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A ROMANCE IN YELLOW.

LOVE AND WAR ASSOCIATED WITH THE ORANGE AND LEMON.

The Golden Apples of Venus None Too Good for Common Food in These Later Days—Famous People Who Have Tasted the Fruit.

The orange and the lemon are first cousins. Both belong to the citron family, and each in its way is unrivaled. Nearly all the year round one or the other may be seen in the market. Piled high on stands



A STREET VENDOR'S STAND. At the street corners they tempt the passer by, and enliven with the brightness of their hue the otherwise dingy aspect of busy thoroughfares.

Possibly the orange was the "apple of discord" awarded by Paris to Venus, and perhaps, too, the golden talismans with which the Goddess of Love armed Milanion, that he might win the race from Atalanta, were also plucked from the splendid and prolific Indian tree. This, however, is mere speculation, but there remains a sufficiency of romance, historically established, surrounding the orange and lemon to give them the foremost place among the fruits known to mankind.

Both are natives of India, and from that mystic and ancient land their cultivation has spread to other climes, always under novel and interesting conditions. The lemon was a favorite with the Arabs in the days of their power and glory, and by them, as their empire spread, it was introduced into various parts of Asia and Africa. In the latter part of the Twelfth century Richard the Lion Hearted, of England, with Philip of France, headed the third crusade for the rescue of the Holy Land from the dominance of the Saracens. At the siege of Acre a wounded knight in the English monarch's train called for water, but none was to be had. A native pressed to his lips a "strange frutte," whose cooling juices eased his thirst. The knight recovered, and returning home from that losing but glorious campaign carried with him the seeds of a lemon. Stopping en route at Naples he gave them



NELL GWYNNE. to an Italian friend, who planted them on his estate. They grew and flourished, and from thenceforward western civilization knew the virtues and the value of the acid fruit.

Meanwhile the orange was traveling toward Europe by another route. As in the case of the lemon its spread was due to the Arabs. They covered Syria and Persia with dark green groves, and as the seemingly irresistible wave of their martial progress advanced toward the pillars of Hercules scattered the seeds of the yellow fruit on the fair and fertile plains of Italy, Sicily and Spain. They called it "narange," and they cultivated it more for its beauty than for its qualities as a table delicacy, for the juice and pulp had a bitter taste. The sweet orange was brought to Europe from southern China by the Portuguese in 1548, and was known as apfelsina, or the apple of China.

So in the Middle Ages the lemon and orange spread the fragrance of their flowers throughout the civilized world. They bloomed in fair Florence, where Lorenzo the Magnificent ruled and Boccaccio wrote his wondrous tales, and through their leaves the scented breezes sought the gardens and fountains of the famed Alhambra. Then across strange seas, in care of the hardy mariners of Spain and Portugal, they came to the New World discovered by Columbus, and in Florida and the



WREATHED FOR HER WEDDING. Brazil as well as the Cuban Isle got fresh foothold and thrived as vigorously as in their far off Indian home. Everywhere they became the fashion as the years went by. In the days of his power and supremacy Cardinal Wolsey used an orange as a pomander. Throned on the powerful priest at his palace of Whitehall to secure his favor or appease his wrath, and he, so the old chronicle runs, would enter the crowded audience chamber "holding in his hand a very fair orange, whereof the meat or substance within was taken out and

blifted up again with the part of a sponge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs; the which he most commonly smelt unto passing among the press, or else he was pestered with many suitors."

Proud, pitiful Wolsey! One hour the practical master of a kingdom and careful of any contact with the "base herd," the next toppled over, ruined, disgraced, with out a home or friend! As the minister of Henry VIII he directed the glittering pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold; as a broken old man he died neglected in the monastery of Leicester.

At a later date the orange figures in a romance of English history equally scandalous, but less tragic. The Restoration had brought the loose living Charles II to his own, and among those who welcomed his return to London was a pretty girl of 10 who sold oranges at the theatres. She was poor, obscure, unknown; he was the ruler of a realm, yet seven years afterward the two were on terms of intimacy, and whoever wanted a favor from "Old Rowley," as the monarch was called, had to secure the support of Mme. Nelly Gwynne. In those seven years she had passed from the pit to the footlights and charmed the town with her acting. Then "the king sent for Nelly," and her histrionic triumphs were at an end. It is of her early struggles for a livelihood that Lord Rochester sang:

But first the basket her fair arm did suit, Laden with pippins and Hesperian fruit; This first step raised, to the wandering pit she sold The lovely fruit, smiling with coat of gold.

The orange girl did not abuse the power obtained by her doubtful elevation. She was a popular favorite of whom a poet of the time wrote:

All hearts fall a heaving wherever she comes, And beat night and day like my Lord Craven's drums.

To her is due the founding of the great Greenwich hospital, and from her descends the ducal house of St. Albans.

Rather more than a century ago some curious and close observer of London existence published a pamphlet entitled, "Low Life: or, One Half the World Knows Not How the Other Half Lives." A passage which has to do with the subject under consideration reads:

The view of gentler mechanics, under pretense of going to prayers in the morning, take a nap and a dram, after which they chew lemon peel to prevent being smelt.

As every one knows the orange flower wreath, of charming fragrance and pure whiteness, is an essential in the costuming of the bride whose wealth and social position demand the display of a public wedding, but the fact may have been less observed that all the lands where the orange and the lemon grow are lands of romance and adventure. Mention India, and the mind reverts to tales of valor extending over the vast stretch of time intervening between the conquests of Alexander and the last despairing stand made against the British invader by the heroic "Lion of the Punjab." Asia conjures up visions of the Caliphs and the Crusaders, of Haroun al Raschid and Saladin the invincible, while over northern Africa and southern Europe spread the un fading memory of the wise, valiant and learned Moors. Brazil is linked with the name of Columbus, and in Florida Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of youth, while the name of California is inseparably associated with the far off, indistinct, yet musical chiming of the mission bells that called the Indian convert to prayer and summoned home the flocks, ere the fierce rush for gold swept away the peaceful cloisters on the heights or by the Pacific's waves.

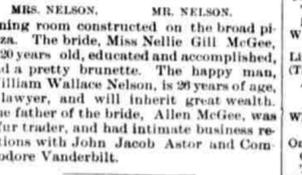
FRED C. DAYTON. A KANSAS CITY WEDDING.

It United Two Pioneer Families—Brilliant Scenes at the Reception.

A wedding, with all the ceremony and eclat that the most romantic maiden's heart could desire, was celebrated recently at Kansas City. Both the bride and the groom belong to old and well known pioneer families, and the occasion of their union was made a festival.

The wedding took place in church, before an altar backed with flowers and plants, and in the presence of a gathering of richly dressed people that filled the space completely. A large choir sang the wedding march from "Lohengrin," the wide doors flew open and the bridal party entered under the several aisles. Ten bridesmaids and groomsmen were in attendance, and formed a circle around the altar.

After the wedding a brilliant reception, to which 300 guests were invited, was held at the home of the bride's parents. Here again there was a wealth of flowers, rich toilets and music. An elaborate dinner was served to the guests in a temporary



MRS. NELSON. MR. NELSON. dining room constructed on the broad piazza. The bride, Miss Nellie Gill McGee, is 30 years old, educated and accomplished, and a pretty brunette. The happy man, William Wallace Nelson, is 30 years of age, a lawyer, and will inherit great wealth. The father of the bride, Allen McGee, was a fur trader, and had intimate business relations with John Jacob Astor and Commodore Vanderbilt.

Notes About Austrian Women. Aloysia Kirschner, or Schubin, under which pseudonym she is known the world over, is the best of living Austrian female authors. She is still young, but of a serious disposition. She has seen much of the world. Her writings, too, show great penetration and profound study of the human mind. Although original in her conceptions, she has adopted the style and manners of Turgenieff and the modern French school. Her clearly cut features denote at once force and delicacy, and her whole appearance is most attractive.

Philippine Welser was not only a woman of intellect, but she also devoted herself to the noblest task of a wife—to be a good mother and a good housekeeper. She even wrote a book about cooking, "De re coquinaria," which still exists.

It is hard to tell whether Austrian ladies now are as experienced in the kitchen as they are in the drawing room. If judged by the empress of Austria they are, for that lady combines many acquirements in her person, even fencing and acrobatics. But the fact that they live in an era in which the most exquisite dishes will soon become a question of mere chemical preparation may excuse and absolve them fully if they are not.

THANKSGIVIN' TAVERN.

(Copyright by American Press Assoc.) The landlady talks to a visitor with grateful results.



HANKSGIVIN'S (is a name). An' I reckon that you Air a stranger? The name! Well, I thought it was true. For there ain't a man on the mountain as can't tell this shanty clean through.

I give it that name. For a notion I had When I was right again, An' my husband was bad. An' that pizen bad, too, that even his children wouldn't claim the own dad.

You see, it was this way: Me and Bill had a fuss, Beg'lar, day arter day. An' he kep' gittin' wuss, Tell I jes' couldn't stand it no longer, to live with the mean, ornery cuss.

So I riz in my wrath, An' sez I to him, "Bill, You jes' foller yer path, Not mine; I've got my fill Of 'fins' my footsteps with yours. I kin make my own way, an' I will."

Bill tuck it most meek, But I seen he was stickin', Though he didn't once speak. An' I laughed at my pluck An' it tickled me so when he left, I named the shanty "Thanksgivin'" for luck.

That's twenty years gone; Bill he never come back, But somehow I didn't git on No better. That's a lack. That noblin' won't fill, 'cept tears; and I've cried lots of times for Bill to come back.



An' you air Bill? Well! well! I knowed it was you! An' come back to stay? Do tell. It's too good to be true! But I'll risk it: An' say, Bill, I'll not change the name of the shanty, would you? Will, J. Lampron

A Real Mean Old Thing. Of all the flock the turkey cock Was roosting on the lowest limb; The females fat above him sat And, trembling, listened unto him.

"Dear girls," said he, "I think I see A hawk above us in the sky You come below and I will go Above to guard you or to die."

With flapping wings the silly things Flew down upon the limbs below. While he, the brave, in accents brave, Declared that he the first should go.

With good night peep they fell asleep, But soon awoke with frightful screech. As one by one the farmer's son Wrung every neck within his reach.

Of all the flock the turkey cock, Apeach upon the highest limb, Alone was spared, who thus had snared The silly hens to swap with him —Washington Post.

Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving day. Lift up your eyes, my dear Your eyes so tender and so sunshine clear, That now the heavy curtain lashes sweep, Reveal to me the hopes that haply sleep Within their depths: the day so prized is near.

Lift up your eyes, my darling, without fear (Their silent message my quick heart will hear) And say if I with a new joy may keep Thanksgiving day.

What though the reaped fields are brown and bare, One glance can fill my world with happy cheer O gracious eyes! O little hands that creep To mine! O harvest that my life shall reap Ye make for me of all the whole round year —Charlotte Perry in Harper's Bazar

An Exception. She (gratefully)—Well, everybody has something to be thankful for. He (casually)—Except the turkey.

A Fearful Supposition. Mrs. Slimdick (the landlady)—Will you have some of the turkey, Mr. Dasherway? Dasherway—You didn't suppose for a moment, madam, that I want to eat it!

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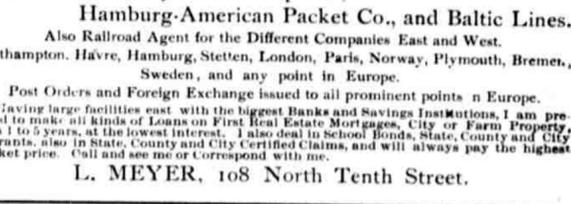
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