FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

LITTLE WHALERS.

Children Who Are With the Fleet Away Up In the Arctic Circle.

The budget of letters that came from the far north last Sunday brought news of an interesting character from the steam whaling fleet now lying at Cape Naverin. The interesting fact is that there are in the party thus cut off from the world for months and years a number of women and children, the fami-

MISS DOROTHY PORTER.

lies of captains. The masters of this steam whalers had to pay well for the privilege, which is a new one in the history of the whaling fleet. A thousand dollars each is the price of their pleasant company, but it's cheap at that when one considers that for perhaps eight months out of the year the whalers lie idle. The cruise may be two years and it may be three, and so the long wait is not joyful in the contemplation of a man who has wife and babies and a cozy home somewhere down in the world. And so the captains who had wives and babies physically fit to go gladly paid for the privilege.

Several of the families that will spend this and other summers and winters in the arctics are well known in San Francisco. Captain Green of the Alexander has with him his wife, who is the woman of the party with an arctic experience. On the Jessie H. Freeman are Mrs. Sophie Porter and her small daughter Dorothy. Mrs. Sherman is with her husband on the Beluga, and Captain Weeks of the Thrasher has for passengers his wife and baby son Bert.

Captain Porter's little girl will have the best time ever a little girl had. She will be plunged up to her soft curly bangs in the delights of things to play with. She is a maid of 4 years, and she is going along to accumulate more win-

BABY BERT WEEKS.

ters. She will learn geography without ever knowing that she is learning it. There won't be any rulers, and there won't be any maps, and she will be spared the telling how many capes and points there are up there. She will have as a magical object lesson the phenomena of that strange land, where they have toboggan slides all the year round. She will wear the smallest of sealskin sacks and altogether will have a real Alice in Wonderland time of it. Captain Weeks' little boy Bert will have an experience like the little boy in "Water Babies," only it is to be hoped that the seals won't call him an "eft," like that little boy, because he isn't an "eft," only the plumpest of baby boys and the youngest white person to enter the Arctic ocean. He will see the "whale that is big of bone and large of tail" and be able to tell the biggest fish story that ever was.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Baby Army For a Baby King.

A pretty and ingenious "toy" has been provided for his majesty Alfonso XIII of Spain, the youngest monarch in Europe, and the little king has been initiated into military life by taking the command of a battalion of troops varying in age from 5 to 8 years. There are 700 of these baby soldiers, and they wear the blue uniform and red cap of the "miquelet" Spanish regulars. The weapons have all been specially made to suit the infant requirement. All the different classes are represented in this battalion, from the small son of General Tolaviega down to the sons of laborers and artisans. The drummers are perhaps the most amusing and picturesque members of the party. Their enthusiasm for their work is boundless, but the organization is strictly according to rule, and an officer of the San Sabastian garrison has been drilling the recruits and their officers for a month past.—Westminster Gazette.

Ruth and Her Balloon.

One day, shortly before her mother took her to Gray Gables, little Ruth Cleveland was on the grounds back of the White House. It was nearly dusk, and the president was with her. She held the end of a string in her hand. The other end held captive a toy balloon. While playing she fell and let go of the string, and the balloon sprang upward so quickly that even the president, who jumped for it, couldn't catch it. Ruth picked herself up and saw the balloon sailing over the big trees. The president stood by and waited to console her when she should give way to grief. But she didn't cry. She simply eyed the toy till it melted into a speck and disappeared, and then, with a sigh, said, half to herself:

"Oh, well, let Jesus have it."

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith.

The first woman to be placed on a political state ticket in Illinois is Dr. Julia Holmes Smith of Chicago, who has been nominated by the Democratic state convention for trustee of the University of Illinois. Dr. Smith was born in New Orleans and educated in New York, where she married John S. C. Abbott, the historian. After his death she returned to New Orleans and in 1871 married Sabin Smith, following her husband's fortunes to Chicago. Shortly before they went to the western metropolis to live she began the study of medicine, finishing her course at the homeopathic college of that city. Dr. Smith is a prominent clubwoman, having been three times president of the famous Chicago Woman's club and secretary of the Fortnightly. She was largely instrumental in the organization of the Federation of Women's Clubs, carrying on all these interests in addition to her large practice and membership in consulting boards.—Chicago Herald.

Ways of Cooking Trout.

The ideal way of cooking trout is the simplest. Choose fish weighing about a quarter of a pound. After cleaning them wipe them well and lay them upon a plate with a tablespoonful of melted butter and a little pepper.

After rolling the fish well broil them for about five minutes on the flesh side and two on the other and serve them without delay. Prepare trout in exactly the same way and wrap them in writing paper that has been thoroughly soaked in melted butter, after first laying a very thin strip of larding pork under the fish. The paper should be tied loosely over the fish, so that there is only one thickness between it and the heat; then lay the fish on their envelopes in a baking pan and bake them in a hot oven for 25 minutes. Serve them in their envelopes, removing the strings alone to insure their being eaten hot and in perfection, is the advice of a writer in the New York Tribune.

A Step In Advance In France.

Mme. Henri Schmohl, the valiant champion of women in France and foundress of The Avant Courriere, has won what may be considered as a preparatory victory that bodes well for the eventual success of her campaign in the cause of feminine reform. M. Goirand, a deputy and a lawyer by profession, has just brought in a bill embodying the two essential reforms which The Avant Courriere is intended to further. As will be remembered, these two all important reforms are the repeal of the law by which no Frenchwoman can act as witness to any legal deed and the passing of a French married women's property act. Of course M. Goirand's bill may be thrown out, but the mere fact that a bill of the kind should be put before the house at all is a great step in advance.

Girls Objected to the Uniform.

The Pacific Hotel company has issued an order that the girls presiding over its lunch counters and its dining rooms must wear a blue serge dress, rather loose fitting and reaching just below the knee, and also a blue cap, sailor fashion. Miss Mamie Kelly and Miss Lou Koogle, who serve the coffee and pie at the Omaha Union depot, objected to donning the uniform and rather than do so resigned. The girls say the uniform is neither becoming nor pretty and is far from modest. It is understood the girls along the Union Pacific object to wearing it and will quit before they will do so. In speaking of the matter to a friend, the girls said they thought that it was "perfectly horrid."—Omaha Dispatch.

Drummond on the Ascent of Woman.

Professor Drummond, whose "Ascent of Man" has been attracting so much attention, is also a believer in the ascent of woman. In a speech at Haddo House, Lord Aberdeen's place, the other day, he remarked that "woman had been put through a marvelous discipline during the long night of history to teach her the virtues of unselfishness, tenderness, patience, compassion and love, so that she might become the teacher of the world, and it was quite certain, by all the laws of science and all the traditions of the world's past, that the great factor in the future evolution of society must be the ascent of woman."—Westminster Gazette.

Harriet Hosmer's Gift.

The Art institute of Chicago has received a gift from Harriet Hosmer of the cast she made in 1853 of the clasped hands of Robert Browning and his wife. This is the cast of which Hawthorne wrote in "The Marble Faun," "It symbolizes the individuality and heroic union of two high, poetic lives." The autograph of "Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Rome, May, 1853," is on the wrist of one; "Robert Browning, Rome," on the wrist of the other. Miss Hosmer refused in England an offer of $5,000 for this unique cast.

Women In Sugar.

No fewer than 100 women appear on a Louisiana list of persons producing sugar and receiving bounty thereon. They are either individual operators or are members of sugar producing firms, and their business compares very favorably with that of men. The firm of Ware & Baker collected $18,018 bounty in one year and is made up of Mary E. Ware and Elizabeth E. Baker. In the firm of Wheaton & Weems Mrs. Floretta Wheaton is the senior partner, with Mr. R. B. Weems the junior member.

Another "Soul" Married.

Another of the famous "souls" of London has married, Miss Violet Maxse, who has lately become Lady Cecil. The literary tastes of the bride were hinted at by the large number of books to be found among her wedding gifts and by the presence at her bridal of such distinguished writers as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Oscar Wilde.

A Little [illegible] Away.

Gallant [illegible], who told energetic [illegible] 1870 for the enforcement of the [illegible] y of his territory, [illegible] to be a [illegible] display that is astonishing considering the smallness of her population as compared with that of each of the great states by which she is surrounded. The latest return shows a total "effective" of no fewer than 488,526 men, of whom 134,952 correspond to what in other countries would be called the regulars.—London News.

She Served as a Soldier.

The late Colonel Barnaby told of the discovery of a woman who served as a soldier in the ranks of the army of Don Carlos in 1874. She wore the uniform and lived and fought just as the other soldiers, but a priest in whose parish she had lived identified her. Don Carlos removed her to the nurses' quarters, but she begged to be sent back to the ranks.

He laughed. "Not to the regiment of men, but when I form a battalion of women you shall be colonel."—London Truth.

ADVICE.

Girl number one I called upon
One balmy summer eve
And begged of her a single kiss
Before I took my leave.

To a jolly party I had been
With number two that night,
And at the door I asked a kiss,
Believing it but right.

Now, number three was sweet on me,
And I thought that sure a go,
And when I asked her for a kiss
I got a swift and "No!"

I asked my sister how it was
Such hard luck I had met.
"Why, you should take them, silly goose,"
Was all my sister said.
—Ned Whately in Detroit Free Press.

HER DILEMMA.

To and fro, back and across the rose bestrown carpet of the drawing room in a Victoria street flat swept and rustled the laces and silks of Mrs. Venning's newest Paris tea gown.

"What shall I do? Whatever shall I do?" cried Mrs. Venning as for the hundredth time the writing table barred her progress and turned her footsteps back to where the carved mantelpiece positively groaned under its load of Dresden china, old ivories, fresh roses and bibelots of every description.

She crossed the white fur rug, and pausing gazed with a self pitying smile at the pretty profusion that met her eyes.

"Roses at Christmas!" she said aloud. "That's the text of the old sermon. For the three years of my widowhood I've had roses at Christmas and everything else to match. Laura Marindin spent $400 when she hung her boudoir with French brocades. I ran in debt as many thousands by doing up my rooms with old embroideries. I suppose she's got a receipt for her money. I have a county court summons for mine."

She dropped into the writing chair and leaned her chin, dimpled and round as a baby's, in her palms. "It seems to be about $30,000 the horrid people want from me. I can't make it any less, and I've added everything together a dozen times. Of course I know I have been extravagant; but, then, I'm young—and—not bad looking"—which was Mrs. Venning's way of considering her undoubted beauty—"and a widow into the bargain. And widows are expected to be so very smart nowadays.

"Still the tradespeople should not have given me such unlimited credit. Ah, that's the real root of the whole matter! The credit system is the ruin of women, who, like myself, must have pretty things about them.

"Thirty thousand dollars, and most of it to be paid almost at once. I am worth—nothing—in cash. These things"—she looked about her luxurious surroundings with appreciative eyes—"I wonder what they would fetch if it came to a sale? I paid—at least I owe—an awful lot for some of them. But it mustn't, it shan't, come to a sale. A rich marriage. Now, let me think who will do.

"I'd throw the handkerchief to Raphael Gluckstein in a moment, and I know he'd positively jump at me, for the sake of my visiting list and the country houses I stay at, but that he would want to pry too much and would find out at once that when my late husband, Robert Venning, died he only left $50,000 behind him and not the $50,000 a year with which society and the tradespeople have chosen to credit me. Gluckstein wouldn't marry a penniless woman to attain even the Duchess of Newland's little dinner parties."

And so, with crinkled brow and a slender forefinger that ticked off each victim to Mrs. Venning's charms as he came in view, the prettiest and most popular woman in town passed before her mind's eye such men as, by their station or fortune, could alone save her from social and financial annihilation.

The Earl of Wessex she had openly snubbed a month ago, and only a week back his engagement to a Chicago pork packer's daughter had been announced.

Hon. Bertie Shorthouse was a nice boy, and his prospects truly grand, but he had been very wild on his own account, and a marriage with him might scarcely be satisfactory—from the point of view of the chaperons and tradespeople.

The young Duke of Wonderland was highly eligible, but the old duchess, his mother, kept a sharp eye on the lad and had openly expressed her detestation of widows.

The bishop of Barchester was rich and a well preserved man, but, oh, so prosy and so dreadfully intolerant of the ways of the world!

And so on through endless strings of men, who had buzzed round and burned their silly wings at the flame of Mrs. Venning's bright eyes.

Suddenly she paused, blushed deliciously, then laughed at herself for doing so.

"It's a dreadful thing to do," she said, passing her fingers lightly over her burning cheeks. "I don't know how such an idea could ever come into my head."

She opened the blotter, drew some dainty monogrammed paper toward her, and taking a pen between lightly to scribble a few names on a the sheet.

"Lord Fordwell, of course. The duke—I can't help it if his mother doesn't like it. The boy must marry some day. The bishop of Barchester. Gluckstein—I'll risk him. Colonel Dingwall is a nice looking man, with a comfortable income, and he was most civil with me at Goodwood. Lord Arthur St. John I will certainly write to. I've not seen him for a year, but I know he is at Brighton and he always said if ever I felt inclined to change my mind he would only be too pleased. Sir Roderick McPherson and Bertie Shorthouse. Eight of them.

"Fancy a woman writing to eight men to express her perfect willingness to marry any one of them! The only circumstance that prevents me expiring with horror at my own temerity is the fact that all of them have proposed to me, and in their different ways expressed a perfect readiness to fall in with my views if ever I could persuade myself to reconsider my decision."

Yet all the time a curious hesitancy mingled with her air of determination. Twice she laid her pen on the paper, as though to add a ninth name to those already written. The third time her fingers traced the letter R, but she scratched it through hastily.

"I think I must be mad. The idea of my offering to marry Reginald Beresford! Reggie, with whom I quarreled. Reggie, with whom I played in my baby days. Reggie, to whom I was engaged when I was still in short frocks, before he was first sent to India.

"I was married to Mr. Venning when he came back, and then—then poor Reggie began to racket and spend his money and ruin his health. Heaven forgive me! I laughed at him—he was so poor—for, though my heart ached for him, my head was too light to remember anything but that I was young and pretty. It serves me right that, after all, I am obliged to marry some man I hate anyway. Now for it!"

In her slender writing she penned eight letters to the men who within the last few months had wooed and tried to win the prettiest widow in London. She playfully claimed the prerogative peculiar to her own sex of changing her mind and wrote plaintively of her lonely life and her longing for a guiding hand and a strong arm.

When the task was completed, she rang the bell, and sending for her maid told her to prepare for a week's stay in the country.

* * * * * * *

"Who has called?" Mrs. Venning asked as she entered her flat on her return from the country. A sheaf of cards and a packet of letters were handed her. The first she tossed aside; the second demanded perusal.

"Now, I wonder how many men I shall find myself engaged to by the time I've read all these?"

She tore the seal of the first.

"Sir Roderick! So glad to hear I'm well—[illegible] and would scarcely suit me—kind regards. Hov' Scotch!

"The bishop rejoices to see I am taking a more serious view of life. Has changed his mind about marrying and thinks the clergy should be celibates.

"Gluckstein has looked up my husband's will and considers that my readiness to become his wife is actuated solely by a desire to possess his millions. Gracious! What else could he think?

"Colonel Dingwall is engaged to a young girl—all blue eyes and golden hair—going to be married next week. How foolish he must have felt when he read my letter! Well, four of them are out of the running."

A slight flush rose to Mrs. Venning's cheeks as she opened the fifth letter, which she quickly tore across and across.

"What a shameful letter to write! I always did hate that horrid old duchess.

"Umph! Lord Arthur St. John's valet writes for him. Says his master has got softening of the brain.

"Bertie Shorthouse informs me that he's stone broke and has got to marry an American heiress, but will I dine with him at the Cafe Royal one night? There are five mistakes in spelling.

"Now for Lord Fordwell. He always was a dear old thing. What! He would be delighted, but his daughters won't hear of his marrying again.

"And to think that I should be refused by eight men! By men who vowed they loved me for myself; would deny the fates to win me; would wait for years for me. Oh, this humiliation is awful! I shall"——

"Lula!" said a voice behind her.

"Reggie! You? Where have you been, poor boy, and what have you been doing?"

"I have been at the Cape, and I have been making my fortune. And you?"

"Oh, I"——

"I hear you are free?"

"Yes!"

"Going to marry again?"

"Perhaps. Is that what you came back from the Cape to say?"

"Yes. Any chance for me, Lula?"

"What will you do if I say no?"

"Go back to the Cape."

"I could not send you back there, Reggie."

He caught her perfect form in his strong arms; her beautiful head rest on his shoulder; he kissed her many times. He called her by name, but they robbed, her name was very big. Women are strange things.—Pick Up.

[illegible]

It was in [illegible] Round Trip.

[illegible] New York was [illegible] a thick [illegible] of [illegible] walks. The [illegible] Rann climbed [illegible] into [illegible] and [illegible] Chief [illegible] he should put up [illegible] engineer [illegible] recommending [illegible] that the chief fireman [illegible] and replied that, in [illegible] opinion, the steam pressure under which the ship was then working was sufficient for the required speed.

The engineer became enraged and with a curse grabbed a 12 foot poker, the handle of which was protruding from one of the immense furnaces, and was about to ram the red hot iron through the body of the chief fireman, when Fireman Wagner threw himself upon him from behind and tore him down thus saving the life of Rann.

There commenced a terrible life and death struggle between Wagner and the engineer. The men were on a platform from which the coal is shoveled into the furnaces. Both men are of powerful build, with muscles of steel. They gripped each other where they lay, rolled over and over. Each tried to push the other through into one of the blazing furnaces. About 40 coal passers and firemen stood around, but could not interfere, as the chief fireman told them to keep aloof. Wagner had the advantage of being naked to the waist, while the engineer's movements were somewhat hampered by his close fitting uniform.

Wagner finally managed to get hold of his adversary's throat, and he tightened his grip until the engineer's eyes bulged from their sockets. Then he let him go. Rann was almost dead. A bucketful of water was dashed into his face, and he revived sufficiently to drag himself to the elevator and be hoisted on deck.

Two hours later Fourth Engineer Peters came down the stokeroom and told Wagner that one of the machinists wanted to see him. The fireman went up to one of the coal bunkers, where the machinist was said to be waiting. Here Wagner was attacked by Peters and knocked down and almost beaten to death. He says that the first blow struck was by Peters, who hit him on the right temple with a brass knuckler, in consequence of which he almost lost consciousness. Then the two fell upon him mercilessly.

Wagner made no complaint to the captain or any of the officers, believing, he said, that he would not get justice against a superior officer. He went before United States Commissioner Shields when the New York came into port and swore out a warrant against the two engineers setting forth the facts related. They were arrested by United States Marshal Jacobus and Deputy Marshal Solomon. Their examination was postponed until June 22.—New York World.

A Contest in Cocoons.

The Genesee Valley Forest association offered prizes last year to school children for the gathering of the cocoons of destructive insects. The three scholars gathering the largest number were to receive $5 each, the three gathering the next largest $3 each and the three gathering the third largest $2 each. Then a prize of $10 was offered to any scholar who would beat last year's record of 44,000. This was the offer that is now embarrassing the society. Instead of a single boy coming up to the $10 mark, scores have brought in their 50,000 or more cocoons, and there is danger that the aggregate of prizes earned will go up into the thousands. The society wishes it understood that it intended only one $10 prize, but certainly any boy who has the industry to gather 50,000 cocoons deserves to be generously rewarded. The association admits its error and will try to arrange a satisfactory settlement with the boys. And what they have done will save thousands of dollars to their section of the state.—Troy Times.

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind for the moment, realizes itself.—Mrs. Jameson.

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A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was bedded in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 569 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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