



TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

Holding Down Land Claims with a Hermit and Indians for Neighbors. Two brave Minnesota women and a stout hearted sixteen-year-old lad...

It is a wild pine country, almost uninhabited by man, and Dr. Sandberg's surprise can be imagined when he found...

Last spring the men went to Lake Pokegama and staked out their claims. Not being able personally to occupy them...

The Indians from Leech Lake reservation spend a portion of each summer on the shore of Lake Pokegama, hunting and fishing. All the country around the lake...

The Indians were camped only a short distance from the shanties, and as long as the men were on the ground were as friendly and agreeable as could be desired.

With this understanding they were permitted to remain and were not ordered back to the reservation. The Indians had a final ghost dance the night before their arrival.

Dr. Sandberg remained as the guest of the Minneapolis ladies during his two weeks' stay, and on his return was the first to bring news of their adventures to Minneapolis. Their husbands...

Hot Weather Suggestions. At the opening of the heated term a few good resolutions should be made. Among the first should be one to cultivate tranquility of mind.

The same rule that applies to undue exercise of the tongue and temper should be observed in intellectual pursuits conducted in the dog days.

Things That the Best Girl Doesn't Do. Now that the reign of the summer girl is at hand there are a few things to count on the heads of her rosary of remembrance.

There is no better way to keep cool than to have some regular occupation. It is a wild pine country, almost uninhabited by man, and Dr. Sandberg's surprise can be imagined when he found...

It never so trivial, that will serve to divert the mind from the bodily condition. No matter what this employment may be...

Mary Anderson's Honeymoon. Mary Anderson's day begins early. She is up with the lark in the morning and, dressed in heavy apparel and thick boots...

After luncheon there is another walk or ride and then an hour or so of painting or writing. Just at present Mr. and Mrs. Navarro are busily engaged in furnishing a new home at Tunbridge Wells.

By 10 o'clock the house is in darkness, and the next day the happy couple begin again to ride and walk and visit or receive friends. Occasionally they go to London to see some new production at the theaters.

Some time ago paragraphs were printed everywhere telling that Parisian women exhaled a permanent perfume from their persons by rejecting a few drops of scented liquid beneath the skin...

It is to be hoped few women will take to the practice. The question of blood poisoning does not seem to be definitely settled, but aside from this consideration there is something sickening in the idea of perfuming the blood!

There are at least 2,000 women in New York, including all varieties of actresses, who pay from \$2.50 to \$30 and \$50 a pair for garters. Average these at \$10 each and the bill becomes \$20,000 more.

They must ornament the clasps with diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, rubies and even pearls. I have seen half a dozen pairs belonging to famous dancers and other actresses. The clasps and setting range from \$150 to \$500 a pair.

Co-operative housekeeping is not brought about by mighty corporations, but by individuals supplying their neighbors with such articles as they can best furnish.

Among the "characters" in the little Hoosier town which proudly owns me as a favorite son is an Irishman who by the name of Lynch. Now long ago Mrs. Lynch made a visit to the town concourse.

There was a time when all linen shirts were generally worn by the rich men of the town, and there are a number of the old guard and many of the younger men of the town that pay so much as twelve dollars each for a dozen for their fine white all linen shirts.

On one side of the new quarter dollar are nine separate representations of the number 13. There are thirteen stars, thirteen letters in the scroll held in the eagle's beak, thirteen marginal feathers in each wing, thirteen tail feathers, thirteen parallel lines in the shield, thirteen horizontal bars, thirteen arrowshead in one foot, thirteen leaves on the branch in the other foot and thirteen letters in the words "quarter dollar."—Omaha World-Herald.

And He Went Away Bodily. "How do you sound the y' in the word 'perry-mander'?" inquired the man who had climbed three flights of stairs to see the answer-to-queries editor.

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ODD PEOPLE OF ASIA.

Without Instruments Ancient Astronomers Kept Track of the Heavens. We find in the table at the Ramesseum distinct references to the bull, the lion and the scorpion, and it is also clearly indicated that at that time the Sirius rose heliacally at the beginning of the rise of the Nile.

With queer instances the English residents in India call the Himalayan ranges "hills"—not only these immense mountains, but also the tremendous chain which runs parallel to the Indian coast and sends its feelers, as it were, into the center of South India.

Every one is familiar with the get up of a nursemaid—the cap, white apron, frockies and the baby carriage in front of her. This year she has bloomed out with a new attachment. It is nothing less than a cane, a little bamboo cane, which she invariably carries in one hand and swings in a jaunty, flirtatious style.

Some years ago the writer was in the Nilgiris in connection with government work, and had the opportunity of seeing the small savages who live in the most impenetrable parts of this mountainous country. These are dwarfs and have never been tempted to partake of the benefits of civilization.

Another tribe equally as interesting as the Todas, who since 1680 have attracted the attention of Europeans, are the Portuguese thought they were Christians and sent to their moral assistance a Jesuit father, who, however, soon discovered that they were the most ignorant heathens. Much argument has been wasted upon the origin of these people, some asserting they were aboriginal to southern India, others insisting they were of the lost tribes of Israel and others that they were Manchians.

At one time the officers under Lord Howe refused to drink his health at their mess, for though a splendid admiral, he was not popular in the navy on account of a certain shyness and want of tact with those about him. The chaplain who was a protégé of his lordship was mortified at this and determined that they should drink to Lord Howe.

Bearded women have existed at all periods of the world's history. Even Herodotus, the "Father of History," gives us an account of one Pedasias, a "who lived above Haliacarnassus," a princess of Mysia, whose chin regularly bubbled with a large beard which, yet any great public calamity impended, Bartel Garett, a woman of Copenhagen, had a beard reaching to her waist.

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ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ASTRONOMY.

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SENTIMENTAL BEINGS.

MALE ARTISTS ARE MIGHTY QUE. FELLOWS WHEN SINGLE. The Painter of Figures Is Naturally Romantic and Very Easily and Very Readily Falls in Love—His Income, However, Often Serves to Keep Him Single.

Very few of our younger artists are married, but it may be accepted as a fact that they all want to be. Cupid finds no mark so tempting to his shaft as that presented by a painter at his easel. Studio life and sentiment are almost synonymous terms. Why this should be so is easily explained. An artist's life is almost invariably a lonely one. No matter how sociable his temperament may be, his working hours are generally spent in silence and seclusion. Being essentially of a sensitive nature he longs for such sympathy as women alone can give.

The failure of a picture or its complete success are matters that require more condoleance or congratulation than can be expressed by a brother painter. The kindest of neighbors cannot go further than to say, "Look here, old fellow, I am awfully sorry that your picture back from the academy. It's a beastly shame. That's what I tell it." Or: "By Jove, old man, you're in luck. I know lots of fellows with a big name who have been working for a year back to catch the show or Evansa prize, and you got it away from 'em all. But you always were a lucky dog."

That is the reason he wants to marry her. The painter is naturally romantic. In his opinion girlhood is always angelic. He may have individual preference for blonds or brunettes, for little or tall or intellectual or womanly women, but the entire sex is still beautiful to him, not perhaps in its physical features, but in its mental possibilities. Hence he is always in love and restrained from matrimony only by the difficulty of supporting two people on an income that is barely sufficient for one. To be an artist you must be an idealist. Studio life has extraordinary vicissitudes at times, but it is always made up more or less of visionary elements. Occasionally the artist's dreams turn into nightmares, and he has a very bad quarter of an hour. But when events disillusionize him he hopes for a short period and proceeds to fall in love with a new charmer.

Last spring two young men, one a painter, his companion a sculptor, were joint occupants of a studio in New York. These departments of art do not always agree, inasmuch as the dust and dirt of a sculptor's modeling platform interfere considerably with the purity of a portrait maker's paints. But neither of the young fellows was rich, and by clubbing together they managed to pay the rent of a larger studio than they could have had separately. The sculptor was a little dust as possible and kept it well down by frequently using a water sprinkler. Not to be behindhand in courtesy, the painter was patient, and by keeping a sheet of drapery in constant readiness was enabled instantly to cover his canvas when his comrade unavoidably threw out a cloud of powdered plaster of Paris. They were comrades in every sense of the word, and had a union of pocketbooks as well as of sympathies. On one occasion the sculptor was so hard up on the final receipt of a commission for a large statue that he was unable to buy the clay necessary for his model, whereupon the painter denied himself cigars, took to a pipe and with this economy got enough money to pay for the necessary materials.

Some time afterward the artist received an important order and had not the wherewithal to purchase the large canvas essential for its execution. The sculptor said nothing, but putting on his street coat went out for a walk. An hour later he came back accompanied by a boy, and between them they carried a canvas twelve feet long by six wide. It was a wondrous sight, and the sculptor was quite exhausted by the effort of getting his unruly burden past greasy corners. But after a few minutes' breathing spell the two friends embraced each other affectionately and so ideal a friendship as this ought to have lasted throughout a lifetime. But an event happened which changed the current of amiability in the studio and estranged the two young men so that at present they are not even nodding acquaintances.

One day the painter received an order for a sketch of a man in armor. The sculptor readily consented to pose for his friend, and after some effort finally got himself buckled into a suit of mail. By one of those accidents that sometimes occur at the most inopportune times the sculptor's fiancée happened to call at the studio chaperoned by a lively married relative. In order to get into the armor the sculptor, who is of large frame, had to strip to the skin. To get out of the suit of mail was not to be considered. So he had to stand awkwardly listening to the merry laughter of the ladies over his comical appearance. His fiancée, encouraged by the witty comments of her friend, made such fun of the unfortunate sculptor that he became furious and broke off the engagement. That evening he employed a truckman and removed all his things from the studio without vouchsafing as much as good-bye to his chum. The experience effected an entire change in his opinion of the ladies. His first innamorata was a tall, distinguished looking brunette. He is now engaged to a little, round faced blond, who, despite her resemblance to a French doll, is declared by him to be the epitome of all the charms and graces of womanhood.—New York Sun.

Artificial Thunder. A miniature thunder factory has been constructed for the science and art department at South Kensington, England, with plates seven feet in diameter, which, it is believed, would give sparks thirty inches long, but no Leyden jars have been found to stand its charge, all being pierced by the enormous tension.—New York Telegram.

How He Lost Time. Pedestrian-B-B-boy, can you tell me how far it is to the post-office? Newboy—What d'ye say, mister? Pedestrian—I reckon you've heard me. How far is it to the post-office? Newboy—Only half a block, mister. If you hadn't a stopped to ask me you'd a bin there a'ready.—Life.

Interested in the Heavens. "I threw myself at her feet," moaned a disconsolate youth. "Did you hit them?" inquired a cold hearted, unsympathetic listener.—Washington Post.

A Bath Joker in 1742. Inaped all the trumpet dogs in the city on Saturday night to deprive the citizens of their roasts the next day.

The relative ratios of the lower case letters in ordinary work are: a, 1; k, j, q, x, z, h, v, 7; g, p, w, y, 10; e, f, u, m, 12; d, l, 18; n, r, 30; a, l, n, o, s, 40; t, 45; a, 60. Total, 532.

Children at Table. It is an old fashioned notion that "children should be seen and not heard." An occasional talk by the little folk is not objectionable, yet at the same time they should not monopolize conversation or attention. They have their place, and it is an injustice that they should at the family board always be silent.—Good Housekeeping.

No More Dream Stuff. We are to talk no more of dream stuff. These dreamy visions are hallucinations, hypogogues, and the best we can do is to call them so.—Boston Commonwealth.

Contraction of the iron used in constructing the great Eiffel tower makes that famous structure eight inches shorter in winter than it is during the hot summer months.

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CYCLING FOR CHILDREN.

Great Care Should Be Taken That Injury Does Not Result From It. Dr. E. B. Turner, in considering the question whether young children be allowed the amusement of cycling, and if allowed how much they may indulge in the pastime without incurring the risk of injury, maintains that the subject is one on which no man can pronounce dogmatically or lay down strict and invariable rules concerning. What for one small boy or girl might be merely healthy and beneficial exercise, for another might mean physical ruin. While each case must be judged on its merits, one fundamental principle must be clearly enunciated—namely, that no young child with any organic weakness, whether of heart, lungs, joints or nervous system, should be allowed to mount a machine under any circumstances whatever.

Setting aside such natural disqualifications, the exercise of cycling, properly regulated and adjusted to the capabilities of the individual, is unquestionably one of the best forms of recreation that can be partaken of by children of both sexes at an early age. It develops the body, and the self reliance and resource entailed by the management of a machine tend to strengthen and enlarge the mental and intellectual faculties. A few simple precautions, however, may insure good and avert evil results. As to the age that a child should begin, for most children six is quite early, and even for some six is too early. Great care should be taken in choosing and fitting a machine to a young rider. An old, ill fitting crock may produce deformity or disease.

Two things that must be insisted on in buying either a bicycle or a tricycle for a young rider are that the peak of the saddle should be two inches behind the crank axle, and that the handlebars should be brought around and back that the child can sit perfectly upright on the machine. As to the distance the child may ride no absolute rule can be laid down. Overexertion must be carefully guarded against, and a sleepless night and a distaste for food is one of the indications that the system is poisoned by the products of its own waste. It must be remembered that excessive speed is more injurious than excessive distance, and excessive hill climbing than either.

The conclusion arrived at by Dr. Turner is that a sound child, six years old, properly fitted with a machine, and riding in proper form and position, may cycle within the limits of moderation and derive benefit and suffer no harm from the exercise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Superstitions of Scotch Fishermen. Some little existing superstitions among fishermen are communicated by a resident. At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be a male or female. If it is a male their fishing may be expected to be a poor one; if a female a good one. Sometimes, however, the skipper seizes it and hides it away, salting it and laying it aside for the season. The boat must not be turned against the sun.

Certain animals considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares, and pigs. Fishermen do not like to lend anything to a neighboring boat lest their luck should go with it. If they lend a match they will contrive—secretly if possible—to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck. Their diallike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the thief may have stolen their luck with it. To ask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons with certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded name being different in different villages.—Fraserburg Free Press.

Rough Experiences. David Christie Murray, the novelist, writes: "Eight or ten years ago I was sitting in the Savage club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily, and he was talking rather too humbly, as I thought, about his own career. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park.' One of the party turned away, saying that certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded name being different in different villages.—Fraserburg Free Press.

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