

WOMEN AS TRAVELERS.

TWO GIRLS WHO WENT ALONE FROM PARIS TO SAN FRANCISCO.

They Made the Trip in Just Twelve and One-Half Days—They Were Sick While Crossing the Water, but They Received the Best of Attention from Everybody.

American girls have that pluck which makes them admired by all the world. The following is a story of two young women who made a flying trip from Paris to San Francisco. The sisters were at school in Paris, and expected soon to be met by relatives. One forenoon they received a cable dispatch telling them to come home as soon as possible. The oldest girl is about twenty years old. She immediately sent for time tables. While she was examining these her sister was packing five trunks.

Miss F—discovered that they could get a steamer from Southampton which was to sail the next day. She posted to her banker's, and hurrying back joined her sister in packing. At half-past 8 that night they were being whirled out of Paris. Neither of the girls slept that night. When they arrived in London at 6 o'clock in the morning Miss F—was forced to do some shopping, for however rapidly women travel they make time to do a little buying, and in this case they had started so suddenly that this was absolutely necessary.

The American sisters caught the 12:30 o'clock train for Southampton, not having had time to eat luncheon. Four hours later they were on their steamer, tired and hungry and sleepy, but triumphant.

ON THE OCEAN.

Every one on the vessel was most kind to the young women and landed their pluck to the skies. The voyage would for this reason have been made pleasant for them, but their hurry and lack of sleep, together with their nerve tension, made them easy prey for man's mortal enemy, seasickness. From the time the big steamer left England until she swept up New York harbor the weather was uncompromisingly rough. Not one day was fair. When the young women reached the steamer they were utterly exhausted, and at once went to bed. This set the stewardess to grumbling. She wanted the girls to appear at the dinner table on the first day at least.

"Oh, don't urge us to go to dinner again," cried Miss F—wearily, and then she told the woman the experience through which they had just passed. "You poor little dears," said the woman, at once becoming gentle, and for the rest of the voyage she neglected every one else to look after "the brave little American ladies."

Men and women joined in little courtesies and attentions to the two girls. One old crusty Englishman seemed to take offense if any one monopolized their attention. He became their loyal guardian and walked around like a great protecting mastiff. It was he who stood on the deck with them on the day that the girls turned their eager eyes toward the Statue of Liberty. The new friends of "the brave little American ladies" advised them to stay in New York for one day to get a little rest. They would not listen to such pleasant urgings. The stewardess actually wept over their determination to hurry on to San Francisco.

NO REST FOR THEM.

"Only get one night's sleep," she pleaded, but the girls had been told to come home as soon as possible, and they were deaf to all entreaties. The steamer was at her pier at 4:30 p. m., and a train left Jersey City at 6:30 p. m. In that two hours the girls left the steamer, had their trunks examined by the custom house officials and were driven to the railroad station. Their adoring old Englishman, who did not look as if he had moved rapidly in forty years, fretted and bustled around the trunks when they were being opened. He was in mortal terror lest the girls would miss the train after all. He stamped, got red in the face, puffed violently and finally recovered the baggage with a cry of exultation. The train which started westward that evening carried with two white faced young women the good wishes of a shipload of passengers.

"No woman but an American would undertake such a thing," said the Englishman, looking at two bits of white lace where two handkerchiefs fluttered at the car window as the train rolled out of the station, "and," he added, "no woman but an American could succeed in such an undertaking."

For the benefit of those who are interested to know how the trip ended, and to satisfy those who like to follow transatlantic records, it may be said that the young women reached home in safety. To go from London to their home in San Francisco took them just twelve and one-half days.—New York Tribune.

A Successful Counterfeit.

Our rations while in Richmond we estimated at two to four ounces of beef and six to eight ounces of good wheat bread. To supplement this we made counterfeit greenbacks, which we were sometimes able to pass on unsuspecting guards. Once, by cutting out the figures from a ten cent scrip and with a little blood giving this over the figure one in a dollar greenback, myself and three comrades bought with this bogus ten dollar bill ninety loaves of good bread, and it was the only time while I was in the Confederacy that I made a full meal.

Posted.

Jenkins (trying to be social)—Is this Farmer Jones? Farmer Smith—No, sir-ee, it ain't Farmer Jones; it's Farmer Smith. An' I'll just tell yer, young feller, that I'm posted on that bunco game, an' yer can't play it on me! So you an' yer friend yander 'd better git.—Harper's Bazar.

It Always Seems So.

Merritt—I wonder what makes your grandmother like to rock so much. Little John—Cause the chair creaks so.—Epoch.

A Monster Aerolite.

In May, 1883, the National museum of Brazil came into final possession of one of the largest meteorites or aerolites that was ever known to fall upon either section of the American continents. The noble specimen weighs 11,800 pounds and originally laid imbedded in the ground near Bendego creek, in one of the most inaccessible portions of Brazil. The cost of transporting it from the place where it first struck American soil was defrayed by Baron Greahy. The survey of the route and preliminary arrangements occupied three months; its journey to the capital commenced Nov. 25, 1887, and it was nearly five months later before it was finally landed at the little railroad depot in the wilderness from whence it was transported to Rio Janeiro.

During the four months in which it was being pulled, pushed and rolled by man and mule power through the trackless wastes, over steep mountains and sandy forests, it crossed over one hundred streams of all sizes, was taken over one mountain chain 8,700 feet in height, besides many smaller elevations. All of this in a region where the best roads are only mule paths. A better idea of the difficulties these scientists encountered in securing their prize may be had from a knowledge of the fact that a total of 172 days was consumed in moving it from Bendego creek to the railway station, a distance of only 7 1/2 miles. The pluck and energy exhibited by these gentlemen in moving this gigantic aerolite to their national museum is a curious commentary on the scientific ideas of the early part of the century, which denied the existence of such bodies as aerolites.—St. Louis Republic.

Disappointed.

In a Massachusetts town live a worthy couple who have so far obeyed the Scriptural injunction to increase and multiply that they have eight sons, of whom the oldest is not over a dozen years of age. They are bright and lively little folk, and play together with the greatest zest, only now and then falling into some disagreement when one or the other pair of twins does not approve of the general scheme of play.

It chanced not long since that to this interesting family there came a still further addition in the shape of a baby sister. The father and mother were delighted that there should be a girl in the family, and supposed that the sons would be equally pleased. It was accordingly with a smiling face that the father went to make the announcement to the little fellows, who at the moment were all together in the breakfast room.

"Boys," he said joyously, "you have a darling little baby sister." There was a look of blank disappointment on every face and a moment of profound silence. Then excitable 8-year-old Master Tommy spoke for them all by exclaiming explosively: "Oh, dear, dear! that is too bad; it just spoils our baseball nine!"—Youth's Companion.

King Alfonso's Democratic Ways.

Whenever the king sees a grandee or gentleman whom he knows he calls them by their Christian names, or their surnames without their title, a custom always reproved by his government. "Eh! Xiquena!" exclaimed the king one day, as the ex-minister passed. The governor, who knew that the count's father was dead, and that the son had inherited the title, observed, "Sire, permit me to remind your majesty that the person whom you do the honor to address is the Duke of Bivona." The king burst out laughing and exclaimed: "The Duke of Bivona! This is nice! But I know that it is Xiquena! Are you not Xiquena?" he added, addressing the count. "Yes, sire." "Do you see," the little king went on; "this woman has a mania for giving people new names. Doesn't she pretend that Juanito (an officer of the royal guard much loved by the king) 'is the Marquis of Soto Mayor?' 'Indeed, sire, he is; and you will permit me to remind your majesty that he should be so addressed,'" replied the governor. "Don't be stupid," was the monarch's answer; "this is Juanito, and the other is Xiquena."—Corriere de Napoli.

Diseases of Childhood.

Perhaps the most important physiological period in childhood is when the first set of teeth is erupting. Dr. Arbutnot has calculated that one child in ten has its life destroyed in consequence of diseases which have their origin at this time. Professor Camper states that out of 5,989 infants admitted to foundling hospitals only 884 were alive at the end of the fifth year. Thus it is evident that children should be carefully cared for, and I believe that besides those who die from diseases readily traceable to irritation during the eruption of the temporary teeth a number are the victims of diseases superinduced by general neglect of the mouth, and the consequent tooth decay and improper mastication of food.—Cor. New York Herald.

Gave Himself Away.

Uncle Si—Well, Maurice, you're a reg'lar hunter, ain't yer? brought up all your togs, too. What do you expect to shoot?

Maurice—Oh, I thought I'd try the quail this morning.

Uncle Si—You can't do nothin' without a dog.

Maurice—By Gawge, that's so. Er—can't I take Fido?—Puck.

Making the Fog Less Dangerous.

A machine for automatically blowing a fog whistle has just been patented. A vessel equipped with the machine may travel at any rate of speed and continue to blow one or three blasts of the whistle per minute while proceeding through a fog. Many steamers use it—on the lakes, for instance.—New York Journal.

Mole, Remove Hence.

To remove moles get five cents' worth of marriatic acid, and three times a day touch the mole with a toothpick dipped into the acid. It will come off in about a week leaving a red spot on the face. Let that spot alone and it will heal.—New York Journal.

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