

THE CAT AND THE CIGAR SIGN.

She Followed Her Indian to the Bitter End and Died of Starvation at His Charred Feet.

A man of the name of Carter leased the basement of a house in Market street, New York, and converted the front part of it into a cigar store.

To the house of their teacher to pursue their studies. They do not sit upon the floor, as is commonly supposed, for although they have no school furniture such as is used in this country, they are provided with common chairs, upon which they sit while studying.

Long before reaching the schoolroom visitors may hear the pupils vociferously shouting their lessons and making a din which is, to say the least, confusion to one unaccustomed to this method of study.

When one realizes what an arduous task it is to learn one's A B C's in China it is no longer a matter of surprise that studying aloud is permitted.

Think of committing to memory 214 elementary characters! Alphabet for the Chinese language has no alphabet like ours. That is what the Chi-

says the man who turned 'em loose in Washington ought to be hung!" "I'd hate to be so ignorant! Guess you don't know old Peter, who was gardener at the White House long before Mr. Lincoln's time. I can introduce you to him myself!"

School was out. A group of boys leaned on the south fence of the White House grounds, gossiping.

"It was President Grant himself," declared Jim. "He let the little fellows fly right under these eaves, and in these old trees, and there they are yet. I despise a boy that'll kill 'em!"

"Well, well, Jim, go on; however did such a great man as Grant do such a fool thing?"

"One day Peter was working the flowers, and the president said: 'Peter, come here.' When he got up to the porch he saw a large champagne basket full of something, and the president said: 'Peter, some friend has sent you these sparrows from England; they'll eat the bugs and be good for other birds. Take 'em out on the lawn and let 'em loose.'"

Peter says: "I'd much rather wring their necks, and I mentioned to Mr. Grant, then I turned things in worse nor no birds at all. They are worthless in our nice parks. That's just the way the English people does, if I do say it myself, an' a born Englishman, too. They ups an' sends over to America just what worries 'em to death."

The boys laughed at Jim's good imitation of old Peter's story.

"There was that champagne basket filled with them pesky sparrows—a squawkin' and gabblin' like a Presbyter'ian 'ssembly. I thought when I left the old country fifty-five years ago I'd see the last on 'em. An' now they're a follerin' me like a ghost. Of course, 'twasn't none o' my business objectin'."

"When the president of these United States says a thing it gits 'bout further commentations. They're pot-pies, and I said, 'Jes' you say the word, Mr. President; I'll have you a pot-pie better'n honey.'"

"He laughed a little an' said so long as I'd give him quail he wouldn't kick, an' then old Grant went into the house, 'twasn't his basket; so I knowed it wad no use, for when Ulysses Grant said a thing he meant it right from the collar! So I said to Peter: 'Peter, take 'em along an' quit fussin'.'"

"There was thirty pair in that basket. I took 'em down on what the law on the door, an' they flocked out in a bunch, an' took to them ellum an' maples like they was born in 'em, an' in half an hour they was all at work buildin' nests! That was in '71, an' now look at 'em!" pointing to the ivies, roofs and trees. "They're millions," Peter sighed.

In brief Jim told Peter's story to the boys, who listened attentively.

"That don't change my mind about the torments," said Sam. "I'll bet Grant lived to see the day he was sorry."

"You are much mistaken," Jim added. "The very last time he walked through these beads General Grant was with him, and General Grant said: 'Our busy little sparrows seem to be a despised race. Now I like them! They do make so much out of their small opportunities, and think life is worth living under all circumstances.'"

"Father heard him say that, and after General Grant died, father told it to the Army meeting, and they said: 'Just like General Grant!'"

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS. Five-Year-Old: "Pretty useful, ain't it, mamma?" "Yes, dear." "Almost as useful as a man?" "Em, ye-es." "I don't mean Santa Claus or God, but any ordinary man."

Sunday School Teacher—Why, Willie Wilson! Fighting again? Didn't last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other to the striker? Willie—Yes; but he hit me on the nose, an' I've only got one.

In a Utica kindergarten school a few days ago the subject before the class was the hen.

masters and then even with a single leg you can say. "With this simple thing I will do my duty." As Nelson himself said, "Even though you are only man you can do your duty."

In Germantown, Pa., there is a youngster 12 years old who sits at the head of the table and says grace whenever his father is away. Recently his mother gave a ladies' luncheon in the dining room in his most brilliant toilet and, taking his seat, hushed the feminine chatter and annoyed his mother not a little by assuming a tremendously solemn look and, extending both hands over the board, in imitation of a clergyman pronouncing a benediction. Then he chanted, not in his clear, childish treble, but in bass tones, a string of unintelligible syllables, which occupied nearly five minutes. His mother rebuked him severely, for it seemed to her that he was trying to turn her ladies' luncheon into ridicule. He became very angry at the rebuke. He had anticipated, instead, many expressions of surprise and congratulation. The grace, he explained, was in Latin. He had learned it from his tutor. "Nobody here understood it but me and God," he concluded, solemnly.

WAKE, MY CURLYHEAD, WAKE! Kansas City Journal.

The doves are preening their wings—their wings. By the lilac hedge on the lawn. And a thrush in the maples merrily sings a pair of them in the faraway east. In a silver and crimson lake. And Peter has called you an hour, at least.

So wake, my Curlyhead, wake! The Island of Dreams is fair—is fair, And a realm of perfect delight. My love is smiling and happy there. But its glories fade with the night. And its beautiful shallows in which he floats. Strikes the shore at home with a quake: The three nightingales for his breakfast of oats.

So wake, my Curlyhead, wake! My Curlyhead's eyes are blue—are blue, And his lips are red as the morning's dew. As he holds up his arms to me. And I clasp him with thought of the sacrifice.

There's no more I may have to make. If a voice should wake him in Paradise. With "Wake, my Curlyhead, wake!"

DO NOT drink foreign Champagnes. Ut will find better at home. DRINK Cook's Imperial Champagne.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. Rabbit fur is now an important commercial article. It is known to the trade as electric seal and when dyed so closely resembles the genuine article as to defy detection except among experts. It is said that \$500,000 is invested in rabbit culture in England.

New Zealand's House of Representatives has passed the old age pensions bill. Every person of the age of 65 years and of good moral character, who has lived for twenty-five years in the colony, whose income does not exceed \$10 a year, becomes entitled to a pension of \$80 a year.

Wiltwyck Hose company of Kingston, N. Y., thinks it has the finest parade carriage in America. It cost \$10,000, is decorated in electric seal and when dyed so closely resembles the genuine article as to defy detection except among experts. It is said that \$500,000 is invested in rabbit culture in England.

Nashville, Ill., boasts of a hen that laid the largest egg on record, as hens' eggs go. The egg weighed five and one-half ounces when laid—which is four ounces above the average—and ten inches long and five and three-quarter inches in circumference. Of course the monstrosity was named Chicago as soon as it was discovered.

Four weeks ago a party of deer hunters on the California coast range killed the first white deer seen in that country for many years. The following week a Connecticut hunter went into the Maine forests and brought down one of the purest albino deers ever killed there. A big white deer was seen by several hunters in New Hampshire last week, but he has thus far escaped the scores of bullets that have been "in his direction."

Under the "collective mourner" system in Germany, all the relatives of the deceased

interesting historic landmarks in Boston. In its wide old kitchen the ring-leaders of the Boston party disported themselves as Indians on the evening of December 16, 1773, before going to the wharf where the cargo of tea was thrown into the waters of the harbor. The old South church and Faneuil hall are the only two buildings beside this house now left that sheltered the patriots on that eventful day. Although built in 1771 the house is strong enough to stand together another 100 years, and it would doubtless have been left as a landmark were it not for the city's growth around it. The land comprised in its site and the yard have risen so much in value that a building productive of proportionate revenue must be put up to meet the increase in taxes. It is owned by the Doggett family, who were descendants of Elizabeth Bradley, only daughter of Nathaniel Bradley, its builder, who married Noah Doggett.

Gossip about noted people. "It is said that once when Blumker was leaving home in 1836," says the Philadelphia Record, "his youngest son asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. At that moment a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of Cognac were to be packed up in the prince's luggage. 'Twenty-four,' was the answer. 'Ah, that must be a considerable infant,' now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days!'"

Caleb Arnold Wall, who has just died, was actively connected with the Worcester Spy for nearly sixty years and was said to be the oldest newspaper man in New England in point of service. "He was a careful student of the early history of the town and city of Worcester," says the Spy. "He had given many entertaining addresses before various clubs and organizations, most of which have been published in pamphlet form. One of the most valuable contributions is an account, 'The Puritans versus the Quakers,' read before the Society of Antiquity. Mr. Wall published 'Reminiscences of Worcester' in 1877."

One day while Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner were walking together they happened to begin a discussion of the modern novel, and one of the other suggested that it might be a good plan to burlesque it. Later, while journeying together to Boston, this suggestion took definite shape and on their return the work was begun.

One author writing a chapter, the other taking up the threads of the story the next day and both critically examining the result each evening, and asking the opinion of their wives as to the success of each stage of the undertaking. Finally they collected all the manuscript of which there was too great a quantity and jointly condensed it. It was owing to a suggestion by Mr. Warner that the chief character in the tale was called Colonel Eschol Sellers, and it is a fact that the man whose name was taken—a man supposed to be long dead—made a very demand for satisfaction, visiting Hartford for that purpose. In later editions of the name "Eschol" was changed to "Mulberry."

Worthington C. Ford, who is known as one of the foremost statisticians of the world, has been called to the head of the historical and statistical work of the Boston public library. Mr. Ford was for nine years chief of the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Treasury department and is therefore eminently fitted for his new place. His position is that of a consulting expert rather than that of an administrative assistant librarian. His function includes that of seeing that the library is supplied with the full complement of works of history and statistics and of being at the service of scholars in utilizing the riches of this famous library to the best advantage.

Three ex-ministers of the French republic, whose names are beginning to be legion, are devoting their enforced leisure to literary pursuits far from the making crowd. H. Hantzsch approaches the completion of the third volume of Cardinal Richelieu's biography and in idle moments amuses himself by a day's shooting. M. Cavaignac is engaged in tracing the growth of contemporary Germany. R. Rambaud has returned to his monumental work on general history and hopes soon to finish the closing volume. Another candidate for literary fame is Mile. Lucie Faure, who is understood to be writing her father's memoirs with his own sanction and assistance. She has already made her debut anonymously in two or three volumes of verse.

Mrs. Mary Lyon Dame Hall, president for some time of the New York Sorosis, has been compelled to resign because, according to the allegation, she permitted a shoe manufacturer to use the name of the society as an advertisement for his footwear. The trouble has been brewing for some time, but when it was announced that soon a rhymed advertisement would be printed running like this:

"Here's your shoelaces, Sorosisists, Void of corns and scant of blisters," the resignation was demanded forthwith.

M. S. Prime of California is a rather remarkable person in that he is the president, secretary and treasurer, Board of Directors and manager of the Paso del Bolon Street Railway company. He is also the driver and conductor of the single car run on the road, and is perfectly happy when the outfit brings him in \$1.50 a day. The road, three miles in length, runs from the railroad station to a locally famous mud bath, and Mr. Prime traded a house and lot in Alameda county for the whole outfit.

When he was a Harvard student the late Sherman Hoar became famous as a maker of epigrams. One evening he had been indulging in his usual style of conversation in the rooms of Prof. D., a man after his own heart, but too apt to interlard his lectures with apparently original witticisms taken, after the manner of Moliere, wherever he found them. When Hoar and a fellow student had left the academic presence the latter enthusiastically cried: "By Jove, Sherman! How do you manage it? I wish I could remember all the bright things you said just now." "Go to D.—his lecture tomorrow and take notes," said Hoar; "you'll get them then."

The recent action of Governor Tanner of Illinois in regard to the negro workmen imported to work in the Virden mines recalls the fact that when General John M. Palmer brought home from Tennessee a young negro servant his townsmen tried to compel him to send the boy back. Palmer defied prosecution and made a law which led to the repeal of the anti-negro law. It was to General Palmer, as he lived, as a commander who was hailed upon him, that John Hay referred in his poem on "Bany Tim."

You may recollect till the cows come home, But if one of you teaches that boy He will waste his hash in hell tonight. Or my name is not Tillman Joy.

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THIS IS THE CAT THAT WAS FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

and Carter moved over to Powell street, Brooklyn, taking the Indian with him, but leaving Terry behind, much to the sorrow of the young Carter, who, however, agreed that it wasn't lucky to take a cat across a river. Three days after their establishment in Powell street the youngsters were delighted to see the cat walk up to the Indian just as he was placed on his pedestal the first thing in the morning and take her place, this time on the sunny side, as the weather was cool. In order to go from New York to Brooklyn Terry must have either stolen a ride on one of the ferriboats or walked over the big bridge, thus in either case defying the hoary old superstition. The Carters flattered themselves that Terry had performed this remarkable feat for love of them, but in this they were greatly mistaken; it was on account of her affection for the Indian, as the sequel to this story goes to show.

In September last the block in Powell street in which the Carter Cigar store was located fell a prey to the flames and Carter moved to Belmont avenue, into three blocks away. He had to purchase another cigar sign for his new store, the old one having been half destroyed by the fire and left behind among the debris. The new sign represented a festive-looking young princess with very red hair and a bundle of cigars clasped in her hands. Terry went near the princess. She took up her position day and night on the charred remains of her beloved Indian and when repeatedly captured by the juvenile Carters and taken home invariably escaped and returned to the ruins. Finally they put her in a hamper, but she howled so loudly and continuously that they were compelled to set her at liberty, after which she resumed her heartbreaking vigil until she starved or was worried to death by the dogs. At all events the body of the poor thing was found stretched at full length on all that was left of the sign. It is not the whole truth to say that she loved in life and in death were not divided, but it is half the truth.

"Torry was always a fool cat," observed the disgraced cigar dealer, "though, after all, some people I know set their hearts on objects as wooden and worthless as a tobacco sign."

CHINESE WAYS AT SCHOOL.

How They Study, Play and Dress--Odd Features of School Life.

It is not improbable that of all their studies, the almond-eyed youngsters of China find writing the most enjoyable. They use a small brush instead of a pen and dab on the ink with a lavishness dear to the faveable heart. They write one letter over another till the page is as black as a cooking stove, and the copy-books become so wet that it is necessary to hang them over the fence to dry. A comical sight, truly, and one which proclaims to the passerby his proximity to a school house. It may be remarked that blotting-paper is unknown in the Flowery Land.

There are no public schools in China, or, faded, school houses of any kind. But the boys and girls of the Flowery Land repair

(These characters take the place of our nose boys and girls must do; and that is only the beginning of trouble, for these characters are grouped together to form words, of which there are more than 50,000 in the Mongolian language. Moreover, some of these words have forty different meanings, the significance of a word varying with its inflection. Another peculiarity of the Chinese written language is that the beginning of the book corresponds to the end of one of ours, so that the pupil appears to us to begin at the end of the last line



LEARNING THE CHINESE ALPHABET.

Among other questions asked by the teacher was, "What does the hen have that we have?" the teacher at the same time placing both her hands on her head to indicate the portion of the body referred to. The teacher was much surprised as well as amused when a little girl quietly answered, "A comb!" The teacher had placed one hand on a comb in her hair.

Out in the East End there is a sharp little girl who has a very handsome auntie, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The latter went to a photograph gallery some time ago and came back in a very indignant frame of mind.

"Those people," she said, "advertised to take pictures for \$2 a dozen, cabinet size, and today they wanted to charge me \$5. It's a shame. They had no business to advertise them for \$2."

"But, auntie," said the sharp little girl, "don't you see how it is? They hadn't seen you when they advertised them for \$2."

She got soundly spanked for it, but no doubt considered it cheap at the price.

This extract from the Scottish Leader, is a genuine extract from a schoolboy's recent "Essay on Nelson:

"Oh! Hardin' kites me again, were the buteful words of a heroic motto who won a grate battle with one eye and a wooden leg. Before the bloody contest this motto was uttered by him, 'The Queen expects every man to do his duty.' Nelson was a brave man but his morals was not respectable. Once a lady whose name was Mrs. Hamington nursed him, and he said, 'Oh heavens heavens why do I love.' When he died the queen met him in a boat and he went to St. Paul's and was buried. This is a marvellous lesson to me and all school-boys. Do your duty to your parents and

LEARNING THE CHINESE ALPHABET.

on the last page, and to be reading backward.

In studying at arithmetic Chinese pupils use the abacus, or counting apparatus, a frame strung with wires on which are gaily-colored balls, such as we see in the primary schools in our country, and which we have copied from the Chinese.

They do not study geography, for the reason that the Chinese think there is no country besides their own that is of any importance. On their maps, China is represented as occupying the greater part of the earth; other countries being grouped around the Middle Kingdom--as the Chinese are accustomed to speak of their country--and made to appear as insignificant as possible.

Girls and boys dress exactly alike except that the boys wear their hair in a pig tails while the girls have a funny little wig on top of their heads. In some parts of China it is very cold, and as the houses are not warmed like ours in winter, the children--and grown people, too--keep comfortable by putting on one dress over another till they are so bundled up that they can scarcely move. Possibly this may seem a very uncomfortable way of keeping comfortable, but the Chinese little folks are not given to complaining.

"SPARROW JIM."

Turned Loose the First English Sparrows on American Soil. "I'd be ashamed to shoot sparrows" and I don't care a cent how much you call me Sparrow Jim, either! I'll bet there isn't one of this crowd can tell you set the first English sparrow loose in these grounds!" "That's right! Some fool! Father offers us 10 cents apiece for all we'll shoot, and

Sores & Ulcers. Capt. J. H. MORTON, of Lawrenceburg, Ky. says: "For years I suffered intensely from a running sore on my leg, caused by a wound received in the army. I was treated by a number of doctors, and took many blood medicines, without the slightest benefit. S. S. S. was recommended, and the first bottle produced a great improvement. The poison was forced out, and the sore healed up completely."

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