...en Who Wear Well.

...nishing how great a change a ... of married life often make in ...rance and disposition of many ... The freshness, the charm, the ... vanish like the bloom from a ... which is rudely handled. The ... is only a dim shadow, a faint echo ... charming maiden. There are two ... for this change, ignorance and ... Few young women appreciate ... to the system through the ... which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with ... unpleasant pelvic drains and weak... which too often come with mar... and motherhood, not understanding ... this secret drain is robbing the cheek ... freshness and the form of its ...

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...ming mothers or for those broken... health by too frequent bearing of ..., also for the expectant mothers, ... the system for the coming of ... and making its advent easy and ... painless, there is no medicine quite ... as "Favorite Prescription." It ... no harm in any condition of the ... It is a most potent invigorating ... and strengthening nervine nicely ... to woman's delicate system by a ... of large experience in the treat... of woman's peculiar ailments.

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BATTLEFIELD PANICS,

Odd Events That at Times Demoralize Veterans.

HORRORS INCIDENT TO WAR.

Two Terrifying Episodes That Occurred During the Franco-Prussian Campaign—Madness May Seize Even the Most Hardened Troops.

It is a peculiar circumstance that hardened and trained troops will go through a long fight surrounded by all the horrors that are inseparable from war without flinching and with the utmost apparent callousness and the same men will be struck terrified by a single trifling incident.

Every war of any importance, particularly wars between civilized nations, is prolific in incidents of trivial character in themselves, but so unusual and unnatural that they appeal to the natural instinctive horror of men more suddenly and intensely than perhaps the main terrors of days of carnage. Such an incident is the one for example, which occurred at the battle of Worth, in the early days of the Franco-Prussian war.

In the heat of the great battle a wing of the Prussian army was charged by the regiments of French cuirassiers in the hope of turning the wing and facilitating the falling back of the French infantry. But the cuirassiers were driven back by the unflinching Prussians. Again the cuirassiers charged, and again they were driven back by the withering fire.

For a third time they came down again, and as the enemy waited for them to draw nearer a horrible, blood freezing terror seized the Prussians and for the moment it looked as if they would turn and fly or be cut down without defending themselves. But in a moment they had pulled themselves together and beaten back for the third and last time the gallant cuirassiers.

The sight that terrified the Prussians appears nothing very much in black and white. It was a regiment of cuirassiers led at a dashing rate toward them by a headless officer sitting upright in his saddle and apparently encouraging his men. It was no less a person than Futzum de Lascarre of the Third regiment of cuirassiers whose head had been carried completely off his shoulders as the troop broke into the third desperate charge by a cannon ball, which also took off another officer's hand and cut the bugler in two.

It is remarkable and singular that at the battle of Forbach, which took place the same day as Worth, a very similar incident occurred and did more to shake the nerves of the Germans than hours of roaring cannon and fighting had done.

While a regiment of Prussian infantry were standing in reserve watching the fight as well as they could from their position of shelter a charger belonging to a French dragoon regiment one which was practically destroyed in the battle, galloped right into the midst of the men, who rushed to arrest it and immediately fell back in alarm for swinging to the bridle was the whole left arm of the charger's rider the fingers of the hand firmly grasping the reins. The arm appeared to have been severed a few inches below the shoulder and was certainly that of an officer, but who the officer was has never been satisfactorily established.

So moved were the hardened men of battle at the horrible sight that no one would touch the horse, and the animal was allowed to gallop off to be killed a few minutes later in crossing before some Prussian guns. Thrilling as the incident was, many of the brave fellows who witnessed it declared that their first, almost irresistible, impulse was to throw down their arms and bolt. Yet it was with the help of just such men that General von Goben routed the French that memorable day in August, 1870.

It is a well known fact that the finest and bravest troops the world can produce have no immunity from that strange and mysterious madness known to military history as "war panic." A heavy war, frequent sanguinary engagements, night marches and surprises sometimes play havoc with soldiers' nervous systems and render them more like high spirited colts than men who have taken the field prepared to suffer immeasurable horrors and take death cheerfully.

During the peninsular war two British regiments, the very pick of the army and seasoned veterans, were marching along in good order when a rumor ran down the lines that the enemy was at hand. The next moment the line of orderly soldiers was changed into an elongated mob of armed men throwing away arms, baggage and all they carried, running away in every direction, blind terror in their hearts, their faces blanched and their ears deaf to the thundered commands of their officers.

For the moment they knew but one sentiment, one emotion, a sudden, passionate, blind terror, and they fled without thinking whether they were running into the arms of the thing they dreaded or not. It was a terror that was madness, and only its madness redeems it from dishonor. If anything were necessary to demonstrate the unnaturalness of the panic it would be done by the grand fact that the moment it became known that the enemy was really at hand the men instantly fell in and showed the utmost eagerness to attack.

Such war panics are mysteries. Even the most experienced military officer cannot satisfactorily explain them.

A Bad Guess.

John Hawtrey was one of England's famous whipping schoolmasters. At Eton in autumn the small boys used to buy chestnuts and roast them in a shovel over the fire. One day a boy named F., who was a great favorite of Hawtrey's, had a lot of chestnuts and as a special favor was allowed to make use of the pupil room fire while the boys were all studying. Hawtrey was going in and out of the room while we were working, and on one occasion, coming in rather quietly, he caught sight of F. kneeling over the fire arranging his chestnuts. The boy's position was irresistible to any lover of the art of chastisement. Not seeing his face and supposing it was one of the other boys stealing the chestnuts, John Hawtrey quietly took his cane from his desk and, creeping forward on tiptoe, gave the wretched F. a most tremendous whack. The boy jumped up with a yell, his hands clapped behind him. Then the tutor saw who he was and said, embracing him:

"Oh, my poor boy! I am so sorry! I thought it was another boy stealing your chestnuts."

We, of course, were all delighted and roared with laughter.—London Graphic.

Danton and the Organ Grinders.

Paris has more than once made war on organ grinders. There, as here, they have their enemies and also their champions. The war, however, is an old one, and politicians had time to attend to it even at the height of the revolution.

No less a man than Danton then took the part of the musicians.

"Citizens," he cried from the tribunal, "I hear that an attempt is being made to prevent the organ grinders of Barbary from playing their tunes as usual. Do you think, then, that the streets of Paris are too gay? Have the people of Paris too many songs on their lips? One after another our liberties are being wrested from us. Leave us at least the liberty of listening to the organs of Barbary, of hearing from them our favorite songs and refrains."

Danton was guillotined for reasons with which this speech had nothing to do, but the oration containing these sentiments was the last that he had the opportunity of delivering as a member of the convention.—Westminster Gazette.

Hotel Accommodations In India.

All over the world Indian hotels have a bad name to any one who has been used to a moderate degree of comfort and good feeding. They are for the most part a disgrace. Why people should have to pay from 10 rupees to 25 rupees a day in the cold season and from 7 rupees to 12 rupees a day in the hot season without receiving comfort and good feeding seems at first difficult to answer. As a rule, the feeding is most inferior, badly served up, tablecloths and napkins frequently dirty, not to speak of the knives, forks, spoons and tumblers. Bedrooms are badly looked after, and unless one has a very smart bearer it is difficult to receive proper attention. All this should not be for such prices as people pay. In many third rate boarding houses in England one could get presumably as good as what is got in some of the so called first class hotels in Calcutta.—India Public Health.

The Artistic Poison.

Passing by other drugs, each of which has its own way of making people crazy, we come to what may be truly termed the artistic poison. This is, says Dr. William H. Thomson in Everybody's Magazine, the mescal button, which grows on a low cactus in the valley of the Rio Grande and fortunately is scarce and hard to get. Chewing this button causes the most gorgeously colored scenes to appear before the entranced vision, far surpassing, according to descriptions, the most magnificent sunsets. It would seem to be the drug for landscape painters, but unfortunately, whatever other things drugs do, they never increase efficiency. It was first discovered among the Kiowa tribe of Indians, who used it in their religious rites till missionaries induced the government to remove the Indians from where they could get it.

Lightning and Thunder.

By counting the number of seconds in the interval between lightning and thunder it is possible to figure approximately how far from the observer is the scene of the storm. Sound travels 1,100 feet a second, so multiply the number of seconds by 1,100, which will give the distance in feet from the point where the lightning flashed. For example, if ten seconds have elapsed the distance away will be 11,000 feet, or a little over two miles. It might be added that, as light and lightning travel so much faster than sound, if one survives after hearing the crashing peal he can be sure he is safe. Remembrance of this will dissipate terror.

No Cause to Be Discouraged.

Mr. Youngpop—My little girl is nearly two years old and hasn't learned to talk yet. Mr. Henpeckke—Don't let that worry you. My wife says she didn't begin to talk until she was nearly three, and now—

—Philadelphia Record.

Impostor and Malefactor.

Carlyle used to tell of an old Scotchwoman who, speaking to her family, said: "There's twa sons, baith doin' weel in Glasgie. T'ane's an impostor, and t'ither's a malefactor." It was found that she meant "upholsterer" and "manufacturer."

Good Intentions.

"The question is as to the intent of the law."

"That's easy. The intent of the law is to make business for the lawyers."—Syracuse Herald.

A Cool Thief.

One summer afternoon an exceptionally well dressed stranger was seen to enter the front gate of a house in a wealthy neighborhood. He walked to the door and tried to open it with a key. As he could not do so he went around to a window and, pushing it open, climbed in through it. It was a suspicious proceeding, but as the man was dressed in the height of fashion the officer on the beat thought that it was the owner of the house, who, having forgotten his key, had used the window as his means of entrance. However, the officer thought it best to watch the place for awhile to see if anything out of the way might occur. A short time later, emerging from the front door, the stranger stopped as if some one had spoken to him from within, and, saying "Yes, Bess, I have my key this time," he lifted his hat and walked slowly away. Some hours later, when the real owner of the house returned, the policeman learned that his first suspicions had been correct, for the well dressed stranger had walked off with the jewelry and everything of value that he could lay his kid gloved hands upon.—Chicago Tribune.

Milking the Cow.

"Milkmen have different ways of managing their cows, but generally they feed each cow and begin milking as soon as the cow begins to eat," says a dairyman. "The milker hurries to get through, too, because if the cow finishes her breakfast before the milker has done his work she extorts more feed by holding back her milk, so must be fed again to keep her in good humor. Some milkmen do their milking first and then feed immediately, and cows that are accustomed to this treatment generally give down their milk cheerfully, for they know that milking is a prelude to the feeding. It all depends on habit and the way the cows are treated, for a cow is much smarter than she looks and more grateful than most persons would believe. So long as the cows know they are not going to be struck or beaten they will neither kick nor hook. An experienced milkman will never allow any loud talking or excitement about his barns, for the quieter the cows are kept the greater the quantity of milk and the easier the work."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Greater Danger.

There was never a more conscientious young man than Eben Soule, and when he found how much absorbed he had become with the mere idea of playing in the town band he consulted his minister. "Do you reckon I could give up all that time to music without falling from grace?" he asked anxiously.

The good old Methodist had a saving sense of humor. He saw that his parishioner was much distressed between his wishes and his conscience, but the minister smiled on him nevertheless.

"It's the horn you're asked to play, I hear," he said. "Ever had much experience with it, Eben?"

"Never tried it but once, but I like the sound of it first rate," said the young man.

"M'm!" said the minister. "Well, I think you needn't be afraid of falling from grace on account of it, but I do hope you'll manage things so your family and neighbors won't have to pass through the fiery temptation of hearing you practice too often, Eben."—Exchange.

The Artless Red Indian.

The influence of the fur trader and the mission schools has had a marked effect upon the Ontario Indians. They have to a large extent adopted modern dress, and many of the young men can be found at work in the sawmills and as river drivers. The women, too, manage to keep step with their lords in this march toward civilized appearance. I have seen moccasined feet peeping from beneath the folds of velvet gowns of royal purple. On the bank of Rainy river I came upon a community of wigwams and tepees. About an open fire crouched three old hags, filthy and hideous, but in the door of a tepee not ten feet away stood a young squaw, perhaps a daughter of one of the hags, doing her hair with a curling iron.—Wide World Magazine.

Some Meteors.

One of the earliest known meteors fell in 204 B. C. in Phrygia, where for a long time it was worshiped. It was carried to Rome and was supposed to be a messenger from the gods. Livy describes a shower of meteoric stones. The people were greatly alarmed, and the senators were demoralized and declared a nine days' festival to propitiate the gods. There is at Mecca a meteorite which fell in 600 A. D. and is still worshiped by the faithful.

Sacrificed to the Nile.

The ancient Egyptians, if they did not worship the river Nile, held it in great veneration and even dread. The Nile had its appointed priests, festivals and sacrifices, and if its rising was delayed for a single day a beautiful young girl was thrown into its waters and drowned in order to appease the god's anger and secure his favors.

Waiting.

Jack—By the way, how is your suit with Miss Cashleigh progressing? Tom—Slowly. I'm playing a waiting game just now. Jack—A waiting game? Tom—Yes; I'm waiting for her to change her mind.

Punishment.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"Did mamma ever punish you?"

"Well, she married me, my boy."—Yonkers Statesman.

The fool who is silent passes for wise.—French Proverb.

How Long Do Dreams Last?

How long do dreams last? A German savant is investigating the matter. But there is scarcely a dolt who could not give him points and has not dreamed centuries in seconds. The dream, it may be stated, comes in the few seconds before the awakening and has no relation to time or space. This is clear enough to the man who has ever been placed under an anaesthetic for a short while and found time and space eliminated.

As an experiment this writer was placed under a whiff of chloroform by a doctor. Absolute unconsciousness supervened, then a return of consciousness, the questions of the universe, up through layers of consciousness, with always the feeling, "Now I have solved it," and the "No" and the "Yes" alternating through centuries of thought, and then the quizzical face of the doctor, remembered after a million years. "How long have you been under?" The experimenter struggled up and saw the doctor with his watch in hand. "Ten seconds," the doctor said, and the dreamer had been outside time for a time that has no measure.—London Chronicle.

A Great Artist Enraged.

Alma-Tadema has told a story of the fate of two unsuccessful pictures of his student days. One of them was returned unsold by the committee of the Brussels exhibition in 1859. The subject was a house on fire, with people rescuing the victims. The artist's fellow students were asked into Alma-Tadema's studio and were invited to jump through the canvas, the owner of it leading the way by leaping head first through the oily flames.

The other unsuccessful effort was a large sized square picture that came back again and again to its creator's easel until at last it was cut out of its frame and given to an old woman to use as a table cover.

The picture was praised by at least one person who appreciated its excellence, so Alma-Tadema used to declare, for the old woman was wont to remark that it was much better than those common oilcloth things that always let the water through, as the picture of Alma-Tadema's making was a good thick one, with plenty of paint on it.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Supposed Life on Mars.

Not only do the observations we have scanned lead us to the conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited, but they land us at the further one that these denizens are of an order whose acquaintance was worth the making. Whether we ever shall come to converse with them in any more instant way is a question upon which science at present has no data to decide. More important to us is the fact that they exist, made all the more interesting by their precedence of us in the path of evolution. Their presence certainly ousts us from any unique or self centered position in the solar system, but so with the world did the Copernican system the Ptolemaic, and the world survived this deposing change. So may man. To all who have a cosmoplanetary breadth of view it cannot but be pregnant to contemplate extra mundane life and to realize that we have warrant for believing that such life now inhabits the planet Mars.—Professor Lowell in Century.

A Big Snowfall.

The heaviest fall of snow that ever took place in England occurred in 1615. The snow commenced falling on the 16th of January, 1615, and continued every day until the 12th of March following. It covered the earth to such a depth that passengers, both horse and foot, passed over gates, hedges and walls, which had been obliterated by the white sheet. On the 12th of March it began to decrease and so by little and little consumed and wasted away till the 28th of May.

A heavy fall occurred in Scotland in 1620, the snow falling thirteen days and nights with little or no intermission.

One of the heaviest falls on a single day occurred on the 21st of February, 1762, the snow in some places being from ten to twelve feet deep.

He Kept Count.

A famous animal trainer was talking to a reporter in New York. He said:

"The secret of animal training is gentleness. Nothing sudden or brusque must be done. An unexpected caress may anger an animal more than a kick in the ribs. Sudden, brusque, unexpected things never go, no matter how well they are meant. Once I was showing in Scotland. We trainers supped one night with a Scotch admirer. The old man was the soul of hospitality, but I admit I was rather startled when he leaned toward me and said:

"'Stick in, man Conklin, stick in. Yer frien' Coot's twa muffins aheid o' ye.'"

Translated.

"Habilliments For Infants" is a sign in a clothing store in Boston. A western visitor, seeing it, stopped in amazement.

"What does that mean?" he asked his better acquainted fellow westerner.

"That?" said the other. "Oh, that is Boston dialect for kids' duds."—Housewife.

Silenced.

Dad (severely)—And look here, Ethel, you mustn't encourage that young man to stay so late every night. It's disgraceful. What does your mother say about it? Ethel—She says men haven't altered a bit, dad.

Don't try to take up all the room in the middle of the road. There are numerous travelers on the highway who need a little room themselves.—Atlanta Constitution.

Africans and the Locomotive.

The children of the desert were filled with awe when first the silence of the primeval solitude was broken by the puffing of the steam engine. Down at the other end of the Cape to Cairo line the simple Matabele, when first confronted by a locomotive, were certain that the strange machine was worked by the labor of an indefinite number of oxen, which they assumed were shut up inside; hence, when the engine stopped, they gathered in curious crowds, waiting to see the door open and the oxen come out, nor could they for many days be persuaded that the power of the locomotive could come from other than the strength of the ox.

The Arabs of the Sudan, more imaginative than the Matabele, saw in the fire horses of the railway one of the Djinns of the "Arabian Nights" harnessed by the magic of the infidel to the long train of cars. The steam engine was to them a living, sentient being, of which belief there is curious evidence in the fact that on one occasion a sheik made an impassioned remonstrance against the cruelty of making so small an engine draw so huge a train.

Composite Names.

"One of the differences between the east and the northwest," said a Puget sounder, "is the names of places, and the Skikomishes, the Snohomishes, the Snoqualmies, the Wahkiakums and the lot of them give a man funny feelings, and when he runs across Bucoda, on the Northern Pacific railroad in Pierce county, Wash., he doesn't know whether it is Chinook or Siwash or what. But it is none of them—like Kenova, in West Virginia, which is near the junction of Kentucky, Ohio and Virginia, or Delmar, where Delaware and Maryland come together. Bucoda is a composite name, and its story is simple enough. When the Northern Pacific came in a town sprang up, and it must have a name. There were Indian names in plenty, but something more novel was wanted, so Messrs. Buckley, Coulter and Davis, all Northern Pacific officials, put their heads together first and their names later, and the name Bu-co-da was evolved, with an etymology very apparent to any one who is at all informed in terminology. Bucoda it has remained, and it is not half bad as names go in the Puget sound country."

Beggars on Horseback.

"'Whoa, thar,' he says, pullin' up his hoss, and then he whines:

"'For the love o' charity, kind gent, would ye be so good as to gimme a crust o' bread for meself and a handful o' oats for the old mare?'"

The sailor smiled thoughtfully and stirred his ice cream soda with a long spoon.

"Yes, Hal," he resumed, "there's actual beggars on horseback in Roosia. They travels from town to town in caravans. They beg grub for themselves and fodder for their nags, just as I been tellin' ye.

"O' course, in the Argentine, where a hoss don't cost a song, it's only natural ye should see beggars on horseback, and I ain't sayin' nothin' about that. But in China they ride, too, while there's a Maltese beggar down Malta way what even drives a spring wagon an' takes his gal along. Interrupts his canoodlin' to ask you for a copper to stave off starvation, then starts right in again where he left off."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Unaccountable Failing.

It was a severe trial to Mr. Harding that his only son's memory was not all that could be desired. "Where in the world he got such a forgetful streak from is beyond me," said the exasperated father to his wife on one occasion.

"What has he forgotten now?" asked Mrs. Harding, with eyes downcast and a demure expression.

"The figures of the last return from the election on the bulletin board." And Mr. Harding inserted a finger in his collar as if to loosen it and shook his head vehemently. "Looked at 'em as he came past not half an hour ago, and now can't tell me.

"As I said to him, 'If you're so stupid you can't keep a few simple figures in your head, why don't you write 'em down on a piece of paper, as I do, and have done all my life, long before I was your age?'"

A Candle Trick.

Let a candle burn until it has a good long snuff, then blow it out with a sudden puff. A bright wreath of white smoke will curl up from the hot wick. Now, if a flame be applied to this smoke, even at a distance of two or three inches from the candle, the flame will run down the smoke and rekindle the wick in a very fantastic manner. To perform this ceremony nicely there must be no draft or "banging" doors while the mystic spell is rising.

His Fate.

The race of consequential vergers is not yet extinct. Dean Pigoc has a story about one of them, who, when a bishop asked him at what point he was to make his appearance, replied:

"First I take the choir people to their places, and then, after they are seated, I return for you, my lord, and conduct you to the halter."—London Telegraph.

Expected Reduction.

Grandpa Macpherson—How many do two and two make, Donald? Donald—Six. Grandpa—What are you talking about? Two and two make four. Donald—Yes, I know, but I thought you'd "beat me down" a bit!—London Punch.

No Accent.

French Professor—Ah, yes, mademoiselle, you spick ze French wizout ze least accent. Miss Breezy—Do I, really? French Professor—Oh, yes—zat ees, wizout ze least French accent.