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PETS OF NOTED WOMEN.

SOME TAKE TO UNCANNY THINGS LIKE LIZARDS AND SNAKES.

Few, However, Are as Daring as Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport—Mrs. Frank Leslie's Pet Dog—Laura Daintrey's Rat.

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IT is perfectly natural for women, even brainy women — especially brainy women, one might almost say—to want something to pet and coddle and fuss over. When it isn't a man or a baby it is pretty sure to be a dog. A few erratic spirits like Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport take to uncanny things like lizards and snakes, but few women happily sympathize with such tastes. A noted dog fancier in New York declares that he has a record of three thousand choice dogs owned by women in that city. Of course with some of these it is a mere matter of following the fashion, "and some have dogs thrust upon them," so to speak. In that clever book, "The Anglomaniacs," the most heroic step Mrs. Floyd-Curtis has to take in her social progress is when she conquers her natural repugnance to lapdogs.

The gradual stages by which she arrives at the point of being able to cover her poodle with kisses and endearing French names is very amusingly set forth. But many women do really love their dogs, especially if they cost a lot of money and happen to be just in style, for the old adage, "every dog has its day," may be applied generically as well as specifically. A few years ago the cross, fluffy Spitz was all the rage; poodles, spaniels and pugs reigned in turn, and now terriers—black and tan, Skye, Scotch and Yorkshire are in vogue. Mrs. Frank Leslie owns a tiny specimen of the latter breed, which she carries back and forth every day from her home to her office. Bebe has a basket and a hair brush each place, "a plain one here and a handsome one at home," says sweet voiced Mrs. Leslie, picking up the tiny, silky bundle from the red cushioned basket. "She is a darling nuisance. Her hair has to be brushed and the amber ribbon she always wears has to be retied dozens of times every day." Bebe's first owner, a Canadian dog fancier, sent a number of Yorkshires to the dog show in New York. But Mrs. Leslie, who knows all about dogs and their different dispositions, wanted one of "the faithful sex" and Bebe was especially imported.

But the bill which came with her seemed so excessive that the fair purchaser wrote a note of expostulation. The answer came: "Send Bebe back immediately. I should think any one would be charmed with her winning ways." That finished Mrs. Leslie. She

MRS. LESLIE'S DOG.

paid the price and kept the dog with the winning ways. Mrs. Leslie has invented for her pet a very unique and remarkable overcoat. It is made of dark blue cloth lined with red. It buttons tightly over the back, the under part is double lined to protect the chest, the most delicate part of the animal, and the front legs are slipped into well fitting little trousers.

Sarah Bernhardt's two dogs are, next to Sarah herself, quite the most important personages in the company. The great Danish boarhound, Myrtha, was the terror of the entire steamer coming over. He was confined in the hold, but managed to create several panics by breaking loose and rushing about the decks to find his mistress. The other dog, Chonette, is supposed to be the smallest Skye in the world. He was the gift of Georges Hugo, grandson of the poet, and weighs exactly nine ounces. Sarah calls it her mascot, and goes nowhere without it. The hotel people consider it an improvement on the tiger cat which accompanied her on her last visit to America. Sarah professes a real fondness for the snakes used in the last act of "Cleopatra." She says one easily gets used to the feeling of the reptiles under one's bodice!

Helen Dauvray, whose matrimonial troubles have so much interested the public—happily for the new play in which she is shortly to appear—owns a Mexican hairless spaniel, Chiquita, valued at $10,000. Mrs. George Gould's terrier is said to have cost as much. Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., who became an actress without ever acting, owns a poodle of almost equal value. Mrs. Daniel Manning's pet is a bull terrier pup, Sligo. Mrs. Fred Vanderbilt has two dogs, a pug and a Skye. Ada Rehan affects immense dogs, which exactly suit her style of beauty.

Contrary to received opinion, women do not pet cats; men do, when they pet anything. Von Bulow adores them and declares that they almost always possess fine musical taste. Many literary men prize them, but women rarely or never.

Mme. Anna Lankow, the wonderful contralto, has indeed one cat in her marvelous menagerie of pets, but she professes no love for the animal on account of it's cruelty to the mice that are unfortunate enough to fall into its clutches. Every time she catches a mouse her mistress gives her a beating in hopes of teaching her to dispense with the usual performance of playing with her victim before eating it. But so far the cat's character has not been materially affected. When the hall door of Mme. Lankow's home is opened, the visitor is profusely greeted by a bright eyed Skye. The much beribboned gray and white cat bounds forward only to be furiously driven away by the jealous dog. In the parlor a green parrot, with a lofty air of disdain for every one except its mistress, occupies one window, and a beautiful robin the other.

Mme. Lankow possesses a curious faculty for taming birds, which are her special delight. The robin she picked up in the woods where it had fallen out of the nest. She took the little fledgling home and carefully nursed it into full growth. Robin is under the especial care of Souris, the Skye; when it is out of its cage the cat, whose German name is quite unpronounceable, is chased into the kitchen as often as it dares to come into the room with the bird. The greatest pet of all is a black Japanese pigeon. This marvelous bird lives, like the famous raven, "perched just above the chamber door," only emerging from its retreat when Mme. Lankow sings or plays. She solemnly avers that the bird knows her voice and never comes for inferior music.

Laura Daintrey, the erratic young woman who wrote "Miss Varian of New York," and other novels of the passional order, has a Chinese rat, Jezebel, which she picked up in a London bird store. The little creature is white with a black hood and one slender black line down it's back. Jezebel is a very aristocratic animal and cannot endure to be touched by any one with rough hands, a working person or even a servant. She is very keen scented, and woe to the excessively perfumed lady whose hand strays near the sharp little teeth. Jezebel is a very traveled rat. She accompanied Miss Daintrey all over Europe, even being carried up into the cathedral spires and towers it is her mistress' great delight to climb. The small wire cage which is Jezebel's house is easily slipped into a

MISS DAINTREY'S PET RAT.

leather case slung from the shoulder, and it is in this that the rat is carried about from place to place.

A rat does not make a bad pet, according to Miss Daintrey. Jezebel, at least, is as intelligent and as playful as a kitten. She roams all over her mistress' shoulders and pulls and scratches at her gown when she wishes to be let down. It is very amusing to see the tiny creature perched among Miss Daintrey's ruffles and laces, making its toilet quite like a squirrel.

After the New Orleans exposition alligators were popular among novelty loving people. Mrs. William C. Drew, a prominent society woman in New York, kept one of the ugly beasts in her boudoir, and when at last it died of the climate she had it stuffed and set up in the hall, where it was quite as ornamental and rather more useful, according to Mrs. Drew's callers.

RHETA LOUISE CHILDE.

The Fashions of Paris.

One reason why the Parisiennes are so justly celebrated for their taste in dress is because they seek to have a costume adapted to each occasion and purpose. The beautiful toilet pictured herewith was made to wear to the races, and surely nothing could be more attractive. There is no horseshoe nor riding whip nor other such device seen, nor should there be on a lady of taste.

A COSTUME FOR THE RACES.

The jupon is of cream colored cloth embroidered in green and silver around the bottom, and the basque coat is of moss green faille embroidered in bronze brown silk with a few silver nail heads defining the pattern. A narrow black velvet ribbon defines the edges all around, and the Elizabethan ruff and jabot vest front. The sleeves are overlaid with cream colored lace and the gloves are of suede.

The dainty little bonnet is made of ecru faille, with silver beaded passementerie, and with pale green plumes at the back. The fan is of green satin, edged deeply with cream colored ostrich plumes, and the parasol is of green surah lined with shell pink and covered with ruffles of cream colored lace. A bow of moss green and shell pink is tied on the top. Nothing could be more delicate and elegant than the ensemble of this costume.

With all my heart I go in for the brotherhood of man, but still more for the brotherhood of woman.

Robert Bonner and His Famous Roadsters.

Robert Bonner, who set the fashion for buying notably fast trotters at long prices, has always refrained from taking part in a contest between horses, or even against time for a money consideration. No other man has owned as many famous performers as Mr. Bonner, or paid as much for the pleasure of driving a speedy roadster. He had several remarkably good horses before he purchased Dexter, in 1867, on the very day that the white faced gelding lowered the trotting record to 2:17¾ at Buffalo, but the price, $43,000, was unprecedented, and the possession of the king of the turf gave Mr. Bonner a more extended reputation as a horseman than he had before possessed. Since then he has been always a liberal buyer, and, excepting Goldsmith Maid and St. Julien, has secured every champion trotter that has yet appeared.

Dexter at one time was an inmate of his stable on West Fifty-fifth street. Rarus, now 24 years old, will not leave his stall again till he is carried out, for his crippled front feet, which troubled him even in his best days, have now entirely failed him. Maud S, too, has trotted her last mile against time, and the peerless chestnut mare retires, in her seventeenth year, to Mr. Bonner's farm at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, where she will be mated with his stallion Ansel, record 2:20, by Electioneer, and hereafter will be used for breeding. While she twice reduced her record after Mr. Bonner purchased her, it is probable that the daughter of Harold could have set the mark still lower, as she was only 11 years old when she trotted her last public mile at Cleveland, July 23, 1885.—Harper's Weekly.

The Danger from Scarlet Fever.

In scarlet fever and diphtheria the period of incubation is brief, a few days only, and during this period there is no contagion. It is very important to know that in scarlet fever the period of greatest danger is after the disappearance of the fever, the period of desquamation or peeling. From ignorance of this fact many lives have been lost. Persons have gone into society before the peeling was completed, and almost, of course, have communicated the disease. The fact is that every particle of the scales contains thousands of microbes. —Youth's Companion.

Not a Protracted Call.

Mrs. Bunting—Lou, do you think you made a good impression on Mr. Scadds?

Lou—I'm afraid not, mamma; he left at 10 o'clock.—New York Epoch.

A Butcher's Error.

Mrs. Noobride—You will send up to our flat, Mr. Butcher, and take back that ham.

Butcher—Anything wrong with it?

Mrs. Noobride—Well, I should say so! You told me it was fresh, and it is really as salt as it can be.—Harper's Bazar.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

How a Lone Woman May Have a Trip to Europe.

Do you know that for $300—$400 anyhow—you may take a comfortable trip to Europe? I said over half a dozen years ago that it was worth skimping and saving ten years to get one such trip even for a couple of months, and I stick to it. The small sum named will take a woman to Paris and London and through the Scotch highlands. The journey across the sea and in the cool, moist air of western Europe will wash the malaria out of the American physical system, rest the tired nerves, make you sleep like a baby and eat—well, try it. Besides you will get new ideas enough to last you a year at least. Teachers, typewriters, newspaper women, business women, tired brain and hand workers need this life giving tour, and all may take it with a little management. Some Boston ladies have formed the Women's English Rest Tour association, for the express purpose of telling women who do not already know it how they may enjoy the trip to Europe. These ladies have themselves traveled in Europe and know the right way for a woman alone to go about it. The pamphlet contains, I am told: "Advice of all sorts that is likely to be useful to that class of travelers which it desires to benefit, giving rates on all steamship lines, hints as to traveling, fees, ways and manners abroad, estimates of expenses, suitable clothing, etc., and contains also a list of lodgings, boarding houses and small inns, to any of which it is safe and proper for a woman to go, and where she will find cleanliness and courtesy at a lower price than she must pay at the large hotels. By presenting to the association suitable letters of introduction, women desiring to find companions for the trip, or the voyage, may become known to one another." That the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial union heartily indorses the Women's English Rest Tour association is recommendation sufficient for it and its purposes. So, ladies, take the sea voyage, if not this summer, then next, or the one after.

A thorough business woman whom I know says that from the business point of view woman's worst fault is want of punctuality. She herself has lost considerable money through the apparent inability of her sex to understand that when a certain date was named next day would not do as well.

Ladies, let me call your attention to it. The baccarat scandal, which may result ultimately in the downfall of the British monarchy, was proclaimed to the world through a woman.

Why will graduating girls persist in wearing gloves at their commencements, tight gloves that make their arms and fingers stiff as sticks, when their own slim, pretty hands are infinitely more graceful and artistic?

When Decoration Day was first established in this country nobody would have thought a woman could give the address at the meetings commemorative of the occasion. But on May 30 a woman delivered the Decoration Day address at no less imposing a place than Tremont Temple, Boston. To be sure, it was Mrs. Livermore who was thus chosen, but then Mrs. Livermore is a woman all the same. She also delivered the annual address to the Chautauqua graduating class this year. When, in the old time, was a woman thought good enough to make an address to a graduating class?

The technical high school of the Pratt institute in Brooklyn this year graduated for the first time a young lady who had passed through its course of study. The high school combines manual training with book study, and was the outcome of the favorite idea of the founder of the institute, the late Charles Pratt, the Standard oil king. Besides a scientific and literary training, the young lady, Belle Spelman, had learned to use her hands in wood carving and other remunerative occupations. It is a pleasure to record that she carried off the honors of the evening, this strong, enthusiastic girl, who for three years had bravely recited side by side with the boys and learned the same lessons they did. Her graduating essay was on "Woman as a Factor in Industry," and was an eloquent plea for a woman's right to make the most of her abilities. The only aroma of the past that still clung about Miss Spelman's graduation was that she held her essay in her hand and pretended to read it, instead of looking at her audience face to face and speaking the words bravely, using her hands to emphasize them as the boys did. It was all a sham her pretending to read as one could see, and she merely glanced at the paper from time to time in a humbugging little way. I suppose she had been directed to do that as concession to the still lingering mediæval idea that it is not quite proper for a woman to speak in public, or if one does speak that it is a credit to her to mumble in such a ladylike manner that she cannot be heard six feet away. But I wonder if the time will ever come when there will cease to be little shams and humbugs in woman's appearance before the world.

The women who tell other women what to buy for "outing wear" are mostly the ones who never get an outing themselves.

The girls, and not only the girls, but middle aged women, are now riding bicycles. A magnificent Philadelphia woman who owns to being sixty years old gets up at 5 o'clock to take her morning rides. So shall she still keep young. Her husband encourages her, and even rides with her. Would that all husbands of sixty were like him!

Eliza Archard Conner

Velvet and tulle will be one of the daring combinations for evening for late fall. Silk is so much worn now that people are tired of it, and satin, velvet and moire are all to be largely used, as well as heavy velvet brocade over satin, and all will still be lavishly ornamented with beaded passementerie.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There is no fun in doing nothing when you have nothing to do.

Never a made up tie under any consideration with the neglige shirt.

New York, Paris and Berlin altogether have not so large an area as London.

California has 2,675 giant trees still left, and of these the largest is 33 feet in diameter.

No fewer than 9,000 works were rejected this year by the hanging committee of the Royal Academy.

The copper wire used in outside electrical work is so comparatively valuable that frequent cases of robbery have occurred.

F. M. Grover, who was elected to the office of magistrate at Topeka, Kan., has been totally sightless for over thirty years.

One of the peculiar customs of the East Indian coolies called Lascars, is the putting of a ring on the great toe when they marry.

Asthma may be greatly relieved by soaking blotting or tissue paper in strong saltpeter water; dry it, then burn it at night in the sleeping room.

Oil hardened steel, while improving the quality of the metal, is said by experts to increase the danger of rupture in cases in which the least flaw exists.

"Who goeth a borrowing goeth a sorrowing" was doubtless true in the good old times, but nowadays it is the lender who does the mournful perambulation.

Traveling Women and Hotels.

The season of travel near at hand revives interest in the question of the reception of women alone at hotels. Almost every hotel proprietor will say, on being questioned, that all such unescorted guests would, at his place, be accorded a respectful welcome; but it happens often that women reaching houses of public entertainment unattended are not received. Last summer in Saratoga, in the height of the season, a young woman traveling to join a party of friends was delayed by a railroad wreck, and in consequence lost connection with the north bound train. She reached Saratoga about 1 o'clock in the morning, in the very height of the season, and went at once confidently to a hotel where she had occasionally stopped with friends. She was refused a lodging.

She tried one or two others with the same result, and at last, abashed and mortified, she found a policeman, to whom she told her story and begged him to find her a refuge of some sort. He then accompanied her, but they visited three lodging houses before a proprietor was found who would give to the almost desperate young woman a shelter. It is significant, too, that the proprietor in question was another woman, and not one of the clever hotel clerks who pride themselves on their ability to "size up" people.

An even more aggravated case occurred in New York last winter. A lady over fifty years old, with gray hair and of distinguished appearance, came with her husband from their suburban home for an evening at the theater. In leaving after the performance she became separated from her husband in the crowd, and spent time enough in vain endeavors to find him to lose the last train home. She went, therefore, to a first class hotel, and one where a friend of the family was a regular boarder. She was refused a room. Indignant, she said she was a friend of Mr. ——, who boarded there. The room was still denied. Then she asked if Mr. —— was in. Yes, he was in, but had gone to bed. She had him aroused, with the word that Mrs. —— wanted to see him. Soon he came down to the office, and in two minutes the house was at the lady's disposal.

This would seem to indicate that our vaunted boast that a woman may travel alone from Maine to California in perfect comfort and safety is not upheld by facts.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

In His Pocket.

Jeremiah Mason, the celebrated lawyer, possessed to a marked degree the instinct for the weak point.

He was once cross-examining a witness who had previously testified to having heard Mr. Mason's client make a certain statement, and it was upon the evidence of that statement that the adversary's case was based.

Several questions were asked by Mr. Mason, all of which the witness answered with more or less hesitation. Then he was asked to repeat once more the statement he had heard made. Without hesitation he gave it, word for word, as he had given it in the direct examination.

A third time Mr. Mason led the witness around to this statement, and again it was repeated verbatim.

Then, without warning, he walked to the witness stand and, pointing straight at the witness, said in his high, nasal, perfectly unimpassioned voice:

"Let's see that paper you've got in your waistcoat pocket."

Taken completely by surprise, the witness mechanically took a paper from the pocket indicated and handed it to Mr. Mason.

There was profound stillness in the courtroom as the lawyer slowly read, in his cold, calm voice, the exact words of the witness in regard to the statement and called attention to the fact that they were in the handwriting of the lawyer on the other side. He then gathered up his papers with great deliberation, remarked that "there seemed to be no further need of his services," and left the court room.

"Mr. Mason, how under the sun did you know that paper was there?" asked a brother lawyer.

"Well," replied Mr. Mason, "I thought he gave that part of his testimony more as if he'd learned it than as if he'd heard it, and I noticed every time he repeated it he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, and then let it fall again when he got through."

It was a simple explanation, but a very shrewd conclusion.—Youth's Companion.

Drum Language of the Cameroons.

Perhaps nothing more remarkable has been the subject of recent investigation than the "drum language" of the natives of the Cameroons, on the West African coast. By means of this wonderful system of transmitting sounds the most complicated messages can be conveyed to villages in the most distant parts. In practising this unique system of sound language a peculiarly shaped drum is used. By dividing the surface of the drum head into uneven portions, the instrument, upon being struck, may be made to yield two distinct notes. By these, and shortening or lengthening the intervals between each note, a code is established with a regular sequence of taps, strokes and intervals capable of expressing every syllable in their primitive language.

All of the natives understand this code, and so elaborate is it that a chief can by its means summon to his presence any villager whom he desires to see, intimating to the latter at the same time the purpose for which his presence is required. In this way, too, messages can be sent from village to village over wide stretches of country, the drummer in one hamlet transmitting to the next the signals he hears, and that with the most extraordinary rapidity. —St. Louis Republic.

A Baby That Has Plenty of Shoes.

Few babies can boast of possessing such a stock of shoes as the infant daughter of Prince Paul of Russia and grandniece of the Princess of Wales. This little lady has had no less than sixty-four pairs constructed for her wee feet by an English maker, and I am sure all mothers will feel envious when they hear that these are of every shade to match her imperial highness' various sashes. Russian leather, morocco, suede and silk have all been employed in completing the order, and some of the little slippers are embroidered, some quite plain, and some finished with a rosette. All are made to strap round the ankle, and they are in various sizes. As the wee person for whom they are intended cannot yet walk she will have yet to grow to some of her smart chaussures and their corresponding sash.—London Letter.

A Pack of Cards Made of Bones.

The governor of a penitentiary in the far west has a pack of cards which was made by one of the convicts out of the beef bones collected from the convicts' soup and split to a delicate thinness. The pips are scratched with a pin, and are quite artistically executed. When the time of the convict card manufacturer was up he presented the cards to the governor.—London Tit-Bits.

A Safety Lamp for Mines.

A new safety lamp for mines—a rectangular box of ebonite containing accumulators of the Pollak system, and resting on a metal plate—is described in a London journal, with the statement that, with the mode experimented with and weighing some 1,800 grams, a perfectly constant light of 0.7 to 0.8 candle power was given forth for twelve hours. In this device an ebonite lid serves as support for a glow lamp inclosed in a cylinder of thick glass, the whole covered with a metal top fixed closely by means of pins, the junction being made hermetic by a leaf of soft caoutchouc introduced between the top and the box.

Into the lid are inserted rods of an inoxidizable metal, which pass through it, and support at their bases contacts of platinum, these meeting the platinum contacts of the accumulators, and having at their summits springs, one of which is in metallic connection with a foot of the lamp; the other foot of the lamp is insulated and can be brought in contact with a pole of the accumulator by means of a needle introduced into a horizontal channel made in the lid.

As the contacts are in the interior of the box and the lid, neither the opening nor the closing of the current can cause an explosion, hence the lamp can be either ignited or extinguished in an inflammable atmosphere. Again, the advantage presents itself that, if the system or arrangement is dismounted, or if the glass globe of the glow lamp is broken, the lamp is extinguished.

About Breathing.

"Our young people do not know how to breathe," said an old doctor to an anxious mother whose daughter, a young girl of seventeen, had had for some time a severe cold that had slightly affected the upper air passages of her lungs. "When the child inflates her lungs as I direct her you can hear the crackling of all the disused air cells that for the first time have been brought into play. You see," he went on, "the tendency of all persons is to use only the upper portions of the lungs. It is only after the fatigue and exertion consequent on unusual exercise that the lower part is utilized at all. And just as people can live for years with only one sound lung, so can every one use only the upper portion and feel well enough at the time.

"Girls, therefore, draw their corset strings and say it doesn't hurt in the least to wear their strings a little tight, and apparently they are right. They play tennis and ride and row, and even swim in their well-pulled-in stays; but let illness attend them, let them need all their lung power to provide pure blood or breathing room to resist disease, or let the cares of maternity come upon them, then they may regret that they willfully sinned against nature.

"But many err, too, simply through laziness, a lack of knowledge or through bad habits of partial breathing contracted in youth; but, be that as it may, not one person in ten, or even twenty, knows how to breathe. If I had my way I should teach breathing in every school of the country. Here is an exercise I want your daughter to practice night and morning, and so excellent are its effects that I have known it even to cure insipient consumption.

"While you count fifteen slowly, let her take a long breath, so that she can feel it inflating all the air cells of the lower part of her lungs. When you reach fifteen let her begin slowly to expel the air from her lungs and keep on until another fifteen are counted. A few times will tire her very much at first, and bring on fits of coughing; but let her persevere and she will soon be able to do it ten or twelve times at each exercise. And I think I can promise you material benefit."—New York Tribune.

When Lafayette was Young.

It was in the year of 1776 that Lafayette, not yet nineteen years old, at a dinner party at Metz, where he was stationed with his regiment, heard that the American colonies had declared their independence. The dinner at which he was present was given by the commandant of the garrison of the Duke of Gloucester, a brother of the King of England.

Young Lafayette had heard much before of the cause of the difficulty between England and her colonies and he had made up his mind they had been badly treated. His youthful imagination took fire at this new land, separated from the Old World by 3,000 miles of ocean, and which to him was invested by its distance with a halo of romance, and his generous nature impelled him to take sides with those he thought oppressed.

Before he left the table he resolved to draw his sword in the cause of American independence. He acted upon this resolution at once. Going immediately to Paris he sought an interview with the American commissioners Franklin, Deane and Arthur Lee, and told them of his intentions of going to America.

These patriots sadly informed him that Washington was retreating through New Jersey from the British, and that this offered aid from France, though kindly and nobly meant, might very likely arrive too late. Besides, Lafayette's family and powerful friends in the government did all they could to thwart his purpose, but the young hero was determined. The opposition delayed him, but it did not stop him. —New York World.

Ladies Riding Sideways.

The introduction of the style of riding on horseback side saddle is attributed to Anna of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was, according to Stowe, who originally showed the women of England how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways. Another historian, enumerating the new fashions of Richard II's reign, observes:

"Likewise noble ladies then used high heads, and corsets and robes with long trains, and seats on side saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anna, daughter of the king of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into the kingdom; for before women of every rank rode as men."

Stothard, in his beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," appears, according to the above quoted authorities, to have committed an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her steed. That the lady ought to have been depicted riding the male fashion might have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet "a pair of spurres sharpe." —Detroit Free Press.

The Great Sun Dragon.

It is the belief among both the ignorant and the educated classes of China that eclipses of the sun are caused by a great dragon which attempts to devour the center of our solar system. An eclipse which was visible in the Celestial empire occurred at a time when the people were celebrating the birthday of the emperor. Now, it is the custom to celebrate such an event clad in the best raiment that can be afforded; it is also customary to wear sackcloth and go into mourning at the time of an eclipse, at least until the sun has been rescued from the great dragon which seeks to devour it. Here, indeed, was a dilemma. At last the emperor was petitioned. He being as superstitious as his people, ordered his birthday ignored and commanded the people to go into mourning until the sun shall be "rescued."—St. Louis Republic.

How Romans Made Their Wills.

In Rome wills were unknown before the enaction of the laws of the twelve tables, and subsequently no one but a Roman citizen was competent to make a will, or witness it, or inherit under it. Sometimes the Roman testator wrote the whole of his will with his own hand, and it was then called "holographum," but generally a lawyer was employed to draw it up. Whoever wrote another's will, whether he were lawyer or not, was forbidden to write down any legacy for himself, and the entire instrument was only legal if written in Latin. A bequest conveyed in Greek, for instance, would be invalid. A Roman might disinherit any or all of his children and appoint whomsoever he pleased to be his heir.—All the Year Round.

Often the Case.

She—Did you succeed in mastering French while abroad?

He—Nearly. I did not succeed in making the Frenchmen comprehend me, nor could I make out what they were driving at, but I got so that I could understand myself when I talked French.—Exchange.

Fresh Light on Ancient History.

"Mine," said the gardener, "is the most ancient of callings. Adam, you know, was the first gardener."

"An' bedad, moine's jist about as ould," added the lady who presided over a street fruit stand. "Wasn't Eve the first apple woman, eh?"—Life.

Kidney Disease

—is the cause of no end of suffering. A safe and certain remedy is

DR. HENLEY'S Oregon Kidney Tea.

It can do you no harm. It may do you much good. Here is the testimony of one sufferer who has been made a "a new man."

I had been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys when kind Providence sent Dr. Henley with the Oregon Kidney Tea to my hotel. It had an almost miraculous effect and in a few days I was a new man. G. A. TUPPER, Proprietor Occidental Hotel, Santa Rosa, Cal.

It has cured thousands; why not you? To-morrow may be too late.

Your druggist will tell you about it. Ask him.

CASTORIA

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NOTICE is hereby given, that, pursuant to the order of County court of State of Oregon for Multnomah county, duly made and entered in the matter of the Estate of Geo. L. Woods, deceased, the undersigned will on Friday the 7th day of August 1891, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the County court House in McMinnville, Yamhill county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder the undivided half of south half of Donation landclaim of Caleb Wood and wife in Yamhill county, Oregon. That said property will be sold subject to a mortgage thereon for $1415, and interest from November 17, 1884 at 8 per cent. per annum, and the right of the tenant on said property in the crop for the current year. Terms of sale; ten per cent. cash, on day of sale and balance on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. A. G WALLING, Administrator of the Estate of Geo. L. Woods, deceased.

June 2; 27.

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