

**WHISTLE IT AWAY.**

Have you any petty cares, boys?  
Whistle them away;  
There's nothing cheers the spirits  
Like a merry roundelay.  
No matter for the heartaches,  
Neath silk or hoddens-gray,  
For the sake of those who love you,  
Just whistle them away.

"Strange how soon friends gather  
About a cheerful face;  
That smiling eyes and lips count more  
Than beauty, wealth or grace,  
But I have seen it tried, boys:  
When trouble comes to stay,  
The brave heart leaps to work and strives  
To whistle it away."  
—Selected.

**The Family Specter.**

66 **B**Y Jove, Gordon, I don't know what to make of you!" exclaimed Tom Fairleigh, drawing on his gloves with considerable show of vexation. "Amy Hepburn's happiness is dear to me; in fact, I came here to-night to tell you that I love her—"

"To tell me!" broke in Gordon; "why don't you tell her?"

"Wait, can't you? Let me finish. I have told her and she declined me. It was very gently and with the greatest possible regard for my feelings, but nevertheless I was declined. Don't think me a fool because I come here and make a confession which can be nothing less than mortifying. I'm doing it for Amy's sake."

"For Amy's sake?" echoed Gordon. "Yes; I want to see her happy and you are the man to make her so. She declined me on your account. Of course, I knew long ago that you were my rival, but I did not know until two hours since that you were the successful one. You aren't worthy of her and don't deserve her, but don't think for a moment that I believe myself more worthy or more deserving." Pausing suddenly, Fairleigh walked to his friend's side and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I can't understand what you mean by leading Amy to believe that you care for her, while all the time dividing your attentions with Nell Fordyke. Would you be inhuman enough to break a heart as loyal as Amy's?"

"Don't be tragic, Tom. I'm not going to break anybody's heart. Nell is rich, you know—"

"And so are you," sneered Fairleigh, walking hurriedly to the door and laying his hand on the knob, "but Amy Hepburn is poor. Society dares you to wed with poverty. If you love Amy, are you man enough to take the dare? Examine into the financial condition of the Hepburns, reflect upon the cause of their downfall in fortune, and then let me see if you are strong enough to leap this Brahminical barrier of cast."

With this parting shot Fairleigh passed quickly out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Harry Gordon gave vent to a long whistle, settled himself back in his chair and thoughtfully lighted a cigar.

"That was quite a jolt," he muttered, looking upward through the curling wreaths of smoke. "How happy I could be with either were 't'other dear charm away! It's as sure as can be that I love one and fancy the other, but who will unravel the Gordian knot? Which is it to be—Amy or Nell?"

A knock fell on the door—leading to the outside door, but on a door not into a closet. Harry Gordon stirred uncomfortably in his chair, a vexed look coming into his eyes as he fixed them upon the set door. After a brief interval of pause the knock was repeated.

"What in the world aroused you?" cried Gordon.

"Business is business," came a hollow voice from the other side of the closet door. "I'm here for a purpose, and if I do not make that purpose manifest once in a while you'll forget all about me."

This remark was followed by a cackling and a story outburst that seemed to grate harshly on Gordon's ear.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to come out and show myself. You know I'm here, but a little ocular demonstration won't come amiss, I take it. Remember, I'm showing consideration for you. I might have kicked open this door and stalked out into the room. But I didn't. I stalked."

"Can't you put it off? Come out tomorrow. I've got something else to think about now."

The high and mighty order of fam-skeletons are not in the habit of being second fiddle or taking back seats for anybody. I'm coming out at eight, then," groaned Gordon, fixing himself about in his chair.

"Closest door flew open and a well-dressed skeleton strode out and laid with a rattle into a chair. The cavernous eyes were blankly expressive to Gordon. For him also there was something sarcastic in the grin of the fleshless jaws.

"Dust me off," said the skeleton; "I don't show up as frightful as possible."

Next presented itself to Gordon's command, which he was obliged to disobey. Picking up a rattle, he fixed it vigorously upon a woman's white bones.

"Just self and I," reflected the aged, dropping the receipts of her chair.

"I don't neglect me," said Charlie Evans, of the family engineer on the O. & N. Now, if I don't get my share of the family's attention, my bony legs end through the floor by Mr. Evans' leg was by the foot-stool. I breaking have a chat leg between the knee and.

It is established then, it used to Dallas people are talk. It was my the mountains or at the st.

custom, visit him every night. As he sat before that table there, writing, I'd sneak out of that closet, come quietly up behind him and put an arm caressingly about his neck." The skeleton laughed, working his bony jaws with a succession of crackling sounds that made Gordon shiver. "How it used to shatter him! He would turn white as a sheet as he looked up into my face. Once he sprang to his feet in desperation and we had a wrestle all about the room, overturning chairs, tables and everything else that came in our way."

"You succeeded well in shortening my father's life," returned Gordon, gloomily. "Under your tyranny he sunk into his grave long before his time."

"So he did, so he did, and he passed me on to you with the rest, and he passed, real and personal. It was a rich inheritance, my dear boy, even though I had to be dragged at his heels. Yet don't accuse me of any responsibility for your father's taking off. He was the author of his existence. Like Frankenstein, he built me up, bone by bone, and he was not content until he had made a gigantic monster and breathed into my bony breast the breath of life. Then, in order that I might not afflict his sight, he stowed me away in that closet. Suppose I became the instrument of his own undoing? Is it not true that he was, nevertheless, the author of his own downfall?"

"Your logic seems to be as merciless as it is correct," answered Gordon, with knitted brows. "Still there are some points relating to your history on which my mind is a trifle obscure. What possessed my father to call into being a creature of your disagreeable character?"

"The almighty dollar, young man. He created me in order that you might inherit a little more wealth. He did not think then how I should one day sit astride his shoulders like an old man of the sea, nor did he think that it was possible for me to afflict his son. For obvious reasons my relations with you are not so intimate as they were with your worthy father. I was evolved out of the wheat pit of the Board of Trade. Your father was a bull, and he mercilessly gored both life and fortune out of a certain bear who was not nimble enough to get out of his way."

"And who was this bear?" asked Gordon.

"A man named Hepburn."

"Hepburn's father?" murmured the young man, rubbing his hand across his brow in an effort to remember.

"Yes, Hepburn lost every penny he had in the world through that disastrous wheat deal. He was forced into bankruptcy, and, unable to bear the disgrace, took his own life. His money went to increase the store your father left you, my boy, and it is now possible for you to live in luxury while Hepburn's wife and children must struggle on as best they can. However," and the skeleton got up and started back to its closet, "it is not for me to moralize. Now that I've caught myself delivering a homily, I'll just take my departure. Au revoir, my dear fellow."

Holding at the closet door, the skeleton waved its adieu and disappeared within. Gordon sat in his chair, deep in thought, while his cigar burned itself out between his fingers.

Just as he got up and started back to his shoulders as though freeing himself of a disagreeable burden.

"Society has dared me," he muttered, "but I know my heart now, and I'll do as I please!"

After Harry Gordon and Amy Hepburn had been married and had returned from their honeymoon, Harry brought his bride upstairs to his old bachelor's den and seated her in a chair.

"My dear," he said, "I have a confession to make to you. My father once did your father a grievous wrong, and I have made myself the happiest fellow in the world undoing it. However, as we are not to have any secrets from each other, you must know about this."

A look of astonishment came into Amy's blue eyes as she watched her husband proceed to the closet, throw open the door and go to rummaging about inside.

"What in the world are you looking for, Harry?" she asked as he returned to her side.

"I'm looking for something that doesn't seem to be there—the Gordon family skeleton, Amy. For the first time in fifteen years it is not to be found in that closet."

Just then a clanking tread was heard in the hallway without, the door was pushed slowly ajar and the skeleton limped in, supporting himself on a crutch and looking very much the worse for wear.

"There it is!" cried Gordon. "What's the matter with you, old chap? Hele, sit down. I want to make you acquainted with my wife."

The family skeleton dropped into a chair and shook until it rattled like a score of castanets.

"I'm done for," it groaned. "You've fixed me, young man. I just dropped in to say good-bye forever. But don't introduce me to your wife. We met before."

"That's so, Harry," said Amy. "I know all about this family skeleton of yours. Don't let it worry you, my dear. And she threw her soft arms about its neck. "Let the dead past bury its dead. If we are happy, isn't that enough?"

"Enough, yes!" and he pressed a rapturous kiss upon her fair cheek.

That kiss pronounced the doom of the Gordon family skeleton. Forwith it began to fade into the air, finally vanishing and leaving not a wreck behind.

Mean people say that the man a widow selects to support her at her husband's funeral is the one she usually marries afterward.

**AMERICAN WOMAN HONORED.**

**Mrs. Sewall, President of the International Council of Women.**  
Mrs. May Wright Sewall, who has been elected president of the International Council of Women, which met in London, is well fitted by education, tastes and wide experience as a leader of women along higher educational lines for the important public position with which she has been honored. For several years Mrs. Sewall has been president of the National Council of Women, and for a great many years her public work has been devoted almost exclusively to the furtherance of organization among women.

Mrs. Sewall was born in Wisconsin and is a graduate of Northwestern University in the class of 1866. It was, however, one of her greatest griefs that she could not enter Yale University as her father had done, and it was said that it was largely her sense of injustice in this matter that led her to identify herself with the woman suffrage movement. After her graduation she occupied important positions as a teacher until her marriage with Theodore Sewall in 1880, when she and her husband opened a classical school for girls in Indianapolis, and she is still head of that school. Mrs. Sewall has been abroad several times and has devoted considerable of her attention to getting acquainted with the leading women of the old world. As president of the National Council she visited Hamburg, by appointment with the Empress Frederick, who gave her an hour's interview and was deeply interested in the work she outlined. In Brussels Mrs. Sewall addressed the Woman's League of Belgium, and in Paris she spoke in the Marie St. Sulprice before a large audience of leading



MRS. SEWALL.

men and women. This address attracted great attention and was widely noticed in the press of France, Russia, Italy and England. Another great triumph was in 1889, when as a delegate she addressed the Woman's Congress of Paris in the presence of French and received commendation from M. Jules Simon and other noted French writers. As a presiding officer Mrs. Sewall is said to be uniformly successful, being dignified, clear-headed and quick to see the point. She is also a newspaper contributor and magazine writer and a lecturer of some renown.

**Money in Abyssinia.**

The few travelers who have taken the time and trouble to look into Menek's queer kingdom of Abyssinia tell strange tales of it. Besides the Maria Theresa 1780 dollars, the people of Abyssinia, for small change, used a bar of hard, crystalline salt, about ten inches long and two inches and a half broad and thick, slightly tapering toward the end, five of which go to the dollar at the capital. People are very particular about the standard fineness of the currency. If it does not ring like metal, or if it is at all chipped, nothing will induce them to take it. Then, it is a token of affection among the natives, when friends meet, to give each other a link of their respective amuls, and in this way the material value of the bar is also decreased.

For still smaller change cartridges are used, of which three go to one salt. It does not matter what sort they are. Some sharpers use their cartridges in the ordinary way, and then put in some distance and a dummy bullet to make up the difference, or else they take out the powder and put the bullet in again, so that possibly in the next action the unhappy seller will find that he has only miss-fires in his belt; but this is such a common fraud that no one takes any notice of it, and a bad cartridge seems to serve as readily as a good one.

**Reindeer Moss.**

In Sweden the food given to reindeer is "reindeer moss," a lichen highly prized by the Lappe, and which grows abundantly in the Arctic regions—almost as luxuriantly on bare rocks as in the soil. It covers extensive tracts in Lapland, making the summer landscape look like a field of snow. The domesticated reindeer are never as large as the wild ones. The domesticated Siberian reindeer are larger than those of Lapland. No care at all is taken of the deer. They thrive best by being permitted to roam in droves and obtain their own sustenance. The moss can be used as human food, the taste being slightly acid. Attempts have been made to feed hay, roots, grain, etc., to the reindeer, but they have not succeeded.

**Secret Order in the United States.**  
There are in the United States over fifty distinct secret orders, with more than 70,000 lodges and 5,000,000 members.

Every one longs for appreciation, but a cake baker in a house full of boys is the only one that gets it.

Some people get up surprise parties because it is the only way in which they can get invited.

**PICTURE OF INGALLS.**

**THE BRILLIANT KANSAN MAY RETURN TO CONGRESS.**

**Pen Picture of the Man Who Leaped from Obscurity to Be the Peer of Conkling and Blaine—Some Interesting Incidents.**

The announcement that John J. Ingalls is to re-enter public life and that the halls of Congress may again ring with his eloquence is hailed with pleasure by those who love the brilliant and picturesque statesman. Ingalls supplies both these qualities and should be successfully run for Congress, he would be even a more commanding figure in the lower house than he was in the Senate before William A. Pepper drove him out.

Ingalls' career can be briefly sketched, but the man himself is worthy of extended notice. He was born in Middleton, Mass., in 1833, graduated from Williams College and, after being admitted to the bar, removed to Atchison, Kan. There he at once became a political leader and within three years after locating in the State was a member of the Kansas Senate. Then he took up newspaper work as an editor, ran unsuccessfully for Lieutenant Governor on two occasions and in 1873 was elected to the United States Senate, where he remained eighteen years.

Before his selection for the Senate Ingalls was not known outside his State, but a sensational incident connected with his election gave him national notoriety. Senator Pomeroy was a candidate for re-election. He had several



JOHN J. INGALLS.

opponents, among whom Ingalls was probably the most inconspicuous. Pomeroy paid a member of the Legislature \$7,000 to vote for him and the next day this member, Senator York, brought the money into the Senate, laid it on the president's desk and said it represented Pomeroy's attempt at bribery. The incident created no end of excitement and Ingalls was elected as a compromise.

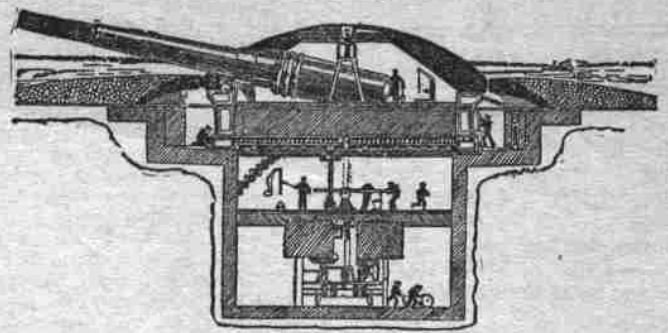
Once at Washington Ingalls' natural ability asserted itself and he was soon known as one of the foremost debaters and most brilliant speakers in public life. The brain has been described as "a dynamo of intellectual activity." He became the peer of Conkling and Blaine and through nine Congresses sat as a shining light. He was looked upon as a fixture in the Senate, when the Populist movement swept him out in 1891 and Pepper took his seat. Ingalls, with a comfortable fortune, retired to private life, which he has since enjoyed. His object in life is to get through it with as little personal discomfort as possible, and he is doing that very thing, regardless of criticism, public or individual. He works, travels, lectures, writes, reads, rides or walks as the fancy strikes him. Money's only value is the good or comfort that it may buy for himself or his family, and as the supply seems to be abundant, he spends without stint, buying a horse or letting a contract for a business block with equal indifference. His home in Atchison is a model of elegance, comfort and convenience, and perfect in all its appointments. He lives like a prince, and his family set the pace of the local four hundred.

**Dazzling Brilliance.**

Ingalls has more ideas to the square inch than many of his fellow-politicians have to the square mile, and his vocabulary is equal to Worcester and Webster balled down and filtered through Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." He is a succession of surprises. He has as many colors as a chameleon, and he puts on a new one every hour. His private conversation is full of meat, and when he talks every sentence makes you think, and every word weighs a pound. He is a man of broad reading, and he draws his illustrations from the antediluvian periods of geology in one sentence, takes a metaphor from a famous English novelist for a second, and in the third, like as not, gives you a bit of the latest slang from the slums.

At first you are dazzled by this flow of words and ideas. You are blinded by his pyrotechnic phrases, and you give him no credit for his genius other than that to the God who made him. As you go on, however, you find that he is one of the hardest workers in public life, and that the vast mental capital which he has to-day made has been largely made up by the saving of the intellectual pennies. For the past twenty years he has been making speeches and witty remarks in his study in order that he may deliver them in private conversation or on the stump. Every bright thought and every expression that he has come in contact with has been reground and repolished between the millstones of his brain until it has left its original shape and become a new creature—that of Ingalls alone. He has a peculiar memory in that when he once writes a thing he

**THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.**



The United States War Department has definitely decided on the introduction of Gruson turrets into the coast defense system of the United States and the first order has actually been given for the mounting of one of these enormous structures in lower New York harbor. The turret in question will be utilized for the protection of the great 16-inch gun now nearing completion at the Water-vliet arsenal of the United States. This gun when finished will not only be the heaviest gun in the world, but the largest and most powerful gun ever built. It will exceed by several feet in length the great Krupp gun exhibited at the World's Fair in 1893, and in range power will be able to throw its shell fully two miles further than the Krupp monster.

pens it, as it were, on the tablet of his mind, to be left there until occasion shall call it forth. The books he reads are always interlined and filled with marginal notes, and these notes are often finished sentences which he makes thus and lays away for future use. He is a great student of the dictionary. He likes odd words and is always looking for them, and in the making of his speeches, some of his sentences, ordinary at the start, are changed and rechanged until they become oratorical surcharges which bring around the world.

Ingalls is not all brains; he has nerve also. When he was a young man and new in Kansas, he was billed to make a speech in Atchison, where he now lives. A party of border ruffians called upon him, and warned him not to speak. They had pistols in their belts, and a rope in their hands, and they swore they would hang him if he said anything against them. Ingalls looked them in the eye and told them to hang. He said that he was billed for a speech, and he was going to make it. He did make it, and that in no measured terms.

At another time Ingalls was sitting one day, eating his dinner at a hotel in Atchison. It was the days of early Kansas, when everyone carried revolvers. A drunken ruffian entered the room. He saw Ingalls, and, pointing a revolver at him, said:

"See here, my boy, they say you are the best speaker in all Kansas. These gentlemen here are my friends, and we want a speech. Now, you get up on that chair and give us a speech, or I'll shoot hell out of you."

The shrewt Senator looked the man straight in the eye, and coolly replied that he did not intend to make a speech for any drunkard. He continued to look as the man flourished the pistol and jumped up and down, threatening to kill him. He may have been pale, and his heart must have jumped to his throat, but he did not move. Finally, the man happened to hit the pistol against his boot as he jumped up and down in his rage. It went off, and the ball struck his leg, filling the boot with blood. This sobered him somewhat, and he left the dining-room. Ingalls then went upstairs, brought down his pistol, and laying it beside his plate, went on with his eating. The drunken man was killed that afternoon in an affray which he had on the street.

**JAPANESE GIRL AN AUTHOR.**

**Miss Onoto Watanna and Her Work in the Pu' pit.**

Miss Onoto Watanna, the young Japanese writer and author of "Miss Nume of Japan," now a resident of Chicago, is as picturesque a character as any in her stories. Small and dark, with the bright black almond-shaped eyes of the Japanese and a mass of willful black hair, she is a study for a painter. In the firm-looking mouth and straight nose a physiognomist might read the resolution which has, at the age of 21, brought her so favorably before the public.

Miss Watanna, after leaving Japan with her English father when a little girl, lived in Toronto, Canada, for a number of years. There the little savage, as she was often called, amused the school children and shocked the teachers with stories largely embellished with a boundless imagination, of the land of her birth. At the age of 17 she went to Jamaica, where she was assistant editor of the News Letter, published in Kingston. Under the pseudonyms of "Busybody" and "Man on the Street" her work attracted much attention in Jamaica. She became a great favorite with the Governor and his wife, Sir Henry and Lady Blake.

For a while after leaving Jamaica

Miss Watanna lived with her father's relations in the South, but she grew restive and studied shorthand that she might go out into the world. Chicago was the goal of her ambitions, and soon believing herself an expert stenographer, she sold her bicycle, and with the proceeds arrived at the Polk street depot. She secured a position through a Sunday advertisement from an experienced typewriter and stenographer. The first morning she was installed before the typewriter the girl realized her utter ignorance of the machine. It was all easy enough but making the capital letters; that puzzled her, but the letters were calmly written without a sign of capitalization, and on the manager's astonished inquiry she told him regretfully that the capital was broken. Of course a



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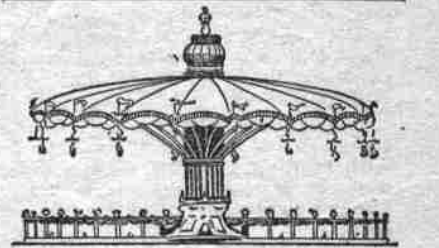
man was sent for to mend the machine, and from him Miss Watanna received her first lesson in typewriting, paying him for her slender purse and swearing him to everlasting secrecy.

Miss Watanna's first Japanese story appeared in the Cincinnati Tribune. It was entitled "A Japanese Girl." Since then many of the leading periodicals have requested stories from her pen. Her work is particularly wholesome and abounds in delightful descriptions of the tropical East.

**A BIG UMBRELLA.**

**It Is to Be One of the Attractions of the Paris Exposition.**

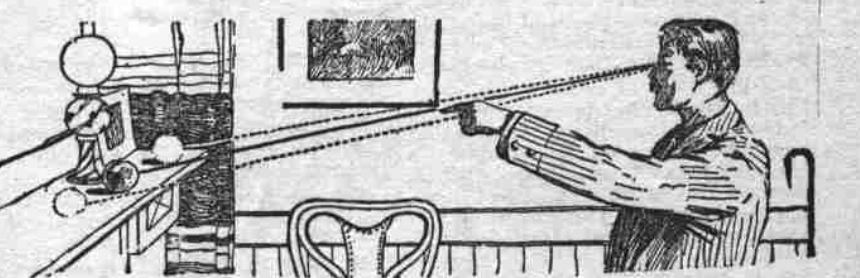
The gigantic umbrella, which is to be the one of the greatest attractions at the forthcoming Paris exhibition, will cover a surface of 15,000 square metres in height, and will consist of a hollow metal column 40 metres in diameter at the base. The covering of this wonderful umbrella will have a diameter of 140 metres, and will consist of multi-colored glass, benzoin which will be suspended thousands of electric lamps. These when lighted



UMBRELLA FOR THE PARIS SHOW.

up at night will produce a most brilliant and fairy-like effect. The inside of the "stick" will be divided into four stories, three below and one above the covering. On the lower floors there will be a cafe, a concert hall, and a theater. On the fourth story, situated at the top of the umbrella, and forming a cupola, will be a restaurant. The different stories will be reached by comfortable lifts. The idea of this gigantic umbrella emanates from the brain of a woman—a Mme. Perchia Giverne, who is an umbrella maker.

**WHICH ONE OF YOUR EYES IS THE STRONGER?**



Is your right the stronger, or your left eye? You are right-handed; you are also right sighted? Make this test and see. Place an object of about two inches in diameter, perfectly round, on a level with your eyes and move back from it to a distance of ten feet. Then take sight over your forehead until the objective point and the tip of the finger are exactly in line with the eye from which you are sighting. Now open the other eye. With both your eyes open has the objective point moved to one side? If not the eye with which you first sighted is the stronger, since the addition of the other's vision does not divert the complete vision from the original focus of the one eye. If the objective does move to one side it proves that the weaker eye has done the first sighting, which the stronger eye has diverted as soon as it has opened.

Perhaps there is very little difference in your eyes. Take sight as before, but with both eyes open. Now close the left eye. How far out of line is the right eye? Now take sight again with both eyes open. Close your right eye. How far out of line is the left eye? Whichever is the farther out in these two tests is the weaker eye. If you are strongly right-eyed the right eye will hold firmly to the objective point which has been focused by both eyes together when it is left to view the objective alone. If you are strongly left-eyed, vice versa.