

AN AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

declare that Squattersville, Nebraska, was of more value to the world than Westminster Abbey, because Squattersville was full of living men, whereas Westminster Abbey was full of dead ones. Whereupon Miss Peggy said, sensibly and modestly enough, as we thought:

"Well, sometimes our people at home say things like that, but they don't believe them. They think it clever to stifle you, that is all."

That ought to have been enough. But it wasn't enough for Jack Duncombe. Oh, dear, no. Something must be said on behalf of Miss Peggy's countrymen. Miss Peggy herself was not to be crushed by the dread might and majesty of Westminster Abbey.

"After all," said this reckless young man, "if you walk through Westminster Abbey, and impartially look at the names of the people they have put there, you'll come to the conclusion that in former days it was pretty easy to get in. Look at John Phillips. Did you ever hear of John Phillips?"

Our learned friend from Oxford, being thus directly challenged, had to confess his ignorance of the enshrined John Phillips.

"Well, he was a writer of comic verses; at least, I believe they are considered to be comic," the younger man continued with superfluous scorn. "I know this; I could get you twenty living writers who could do infinitely better verses; indeed, if John Phillips were alive now there is one place where you would not find him, and that is at the Punch weekly dinner!"

Mr. A'Becket turned to Miss Peggy, and said to her, with a smile:

"Your countryman whom I heard make that remark is said to be worth thirty million dollars."

"He isn't worth consideration," she answered, with a kind of audacious petulance; and there the subject dropped.

You should have heard how that young man broke forth when our guest had to leave us to find his way across country to some railway station that he named. You would have thought that this harmless freak on the part of an Oxford Don, instead of being in its way a kind of compliment, was really a gross invasion of one's inalienable rights. If we wished to be by ourselves, why should we not be allowed to be by ourselves? Mr. Jack Duncombe made much use of that word "ourselves." He seemed to like it, somehow.

"I propose," said he, in his reckless fashion, "that we should give up our leisure time on this trip to the composition of a great and learned work, just to show what we can do. Will you join, Miss Rosslyn?"

"Oh, yes," says the young lady, with calm effrontery. "What is it to be about?"

"Oh, anything will serve to show off with. We must make it imposing. The square of the hypothesis, if you like."

"That would be very interesting," she observed with much complacency. "Of course you will begin with a description of the square; I mean, the square in which the Hypothesis lives?"

"Certainly," he answers, "catching on" with alacrity. "Then we come to the habits of the Hypothesis—his time of getting up and going into the city."

"I would have something more romantic than that," Miss Peggy says, thoughtfully. "If he lives in a square, there must be people opposite. One of them might be a young lady."

"Yes, undoubtedly; but she is rather an unknown quantity yet; we will call her X until we can settle more about her. She is living with her Uncle Rhomboid."

"And the Hypothesis has the greatest difficulty in meeting with her," she continues.

"The gardens in the square would be a good place; I suppose the Hypothesis would have a key."

"Naturally. But then, again, Aunt Parallelogram distinctly approves of the match, and is going to leave all her money to X. Would you make the Hypothesis rich or poor?"

So these two young idiots went on, one of them apparently taking a grim delight in thus revenging himself for the intrusion of a stranger among "ourselves." There was no other thought for the hapless Scholastic making his way along darkened roads to wait for the last train in some solitary little railway station. Here the lights were burning clear, and they were now safe from all interference, with aimless merriment and bantered words and laughing glances to fill full every glad and precious minute.

CHAPTER VII.

On this still morning, while as yet the unknown world around us seemed but half awake, there is a tall young lady, of slim and elegant figure, standing all alone in the stern of the boat. It is the Person without a Character. She has perched herself on the steersman's plank; her arms are placed on the transverse iron rod, her chin rests contentedly on her crossed palms. And who can tell what dreams and reveries may not be in the calm depths of her eyes, which can be thoughtful and wistful enough when they are not full of malice? Apparently she is looking away across the undulating landscape, with its varied features of wood and meadow, of hedge-row and upland slope, or crying from the pale mist of the dawn; but there perhaps she is quite other visions before her. Perhaps she is thinking of the olden days of romance and heroic adventure, when noble ears "came sounding through the town"; perhaps she is only thinking of New York, and of some facetious and correctly dressed young man there. When one divinely bids her good-morning she turns round with a startled look; clearly her thoughts have been far away.

"Well," she says, "the more I see of England, the more I am surprised to think how such a wonderful lot of things should have happened in so small a place. And not only small, but—empty. The country seems dead. There's romance in it. Last night I was reading about Warwick and Kenilworth, just by way of preparation, you know, for I suppose we shall get there this evening. Well, where did all those great lords find the people to build splendid castles for them? Where did they get such sums of money?"

Where did all the armies come from that were in the Wars of the Roses?"

Now the spectacle of a young mind in eager quest of knowledge is, as has been observed before, a pleasing sight; but it has to be pointed out to Miss Peggy that the study of English history ought to remain prohibited during the remainder of this trip, to avoid misconception, and for the better silencing of scandalous tongues.

"Ah, now," she says, plaintively, "isn't it hard that we should be subjected to such cruel taunts and suspicions? And so unjustly, too; that is the shameful part of it; if there was the smallest atom of foundation for the things they say of us, I shouldn't mind. I do really believe," she continues, with an air of solemn conviction, "that you and I are the two most absolutely perfect characters the world has ever known. I have never met with any one just quite so good as we are. And, of course, that is the explanation. Perfect people are never properly comprehended. The only comfort is," adds Miss Peggy, complacently, "that you and I understand and appreciate each other; and they are welcome to say all those things about us as often as they please."

This was all very well; and indeed it was satisfactory to think that one had won the commendation of a being so confident of her own moral worth. But there was this to be considered about Peggy, that you could never be very sure of her. Indeed, when she was most amiable she was most to be distrusted; when she held out both hands to you in the frankest fashion, you had to beware lest they should turn out to be the two knobs of an electrical machine.

The next instant, with immovable face and inscrutable eyes, she remarks, in a casual kind of way:

"Mr. A'Becket is coming to Warwick."

"What?"

"Yes, he is."

"Well, you are—I declare you are—"

"I?" she says, with a blank state of innocence. "What have I to do with it?"

"Then how did he tell you and no one else of his coming?"

"Oh, as for that," she says, in a careless fashion, "he only mentioned it in going away as a kind of possibility. If he had spoken of it to you, it might have looked like asking for an invitation. And perhaps he hasn't come, after all. I'm sure, if I were he, I wouldn't take the trouble."

"Probably not."

Just at this moment we were unexpectedly interrupted. There was a large crowd coming along, drawn by two donkeys, each with a nose-tin slung at its head; and along with them was a tall young bargeman, as handsome as Apollo, but with a sun-tan on his face and a mild fire in his eyes unknown to the marble figures in the Ulizi corridors. After a preliminary and rather dilapidated glance at the young lady, he made bold to ask us whether we were going on that day?

"Yes, certainly," was the answer.

"Then you'll have to make haste," said the sun-browned Apollo, "for they're going to repair Clayton Lock, and unless you get on at once, you won't get through until to-morrow."

Now, this was most unwelcome news; for, though it was well enough, once in a while, to spend a whole twenty-four hours by the side of a meadow, with speedwells, dandelions, poplar-willows, swifts, water rats, and an occasional sheep, as our only companions, still we felt that we had not been making sufficient progress, and we had certainly calculated on reaching Warwick that night.

So there was nothing for it but to summon Murdoch forthwith, and bid him leave breakfast alone and go scour the neighboring country in search of Captain Columbus and the Horse-Marine.

Well, we got through Clayton Lock easily enough; and thereafter entered upon a long stretch of eleven miles without any lock at all. This was by far the most lonely district into which we had as yet penetrated; and as the canal is here on a high level, we had a sufficiently spacious view of the richly cultivated but apparently uninhabited country. Far as the eye could reach there was nothing visible but fields, hedge-rows and upland heights, with here and there a clump of trees, or perhaps a solitary barn, a bit of red showing pleasantly enough among the prevailing greens. The day was brightening up, too; sweet, mild airs were blowing; there was even, now and again, a ray of watery sunlight striking on some distant slope. We began to wonder whether we had at last escaped from the rain that had pursued us so incessantly; for, of course, we did not want our pretty Miss Peggy to go away back to America with the impression that England was a land of perpetual mists.

(To be continued.)

How Lipton Started.

The Home Magazine tells this story of Sir Thomas Lipton's start in business:

Young Lipton went to London with a borrowed capital of about \$500. He rented a small shop, spent one-half of this sum in purchasing a stock of tea, getting it cheap for cash, and the other half he put in a separate box to be used entirely and exclusively for advertising.

That was the time when \$10,000-per-day advertising houses were an unknown proposition, so that it was not surprising that Lipton's friends shook their heads at his scheme. But the scheme worked to perfection.

Marking his goods at the very lowest figures—which were lower than those of other tea merchants, for it was not customary at that time for merchants to pay cash for their stock—Lipton got ready for his advertising. He bought two of the fattest hogs that could be found anywhere in London, had them carefully scraped and cleaned, tied pink ribbons around their necks, and sent them waddling through the crowded streets, each led by a man dressed in pink, and having between them another man carrying a banner upon which were inscribed the words, "We are going to Lipton's pink tea. Come along yourself!"

Of course the shop was crowded within an hour. The low prices caught the people's fancy, too, and business became so brisk that, instead of serving behind the counter as he had originally intended for about a year, Lipton was compelled to employ a dozen clerks to do that work, while he attended exclusively to the getting out of new advertising dodges.

PLAGUE ON A STEAMER

SHIP AT PORT TOWNSEND HAS SEVERAL CASES.

Japanese Tramp Ship Nanyo Maru in Quarantine for a Month—Matter Kept Quiet—The Health Officers Maintained the Disease Was Beriberi.

Consternation was created in Puget sound cities Thursday by the official announcement that seventeen cases of bubonic plague have existed at Port Townsend for nearly a month. Early in February the Japanese tramp ship Nanyo Maru arrived there with suspicious disease on board. The ship was ordered into quarantine at Diamond Head and has since remained there. Two men had died on the voyage over and at least one more succumbed after reaching Port Townsend.

Quarantine officials at first would not state what the disease was, but later gave out that it had been diagnosed as beriberi, an affliction familiar to Japanese physicians. It is similar to the bubonic plague, and, while equally fatal, is believed to be less infectious. Thursday, when it was officially announced that the disease was nothing more nor less than the death-dealing plague, consternation spread throughout all the Pacific coast ports. The Nanyo Maru has been fumigated more than thirty times in an attempt to kill the disease germs with which the ship is infected. Its timbers are yellow and discolored from the fumes of sulphur. Thousands of rats infested the ship, including the cabins and sleeping quarters. Her Japanese crew was in a bad state of health, aside from the outbreak of the plague. It is believed at Port Townsend that more than three died at sea. The ship's crew numbered forty. She came across in ballast to secure any kind of cargo offered.

WIPE OUT BY FIRE.

Historical Theater Francois at Paris is Wholly Destroyed.

The Theater Francois, in Paris, has been destroyed by fire, in which Mlle. Henriot lost her life and seven friends were injured. The fire originated in the foyer of the theater. At 1:30 o'clock p. m. Thursday a huge column of flame burst forth, and in a short time the whole building was enveloped in fire and smoke. Shortly afterward the historical playhouse of Paris and the home of the world-famed Comedie Francaise was a mass of ruins. The burning of the theater will come as a loss to lovers of the art of Corneille, Racine, Moliere and Shakespeare, while to visitors to the exposition one of the notable "sights" of Paris will be missing.

The Theater Francois was founded in 1600, but the edifice which was destroyed by fire Thursday dates back only to 1782, though its facade on the Rue St. Honore and the Place were renewed in recent years. The famous playhouse had also recently undergone renovation in view of the crowds expected during the exposition, which is to open Easter Sunday. Happily the fire broke out an hour or so before the matinee performance of Dumas' play, "Diane de Lys," or the theater might have witnessed at its close the greatest tragedy of its history.

WAR NEWS IN BRIEF.

The rainy season has begun in Natal. The Boers have 46,500 men in the field. Independence, Kan., is shipping more mules to England.

Explorer Henry M. Stanley thinks the war will end by July.

Chamberlain is now considered as the next British premier.

Alfred Milner has declared martial law in several districts in Cape Colony.

The Queen sent telegrams of congratulation to Gen. Buller and White.

London Standard says Great Britain will get a port in Portuguese East Africa.

The Boers have dynamited in thirty places the railroad between Modder river and Kimberley.

American manufacturers expect many orders for mining machinery as a result of the Boer war.

Alarm is felt over leakage of news in cables from Africa, but England is unable to locate the parties.

The English budget will be increased \$35,000,000 for current expenditures and \$270,000,000 for war expenses.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimates the war expenditures at \$300,000,000. An addition to the income tax of a shilling a pound is suggested.

The Canadians were only prevented from carrying Gen. Cronje's banner at the point of the bayonet by the imperative orders to the contrary.

The jailer in charge of the prisoners at Pretoria, Opperman by name, was dismissed after Winston Churchill's escape. He went to the front and was killed at Spion Kop.

To procure a black background against which the khaki of the British regiments will be thrown into relief, the Boers have been burning the grass along the line of the British advance.

The convocation of Oxford University will be asked to pass on a decree allowing all undergraduates who volunteer for service in South Africa to put off their "honor schools" for a year.

Turpin, the inventor of melinite, is said to be with the Boers. The petroleum bombs used at Kimberley are attributed to him. Great Britain was the only power that offered him compensation for his discovery.

A letter from Sydney to a Londoner says: "They are war mad in Australia. More than half the white gold miners in the Transvaal were Australians and were harshly treated by the Boers."

An officer of one of the Highland regiments has written home for a sleeping bag and also requested that a clean shirt be sent him once a week, as it was impossible to get anything washed.

Once a week the staff officers of the Russian army assemble under the presidency of the Grand Duke Vladimir to discuss the progress of the Boer war. The czar occasionally attends the meeting.

TEMPEST IN BRITISH WAR OFFICE

Fight Between Lansdowne and Wolseley is Bitter.

As the result of British unsuccess in South Africa in the war with the Boers much criticism is being directed against the British war office and considerable friction has arisen between the secretary of war, Lord Lansdowne, and the commander-in-chief of the army, Lord Wolseley. The followers of each accuse the other of being responsible for England's unpreparedness when the crucial time arrived and it is probable that as the outcome of the agitation one or the other will have to retire. Parliament will inquire into the matter and interesting developments are expected.

Lord Lansdowne comes from one of the oldest and haughtiest families in the kingdom, dating to the twelfth century. He succeeded his father, the fourth mar-



LORD LANSDOWNE.

quis, when he was only 21, and became lord of the treasury three years later. He has been in office almost steadily for the last thirty years, his highest post previous to that he holds now having been that of governor general of India from 1888 to 1893. Previous to that he was governor general of Canada. Lord Lansdowne was a Liberal until Mr. Gladstone's home rule bill sent him over to the other side. His reward was the appointment by Lord Salisbury to be governor general of India, and after his return thence to be secretary of state for war.

Just before Lansdowne stepped into this office Gen. Wolseley became commander-in-chief, succeeding the old Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's first cousin, who had held the office forty years.

What has caused the greatest agitation is the affair of Gen. Buller. He had been in command in South Africa until the outbreak of the war and upon which the Government relied for information as to the Boer strength. When the war broke out and England was unprepared people openly charged that Gen. Buller was either blind or a traitor. But now it transpires that Gen. Buller not

only was informed as to the strength of the Boers, but that he urged and pleaded with the war office repeatedly for immediate preparation on their part. Some of Gen. Wolseley's supporters are saying that he backed Sir William's report, but that the Marquis of Lansdowne shelved it.

ROMANCE OF AN EGG.

The Means of Uniting an Iowa Girl and a U. S. Employee.

For a full-fledged romance to hatch from a common hen's egg is a rather extraordinary occurrence, but this is what has transpired as the result of an idle action of a pretty Iowa girl and the mystery-loving nature of a Government employe in Cuba, the egg acting as a means of introduction.

The opening chapter of the romance dates from last summer, when the egg reached the Miss Gilday.

A clerk in an egg-exporting establishment in Fort Dodge, Iowa. During a period of rest Miss Gilday inscribed her name and address on a large white egg with indelible ink. It was shipped with a big consignment to a New York dealer, and made part of one of the first shipments of American eggs to Cuba. The egg at last came into the possession of Charles P. H. Smith, one of the United States civil service men at Gaines, and he noticed the address. He wrote to Miss Gilday and in due season received a reply.

In the near future Mr. Smith will journey to Iowa, and as soon as arrangements can be completed, will, it is said, return to Cuba with the bride which was brought to him by an egg.

It was announced at Mason City, Iowa, that the sons of veterans committee had made good progress toward the proposed national military college.

President Anderson of the Southern Mormon mission field, says that there are 1,300 Mormons in South Carolina and 10,000 in eleven Southern States.

Frisco Board of Health destroyed 27,000 pounds of meat sold by the Government to a local dealer.

Cold wave nipped the strawberry crop in Texas.

Keeping Cut Flowers in Condition.

A lady who has spent a good deal of time in Japan says that she has often kept cut flowers for an abnormally long period by burning their stems with a piece of wood—not with a match, be it observed, or the sulphur would be injurious to the flower. The Japanese say that the charring process causes the water to penetrate the stem and to sustain the flower. Whatever the reason, it is satisfactory to learn that by charring the stems of chrysanthemums we may keep them in good condition for a month or six weeks.

Spring Medicine

There's no season when good medicine is so much needed as in spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure that you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TO-DAY. All druggists. Price \$1.

Under the Sea.

A tunnel under the Bosphorus has been talked of many times. There is large traffic between the two sides of the Bosphorus and the delay caused by the opening and shutting of the bridge of boats which now forms the only connection is a great drawback. The railroad company is now constructing its lines on both sides, but this will not be of very great avail until the lines can be connected. Tunneling by the ordinary methods is hindered by the fact that the water is extremely deep and there is twenty or thirty feet of mud at the bottom. It has been proposed to suspend or float a tunnel some thirty-five feet below the surface of the water, thus allowing uninterrupted passage to vessels of even large drafts. It is impossible to state whether this plan can be carried out or not. There seems to be great engineering difficulties in the way.

Similar.

Teacher—I just gave you the proverb, "The burned child dreads the fire." Now, can any one of you tell me a similar proverb?

Pupil—I can, teacher. "The washed child dreads the water."—New York World.

Got It.

She—What we claim is that we ought to have a voice in the management of the affairs of this country.

He—Oh, I've no objection to that. I thought you wanted to vote.—Chicago Tribune.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP

Pure, Healthy Blood Means Beautiful Complexion.

Intestinal Microbes Poison the Blood When the Bowels Are Constipated—Drive Them Out by Making the Liver Lively.

"Beauty is skin deep." That is wrong. Beauty is blood deep.

A person constipated, with a lazy liver, bilious blood, dyspeptic stomach, has plump and liver spots and a sallow complexion.

No one with a furrowed brow, a bad breath, a jaundiced eye, can be beautiful, no matter how perfect are form and features. To be beautiful, to become beautiful or to remain beautiful, the blood must be kept pure and clean, free from bile, microbes, disease germs and other impurities.

Cascaret's Candy Cathartic will do it for you quickly, surely, naturally. They never grip nor gripe, but make the liver lively, prevent sour stomach, kill disease germs, tone up the bowels, purify the blood, and make all things right, as they should be. Then beauty comes of itself and to stay.

Buy and try Cascaret's Candy. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that will please you. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address: Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

This is the CASCARET tablet. Every tablet of the only genuine Cascaret bears the magic letters "C-C-C." Look at the tablet before you buy, and beware of frauds, imitations and substitutes.

THE MILLION DOLLAR POTATO

Most talked of potato on earth? Our Potato this—no also. Ask for our new's Earliest Six Weeks' Potato. Largest farm and vegetable seed growers in U.S. Potatoes, 25¢ and up a bushel. Send this notice and 10¢ for the Catalogue.

JOHN A. SALZER, SEED & LA CROSSE, WIS.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup without fail. Is the best for Bronchitis, Grippe, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, etc., for the cure of Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Small doses; quick, sure results.

FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain fifty per cent. of new customers, and hence offer 1¢ per lb. of our best quality of our new's Earliest Six Weeks' Potato. Largest farm and vegetable seed growers in U.S. Potatoes, 25¢ and up a bushel. Send this notice and 10¢ for the Catalogue.

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