



MR. MEEKS' PRISONER.

He said his name was Meeks, and it struck thoughtful ones that Buffalo Horn that the name was singularly appropriate; it was a mild-mannered little man, with a friendly-looking air that suggested sympathy on his part for the prisoner. He floated into town at about six o'clock, and was met by a crowd of people who were waiting for him. He was taken to a room where he was to stay until he could be sent to his home. He was very polite and friendly, and he was very interested in the people of Buffalo. He was very kind and generous, and he was very helpful to the people of Buffalo. He was very brave and courageous, and he was very loyal to his country. He was very honest and upright, and he was very true to his word. He was very kind and gentle, and he was very patient and understanding. He was very wise and thoughtful, and he was very calm and collected. He was very strong and healthy, and he was very energetic and active. He was very brave and courageous, and he was very loyal to his country. He was very honest and upright, and he was very true to his word. He was very kind and gentle, and he was very patient and understanding. He was very wise and thoughtful, and he was very calm and collected. He was very strong and healthy, and he was very energetic and active.

EUROPE'S FAIREST QUEEN.

Queen Natalie of Servia and How She Retains Her Beauty.

One of the fairest queens in Europe is Queen Natalie of Servia, and her greatest beauty is her neck.

The Queen takes frequent and regular exercise with a heavy pouter on her head. The result of this is to straighten and strengthen her neck, and to give it the form which the highest standard of female beauty requires. Not only does the exercise add to present beauty, but it arrests the ravages which time makes more quickly in the female neck than in any other place.

She appears in the park surrounding her castle at about 8 o'clock each morning taking a brisk walk with her pitcher on her shapely head.

Queen Natalie has abundant black hair and a rich coloring. Her figure is very strong and erect, and her carriage is perfect, for her favorite exercise tends to develop the latter quality as well as to beautify the neck and shoulders. Her flesh has the firmness of marble.

Her head is placed on her shoulders after the manner of that of the Venus of Milo. There are no protruding bones, no wrinkles, no hollows, but neither is there any superfluous fatness.

The exercise to which Natalie owes so much of her charm is one which has been practiced by women of the poorer classes in many countries. Rachel, it may be remembered, met Jacob when she was going to the well with her pitcher. The women of the Oriental countries, of Greece, and of Italy, have always been accustomed to carry pitchers and burdens on their heads.

A COLONY FARM.

Chicago Record Discusses Its Adaptability to American Cities.

Gen. Booth's plan of returning the surplus of city populations to the country by farm colonies, which has been in successful operation in England for several years and has also been put in operation near Boston and New York, is to be tried in this city under the auspices of Commander Booth Tucker, says the Chicago Record.

The Gazette at Riverside, the largest place of land the city owns, has been secured for the experiment, subject only to the condition that amicable arrangements be made with the present tenant, who pays a rental of only \$150 a year and whose lease does not expire until May of next year. The low rental and the accessibility of the farm to the city markets are the chief reasons why this land has been selected by the salvation army leader for an experiment which promises to relieve at least a part of the unemployed of this city. The proposal to utilize vacant city lots for the raising of potatoes and beans is another plan which certain cities have adopted beneficially, and its application here will still further tend to give profitable work to the unemployed.

Perhaps the most hopeful indication in connection with the problem of dealing with the unemployed is to be found in these efforts toward a utilization of opportunities and means that have heretofore been neglected as too small and unimportant to be considered. There is something inspiring in considering large plans of benevolence which look toward the abolishing of poverty and the relief of the evils of the social organization which result in poverty and destitution. The difficulty lies in applying these comprehensive plans and principles, and the danger is in securing limited means for their execution. The more the means are limited, the more the danger is that they will be abandoned. The more the means are abundant, the more the danger is that they will be abused.

The plan of the Chicago Record is a commendable one, and it is to be hoped that it will be successful. It is a plan which is worthy of the attention of the city authorities, and it is to be hoped that it will be adopted. It is a plan which is worthy of the attention of the city authorities, and it is to be hoped that it will be adopted.

Anecdote and Incident

The late Mr. Fabre, Bishop of Montreal, was a thorough Goul. Dining one day at the table of the Governor-General of the Dominion, he referred, in course of conversation, to "France our mother." "France your mother!" broke in the governor; "what, then, is England to you?" The bishop snuggly shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Our mother-in-law."

An eloquent but short-sighted Aberdeen divine recently occupied the pulpit in a rural parish in Scotland. As only one person attended the service, the minister felt called on to apologize for the length of his discourse, but as the congregation unanimously signified its approval of his preaching, the minister continued with renewed vigor and prolixity. The preacher's feelings may be imagined when he learned that the solitary listener consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.

A New England Congressman once went to Franklin Pierce demanding an office for a constituent. Pierce sent him to James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury. By and by the Congressman returned to the President in great disgust. "What did Guthrie say to you about appointing your friend?" inquired the President. "He said he would be d—d if he would." "Did Guthrie talk that way to you?" "He did." "Well, that's the way he talks to me, too," was Pierce's consoling reply.

On a recent visit to Boston, General John B. Gordon, the ex-Confederate, was entertained by a well-known lawyer, who showed him the sights. One of the places the Southerner visited was the cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg; the old soldier did not make any comment on it. When the two came out of the building and were on their way down town, the lawyer inquired: "Well, general, what did you think of it?" "What did I think of it?" said the general, coming to a standstill and striking a defiant attitude—"let them paint Bull Run!"

The man stammered painfully. His name was Sissos. Especially difficult to him was the pronunciation of his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and unpropitiously one night according to the Illustrated American, and to account for it before the magistrate at the police court next morning. "What is your name?" asked the court. Sissos began his reply: "Siss—siss—siss—siss—" "Stop that noise and tell me what is your name," said the Judge, impatiently. "Siss—siss—siss—siss—" "That will do," said his honor, severely; "officer, what is this man charged with?" "I think, your honor, he's charged with sody-water."

The lay leader of a prayer meeting in a Vermont town, sometimes invaded by summer visitors, seeing an evident stranger present, came to him as the meeting was about to open, and asked him his name and residence, and secured his consent to say a few words.

At the proper time, he asked: "Will not Mr. A., of New York, favor us with a few remarks?" When the stranger sat down, the leader again spoke: "Will not Mr. A., of New York, ask God's blessing on his feeble remarks?" A story of the same sort is told of a nervous man whose duty it was to move a vote of thanks after a lecture. He floundered along through various complimentary sentences, and finally flattered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture to which we have so ably listened!"

On one occasion John McSweeney, a famous Ohio lawyer, was engaged as counsel for the defense in a California murder case. The case looked hopeless. Mr. McSweeney submitted no evidence for the defense. Believing that the case was won, the State's attorney concluded. Then the great Ohio lawyer began in a quiet, conversational tone. No reference was made to the murder, but Mr. McSweeney drew a vivid picture of a pretty country cottage, a loving wife preparing supper, three ruddy-faced youngsters looking up the road to see "papa" coming home to supper. Suddenly the speaker stopped. Drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed, in a tone which startled the whole court-room: "Gentlemen, you must send him home to them!" A roar of applause followed, and one old grizzled juror blurted out: "We'll do it, sir, we'll do it!" Mr. McSweeney instantly stopped, and sat down. The juror brought him a verdict of acquittal without leaving his seats.

The prisoner, with tears streaming down his cheeks, wrung his counsel's hands, and thanked him again and again. But between his sobs he managed to say: "No other man in the world could have done that! Why, sir, I have no wife nor children; I never was even married, you know!"

where without him. President Arthur dined with Judges of the Supreme Court and with Senators—but as he had no wife, the whole system was very much simplified for him. The President's wife may, if she chooses, go to luncheons where there are no gentlemen, or to teas, both being regarded as strictly informal, but the danger of giving offense by accepting one invitation and declining another is so great that it is seldom or never risked.

At a state dinner the etiquette of the White House is exactly the reverse of the custom at a private dinner. The guests assemble in the east room and await the President and his wife, who appear on the stroke of the clock. Yea betide the late guest! He has committed a national or international breach of etiquette. At the table the President is served first, his wife next, then the guests in order of precedence.

An invitation to the White House is a command, and takes precedence of all others, even of a dinner at one's own house. An infringement of this rule would be regarded as a shocking breach of the amenities.

The President's sister may be at the head of the White House, as Mrs. McElroy was during President Arthur's administration, and Miss Rose Cleveland during a part of Mr. Cleveland's first administration; but her position is never like that of the President's wife. She has much more latitude, and although she follows in a general way the etiquette laid down by the President's wife, she has by no means the recognized official standing of the "first lady of the land."

The younger and more inexperienced a woman is when she enters the White House, the more likely she is to succeed; since she is likely to do as she is told, without presuming to act upon her own judgment. This is one secret of Mrs. Cleveland's success.

Cat and Puppy.

A Los Angeles correspondent sends to the Philadelphia Times a pretty story, partly pathetic, partly amusing, of a maddened lady of that city. The cat's name is Angela, and one of its oddest characteristics is that it is a confirmed teardrinker. Angela led a quiet and happy existence till one day she brought to her mistress a litter of three kittens. Angela's delight in her little ones knew no bounds, and she ran about the place like a thing possessed, carrying one or the other of them in her mouth. One day, in a spirit of undue pride, she took them out on the pavement in front of the house, depositing them, one at a time, in a bright sunspot amid the shade of overhanging popper-trees.

Suddenly, without a sound of warning, a big dog from over the way swooped down upon the happy family, tearing the kittens to pieces one by one before the poor, seared mother had time to interpose in their behalf. It was an awful tragedy, and poor Angela's grief was almost human.

For days she refused to be comforted. She would not eat, and her tea-cup remained untouched. Miss Hastings despaired of her life, and strove in every way to assuage her grief, but in vain.

Finally, when things seemed to have reached the lowest possible ebb, poor Angela disappeared and the most earnest effort to discover her whereabouts proved fruitless. Two whole days had passed, when late in the evening Miss Hastings was delighted beyond measure to see poor Angela coming up the steps, bringing what seemed to be a young kitten in her mouth. But upon going down to meet her Miss Hastings discovered that instead of a kitten Angela's burden was a tiny young partridge.

The poor thing, bereft of her own offspring, yet with a heart overflowing with mother love, had doubtless wandered away in her grief to the outskirts of the city, where she had found, perhaps, a motherless little partridge ready for her adoption. At all events, she did adopt it, and now seems as happy and proud in lavishing her love upon it as if it were her very own.

Miss Hastings says that Angela's first act upon getting home was to wash the little partridge's face, and begin at once to initiate it into the mysteries of tea-drinking; and though only a few days have elapsed, the dog is almost as expert at slipping the cup that cheers as Angela herself.

New One to Him.

A captain in a regiment stationed in Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears "the image and superscription" of President Kruger.

The man brought it back to the pay table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half crown." The officer took the crown, and, without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?" "You luke at it, sir," was the reply. "The captain glanced at the coin, saying: 'It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen.'"

This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's a right, sir, it is a right; but it's the first time I've seen the Queen w' whiskers on!"—Answers.

Ruskin's Only Sermon.

It is, or used to be, the heart's desire of nearly every Scottish parent that one son of the family should be a minister, or, as they say, "wag his paw in a pulpit." For this it was owing to some such feeling as this that Mr. Ruskin's father and mother were most anxious he should enter the church. Years afterward, when the son had grown famous as a writer on art, his father declared he would have been a bishop if that time had been taken holy orders. When Ruskin was a child, however—and there may have been talk at home of what he was to be when a man—he did preach at least one homily. The little boy got a red cushion, and then, standing up and thumping it, he delivered this sermon: "People, be holy.—Art."

Slaughter of Deer.

Nearly 6,000 deer were killed in New York State last year. Of the number 1,200 were killed by right hunting, 2,434 by hounds, and the remainder by still hunting.

At 15, a girl quits playing, and begins to gad.



James Whitcomb Riley is quoted as saying that as a youth he wore a stovepipe hat and played a Jewsharp.

There is a pretty bit of sentiment in Nansen's dedication of a book to his wife: "To Her Who Christened the Ship and Had the Courage to Wait."

Mrs. Fleming, a sister of Rudyard Kipling, has published a novel of life in India, the story dealing with the European rather than the native element.

It is said that the Indian library of the British India office, which is now being catalogued, will be, when finished, the most complete of oriental literature in the world.

It having been stated that at the approaching Manx general election Hail Caine would endeavor to secure a seat for Peel in the house of keys, he has published a letter of contradiction.

A French sculptor is making a marble figure for the tomb of the younger Alexandre Dumas. The novelist will recline at full length in the robe he wore at work, with his feet bare, as his custom was when writing.

Of his "Penny Novels" Mr. Sted has printed up to date 7,274,000. Among all the other authors, old and new, Rider Haggard tops the list. The sale of "She," an abridgment of which was the first of the series, ran up to nearly 500,000 copies.

One day a malicious person sold to Alexandre Dumas a file: "Your father was a millstone, was he not?" Dumas replied: "Yes, sir; my father was a millstone, my grandfather a nut, and my great-grandfather a monkey. My genealogy begins where yours ends."

The assertion that Frank R. Stockton "sometimes waits an hour for a word" has called forth the following interesting piece of information: "Alphonse Daudet has long periods of mental inertia, in which he is willing to work, but feels unable to frame a sentence."

Renewed currency is now given to the story of how Browning was kept awake one night in a hotel by strange meanings, sighs and subdued murmurings and, on sending to inquire what was the matter, was informed that his sufferings were due to a meeting in the next room of the local Browning society.

The French Senate, which sits in the Luxembourg palace, has struck against having any more statues of bald-headed poets set up in the Luxembourg gardens. It draws the line at the hairless Paul Verlaine—the last poets honored, Theodore De Banville, Henri Murger and Leonote De Lisle, being also bald.

Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist, says that just before Dr. Mutterer wrote "Trilby" he had fallen into disfavor in the Punch office and his drawings had actually been omitted from "Punch's Almanac." This depressed him greatly, as his eye-sight was failing him. The enormous success of "Trilby" changed everything.

Ruskin and Emerson met at Oxford about twenty-five years ago, and their first impressions of each other were not complimentary. "I found Emerson's mind a total blank," said Ruskin to a friend, "in matters of art." "I found myself wholly out of sympathy with Ruskin's views," said Emerson; "I wonder such a genius can be possessed of such a devil."

The Ram's Horn asked General Lew Wallace for a list of ten best books for children and he sent the following: "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Vicar of Wakefield," "Paul and Virginia," "Life of Columbus" (preferably Irving's), "Short History of the United States" (preferably Benson J. Lossing's), "Child's History of England" (Dickens'), "Plutarch's Lives."

In a recent issue the London Author tells of a meeting held in London May 4, 1852, for the purpose of discussing the subject of what percentage a bookseller should have. Charles Dickens presided. Free traders and protectionists were ranged against each other, the booksellers' association arguing for monopolistic methods and the authors vigorously opposing. Tennyson, Spencer, Darwin, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Gladstone, Grote and many others less notable argued in favor of freedom from trade restrictions, and their ideas prevailed.

Made the Soldier Glad.

A pretty story, saving of the romantic, is told in the French press about the Kaiser. Recently his majesty went to the Berlin barracks alone, the corporal on guard recognized the Kaiser immediately and saluted him. The Kaiser was pleased, and, approaching the soldier, said: "Why do you look so sad, corporal?" The corporal did not reply. The emperor then asked if he was disappointed in love. At this the corporal found his tongue, and replied that he wished to marry Marguerite, the daughter of his sergeant major, but that her father would not give his consent until he became a sergeant. "And do you love her very much?" asked the Kaiser. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Then," said the emperor, "go and tell your future father-in-law that William II. makes you a sergeant."

Photography.

The latest novelty is a combination of photography and shooting. The photographic rifle, which is an accomplished thing, has proved a great success. The Emperor of Germany and his guests, on a recent deer hunt, managed to extract great fun from it. A little camera is fixed to the gun and exposes a plate at the instant the shot is fired. The plate is quickly developed in a pocket-bath. The picture shows whether the animal was struck, and enables the hunter to avoid a fruitless chase if he has missed his game.

Pure Velvet.

"Talk about luck! That Man Denlow has it in triple-plated chunks." "How do you figure it out?" "Why, his wife was born on Christmas and Christmas is also the anniversary of their marriage. You see the rest of the year is pure velvet for him."—Cleveland Leader.

Spanish Soldiers.

One of the most pathetic and even heartrending things in the history of modern warfare has been the sending of thousands of very young peasants from the interior districts of Spain, who are in the deepest ignorance of the world's affairs, to combat in Cuba, not a visible enemy, but the terrible fever, which gives to but few of these unaccustomed youths a fair chance of recovery. So little they know of affairs that they are scarcely aware what they have come to the low coasts of the tropical West Indian island for before they are stricken down.

The simple-mindedness of the average peasant-soldier of Spain is illustrated by a story told in a Spanish journal. During the brief reign of the republic which followed the banishment of Queen Isabella in 1808, Don Carlos, a prince who claimed to be the rightful King of Spain under the old Sallie law excluding women from the throne, made war against the republican government. His standard was raised in the northwest corner of the country, and almost all his soldiers were Basques—as the people of the ancient race who inhabit that part of Spain are called.

The city of Bilbao was defended by an army of the republic. One moonlight night two pickets of the hostile army met outside the trenches. One, a soldier of the republic, wore the uniform which but lately had been royal; the other, the Carlist, had on his mountaineer's garb, surmounted by the white beretta, and carried an ancient flintlock rifle. At the ends of their belts the two "enemies"—neither of whom knew why he was fighting the other—came together.

"Good evening, comrade!" said the Carlist, politely.

"Good evening, comrade!" answered the other.

"Where do you live, comrade?"

"I live in a little village in Aragon, on the other side of Spain."

"Possible?"

"Aye, and where do you live?"

"On yonder mountain."

"And whom are you fighting for here?"

"For King Carlos. And for whom do you fight?"

"For the republic."

"For the republic? And who is the republic?"

"That I don't rightly know, comrade, but I think she is a new queen who lives in Madrid."

The two men were silent for a moment, looking amiably at each other, and then the Carlist said wistfully: "Why doesn't your king marry her, I wonder, and have an end of wars?"

How to Cure Trouble.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, hit you something else hard; go to something with a will. There is nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work to cure trouble. If you have met with losses, you do not want to be awake thinking about them. You want sweet, calm, sound sleep, and to eat your dinner with appetite. But you cannot unless you work.

There are some great troubles that only time heals, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. Try it, you who are afflicted. It is not a patent medicine. It is an official remedy. All good physicians in regular standing prescribe it in cases of mental and moral disease. It operates kindly and well, leaving no disagreeable or ill effects. It will cure more complaints than any nostrum in the Materia Medica, and comes nearer to being a "cure-all" than any drug or compound of drugs in the market; and it will not sicken you if you do not take it sugar-coated.

Strange Funeral Customs.

"Localisms enter largely into death notices," remarked a funeral director. "In Pittsburgh few people believe that a death notice is complete unless there is attached to it the line, 'Friends of the family, etc.' Widows of the late is also very popular. In Philadelphia, also, there is always lots of spare copies given to the names of nearly all of the surviving relatives. In New Orleans there is an 1874 custom. There the death notices are taken to telegraph poles in the business district where the deceased worked or was known and in the neighborhood of his home. They have printed blanks for this purpose, and the undertaker fills them in and has them nailed up."

Musical Freaks.

Prof. Black of Vienna has a pupil peculiarly susceptible to the sound of a tuning fork. When certain chords are struck his arms swing like pendulums. Another chord in the scale causes his body to sway and turn, and still another has the effect of making his ears wig.

"A Make-Up Box."

"I want to buy a make-up box," said the young married man.

"A make-up box?" the confectioner echoed. "We don't keep that kind of supplies."

"I mean a box of candy to take home to my wife. I promised to be home three hours ago."—Spice Moments.

No Man with a Whisky Breath Can Have a Good Excuse for Turning off a Bill Collector.

No man with a whisky breath can have a good excuse for turning off a bill collector.

Occasionally a woman enters a little money of her own.

Occasionally a woman enters a little money of her own, but does a man ever have any money that is "his own" in the same sense?

The real sincere woman.

The real sincere woman is those whose prayers at night in cold room are never abbreviated by the condition of the thermometer.