

The Oregon Scout

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UNION, OREGON.

Difference in the Life of Men and Women.

The ordinary woman arises from her bed in the morning, makes the daily round of her duties, sets her house in order, gets her children off to school and settles down for a quiet day of sewing or reading. On an occasional afternoon she makes a shopping excursion or scores off a list of calls. She moves gracefully among the same set of people. Day after day she stays within the home walls and sees only the familiar family friends, the postman, the grocer boy, with now and then the extraordinary excitement of a day with the dressmaker.

What a contrast to this humdrum is the daily existence of the man. His journey to town by steam or horse car, or his walk along the busy street, is full of incident and of interchange. Before he has reached his place of business in the morning he has, perhaps, discussed the topics of the day with a half dozen different persons. His daily occupation brings him into contact with men of a dozen different nations, of a dozen different creeds, in a dozen different strata of society. He may not be aware of it, but there is in his mind a constant sifting analysis, judgment of human character. The constant shifting of the kaleidoscope shows him lives in all sorts of combinations, broadens his views and takes from him that intensity of feeling which belongs to narrowness and helps to set aside personal feeling in forming his opinions.—Good Housekeeping.

The Care of the Face.

You want to keep your skin nice all summer? Well, then, here are some rules for you:

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a few drops of ammonia or a little borax.

Don't bathe your face while it is very warm, and never use very cold water for it.

Don't wash your face when you are traveling, unless it is with a little alcohol and water or a little vaseline.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give your face a hot bath, using plenty of good soap, then give it a thorough rinsing with water that has had the chill taken off it.

Don't rub your face with a coarse towel; just remember it is not made of cast iron, and treat it as you would the finest porcelain—gently and delicately.

Don't use a sponge or linen rag for your face; choose instead a flannel one.

Don't believe you can get rid of wrinkles by filling in the crevices with powder. Instead, give your face a Russian bath every night—that is, bathe it with water so hot that you wonder how you can stand it, and then a minute after with cold water that will make it glow with warmth; dry it with a soft towel and go to bed, and you ought to sleep like a baby, while your skin is growing firmer and becoming free from wrinkles.—New York Sun.

The "Elephant Man."

He was afflicted with two terrible deformities—overgrowth of certain bones and a severe skin disease of a disfiguring nature. Two enormous bony outgrowths developed on his forehead, and the bones of the upper jaw, right arm and both feet were of great size. The skin disease consisted of wart like masses, quite superficial on some parts, but forming large excrescences on the back of the head and loins. The skin formed large loose flaps on the right side of the chest and the lower part of the back. The eyelids, ears, left arm and other parts remained free from the skin disease. The high masses of bone on the forehead, with the prominent nose and lip, which hung downwards, owing to overgrowth of the skin, gave an elephantine appearance to the features. The head, during the last three or four years, grew so heavy that at length the man had great difficulty in holding it up. He slept in a crouching position, with his hands clasped over his legs and his head on his knees. There can be no doubt that the weight of the head killed him, as stated at the inquest. The poor fellow was grateful, intelligent and interesting.—British Medical Journal.

A Sport Loving People.

"I suppose you have frequently heard that Australia is the greatest country in the world for athletic sports?" said Ned Hanlan, the oarsman, while talking about the world's championship boat race at Sydney. "But the facts have not been exaggerated. It is wonderful how the people turn out to any kind of sport—sculling, horse races, wrestling matches or anything else. Why, I saw as many as 20,000 people at a little sprinting match once. Then, what do you think of 170,000 going to the horse races? For that was the attendance one year when the Melbourne cup was run. The Derby in England isn't a comparison so far as the crowd is concerned. The crowds at boat races are also phenomenal. The people in Australia go crazy over all sorts of sports."—Louisville Post.

Unique Barometer.

An old Belfast sea captain is credited with devising a unique barometer. It consists of a thin strip of white pine with a number of cross pieces upon it. This is hung on the side of the building, and when damp weather is approaching the barometer bulges out in the center, while in dry weather the center sinks in and the ends come out.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Truth Is Mighty.

A grocer in a suburb of Philadelphia called Jackwaxem, or Shackomaxum, or some such thing, hung a sign on his safe reading: "No money in here." And yet two burglars worked for ten hours to get it open and discover that it was only an empty void. A man who won't believe in his fellow man must expect to work for low wages.—Detroit Free Press.

AN OPENING ROSEBUD.

What will it be?
This a bud on a rose bush growing,
A tiny and tender thing,
With its green, fringed calyx showing
The faintest tinge of a pink flush, flowing
At kiss of the welcome spring.

What will it be?
With an exquisite grace and bearing,
In timid yet trustful sway,
On the slim curved stem 'tis sharing
The balmy breath of the south wind, daring
The gaze of the fervid day.

What will it be?
I can catch but a doubtful gleaming
(So little the petals show),
Thro' the scarce cleft sepals, seeming
Like lightest bonds, if the bound heart's
dreaming

In foldings of flame or snow.
What will it be?
What will it be?
In the day of its full tide splendor,
A marvel of beauty fair,
With its soft bonds riven, tender
The richest red of a warm heart, tender
And sweet with an incense rare?

What will it be?
In the time of its full displaying
The secrets its petals hold
Will it show, in sunshine swaying,
The purest white of a rich heart, spraying
Its sweets from a bosom cold?

What will it be?
To the bud on the rose bush blowing
I whisper a tender line,
And its close veiled petals, glowing,
An answer send in a soft blush, knowing
The wish in the whisper fine.

—Gustavus Harkness in Philadelphia Ledger.

Large Reservoirs.

Omitting lakes, which are in many cases natural reservoirs, the largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, twenty miles southeast of Udaipur city, Rajputana province, India. It covers an area of twenty-one square miles. The masonry dam is 1,000 feet long by 95 feet high; 50 feet wide at the base and 15 at the top. In southern India, also, there are some immense reservoirs. That of Cumbum in Cuddapah district is formed by damming the Gundlakama river by a dam 57 feet high thrown between two hills. The reservoir has an area of fifteen square miles. The Sulekere reservoir in Mysore state is very little smaller, and next to Cumbum is the finest in southern India. Compared with these artificial lakes, Loch Katrine (supplying Glasgow), four and one-half square miles, and Vyrnwy reservoir (supplying Liverpool), nearly two square miles, are insignificant in size. The Manchar tank in Scinde has an area of 180 square miles, but only when fed by the waters of the river during the months of flood. In dry months it shrinks to quite a small area.—New York Telegram.

Napoleons of Finance.

A most appalling sound was heard in the nursery, and the astonished father, with his hair on end, ran to see what was the matter. He opened the door and looked in. Willie was sitting astride his drum, kicking it with both feet. Johnny was twisting the cat's tail and bringing forth howls of dire agony. Tommy was whirling a rattle, Bobby Stapleford, a neighbor's boy, was superintending a fight between two vociferous dogs, Harry Plugmore, another visitor, was jumping up and down on an empty barrel, half a dozen other casual youngsters were pounding tin pans, and all were yelling at the tops of their voices.

"What is the meaning of this unearthly racket?" demanded the father as soon as he could make himself heard above the din.

"We're playing Chicago board of trade," replied Willie. "Fellers, let 'er go once more!"

And pandemonium broke loose again.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious Burial.

The wishes of a curious character, who was named Hilkington, better known as Squire Hawley, were fully carried out a few years ago at a place near Doncaster. He was buried in his own garden, amid the graves of his dead cattle, which had been stricken down by rinderpest. He was laid out in full hunting costume, including spurs and whip, and was placed in a stone coffin weighing upwards of a ton, which had to be lowered into the grave by means of a crane. His old pony was shot and buried at his feet, and at his head was laid the bodies of his favorite dog and an old fox. All his property was left to his groom on condition that these funeral observances were fully carried out; in default the estate was to go to the priest of Doncaster for the benefit of the Roman Catholic church. The groom, however, did not suffer the bequest to himself to lapse.—Cassell's Journal.

Dangers of Analogy.

An excellent story is related of the way in which that inflexible disciplinarian, the young kaiser, was hoist with his own petard in the person of one of his own children. The little prince was rebuked for eating with his fingers, and threatened that if he repeated the offense he would be sent under the table, the proper place for little boys who emulated the habits of dogs. After a brief interval of good behavior the offense was repeated and the culprit ordered to get under the table, where he promptly proceeded to undress himself, on the ground that little dogs did not wear clothes—they only had skin.—London Globe.

No Affidavits.

Crofton, naturalist and geologist, says that there was darkness over the world for a space of 600 years during the formation of the earth, with flashes of lightning and peals of thunder at intervals of five minutes. You can believe this or not, just as you happen to feel about it. Mr. Crofton has no affidavits to publish.—Detroit Free Press.

The Lively Moth.

An English naturalist says that the moth was known 800 years B. C. and that Cleopatra, after losing \$10,000 worth of fine clothes by him in one year, paid an artisan \$2,000 to make her a chest of lead to keep her other store clothes from being chewed up.—Detroit Free Press.

DUTCHESS COUNTY'S BIG CAVERN.

An Interesting Hole in the Ground Near the Foot of Mount Riga.

Near the eastern boundary of Dutchess county, almost in the shadow of Mount Riga, is one of the greatest natural wonders of the state. It is a cave or passageway into the mountain, which is called Cave Hill, and its depth has never been known. Its opening resembles a roughly cut doorway into a great rock. A diminutive stream of water trickles down the mountain and into this opening, which would seem the only agency by which such a tunnel could have been worn into the rock, but the size of the cave some distance within precludes the idea of its having been made by so small a stream.

The opening is just large enough for one person to enter, and the way is a rough and dangerous one. The rocks are covered with a slimy substance that makes every foot of the way slippery and treacherous. After much cautious moving and squeezing through the narrow opening the party came to a large dome shaped place, which, in the gleam of the torches, resembled a small ice palace, while drops of water constantly fell from some unseen place. The way leading into the cave is on a sharp downward incline, and some of the spaces are very large, many of them being about five feet wide and fifty feet high, and, looking up through the dim light of the torches, dozens of ugly looking rocks seem suspended from the glittering arches by very slender hangings, and the sight is not calculated to produce a home like feeling. The party followed this dark hole in the mountain for nearly half a mile, occasionally stopping to explore niches and apartments on either side that suggested the story of the catacombs.

Finally the amateur explorers came to a precipice from which nothing but darkness could be distinguished. One of the party dropped a stone into the darkness, and the time that expired before it struck anything seemed almost as long as it takes a stone to reach the river when dropped from the Poughkeepsie bridge, and when it did strike there was a peculiar rattle and a sound like a much larger stone falling into a pond. Almost on the edge of this precipice are two names cut into the rock. They are J. C. Dayton and D. C. Dakin, both dated 1840. Other names are cut in the rock nearer the opening of the cave, one as lately as 1875. The cave is without doubt perfectly natural. Looking up from its deepest recess it looks as though there had once been a narrow chasm like that through which parts of the Ausable river winds through the Adirondacks, and that the rocks had met at the top, thus closing the chasm and sending huge rocks down, partially filling the opening and leaving a treacherous footpath through it all.

There are stories and legends connected with this cave which have never appeared in print, although some of the people that live in the mountain are thoroughly familiar with them. Some New York explorers once visited the cave, and one of the party, a young woman, became frightened after entering and nearly lost her life before she could be rescued. About twenty years ago a stranger inquired from the woodmen where the cave was. When shown the opening he exclaimed, "Ah, 'tis mine! 'tis mine!" and at once prepared to enter it in search of hidden treasure, which he said was there. The poor man was insane, and in his wanderings had heard of this strange place, and at once associated it in his mind with untold fortunes, just as insane men nearly always do. He built a hut on the hillside near the cave and went every day into its gloomy depths and crawled about, often without light, even in the winter. In this weary way he wore his life away, and was found by some hunters one day dying in his cabin and still raving for his gold in the cave.

The mountain into which the strange channel extends is one of the wildest in Dutchess county. It is covered with white birch trees so thickly set that one can hardly pass through. Many of the trees are dead, and the reporter, not particularly muscular, easily broke off several of them with an ordinary push.—Poughkeepsie News Press.

Rapid Talkers in Germany.

Herr Hofer, of the Dresden institute, is an expert in shorthand writing, and he has been making an estimate of the rapidity with which certain famous members of the German reichstag deliver their speeches. He reports that Herr Rickert speaks at the rate of 153 words a minute; Herbert Bismarck, 144 words; Febr von Stumm, 143 words; Dr. Barnberger, 129 words; Herr Singer, 121 words, and Dr. Bausling, 112. When we take into consideration the exceeding length of the German words we are compelled to admit that these are certainly instances of wonderfully rapid speaking.—Eugene Field's London Letter.

A Prudent Parent.

Indignant Father—Hain't you done anything but laugh?
Boy—No, sir.
"And the teacher whipped you for that? The scoundrel! I'll teach him!"
"Yes, and he whipped me just as hard! He's a great big man."
(Not quite so indignant) "H'm! You mustn't laugh in school, Johnny. It's against the rules."—Chicago Tribune.

The Uncertainties of Juries.

A clerk in Chicago was tried for larceny. He was acquitted. Whereupon he said: "Well, if you jurors can't convict a man when he confesses he is guilty I don't know what you can do." We saw a Halifax jury acquit a man who pleaded manslaughter and whose lawyers asked for such a verdict.—Wilmington (N. C.) Messenger.

That Joke Again.

"Four hundred and twenty-two," yelled the elevator boy.
"What is?" asked the passenger.
"You are?" You are the four hundred and twenty-second man to ask me this week if my life isn't full of ups and downs. Ask it again. I like it.—New York Sun.

CHINAMEN'S COUSINS.

A CLAIM THAT AMERICAN INDIANS ARE OF MONGOL DESCENT.

Reasons for Thinking They Are—The Striking Resemblance in Language and Appearance—Curious Custom of Depressing the Skull Artificially.

Having in youth visited the upper Missouri, and obtained considerable knowledge of the tribes who dwell on that river, I have always felt a deep interest in the investigations as to the origin of the American Indians. From the settlement of this country down to our own time all sorts of theories have been advanced, some of them of the wildest character, and others plausible and reasonable. Catlin tells the story of Prince Modoc and his Welshmen, and speaks of blue eyed and light haired Indians of the Mandan tribe in support of the legend. Neither Catlin nor any of his critics seem to have thought of the simple fact that the pure blooded Welshman is neither blue eyed nor light haired. And this is but a sample of the way in which the subject has been dealt with even by careful and inquiring writers.

SIMILAR WORDS.

My own opinion—if it is of any value—is that the North American Indians, or the greater part of them, are descended from Asiatic immigrants and closely akin to the Mongolian race. In the Sioux language, with which I have some acquaintance, the word for a chief, or head man, is "eetoncha." Among certain tribes of Alaska the chief is called "eeton" and "tyone." This certainly brings us very near the Japanese word "tycoon." I have mentioned this word in particular because it is one of the terms likely to be perpetuated under any change of circumstances, just as the Saxon word "king," in England, survived alike Norman conquest and Celtic admixture. The Sioux word for a tent, or home, is "teepee," and this is very similar to the Tartar word, while there is also a marked similarity in the appearance of the tents alike of the Tartars and the American Indians. The photographs brought by travelers from Siberia of the tribes there subject to Russian authority might well be mistaken for pictures of American Indians in unusual attire.

It is true that the Indians are, as a rule, superior in physique to the average Mongolian, at least to the specimens of the Mongolian race that we meet in America, but the difference is no greater than between the average Celtic immigrant of fifty years ago and his grandson of today; whereas the Indian immigration probably took place many hundreds of years ago. The writer has not been the only traveler impressed by the resemblance of Indians to the Mongols. Both in Central and South America tribes have been found whose likeness, in language, physique and manner, to the Mongolian race has lately been the subject of considerable observation and remark. One of these tribes—the Guararis—has its seat on the far confines of Paraguay; yet, in the opinion of a gentleman acquainted with the Tartar tongue, their speech is distinctly Mongolian.

It does not follow that all the aboriginal inhabitants of America are of Mongolian descent, even if they all came from Asia. The writer has seen the descendants of the Aztecs in Mexico, and it is difficult to imagine any relationship between them and the Mongolian. Yet Aztec tradition points to the north as their original seat, and among a people who had no method of transmitting history by writing tradition is likely to have been fairly accurate. Europe was not all settled by one blood. The fair and the dark haired, the Celt and the Goth, swept over the continent, the current eddying here and there, where a wandering horde was tempted or compelled to rest. So that other races besides Mongols may have emigrated from Asia to America.

AZTEC TRADITION.

The Aztec tradition of northern migration is supported by various circumstances, and one to the bearing of which, I think, attention has never before been called. It is well known that the Aztecs have a slanting forehead—or, in other words, they have no forehead at all—the skull being depressed in front almost on an angle with the nose. A tribe in British Columbia has for ages practiced the custom of depressing by artificial means the foreheads of children so as to make the head look very like that of an Aztec. This is not done to the heads of children of the lowest class in the tribe—at least respectable rank. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the origin of this singular habit may have had some connection with Aztec supremacy in that region at a far remote period, when it became to the interest of a subject clan to have as near a physical resemblance as possible to the conquering race.

The American Indians are passing away. Cities have grown where I have shot the prairie chicken, chased the buffalo and kept midnight watch for the prowling Sioux a few years ago. Another ten years and it will be difficult to find an Indian of the sort that followed Sitting Bull, and harassed the infant settlements of Dakota. They will have become half civilized specimens of humanity, living on the charity of the government, without the virtues of independence, and with numerous vices of which in freedom they were happily ignorant. These Indians have traditions that are worthy of being handed down; their languages, soon to perish, are worth preserving.—Letter in New York Star.

Objected to the Size.

It was a very affectionate husband who uttered the most literal interpretation of sentiment on record.
"I believe," said his wife, proudly, after some great instance of his unselfish devotion, "I believe you would let yourself be cut into inch pieces for me!"
The husband looked doubtful.
"Make the pieces six inches, Mary," he returned, honestly, "and maybe I could stand it."—Youth's Companion.

A SEA-SIDE EPISODE.

Penelope Meets With Defeat at the Hands of Sister Dolores.

Scene—A corner suite, second floor, in the Great Big Bill Summer Hotel. Dramatis Personae—Penelope—elder sister to Dolores. Dolores—younger sister to Penelope. Time—The hour for an afternoon nap. That is to say any time after dinner when the men are quietly enjoying their cigars.

Penelope (undoing her hair)—It is shameful—perfectly shameful! One might expect something better of one's sister.

Dolores (toying nervously, like a historically desperate Greek maiden, with a hunk of nougat)—What is shameful? Penelope—Your actions with Jack Dashing.

Dolores—I do not know of any actions of mine that are open to criticism, Miss Envious.

Penelope—You danced seven dances with him and walked out four others in the moonlight. Every one in the room noticed it and you can imagine my feelings. As for mamma, I am glad she was not there.

Dolores—Well, you would have done the same thing if he had given you the opportunity. I am not so awfully dull, after all, and if you think you can frighten me you are greatly mistaken.

Penelope—I would have done nothing of the kind, Miss Impertinence. Let me tell you that I have too much sense of propriety.

Dolores—And too little sense of proprietorship. Oh! I know you. And I know you a great deal better than you think I do, my dear, dear sister.

Penelope (grasping the end of a braid with maddened fury between her teeth)—You do! Well, I warn you right here that Mr. Dashing and I are as good as engaged. Before the season closes he will have ceased to notice you, except it be to dance with you occasionally because you are my sister.

Dolores (masticating the nougat with aristocratic imperturbability)—Indeed! What evidence have you of his affection? Penelope—why should I tell you? I don't think it is your affair in any particular.

Dolores (stolically)—Because you want to hurt my feelings.

Penelope—Oh! do I? Well, just to satisfy your curiosity (triumphantly) last night he kissed me. Of course no one saw it, so I can't prove it. But I suppose you will believe me, though I do interfere with your flirtation.

Dolores—That doesn't amount to anything.

Penelope—Why not, pray?

Dolores—Do you really want to know? Penelope (Incredulously)—Why, of course.

Dolores—Well, last night he gave me—

Penelope (feverishly)—What? Dolores—An engagement ring.—Munsey's Weekly.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

How Dr. Bledsoe Relieved an Anxious Widow's Mind.

Two physicians, named Bledsoe and Curen, were residents of a Texas town, and as is frequently the case, they were bitter rivals, and hated each other heartily.

Not many months ago a man by the name of Robinson died. Mrs. Robinson, a nervous, excitable little woman, firmly believed that her husband had been buried alive. In order to relieve her mind, she repaired to the office of Bledsoe one morning, as she wanted to tell him of the many things which led her to believe her husband had been buried alive. Curen was the family physician, but she did not go to him, for the reason that he had pronounced her husband dead, and would ridicule anything to the contrary.

"Dr. Bledsoe," she said, "I firmly believe my husband has been buried alive."

"Who was the physician in attendance during his illness?" said Bledsoe.

"Dr. Curen."

"Dr. Curen, eh? Well, madame, if he attended him you need have no further apprehension as to your husband being buried alive. Your husband was undoubtedly dead when buried."—Siftings.

One Thing He Was Able to Recall.

Lawyer (after persistent inquiry)—You say you can not recall the matter?

Witness—I can't, sir.

Lawyer—Your recalling faculty isn't very good, eh?

Witness—Possibly not, sir.

Lawyer—Is there any thing that you can recall?

Witness—I can recall another occasion on which I was questioned a great deal by a lawyer who knew very little.—The Jury.

A Living Proof.

Young Mr. Freshly (conversing with an elderly friend of the family)—When I see how we have things now—electricity, telegraph, telephone—and think how people lived sixty years ago I can't help thinking that our grandfathers must have been fools.

Mr. Oldboy (obviously nettled)—When I see some of our grandchildren I can't help thinking the same.—Boston Times.

Merrill—How is the new university of your city coming on?

Woolley—Oh, splendidly. The baseball and foot-ball grounds are laid out, the bath house built, and we've secured seven athletic instructors. We're going to hire a man to teach Latin and history and all that, and I expect we'll open with a large class next fall.—West Shore.

Outer Woman and Inner Man.

Uncle—Mamie, what did you buy with the dime I gave you?

Mamie—This pretty ribbon, uncle.

Uncle—Bobby, what did you buy with your dime?

Bobby—Ice cream soda.—Chicago Times.

She Was Willing.

Ethel—Here is an article in this paper entitled: "Why don't young men marry?" I wonder why?

Maud—Because they don't ask you, I suppose.—Puck.

THE CONSTELLATIONS.

How the Position of the Sun and the Planets is Defined.

The ancient astronomers gave the name of Zodiac to an imaginary belt extending around the heavens, having for its middle line the ecliptic, which is the line of the earth's orbit, or the apparent path of the sun through the heavens. The ecliptic forms the center of this belt, which is about eighteen degrees in width, which in ancient times included the orbits of all the known planets—but five in number—as well as the sun. The 18-degree belt of the old-time astronomer will not now contain the orbits of all the recently discovered planets and asteroids, which are now technically known as ultra-zodiacal planets. The stars in the zodiacal belt were grouped into twelve constellations, to each of which was assigned one-twelfth of the circumference of the circle, or thirty degrees. This arrangement made it possible to readily define at any time the position of the sun and the planets. The constellations that gave rise to the zodiacal divisions were as follows: Aries, the ram; Taurus, the bull; Gemini, the twins; Cancer, the crab; Leo, the lion; Virgo, the virgin; Libra, the balance; Scorpio, the scorpion; Sagittarius, the archer; Capricornus, the goat; Aquarius, the water bearer, and Pisces, the fishes. As one half of the ecliptic is north and the other half south of the celestial equator, that is, the line where the plane of the earth's equator if extended would divide the heavens, the points of intersection of their planes are known as the equinoctial points. The old-time star-gazers regarded these points as fixed and immovable, and therefore, the one at which the sun crosses the equinoctial line from south to north was fixed upon as the first point in the first division of the Zodiac, the sign Aries. After the sun had traveled 30 degrees eastward in this division he entered the second sign, Taurus, and thus continued his course through all the signs, crossing the line from north to south, when he passed from the sign Virgo into that of Libra. The equinoctial points are not stationary, but move slowly in the heavens, thus the first division of the Zodiac has been almost entirely separated from the constellation of Aries, and now corresponds more exactly with that of Pisces. Anciently the signs of the Zodiac were supposed to have an abnormal effect upon all animal and vegetable life, but this is now looked upon as rankest superstition. The constellations of the Zodiac were arranged by the astronomer Hipparchus in the year 300 A. D., or thereabouts.—St. Louis Republic.

FEMALE COMPOSERS.

Women Who Have Created Pleasing Tunes and Staged Operas.

The reproach that women, while professing to be fond of music, have never been numbered among the creators of the art is now being happily falsified. Of women song-writers a long list might be quickly compiled. A moment's reflection will suggest the names of Maud Valerie White, Lady Hill, Hope Temple, Mary Carmichael, "Louisa Gray," Edith Cook, Mrs. Goodeve, Miss Wakelield, Mary Ostere, the late Miss Elizabeth Philip, and many more. But within the last few years women have soared to higher flights. From Paris come continually tidings of new triumphs achieved by women. This new heroine of the hour is Miss Augusta Holmes. She is a naturalized Frenchwoman, but of Irish extraction. Her father, Colonel Dalkeith Holmes, when he retired from service in the English army, went to live at Versailles, and the daughter is how a loyal citizen of the Republic of France, where she has found a home. Ireland, however, still retains a strong hold on her affections, and Miss Holmes delights in Irish melody and poetry. Although she certainly does not belong to the German school of composers, she follows Wagnerian principles in one respect for she welds the music to her own libretto, a system which imparts the unity of effect for which her works are remarkable.

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