

HER POSITION PAYS.

Queen Victoria Has Found Ruling a Very Profitable Calling.

Victoria has found queenhood a very profitable calling. Figures for fifty-seven years of her reign show that the British people have given her under the name of civil list expenditures \$110,275,000. In addition to this vast total, \$48,676,765 has been expended for the maintenance of seventeen residences, stables and the like. The total direct expenditure of the Queen alone is over \$1,800,000 a year. There is at this date an annual expenditure in addition for other members of the royal family of \$1,300,000. The thirty old lady who has this vast income at her disposal has taken care to "make hay while the sun shines." Of course, the money has been voted to enable her to keep up the ornamental state considered necessary for a royal position. But it is just this she does not do. Victoria, besides valuable continental property, is the owner of three estates in the United Kingdom. They are Balmoral, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland; Osborne House, Isle of Wight, Hampshire, and Chartwell, Surrey. They embrace 5,561 acres, with a rental value a year of \$27,805. At twenty years' purchase that would be \$556,100. In fact, they are worth double that amount.

Queen Victoria, they say, has her little superstitions. She believes that articles made by blind persons bring good luck; that spilling salt brings bad luck; and she would probably not give sixpence for her kingdom if by any untoward chance thirteen persons happened to sit at the royal dining table. She has her pet dislikes, too, and among these is a hearty detestation of nicknames; another is an antipathy as to the smell of furs, particularly of seal skins.

The Sultan's Throne Room.

The gilding in the throne room of the Sultan at Constantinople is unequalled by any other building in Europe, and from the ceiling hangs a superb Venetian chandelier, the 200 lights of which make a gleam like that of a veritable sun. At each of the four corners of the room, tall candelabra in baccarat glass are placed, and the throne is a huge seat covered with red velvet, and having arms and back of pure gold.

Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will receive information of much value and interest by writing to "Pink Pills," P. O. Box 1592, Philadelphia.

Trust in the Lord and do your work well, remembering that all are workers together with Him, and that although one may plant and cultivate, 'tis God that giveth the increase.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

It is said that for the third year in succession Mr. Gilbert, of comic opera fame, drew the Derby winner in the sweep at his club.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE FAMILY STORY

LIFE FOR A LIFE.

WE sat together in the veranda at Sheppard's Hotel. Cairo lay beneath and around us—Cairo filthy, multi-colored, and malarious, but always picturesque. Suddenly an Arab boy came around the corner, and with a salaam of the deepest, handed some mail to Grimshaw. Then he squatted down on the veranda boards, with his great black eyes fixed on my companion's face, waiting for further orders.

"Your boy, Captain?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Grimshaw, "but a good deal more than that. I should be buried in the Soudan now if it were not for Ibrahim yonder."

"Tell me about it, please," I asked, rather eagerly; for this small Arab in the clear, white tunic, and brilliant turban interested me mightily.

Grimshaw settled himself back in the bungalow chair and began:

"You know, of course," he said, "that I was in Khartoum with Gordon. I did not regularly belong to the General's forces, but I had volunteered as one of his aides-de-camp. Well, we were shut up in that death trap City of Khartoum, surrounded on every side by the forces of the Mahdi—myriads of fanatical Soudanese Arabs following that high priest of bloodshed. We English were but a mere handful of men; the auxiliary forces were wretchedly small. Our only hope was aid from Egypt; and, as the whole world knows, that never came. Poor Gordon was allowed to fall a victim to the Mahdi's sword, and most of the garrison were slain. With the exception of Slatin Bey, who became a Mussulman, I think I was the only European who got out of the doomed city with his life. That I did so was due to Ibrahim."

Here the Arab boy—hearing his name mentioned—looked up and smiled, showing a row of teeth exceptionally even and white.

"A few days after we entered Khartoum," continued Grimshaw, "I was patrolling the town under Gen. Gordon's orders, when we came across a great rabble of boys, hallooing and shouting at a deafening rate. I sent an Egyptian soldier to discover the cause, and he reported that the young 'fuzzy-wuzzies' (it is so that Private Atkins of her Majesty's troops denominates the Soudanese) were having fun with one of their number. I was then, as now, intensely interested in native manners and customs. Halting my men, I entered the boisterous cordon of boys to determine the reason of their tumult.

"The little rascals were teasing one of their number. Teasing, indeed, in this case, is too mild a word. They were beating and stoning the lad, who lay bruised and half-blinded in the gutter. His turban was off, and his already scant clothing had been torn to shreds. I sprang into the middle of the mob and demanded the cause of such brutal treatment. At first they affected not to understand my Arabic, and went on beating their victim, but when I had soundly cuffed one or two and summoned my interpreter to my aid, I succeeded in making them answer.

"He is the renegade's son," said a ringleader—Hassan, the renegade's son. Stone him, in the name of the prophet."

"Then I understood. The poor boy's father had taken service with Gordon, leaving his offspring to suffer all the cruelties which the Khartoum children, egged on by their elders, were sure to inflict upon him. I lost no time in calling up a few men and sending that pack of youthful fanatics to the right about. They went away, vowing dire vengeance on the 'renegade's brat,' and I raised my protege from the dust. He had fainted from pain and loss of blood, but one of our surgeons soon brought him to. When he opened his eyes and saw me he smiled like a little coffee-colored angel and wanted there and then to give me his best salaam. Of course I made him lie down again, but he burst out his gratitude for preservation so vigorously that he came near fainting again.

"Next day his father, Hassan, one of Gordon's servants, came to see him. The two had a long talk, and finally Hassan announced that for his son's sake he had decided to leave the General and go back to his cobblers' stall in the bazaar. Ibrahim—for the lad whom I had helped to rescue was the same one now sitting before you—soon recovered, thanks to his native, tough constitution. He left my hut, absolutely refusing to touch any of the money which I offered him.

"Protector of the poor," he said in his quaint, grandiloquent Eastern way, 'you have saved your servant's life. Did not the mouse once repay the lion that had been his benefactor? Lo! I am the mouse, effendi; and you are the lion. Perhaps some day I may repay you. Salaam, friend!' Then he backed out of my hut, and I saw him not for many days.

II.

"One evening, while hurrying through the bazaar on my way to Gen. Gordon's quarters, a boy sprang out of a cobbler's stall and handed me a tiny bundle—slipping away into the darkness before I had time to do more than recognize him as Ibrahim, son of Hassan. I carried the bundle to the General, and together we undid its fastenings. Have you ever deciphered an Oriental object letter? I mean a letter which is not written upon paper, but of which the sense is conveyed by objects—flowers and the like. The bundle handed

me by Ibrahim was just such a communication. It contained a queer collection of articles. They were: A piece of broken knife blade, a scrap of green cloth, two towers (marigolds, I think) with only the heads remaining, a brick from the walls, and, lastly, an iron affair, which I at once recognized as the point of one of those sticks with which camels are urged onward.

"Gen. Gordon lost no time in unravelling the mystery of this missive. 'The green cloth,' he said, 'means the Mahdi, because his sacred flag is green. The knife blade stands for a sword, and the decapitated flower means that our heads are going to be cut off. The brick, I take it, hints of treachery inside the walls. The camel-spoke advises you to fly from Khartoum immediately. Where did you get this?'

"When I told him the source of my information he was inclined to pooch-pooch Ibrahim's letter. 'It is a boy's fear and fancy,' he said. 'We shall be relieved in a few weeks.'

"But the Mahdi's men formed an impenetrable circle around the town—a circle that grew narrower and narrower. Day after day we scanned the desert horizon for some sign of the expected relief, but without avail. Day after day the impression grew stronger upon each and all of us that we were doomed.

"During an early morning walk Ibrahim accosted me as suddenly as he had done before. 'Fly, effendi,' he whispered. 'The city is betrayed. My father and other Mussulmans have decided to let the Mahdi within the gates. Disguise yourself and fly before it is too late!'

"I shook my head, for duty kept me in Khartoum; and Ibrahim retreated with tears in those big, honest eyes of his.

III.

"The very next night his warning was fulfilled. It would be idle, my friend, to tell you over again all the horrors of the capture, or rather betrayal, of Khartoum. The Mahdi's soldiers were like fiends incarnate. Spent with fatigue and slender fare we could not stand before them. Gordon, poor fellow, was slain, and a remnant of us was driven, fighting for life, from hut to hut across the city. Finally, with empty revolver and broken sword, I found myself in the stairway of a rude minaret, waiting for the death which I felt would be inevitable. It is all very well to meet death boldly on the field of battle, with comrades and friends around one, but to sit down in a dark stairway and count the minutes until its coming might make the bravest man in the world feel uncomfortable. All around I heard the hideous sounds of slaughter and watched through a tiny loop-hole in the wall the red flames shooting across the sky (for it was midnight, and a starless midnight to boot). A sick feeling stole over me. To remain cooped up thus seemed intolerable. I had just resolved to rush into the thick of the Soudanese and sell my life as dearly as possible when a foot-fall on the stairs below arrested me.

"It was the sound of a naked foot, and as I peered, every sense on the alert, into the half-light by the minaret doorway, I vaguely distinguished a dark form and two shining eyes. Was it one of the Mahdis in search of human prey? I gripped my broken sword tighter and prepared for action.

"'Effendi!' whispered a voice, 'is it you, protector of the poor?'

"The voice was that of Ibrahim, son of Hassan. My heart gave a leap for gladness and I answered him that it was, indeed, myself.

"'It is good,' he exclaimed. 'My lord, I have come to save you. Hasten down and don these garments which I have brought you. They belong to the old blind priest who lodged with my father. He died last night, but nobody knows of it yet. You can pass as the old priest and escape. Make haste, sahib, make haste!'

"I saw the chance and seized it. Before you could have repeated the proverbial 'Jack Robinson' many times I had pulled those baggy Mohammedan clothes over my soiled and bloodstained uniform. A turban took the place of my khaki helmet, and around my face I draped the white hood which the Soudanese Arabs wear. Then, before I could protest, Ibrahim coolly seized a handful of mud and liberally daubed my face.

"'The sahib is too white,' he explained. 'The old blind priest was always black and dirty—so kick off your boots, sahib, and let me daub your feet.' Off went my boots; and in a minute or two my legs from the knee down were as brown (and as dirty) as they well might be.

"'You are all right, now, effendi,' said Ibrahim, 'let us make for the Cairo gate.'

"'With all my heart I thanked the boy; but he would listen to no thanks. 'You saved my life; I'll save yours,' he said. 'Remember, effendi, the mouse and the lion. Let us hasten to the gate.'

"'But you are not coming—' I began; when my protest was interrupted by a troop of black Mahdists surging into the little bystreet where we stood. Never shall I forget the sight they presented, in the false light of the burning city, with their huge piles of hair, their ferocious faces and their spears and scimitars a-drip with blood. I had given myself over for lost, when Ibrahim, gripping my hand, led me onward,

calling in sing-song tones: 'Room for the blind priest. Room for Amed, son of Ali, the soothsayer. The light of Allah is upon the blind priest.'

"Taking the hint I plucked up courage enough to shout the war-cry of the Mahdi. The 'fuzzy-wuzzies,' entirely deceived, joined in my cry. 'Bide your time, holy father,' said one of them; 'we'll give you plenty of Christian heads later on.' . . . Then they left us—whopping like demons down the street, but Ibrahim plucked at my sleeve and mechanically I followed him. Many times we met parties of the Mahdists, but in the darkness our ruse succeeded beautifully, and we reached Cairo gate in safety.

"Around the gate, despite the confusion, a strong guard had been posted. In the open space without many scores of camels were sprawling.

"'A camel for the Mahdi's messenger!' cried Ibrahim in his shrill voice. 'Ho, brothers! A camel for the blind soothsayer, Amed, son of Ali, who bears the Mahdi's defiance across the desert.'

"A dozen dusky warriors surrounded us, and as many awkward camels were prodded to their feet. One of these ungainly beasts was made to kneel, while Ibrahim made a great show of helping the supposed blind priest to a seat upon his back.

"Just then a tall fuzzy-wuzzy—clearly an officer—rushed forward. 'Who is this?' he demanded. 'Where does this man go? The orders are that no man shall leave the gates before daybreak.'

"My heart sank, but fortunately for us the natural superstition of the Arab came to our aid. 'Have a care!' cried one of the soldiers. 'It is a blind priest—a soothsayer. He may curse you.'

The officer stepped back involuntarily, eying me with fear. 'Give us your blessing, holy father,' cried a dozen on-lookers.

"Here was a new predicament. I could not remember enough Arabic at the moment to give the desired blessing; but a whisper from Ibrahim recalled to my mind a simple form of words, which, eked out by discreet mumbling, on my part and the loud responses of the boy, suited the Arabs well enough. They prostrated themselves—the officer with the rest—amid a great cry of 'Allah Akbar!' Then Ibrahim smote our camel soundly, and away we went, through the outposts, speeding fast from the gory City of Khartoum.

IV.

"The perils and adventures of the journey were too numerous to be told at one sitting, but it was nearly a month after that awful night that our camel limped into Cairo, carrying on its back two emaciated fugitives who had once been an officer of the line and an Arab boy.

"Ibrahim has been all around the world with me since, and will probably continue to be my comrade until one of us twain departs this life forever, eh, Ibrahim, old friend?"

The Arab lad smiled and spread out his hands. "My fate is thine, effendi," he said, "you saved my life."

"On that score, Ibrahim," answered Capt. Grimshaw, "I think we are quits. Remember Khartoum."—Atlanta Constitution.

Statues of Corpses.

The pleasing possibility of transforming the dear deceased into a marble-like statue that may be set in a niche or on a pedestal was suggested to the members of the Academy of Sciences of Paris recently by Mr. Mortin, who read a paper detailing his discovery of a process of converting animal matter, before decomposition sets in, into a substance resembling marble, being sufficiently hard to allow of its being sculptured. He called the attention of the society to the possibility of his invention, which he has taken the precaution to patent, being utilized to preserve human bodies after death. Inasmuch as this marble-like substance can be sculptured, it is possible to remedy little physical defects that, unnoticed or at least not obtrusive in life, might detract from the attractiveness of a statue. This process is a step ahead of the St. Louis silver-plater who for ten years has been experimenting upon a plan to succeed embalming by hermetically plating in gold, silver or nickel the ancestors of such people as are willing to undergo the expense of having their decorated for future inspection.

Imitation Seed Packages.

There seems to be no end of trouble to the Agricultural Department of the distribution of seed this year. The department has learned that requests have been made on commercial seedmen for seed put up in papers similar to those used by the Government and printed in simulation thereof. Acting Secretary Dabney has sent out notices to a large number of seedsmen in regard to the matter, stating that the department cannot permit the Government seed contractors or any seedmen to sell seeds in packets bearing the name of the Department of Agriculture, or any words which might cause the receiver of the packet to believe that it was a part of the Government seed distribution. No seed can be distributed free of postage through the mails except that delivered upon the orders of members of Congress by the Department of Agriculture, or sent out directly from the department. The act of March 3, 1875, confines the franking of seeds by members of Congress to those seeds which they receive for distribution from the Department of Agriculture.

Flower Perfumes.

It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted, and it may, it is said, be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will be at once resumed.

Lawyer—Do you think that you are capable of filling the position, young man? Boy—Capable! Why, my last boss said I knew more than he did. That is why I had to leave.—Vanity.

Water Found in Solid Granite.

A most interesting fact has been discovered by a Swedish scientist. It is that water can be found by boring into granite and other crystalline rocks to a depth of 100 to 700 feet. A well was sunk in the island of Akro, off the Swedish coast, not long ago, and at the depth of 110 feet fresh water was tapped, providing an apparently inexhaustible supply.

A Veil of Mist

Rising at morning or evening from some lowlands often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits or sojourns in a miasmatic region or country should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest tonic remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Provide abundantly for intellectual as well as physical wants, for the soul is the real man or woman.

We cannot define it, but there seems to be an "aura of love" about every young lady whose complexion has been beautified by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Queen Victoria will pay all the expenses of Li Hung Chang's visit to England.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, '95.

The training of the child is an occupation where we must know how to lose time in order to gain it.

Buy \$1 worth Dobbins Floating Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you, free of charge, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 208 pages, cloth-bound; profusely illustrated. Offer good till Aug. 1 only.

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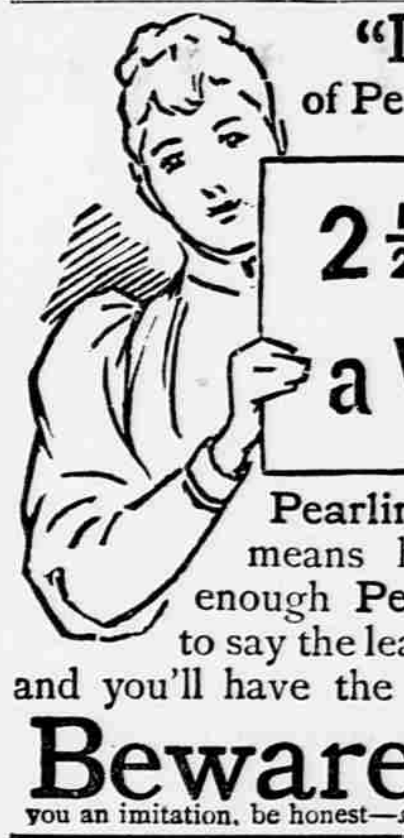
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