse'f, ef 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' gwan atter him, Missy, now sho'ly you ain't?" "I surely am!" Missy declared. "Den I kin tell you hit ain't no use. said Glory-Ann, planting herself solidly in the way. "Miz Theodo' Scott is done

got him inter a two-hawse buggy, en' tuk him down ter St. Mark's. Fac'." "How do you know?" cried Missy, impatiently. "How do I know? Ain' de bespoke de

buggy long o' Tom Quash, who is quit de hotel en' jined de livery stables? Now, honey, jes' you go back ter yo' cousins en' bejoy yo'self, en' wait on suc-cumstance. Leffum ter yo' ole mammy. I gwan manage. Missy sighed and submitted. She sent

the carriage away and returned to the saying: parlor, where Lottie and Bess were still olding an indignation meeting. Mom Bee followed hard behind, but stopped upon the threshold.

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

"I've not changed my mind," Winifred it matter?" returned; "but Mom Bee says they've gone to St. Mark's. Today of all days!" At this Bess looked up inquiringly, but know nothing; and Mom Bes knows so Mom Bee's vigorous pantomime imposed

little. Oh, go to him; he is dear Aunt 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

"Hit's about Missy, Miss Myrtilla," she Mrs. Herry. said, anxiously, "cause dat chile ain" got no mo' gumption den a baby. Hit runs in de Thorne fam'bly ter be heady, en' Missy is heady. Missle-virey, wid her eyes sot on de prah book, she ain' never gwan onerstan' Missy; en' mawster, he don't onerstan', nuther; leastwise, Missy gotter be policized."

"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 atter dat Fed'ral gemman ter Miz Theodo' Scott, 'cawse dis ole fool nigger had ter tinued, in a hard and bitter tone, "that go let on dat de wuz a talk he had met up wid Mawse Nick in de wah. Lawd! Miss Myrtilla, I cotch dat chile on de track of dat fed'ral gemman dis blessed mawnin'! He's a proper gemman, maybe; but mawster ain' 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 musn',

said the sagacious Glory-Ann. "I wuz bleeged ter tell dat bumptious chile what Mis Theodo' Scott en' dat fed'ral wur outen town. But I can't keep on tellin' sich lies ter save her manners. She ain' gwan bullieve me bom bye. You en' me s gotter look atter Missy, Miss Myrtilla. Now I'm gwan see dat fed'ral gemman, come ter-morrer. Hit ain' no use ter ax mawster ter put his wah feelins en' his politics in his pocket; he ain' gwan do hit. Hit's me what gwan fin' out 'bout Mawse Nick; en' den I'm gwan back ter de plantation, ef I totes myse'f, ter tell Missy, fur de peace o' her min'. De ain' much use in freedom ez I kin see, ef a ole nigger lak me ain' free ter use her jedgment. En', ef you please, Miss mek out, some ways, ter git a muel."

The next morning Glory-Ann interviewed Capt. John Lorrimer Fletcher. She was greatly disappointed to find this important personage in citizen's taking the part of this northern stranger. her approval; she decided in an instant ance accordingly.

The captain was seated at a table Mrs. Theodore Scott's prim little parlor, writing a letter, and he did not relish th interruption; yet he was agreeably im- cheap, and even the more costly ones are pressed by the stately manner of this old negro woman in a blue homespun gown ply of any one of them will last a long and a towering yellow turban.

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

A southerner would have addressed her as "auntie." Glory-Ann's eyes twinkled, "Talk lak

nussed him," she commented to herself. "I'se Glory-Ann, suh," she said, witha second obeisance, "what nussed Mawse Nick: Mawse Nick what you met up wid in de wah," she explained anxiously, seeing that he gave no sign of comprehension. 'Mawse Nicholas Thorne, tubbe sho!" "Oh!" exclaimed Capt. Fletcher, push-

"Dullaw, mawster, de ain' nobody sont me: I come o' my own notion. I nussed all de Thorne chillen; en' Missy, she ain'

studyin' nothin' but Mawse Nick"-"Missy?" the captain repeated, inquir-It was a name he had never

"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 Mrs. Lorrimer 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 income.-Illustrated American. did offer. Nicholas Thorne was wounded and taken prisoner at Nashville; yet Capt. Fletcher might never have heard following after, in mortal terror of shot and shell, and by dint of sheer persistency of inquiry, had found his young master in the hospital, and had insisted upon being held prisoner with him.

All this the captain told Glory-Ann. 'En' wuz dat old nigger a roun' faced. grinnin' ole pigger, wid big teeth, en' his name was Gilbert, en' he walked hippity hop?" she asked, breathlessly.

"I believe Gilbert was his name." th

captain admitted. "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' Missy gwan be

B'prised!" "Hardly," said Capt. Fletcher, smiling "She told Mrs. Lorrimer that she herself sent him to her brother."

Glory-Ann opened wide her eyes and drew a long breath. This was the most she said, "is jes' ez heady ez de res' o' de Thornes. One o' dese days I do 'spect she gwan tek a notion ter go beginst mawster; en' den what? En' what 'hour

Mawse Nicholas, ef you please, suh?" There was little more to tell. Through Capt. Fletcher's exertions Nicholas had been promptly exchanged, and the captain had never heard from him since. Unfortunately Capt. Fletcher could no recall the name of the little place in Mississippi where Nicholas' home then was, and where his wife and child were living; he had made no memorandum of it, and the letter he wrote Mrs. Lorrimer at

the time had never reached her. "I'm pow'ful 'bleeged ter you, maw ter," 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."

That evening John Fletcher said to friend, Mrs. Theodore Scott:

"You have betrayed me; I ha 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 th

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders, "That unbending old southerner imagine that I am trying to force his recognition."

satisfaction Mrs. Scott gave him.

"You can decline in your turn." friend suggested. "I shall never have the chance," John Fletcher said; "but after all, what does

TTO RE CONTINUED, I "

# WOMAN AND HOME.

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

Value of Seasoning-Designers of Adver tisements-The Happy Woman-Make Womanhood a Specialty-The Modern Girl Must Know Everything.

It is a land of corn and wine that borders this turbid river, but its fruits are not gathered without its women. They want not wives, these Rhenish peasants say, who sit in rocking chairs. It is the girl who sings the loudest in the vintage who soonest 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 you will see her climbing the hillsides in the morning to cut grass for their cow. If you walk you will notice everywhere the low stone posts set back a few feet from every highway.
Between these and the beaten track the

mant women's sickles are always busy, for these little margins are public property and supply grass for the summer and has against the winter time. You will meet her, too, with an enormous weight of wood on her head, a load that a man could not carry, dead sticks picked up in the forest. Or you will pass her digging in the little patch of vines and potatoes that every peasant owns 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 withal 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 Eich 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. Littie is known of the variety of even simple Myrtilla, len' me yo' side saddle, en' I'll herbs, like thyme, sweet marjoram and summer savory, and still less of Worcester-shire, Harvey's, anchovy and chili sauces, of chutney, of curry powder, of tarragen vinegar, of bay leaves, of maitre d'hotel butter, of olives, of tomato and walnut catsups, or of the careful employment of dress, but otherwise his appearance won spices in small quantities. The magical her approval; she decided in an instant improvement wrought by the addition of that he was "quality" and she did obeis- a little lemon juice and a wineglassful of California sherry (at fifty cents a quart

bottle) is totally unknown. Of course the first outlay for some of these commodities may savor of extravagance. But many of the articles are very used in such small quantities that a suptime. 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

### Designers of Advertisements.

Clever draughtswomen in various tions of the country are doing a brisk business getting up striking pistures that they sell at high rates for advertising purposes. If they succeed in hitting upon a novert adapted to some particular trade a quick it with the staws next the floor, for it tends and handsome profit is the result. A ing away his writing materials. "Who couple of sisters who were left entirely de pendent on their own exertions happened toon 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 condition seemed pretty serious, when as by fleeing army of bugs pursued by a bottle having the wings and head of a scraphim 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 turned out a number of effective sketches, They were nearly all accented and when parlor, and marched out of the room. 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 case on their jingles and pictures, that bring in a tidy monthly

# The Happy Woman.

I know a woman whose lot in life is one of him, except for an old negro, who, 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 appar-

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 him! I tell you, my dear, money is a mockery when your heart longs for companionship and for sympathy!" But 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. Homomania 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 inch of equality, we will be content with nothing short of the ell of acknowledged superiority. Satirista point to such indices of popular sentiment as incident to the history of all emancipated serfs. To the lover of womankind these telltale floats bring pain and uneasiness. If woman would be truly great she be great in a womanly way, and within the pale of the sex she reverences too fondly to risk confounding it with an-

The pathway to success in this age is trodden most securely by the specialist. Let woman make a specialty of woman-hood, and the incommunicable 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 homomaniac's dress and ways is that she is dissatisfied with her nder; 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 30 years old, nto a station where the demands of de tic, social, charitable and practical affairs leave her little time for further systematic study, and yet tax every resource of her then she is confronted with subjects of

sequalntance while at school, she may lungs must have sed justly reproach her teachers that they have adopted the mistaken policy of educating a girl who was to leave school at 20 on the plan requiring a continuance at school till at least 23. Though many have doubted the possibility to provide for this ac-tive and proper demand without com-promise 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

### 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 wiser They are as quick to see an injustice, and know as well as any one else when parents are making fools of themselves. The household of a noted dramatist in New York is said to be a democracy. 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 wonders of harmony? While oftentimes domestic children have been ruined by indulgence they have frequently been spoiled with "discipline."

Children were never designed for nonentities-a fact in proof of which the omnipresent small boy stands out with monunental 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 origi-

nated 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, clothing, egg shell vases, ladders, pumps, small herbariums 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, scroll saw baskets and frames and wall paper fans were among the products

These were exhibited on neatly deco-rated 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 hektographed 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

Be Careful of Your Broom. With a 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 uppermost. This trestment renders the broom soft and pliable, making it wear better.

When a broom is not in use never stand

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 lightly leaning against the wall; or better still, plerce 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

Then see that the broom is always hung

### up clear of the floor when it is put away.-Youth's Companion.

hang the broom up by.

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 loss sustained. 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 throb as sadly beneath a rose colored robe as it might under one of as funereal a bue as that of Hamlet's inky

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 wishes being that the family should attend in their ordinary attire.-Jenness-

Dress-Its Proprieties and Abuses. Shun peculiarities of dress which attract

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

Dress in such a manner that your attir

will not occupy your thoughts after it is

upon you. That mode of dressing the form and facwhich 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.

Roumania's Pretty Quee Her majesty of Roumania, who under the name of "Carmen Sylva" is well known both as poetess and authoress, is, at the age of forty-seven, still a beautiful wom an. 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 quietly dressed in a gray tweed walking gown. When at home, I hear, her majesty greatly affects the picturesque costume of the Roumanian peasant. She is quite an indefatigable worker, and rises every morning before it is day. She is firm in her refusal to allow her maid to attend her, but lights her own lamp, and sits down at her table to spend an hour or two over her MSS. It would take too long to enumerate all her books, many of which are well known, and she has also written the libretti of several successful operas .-

# Pure Air for the Baby,

Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.

It is the opinion of a noted specialist on diseases of the nese, throat and lungs that baby in every three has a growth in the nose that obstructs nasal respiration. One evidence is seen in the baby hospital, the great number of sleepers breathing through the mouth entirely. The disease generally hereditary is facilitated by the very bad air supplied the little one, who, if put to sleep with a nurse or adult, generally inhales bodily exhalations from un-

It will be well for the health of young then she is confronted with subjects of America when the old fogy idea of putting which she is ignorant, but with which abo babies to sleep with their heads covered is aboutd have acquired at least a speaking eradicated. A baby to grow good, stout

to smother the tot, as ature necessary to kee are the healthiest. - No

When the milk i in the breast in hard be rubbed very gentle ward with warm complex rubbing should be the ligeafe stroking, avoiding appear at the base of their red, swollen and painful. of cold water should be doctor sent for. While t and hard all over not on need be felt. It is when h the physician should be

# may, if possible, prevent

Aside from the sentiment to rock a baby, it is also a set that the eternal swaying too.

The lullaby is quite as effects. erably sweeter rendered has asylums of New York, when little ones are carefully a reared, rocking chairs and are abolished on the ground disorders. The death rate has than among private surse; eral health and habits of the

### siderably better.-New York A Novel Plan

A Parisian lady, Miss Dib ducting a medical mission a that is without a parallel is a medicine or religion. The number of communists made after the peace of the Prochamed. The had been proclaimed. The ble in the pretty little cap. waiting their turn to men dispensory listen to sweet me the organ by a volunteer medicine are given by the box

and no fee is charged.-Pani

This is the pleasant was it w inent English physician Strategran speaks of medical women ought always to help war medicine in every possible up a greatest respect for the less ticing in London, and feel and the strength of the less than the strength of the must fill far more satisfies average medical man code certain posts. A young child always rather be attended as upon by a woman than by an they get wonderfully som un 'the doctor.'"-Exchange

and spoons require as much as ness as an adult would exact mon practice of making is to a supply of food for the deta nicious, as there are chemin ing on and accumulations of in mal life which render it unfi be At a day wedding, no um bride dresses, the groon we cloth coat and colored truss. ing wedding he wears a dea bride may wear a traveling on at a day wedding either at he is church. The groom furnisher

It is a mistake to feed chille

hashes. The food to be pleased be prepared for each meal mi

the ushers. The bride and pra-way to the dining room she congratulations. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, ho s the indefatigable traveler, hi Bird, has obtained from the m Kathmir the grant of a plead for women, the first buildings

French toast is always: for lunch or tea, and is ver and is nice to use up siles Beat two eggs with nearly app and dip the slices of brest it golden brown on a butterel pu

The Queen of Roumania, ve an author, was led to post it Shelley says poets always majesty's only child died at a and the queen became as a tract her mind from this boar

A pretty way to arrang dows would be to have a sail top of each of the three pages, hang curtains of thin silk sell color, like pink, yellow and terra cotta, dull green and will

Common horse radish grately of sour milk, then strained as excellent lotion for removing ounce of lemon juice in a plat & ter will also answer the sa Both are harmless and good

Mrs. Agnes Reynolds is a

tone. She can figure to a to terial for flagging or pavis i stone used in uptown set. When mattresses are stabe wet into a paste with cold win

this on the stains, first pursa tress in the sun. In an berg this off, and if not clean repos They Are Semities "You've lost him for good the the boss barber to one of b customer went out and six

hind him. "Yes, but I forgot." "That's no excuse. If yet as usiness you must go." "What is the trouble" quest of the boss.
"He didn't brush the man'the

"But his head was as ball ath "Certainly, and that's way as brushed it. Bald headed means tive, you must use the brukus they had plenty of hair. Todas an idea that you don't take parof their baldness." And won't that man remo

"Never. He'll try some disaway from here."-Detroit Fra Distasteful Vanily Auerbach, the German se great appreciation of his

and work, and many stores the obtrusive way in which is his vanity. A German Every year Auerbach four fashionable waters each of which the following curs at least thirty times. indulges in small talk with children of the natives, and

thou who has been talked Berthold Auerbach! home!" Wiszle's Great Best "Our young friend, Wink Improving rapidly. He take

ends the conversation thus

many compliments passed on "Yes, Wizzie has taught h nowadays. 'how beautiful!'

and so on, every time be his poems aloud. -- Muses