

The Ashland Woman's Club.

THE COURIER has received the year book for 1897 and 1898 of the Ashland Woman's club. It is one of the neatest and handiest I have seen and outlines the work for the year, from October 13, 1897 to April 29, 1898. The officers are: President, Mrs. Phoebe A. Pales; vice-president, Mrs. Clara Harford; recording secretary, Mrs. Jessie Lavery; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mary Wiggenhorn; treasurer, Miss Dora Wiggenhorn. The constitution and by laws are similar to those adopted by nearly all woman's clubs. The object of the club is "mutual improvement and good fellowship among the members." Any woman sympathizing with the object of the club may be elected a member of the club in the manner prescribed by the laws. The club will study English literature from October to February. Beginning with Shakspeare and the rise of the drama, they will consider the prose of the Elizabethan age and Bacon, the Puritan literature—Milton, period of French influence (poetry) Pope, English homes—Goldsmith Period of French influence (prose), Rise of Methodism—Edmund Burke. With Edmund Burke the club leaves English literature and five of the remaining seven meetings are devoted to the study of current literature. Beginning with Innocents Abroad, they consider Barrie, Louis M. Alcott, James Lane Allen, Richard Herding Davis. The meeting of April 15 will discuss labor, and consider the Trans Mississippi Exposition. The last meeting on April 29 will be the annual business meeting for the election of officers and other business. At fourteen of the fifteen meetings of the year a few minutes of the opening of each session will be given to parliamentary drill, part of the time of four meetings will be given to child study and two to art. Each meeting is opened with roll call and responses in quotations from the author who has been chosen as most typical of the literary period under consideration. The Ashland Woman's club has an especially strong membership and much good work is credited to it by the federation.

A Five O'clock Tea Story.

It was quite a little dinner party, a few ladies and gentlemen. The cat glass reflected the gas jets and the great roses diffused a pleasant fragrance.

They had discussed the latest follies, actresses and novels, and the conversation drifted into general channels.

"Oh, Frank, tell us your 'five o'clock tea story' won't you," inquired the host. The person addressed was a young man about twenty years old, and had a distinguished manner which made a favorable impression on all who saw him.

"Oh, do tell us," chorused the ladies. "It does not amount to very much," said that gentleman, "it was only a little experience I had while in a village in upper Thibet."

"But Mr. Thorston, we are acquainted with your character as a story-teller, so you cannot escape us," replied the hostess.

The young man smiled at this pleasant flattery, and seeing the general interest, began—

"It happened, as I stated before, in the region of the upper Thibet on one of the sources of the Ganges three or four years ago. I was stationed there, and I hope it may never be my lot to get into such a place again; it was hot—dreadfully hot, and the thermometer always stood above one hundred and four.

"There had been one of the customary uprisings among the natives. The priests who feared the advance of our people into the country worked upon the minds and superstitious inhabitants and might cause them to revolt. There would be a fanatical dance, the murder

of several white people and then the marching of a troop of infantry and all would subside into the usual tranquility.

Late one afternoon, Jack Frasser and I were sitting in my bungalow drinking hot tea and iced punch alternately to see which was the most cooling.

"The perspiration soaked through our linen until they clung damply to our bodies. The dry bamboo walls crackled with the heat, and occasionally a centipede would dash across the porch in close proximity to us, but it was too hot to notice him.

"We had been discussing the late uprising and how easily a few trained troops cause the natives to disappear beyond the river. My servant brought in some hot tea, and then slipped away down the street through the white dust. He never seemed to notice the heat.

"Jack and I sat side by side watching him and wondering why it was—that is, I was; Jack was looking past him toward the river. He was a great swimmer and cursed the crocodiles for always being hungry.

"I had just poured a cup of tea and was holding it up watching it as it steamed, when from a door directly behind us, I caught the reflection of a figure creeping through. I sat watching it and although my cup trembled and spoiled the reflection a little, I could mark its progress as it crept nearer.

"Just as it got behind me it straightened up, and I sprang aside. A long slender knife sunk into the edge of the table. In a moment I was struggling with a native and unable to get a hold of his greasy body.

"Jack started up in amazement at this strange occurrence, overturning the tea pot upon the naked body of my assailant. He let out a screech and in a moment broke away, but Jack realized that there was something wrong and seized him. Between us both, we managed to tie him and lay him in the corner. Although, he was apparently very old, he was the most villainous looking Mongolian I had ever seen. Cunning, treachery and murder were depicted upon his face.

"My servant soon returned and first examined the knife and then the captive: His face turned dirty mackerel color and not a single word could we obtain from him. As evening approached we bound him still more securely and then sat out on the porch, making conjectures at the queer conduct of my servant.

"A thunder storm arose out of the southeast and by the lightning we could see the dust eddies as they whirled across the plain and broke above the river. We sat there long after the storm had passed, drinking heavily of the punch for we were not comfortable with such a visitor.

"We sat there until dawn but the punch had given out and we had taken to sipping brandy and water. As it grew lighter we went in.

"Was he gone?" queried a young lady intensely interested. "No, he was there, and this is the strangest part of all." "He was dead. Upon his arm was a tarantula. Upon his breast lay a lovely young girl, one of the most beautiful I had seen in that country. She was also dead but we knew not how."

"We went out on to the porch again for it is not well to stay with the dead in that land."

GEORGE C. SHEDD.

Ethel—I do so love to hear you play the piano.

Maude—Oh, do you?

Ethel—Yes, it always makes me think my playing's not so bad after all.

"Do you think there is going to be a revival of duelling?"

"No! People are more sensitive than they used to be about being laughed at."

EWING CLOTHING COMPANY'S

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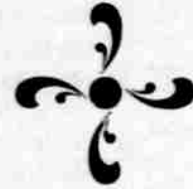
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