

WHEN PEGGY GOES TO MARKET

When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes,
I'm stupefied with wonder at
How very much she knows,
She makes her way between the stalls
And with judicial air
Decides that this is "so and so"
And that is "pretty fair."

She knows if fish are fresh or not,
And, wise as any owl,
She differentiates between
A chicken and a fowl,
She thumbs the breastbone of the one
And pulls the other's legs;
She squints her pretty little eyes
To test the new-laid eggs.

The vegetables must be just right,
For with a critic's eye
She scans them, not inclined to pass
Their imperfections by.
She calls the market folks by name;
Ah, what a lot she knows,
When Peggy takes her basket up
And off to market goes!

When Peggy does the marketing
My heart with pride she fills;
I go along, a useless thing,
Except to pay the bills.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In the Nick of Time.

THE Widow Carney came out of her two-room shanty beyond the dump. She stood erect in the spring sunshine, looking over a network of railroad tracks, across to the switchhouse where Kathleen had taken Fergus O'Hare's dinner. Nellie Carney was still little more than a girl. Her face was arch and sweet, her eyes bright, her hair black and curly. The wind blew her calico dress away from her fine figure.

"And you say that she's a widow," John Conover remarked to Fergus. "Not long I venture."

"Three years," said Fergus, panting a little. "Not for any fault of the b'ys. She's a little uppish, is Nellie Carney. Phil were a fireman an' like to be engineer was day, but the greasers down Coyote pass finished him was night when they attacked the train. Company gives her the rint av the hoose thar, an' she keeps boarders for meals."

That is how John Conover met Nellie Carney. He was getting ready to go to the mines. He had just come from the Eastern States and had a claim up about Toby's creek that his brother had left him when he died the year before.

He did not say much about himself to anyone. He took his meals with the widow Carney for a week or so, and bunked in with Fergus O'Hare. He said he was getting his outfit. Nellie Carney did some sewing for him, and they sat together evenings, while Kathleen slept beside them.

One of these evenings John Conover seemed to be very thoughtful. At last he took a sudden resolution.

"Nelly," he began, gently, "I'm going up to a rough place, but I've got a notion to take you along."

"It takes two to make a bargain, Mr. Conover."

"Not this bargain. I know you'll go, dear. I'm only wondering if it'll pay you. Jim always stuck to it that creek claim was bound to pan out. If it does, you and Kathleen will be fixed for life. If it don't you might have a tough time. Shall we go down to the 'squire to-morrow, Nell?"

Nelly took a night's sleep on it, and in the morning consented to go up country with John Conover. They were married one day, and set out the next, taking the little child with them.

It seemed a shame to John Conover that he had brought such a pretty creature to live in such a wild and lonesome spot. She was happy enough, apparently the same Nelly that he had seen on the dump that spring day. The more he loved her the more he brooded over her sacrifice of a home and friends among civilized people. He worked hard, and the next summer made a good find in a hole and sent her back to San Francisco with a small fortune and instructions to put Kathleen into a convent, where she could have schooling and be made a lady of for the future.

Life in a hotel is a great educator. Day after day Mrs. Conover went about, saw great plays, read novels, visited her child, and enjoyed existence. She received John's infrequent letters with a positive alarm. Suppose he should send for her to return. She could close her eyes and see the great, dark, snow-topped mountain wall, the rough cabin close under the shadow, the brawling waters of the mountain torrent. In dreams she heard the thrumming voice of the wind among the pine boughs, the scream of the wild eagles—that was all. She missed John at first with all the passion of her impulsive nature; but, as time went on, the longing grew less fierce, and she felt she would rather never return than to go now when life was so full of gaiety and novelty.

One day Fergus O'Hare came to see her. The colored servant told her with a grin that the visitor would not write his name on a card, maybe couldn't. Nelly flushed, for she knew it was but a little time since she had been ignorant of card formalities. She said she would see him in her own parlor, and the amused bellboy showed up the switchman. He looked rougher and more grimy than ever.

"How do you do, Fergus?" she said, with a little condescension.

Fergus had stopped in the middle of the little parlor.

"Nelly Conover! Oi can't believe it's the same," he said.

"It is," she laughed; then in her warm-hearted way, "Sit down, Fergus, I'm glad to see you. You should see Kathleen. She's a fine girl now."

Fergus would not sit down. He was

evidently at a loss what to say. He shifted his hat uneasily.

"Nelly Carney, that was, Oi must hurry my wurd as Oi've Tim Blake in me place down in the yard. Oi've some wurd of John Conover from a dirty Chinese that Oi've befriended wunst or twice. He told me, Nelly Carney, that John has made his foind at last, an' that three or the worst min in San Francisco are to be afther not only phwat he's taken out alriddy, but it will be his life for his claim out there beyant."

Nelly Conover had risen. All the fine lady dropped from her. She ran to Fergus and caught his hand.

"Fergus, Fergus, ye're a friend indeed! Come away with me to John. Get Tim, Denny and Jerry and one of the other boys we can depend on. There's plenty of money. We will go faster than any one; O Fergus, help me for old-time's sake."

"We've no toime thin, to lose," quoth Fergus. "For thot gang is away three hours noo. Be ready whin I come with the b'ys."

An hour or two later Nelly was ready. She had been to the convent to kiss Kathleen, she had dressed herself in her coarse mountain clothing again. The next train north bore the Irishman and Nelly to the little station where she had decided to get off.

It was a short cut, rough and dangerous, that Nelly made up her mind to lead her followers. It was one by which John Conover used to secretly transport his gold. Several times she had tramped with him up and down the pass. She calculated that she could arrive an hour or two after the attacking party if they pushed forward all night. A terrible energy possessed Nelly. Her eyes shone with terror and anxiety. Could they reach John in time? As they plunged onward in the dark she registered a vow never to leave John Conover again if his life was spared.

Toward dawn the party were in sight of Toby's creek. Nelly pointed with shaking finger at the hut near the mountain side. There was a light in the cabin. The party crept up stealthily. Nelly crawled on her hands and knees to the back window. The sight within froze her blood. John Conover was tied and bound before the fire until he was perfectly helpless. Three men were torturing him, Indian fashion, by applying burning sticks to his feet. He would not sign away his claim.

Nelly drew back one second and Fergus took her place. A settled gray look came into the face of the big switchman. He motioned the next man, and all drew their pistols. Fergus crept to the door, motioning Nelly to protect herself. There was a sudden crash in of the door, three shots and a dash at the window. Nelly fired the pistol that she held straight into the face of the man who came first.

John Conover was always a badly crippled man. He had expected no succor, but he knew Nelly well enough to think she would never relinquish the claim only over his own signature, hardly then. He had resigned himself to die that she might have a fortune. It was a snatch from the grave for him.

Every one knows the Conovers on the two continents. The claim was one of the three best in California. Kathleen was such a fabulous heiress she could have married a dozen titles, but she chose a plain American. She had a young half brother, who, strange as it may seem, was called Fergus from the first. He was a famous athlete in an Eastern college in the '70s, and married an English girl of family. Nelly Conover, a lovely, white-haired old lady, may often be seen in the picture galleries and pleasure gardens of continental cities, walking beside the wheel chair of a genial old gentleman. She kept her vow. No time since that awful hour on the mountain side has she been from John Conover's side.

When Henry Irving Was Hissed.

"I was hissed every night for a week when I was playing the provinces about thirty-five years ago," said Henry Irving to a writer in *Ainslie's*. "I was given an engagement as leading man in a very small theater, and before I made my bow to the audience I learned that the man whose place I had taken was very popular in the vicinity, and that the people strongly disapproved of the way in which the management had forced him to retire, so that when I made my appearance the audience showed their disapproval of the manager by strongly hissing the successor to their favorite, and they kept it up for a week. It was a very unhappy week for me."

The Same to Him.

"How much for a photograph?" he queried, as he entered the room at the head of the stairs.

"My dear sir, you have made a mistake," replied the occupant of the office. "This is a dental parlor, while the photographer is next door."

"Oh, you pull teeth?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"Fifty cents apiece."

"Well, go ahead and yank out one of two. It's about the same to me."

Pretty Stiff.

"Corn is pretty plentiful out here?" interrogated the new arrival at Aichison.

"Well, I should say so," responded the citizen. "Why corn is so plentiful out here, neighbor, that the laundries use cornstarch in your shirts. It's too common for pudding."

A Shrewd Move.

Corn—What sense can you see in the game of golf?
Merritt—The sense is displayed by the players in having a boy to carry the big bundle of sticks for them.—Judge.

A book that will amuse you during the day, fails to amuse you at night, when you are asleep. Night is a cousin to death.

A ROYAL RUFFIAN.

MILAN, THE DEGENERATE SERBIAN PRINCE.

In Supreme Command of the Army, He Has Perpetrated Cruelties Beside Which the Dreyfus Persecution Cannot Be Compared.

"If his name still figures on any club list," says a Paris editorial, "let it be scratched off. It is a bloodstain. If Milan attempts to enter any gambling room let the waiters eject him without special orders."

Milan, as grandnephew of the cattle-raising Miloch, founder of the Obrenovitch dynasty—Milan, at 10 years of age, was transplanted to Paris in 1864. He was handed over to an austere philosopher, Francis Huet. One fine day in 1868, in the course of a class recitation, word came that Milan Obrenovitch was wanted, and he was led to a throne. His cousin and adopted father, the Prince Michael, had been assassinated. Milan was his heir.

Milan arrived at Belgrade, backed up by Huet, the austere philosopher, and good Mme. Huet. The regents tried to teach the youth something of politics, to respect liberal institutions, to love Russia, to know the names of the great Serbian families. In 1873 they sent him to Paris, to complete his acquaintance with the grandeur of civilization.

Milan was the "legal" son of Ephrem Obrenovitch. His mother was Marie Catargi, the daughter of a Roman prince. Milan Rasnovano, though major of Serbia, found it difficult to obtain a princess for a wife. One after the



DEATH OF KNEZEVITCH.

other, in a descending scale of rank, disdained his propositions. Nathalie Keckho, daughter of a Russian Government clerk with the rank of colonel, seeing only the princely crown, accepted him with delight when chance threw him in her way. For a moment even the Serbians had a return of hope. The gentle Nathalie might influence him, and there was always the birth of an heir to be looked forward to.

"Poor Serbia," says a writer in *La Russie*, "does not even yet know that half the Serbian paper money in circulation is paper falsified and forged by Milan. Each issue was supposed to be numbered legally and signed, but Milan always ordered duplicates from the printing presses, which he signed and numbered for himself. This crime involves many millions."

Milan levied war tax in 1881, and the war with Bulgaria was brought on to justify it. Following the military operations at prudent distance, the one and only piece of technical information he demanded of his generals was: "Could any of the projectiles reach my carriage?" The defeat of the Serbian army and the humiliating treaty he was forced to sign did not discourage Milan. He immediately proclaimed himself king of Serbia, under the name of Milan I.

Milan, to quit Serbia, was paid six millions—two by Russia and four by the Skouptehina, or Serbian Legislature. As Count Takovo, the gambling clubs of Paris—where all clubs are gambling places—welcomed him. Milan had often threatened to return, and each time the Skouptehina had hastened to vote him a new subsidy. This time it was too late. The young King Alexander authorized his father's staying at Belgrade. He committed to him the supreme command of the army.

When all was ripe Milan shot some obscure tramp to fire a blank shot at him. Captured, the "assassin" confessed a plot, involving all the more honest statesmen of the liberal party. Then the fellow mysteriously escaped. His testimony remained, however, and on it and some alleged police reports wholesale arrests were made, and the world heard of a treason trial in Serbia, timed to coincide with that of Reunes. Milan calculated that the wider interest of the Dreyfus scandal would absorb the interest of civilization and throw his own deeds into the shadow. But the verdict given on Sept. 25 nevertheless was received with stumor by the European press. Knezevitch, a liberal leader, was condemned to death and executed, and the liberal party suppressed by sentencing to twenty years' imprisonment its most active members. It is true that his chief, the pitiable Pachitch, was pardoned; but the others, more sincere, more proud, had not even his chance of escape.

Pachitch, his bones twisted, his flesh burned, agreed to all his torturers asked of him. Even the heroic Knezevitch broke down under the frightful

agonies of the slow fire. He confessed to a treason of which he knew nothing. He admitted to having accomplices whose names were put into his mouth. Yet, once in the public courtroom, he denied the "confession" and begged forgiveness of the innocent men he had accused, pleading his lacerations for excuse. He was hurried from the scene, protesting, struggling against a soldier's hand clapped to his mouth. Led out to be shot, the Serbian soldiers deliberately missed him. At the second volley they only slightly wounded him. A sergeant had to step up close and shoot him through the head to kill him.

YELLOW SHIRT A MASCOT.

Turf Plunger Always Had Good Luck When He Wore It.

"If you had dropped into our place a few days ago," said a local laundryman, "you would have witnessed the singular spectacle of a large establishment concentrating its energies upon one particularly ugly yellow striped shirt, worth 50 cents at the bargain counter. We received the garment at noon sharp and delivered it, neatly washed and ironed, at 1:15, for which feat the operatives divided a nice, new \$5 bill. The incident came about in this way: There is a certain sporting man in New Orleans who plays the races, and, needless to say, is a firm believer in hoodoo and mascots. Some time ago he made a big winning after a long streak of hard luck, and looking around for the usual omen he happened to notice that he was wearing a peculiarly hideous yellow-striped shirt, which he had always loathed and had put on that morning by mere accident in hasty dressing. Of course that settled it, and when he made two or three other winnings in the same game he didn't dare change it for fear of breaking the thread of his luck.

Meanwhile the shirt did not improve in appearance. In fact, it became so grimy and disreputable looking that its owner, who is naturally a neat dresser, was ashamed to venture on the street. He started several times to send it to the laundry, but on each occasion 'something good' would turn up on his blackboard and he would rush to the room and put it on again before placing a bet. A few days ago he told his troubles to one of our wagon men. 'If you can wash that shirt in time for me to wear it this afternoon,' he said, 'I'll give you \$5.' The wagon man swore by the nine gods he would have it back in time, and by bringing all hands at the laundry he kept his word. I am sorry to say that the sporty gentleman lost \$150 the same day. He attributes the disaster entirely to his imprudence in having his shirt washed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

An executor's indorsement of commercial paper by the words "Estate of," followed by his testator's name, and then by his own name with word "executor," is held, in *Grafton National Bank vs. Wing* (Mass.), 43 L. R. A. 831, not to bind him personally.

An ordinance prohibiting hackmen and draymen from stopping their vehicles on certain streets except when acting as engaged in receiving or delivering passengers or goods is held, in *ex parte Battis* (Texas), 43 L. R. A. 863, to be in excess of charter authority to prevent the incumbering of streets.

The gripman of a cable car is held, in *Rack vs. Chicago City Railway Company* (Ill.), 44 L. R. A. 127, not to be guilty of negligence in failing to stop or slacken speed because of boys standing about twelve feet from the track, in front of the car, although the car strikes one of them who suddenly starts to run across the track when the car is near him.

A real estate mortgage made by a foreign corporation to non-resident creditors to secure a bona-fide antecedent debt, is held, in *Nathan vs. Lee* (Ind.), 43 L. R. A. 820, to be valid in the State where the land is, although the decisions there hold such a mortgage to be an unlawful preference, if it is not prohibited by the statutes of the State in which the corporation and the creditors reside.

The withdrawal of patronage from a person by members of an association by concerted action is held, in *Boutwell vs. Marr* (Vt.), 43 L. R. A. 803, to be illegal when their concert of action is due to the coercion of a by-law imposing a fine or penalty upon any member who violates it, and the fact that they voluntarily assumed the obligations of their association is held not to relieve the by-law from its coercive effect.

Obelisk Must Be R moved.

Twenty years ago an obelisk was placed in Central Park, New York. It is a relic of Thotmes III, and Rameses II, and in its native Egypt had been preserved 3,000 years. During the score of years in New York it has suffered more disintegration than during the 3,000 years previous, and at present the world deplors the fact that it is rapidly crumbling to atoms. There is not a building in the great metropolis that offers sufficient accommodations to the gift of the Khedive of Egypt to America. A glass case built over it would not preserve it, but lately it has been suggested that it be placed in the east wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, now in process of construction. This is the only solution of the problem as to how this wonderful relic may be preserved to posterity. William H. Vanderbilt spent \$100,000 in getting this granite block to the new world. At the present time New York is greatly bestirring herself in the interest of the perpetuation of this great gift.

Most things people are compelled to take, have been "picked over."

POTTER PALMER, OF CHICAGO.

He Is Much More than the Husband of a Famous Woman.

The newspaper reading world knows much about Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago. She sprang before the public eye as the president of the Woman's Board of Managers of the World's Fair. More recently, her successful management of the love affairs of Count Cantacuzene and Miss Julia Grant, her niece, has kept alive the public interest in this forceful and attractive woman. Like Mary Ellen Lease, she eclipsed her husband, of whom little ever appears in print. And yet Potter Palmer is a great business man, one of the real makers of Chicago and a power in the financial world—one of those silent forces, which contribute so much to the world's progress.

Potter Palmer was a young man when he located in Chicago fifty years ago. He invested a few thousand dollars in a dry goods store and soon had the cream of the city trade. His surplus cash went into real estate and the soil was fertile. He was a wealthy man when, at the close of the war, he took into partnership with him Marshall Field and Levi Leiter. State street, now Chicago's leading thoroughfare, was then a narrow, dirty lane. Lake street was the commercial center. Potter Palmer proposed to make State street the commercial center. Men ridiculed him, but he went over to the despised street, bought a mile of frontage and commenced building commercial palaces. His firm occupied the first and other firms quickly took others. When the fire of 1871 came, Potter Palmer owned thirty-two buildings on State street. All were destroyed. He borrowed \$3,000,000 and rebuilt them, better and stronger than before. Then he looked about for a spot where he might build a home. What is now the magnificent boulevard known as the North Shore drive was then a heap of sand. Here he built and sold adjoining property to the best class of people. The boulevard is the result. Then he built the Palmer House, Chicago's finest hostelry in his day, which it is now said he will tear



POTTER PALMER.

down in the near future and erect in its stead a commercial palace.

These are a few of the things he has done for Chicago. He has never declined political honors, never sought them. He might have won honors in this field, but they were not to his liking. He has preferred to be the simple business gentleman, eager for the welfare of his city, building always for the public weal as well as his own good. His later years are spent in the midst of artistic surroundings of his exquisite home. There has always been in his nature that vein of sentiment which never desired that Chicago should be of the material only. Parks, boulevards, art treasures, music have to him always seemed as much a legitimate part of the being of the city as mercantile establishments and steam roads. He has enriched Chicago in this direction also.

A GREAT BOER LEADER.

Gen. Cronje, Who Opposed the British at Modder River.

While Gen. Joubert, commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, is the tactician, Gen. Cronje, who commanded the Boers at the Modder River, is the burly fighter of the Transvaal army. Of the two Cronje is the more representative Boer. Joubert, possibly from his French ancestry, is a man of a certain polish, and can be indirect when policy requires. Cronje is blunt and always to the point. His craft is that of the hunt-



GEN. CRONJE.

er, and thinly disguises the force that awaits only the opportunity.

Gen. Cronje is greatly admired by the Boers. They think Joubert is a wonderful tactician and organizer, but they love Cronje, the silent man, of sudden and violent action. He is no man's friend. His steel-gray eyes peer out from under huge, bushy brows. He never speaks unless necessary, and then in the fewest words. He never asks a favor. When time for action comes he acts, and that with the force of fate, and with no consideration for himself or his men.

Cronje is a soldier and nothing else; He hates form. He hates politics, though a born leader of men. He was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the Presidency in 1898, but he would not. He will have none of any rule but that of the rifle. He despises cities. He is a man of the veil.

It was Cronje who rounded up the Jameson raiders and, says a writer, "his maneuvering on that occasion was that of a Cromwell. So far as my memory carries, Cronje was not even specifically thanked by the Volksraad for his great service to the state. He was a burgher; it was his duty to repel the invader; he repelled him—and there the matter rested.

"They would have censured him had he failed; they refrained from comment when he succeeded.

"Cronje, riding back to Victoria, had no guard of honor to receive him, no great civic function to fete him, no sword of honor to adorn him. He was plumed Peasant Cronje, returning, heavy-hearted, from his wounded son's pallet in Krugersdorp Hospital, somewhat weary in the bones from those long hours in the steaming saddle, nowise elated, nowise altered from his everyday demeanor.

"Since then Cronje has received a seat in the Executive Council, and is now a personage with a substantial state salary; but the man is in no way changed. He is as individual as Kruger, strong in the faith of his own generalship as Joubert."

PET SUPERSTITIONS.

Some that Influence Most All Sorts of People.

Dr. Samuel Johnson would never enter a room left foot foremost; the brave Marshal Saxe screamed in terror at the sight of a cat; Peter the Great was not equal to crossing a bridge when he came to it, unless to do so was absolutely necessary; Byron shared with less famous people than he the dislike to having the salt at table spilled between him and his neighbor. A sneeze is with half the nations of the world nothing to be sneezed at. To exclaim "God bless you" when any one sneezes in your presence is a relic of what the Roman did before us, and before him the Greek. Mohammed gives directions of the same kind to his followers, and the Hindu to-day utters his pious ejaculation after the sneeze by way of prayer or good wish on behalf of the victim.

Many people will avoid going under a ladder if they can get around it. The belief that if you put on your stockings the wrong side out it is lucky is very general, or was until the schoolmaster returned from abroad; and I myself remember an old woman who was convinced that turning her stockings inside out saved her from being lost when the fairies, one p'teh-dark night, had misled her on a trackless English moor.

What is to take the place of a lucky horseshoe when we all ride in automobiles? There is no room for agination in them. Some *HO* will have to be discovered. One kind or another are carried, people that have a plous contempt for then superstitious; a small pota example, to avert rheumatism, chestnut. The late journalist, C Augustus Sala, never traveled without carrying with him, as a lucky charm, a pair of spades. Somehow it failed to save him from his creditors. But creditors are notoriously deficient in imagination. If Shylock had remembered this when he drew up his bond "The Merchant of Venice" would never have been written.—Rochester Post-Express.

Influenza Cause 1 by Ozone.

On one occasion the present writer walked to the edge of Lake Michigan when a strong wind was blowing right from the lake. The bodily condition was as near perfect as could be, and yet in less than five minutes there was every evidence of having caught an extremely hard cold. The severe influenza continued until, on walking away, in less than 500 feet, it disappeared as if by magic. It is very certain that the temperature had nothing to do with this, nor the wind, but the influenza was directly due to the abundant ozone in the air. By inquiry it was learned that hundreds of residents who had lived upon the immediate edge of the lake had been obliged to move back three or four miles in order to relieve themselves from such experiences. Physicians readily admit that it is not always possible to say why one "catches" cold; it certainly cannot always be because of undue exposure or change in temperature, but probably also to changes in the electric condition of the air. Facts of this kind should lead to the extreme caution in studying any supposed relation between the weather and health.—Popular Science.

Advice to a Daughter.

If you want to please the men,
Daughter mine;
Learn a little bit of art,
Some good poetry by heart,
Languages to wit impart,
Music fine.
Know the proper way to dress,
How to comfort and caress,
Dance a little, gossip less,
Daughter mine.

If you want to please the men,
Daughter mine;
Study how to make a cake,
Learn to stew and boil and bake.
Say you cook for cooking's sake,
How divine—
Be a housewife, all the rest
Counts but little, truth confessed,
Such girls always marry best,
Daughter mine.
—What to Eat.

People are always surprised when the engagement of a real quiet girl is announced, but, as a rule, they land the best man.

It is all right for a woman of 30 to say she feels as young as she did at 18, but she never looks it.