

YOUNG ACTRESS IN "FAKE" DUEL

PRETTY STAGE FAVORITE PARTY TO SECRET COMPACT TO SAVE ADMIRER.

ROMANTIC TALE FROM VIENNA

Girl Disguises Herself as Lieutenant and Takes Part in "Fight" Because of Mother's Plea for Only Son.

Vienna.—Most romantic is the tale which comes from Ofen of the latest thing in duels. A young actress, after promising the mother of a youthful admirer to save him from a challenge, found no way out but to take his place. This she has done successfully, dressed in her admirer's uniform.

Fraulein Loeffler is one of the most bewitching of the younger actresses attached to the Orcey theatre. She is a great favorite with the younger officers and students and the toast at many of the cafes.

At a noted cafe on the Andrassy strasse the other night, so goes the



The "Lieutenant" Fired in the Air.

tal, a party of officers were gathered at a late supper. The wine flowed freely and the talk was that of women and love adventures. Fraulein Loeffler's name was mentioned. Ritter Zu Riechthofer, of the hussars, made a snoring insinuation about her. Instantly Lieut. Zeska jumped to his feet, called the Ritter a liar and threw his glass of wine in his face. The Ritter slapped the lieutenant's face in return. A challenge was at once given and accepted.

Lieut. Zeska belongs to the artillery stationed in Pesh, and as there was a field day next morning the duel was put off till the day after by immediate agreement of the seconds.

The lieutenant repaired to his quarters. Full of the matter he sat down and wrote a long letter to his mother, giving her all particulars. The mother, a widow, lives in the suburb of Kobanya. The lieutenant left this letter on his writing desk. Next day he was on duty till midnight.

Meanwhile much happened. Lieut. Zeska's devoted servant saw the letter, and, as he frequently before had delivered similar ones, trotted off with it to Mme. Zeska. This lady, when she read it, was in despair. She was horrified that her only son, a stripling, was to fight with the Ritter, a much older man and famous for his prowess on the field of honor.

After futile attempts to see her son, she went, womanlike, to the actress. To her she told all and showed the letter. And she prayed the actress to save her only child. After a heart-breaking scene Fraulein Loeffler promised to do so.

The actress at once went to the cavalry barracks at Ofen and sought out the Ritter. For the sake of her boy admirer and his sorrowing mother the actress made a secret compact with the hussar. But he insisted that the duel must take place. It was impossible for either party to withdraw. If the Ritter shot in the air the artillery officer would surely shoot to kill, and so some willing substitute must take his place.

A plot was hatched. The Ritter, the actress and Mme. Zeska were the only parties to it. The mother did her part well. It was she who administered a sleeping draught to Lieut. Zeska; it was she who gave the actress one of the lieutenant's uniforms.

A late message was sent the young lieutenant's seconds to meet him at his mother's house instead of at his quarters. In the darkness of the early morning a carriage drove up to Mme. Zeska's little villa. From the house there issued the figure of a youthful officer, his military cloak wrapped round him, the fur collar turned up because of the cold. He joined his second in the carriage, which drove away westward to the woods in the vicinity of the Jager Berg.

At the appointed place the Ritter, his second, the umpires and doctors met the two. Paces were quickly measured off. The opponents were given their loaded pistols. They threw off their cloaks. The lieutenant, however, kept on his fur kept, pulled down well over his eyes.

It was still dark, but as the first streak of light came up over the horizon

telling of the coming dawn the white handkerchief fluttered to the ground and there rang out a shot. It was from the Ritter's pistol. He had missed. The "lieutenant" raised his weapon and fired in the air.

The Ritter saluted, announced his satisfaction and, advancing, shook hands with his opponent. Both were then hustled into their cloaks and into the waiting carriages. The duel was over.

The two opponents drove away in the same carriage.

It was from the droschky driver that the first hint of the true tale became known, 'tis said. He drove the team to the actress' flat.

Much persuasion was used. It is said, to convince Lieut. Zeska that he must acquiesce in all that had happened. Both officers and, in fact, all concerned, have in clubs and cafes and in barracks denied the truth of the narrative. When the first whisper was heard a court of honor on the Ritter was suggested, but the flat denials of the parties made this impossible.

In its weekly gossip a Budapest paper hinted at the affair, and was immediately threatened with condign punishment should it dare to continue.

Meanwhile the tale is generally current among the "bloods" of both cities, and Fraulein Loeffler is more popular than ever.

HAS THRILLING RIDE ON BIG MOOSE'S BACK

BOSTON HUNTER'S EXPERIENCE WITH WILD BULL IN MAINE WOODS.

Molunkus, Me.—John J. Flynn, a Boston sportsman, who has been in camp ten miles west of the Molunkus river, took a ride on the back of a bull moose the other day, and within 24 hours he dug up stakes and started for home, saying that he had got his fill of the woods.

Mr. Flynn had never been in the heavy timber until he came here. One afternoon Mr. Flynn was out for deer and along at sundown posted himself in a thick copse close to a runway used by bucks and does on their way to and from water. He had been sitting quietly about an hour when he heard twigs snap in the distance and a little dater became aware of the fact that a heavy-footed animal was coming down the runway.

The man had hardly cocked his rifle before a giant bull moose hove in sight. He was in perfect range, but Mr. Flynn was stricken with a bad attack of buck fever, and when he fired the ball wounded the bull in the shoulder. The moose stopped short, looked about for his enemy, and next instant charged Mr. Flynn. The hunter had ample opportunity to reverse the lever of his rifle and fire again, but, like many another in a pinch, he lost his head, dropped the gun, and ran. Then, hearing the bull coming closer, he changed his mind and started to shin a sapling. It was an unwise move, but the sportsman was too scared to know it.

Mr. Flynn had just reached a low branch and was swinging himself up when the bull, dodging a tree, passed directly under him. His antlers brushed the man's legs, loosened his hold, and down the hunter came squarely astraddle of the bull.

This was the cue for the moose to get stage fright. Never before had anything sat on his back, and with a startled bellow he turned, struck the trail, and headed for a deep but nar-



Never Before Had Anything Sat on His Back.

row creek that runs into Molunkus river. Mr. Flynn feared to hang on, but he didn't dare to let go, and almost before he knew it he saw the creek ahead. The sight so paralyzed him that he couldn't even yell.

Just what happened next is somewhat mixed in the mind of Mr. Flynn. He says he thinks the bull tried to clear the stream and that he fell short. At any rate, man and beast plunged into the water and floundered desperately. A little later the hunter found himself on the muddy bank and heard the moose breaking through the timber in full retreat. Outside of a ducking and a bad scare Mr. Flynn was little the worse for his experience.

High Prices for Dentistry.
In Constantinople it is nothing unusual to be charged five dollars for dentistry for which one would pay one dollar in the United States.

Useful Blouses



The first consists of a blouse of lace worn with an overbodice of cashmere to match the skirt; the edges of overbodice are bound with silk, the fronts being connected by points composed of silk strappings, each point ornamented with little jeweled buttons. The lace sleeves are trimmed with pointed straps of the silk. Materials required: Four yards silk for overbodice, one and a quarter yard silk on the cross for trimming.

The second is a simple skirt blouse of white winsey; the back is cut with a yoke pointing in the center, the front has three deep tucks and a box-pleat; stars are worked with green washing silk in long stitches up box-pleats, and just inside the stitching of tucks; the deep cuffs of the bishop sleeves are ornamented to match. Material required: Three yards winsey 30 inches wide.

The third sketch shows a dinner blouse of spotted silk muslin, it is gathered at the neck to a high lace collar-band, the elbow-bands also being of lace. The over-bodice is of pale pink and pearl gray chine silk, edged with plain gray silk, on which are worked knot stitches in pink; the points are finished with silk tassels. Materials required: Four and a half yards silk 22 inches wide, one quarter plain silk on the cross, eight tassels, two and a half yards silk muslin 40 inches wide.

AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Woman Makes Mistake Who Appears at Morning Meal Unbecomingly Or Untidily Attired.

The finest compliment we have ever heard told to a woman was by her husband, and he said, in speaking of her: "We always think of her as a morning glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table."

How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no efforts to be dainty? and there are a great number who are at once untidy and even uncleanly to look at.

The claim that household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives a helping hand in the kitchen a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress, and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work.

That woman commits an error who looks uncared for and badly dressed in the morning. The other woman who wears any old thing to the breakfast table, is also making a mistake, for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best, and not specially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light of the gas will hide many defects.

NEW FASHION HINT.



A new jumper effect made of embroidered black voile bands over green taffeta and finished with two large tassels.

A Hatpin Fad.

One of the latest fads of ultra-fashionable women is to have their waistcoat buttons, their hatpins and their umbrella handles all to match. One sees the loveliest sets in pink and purple quartz set in tiny rose diamonds or in crystal set in thin rims of gun metal. All hatpins are now very large, and in all cases they must bear special relationship to the hat with which they are worn.

Business Adviser.

"My three Thanksgiving poems have been returned," sighed the poet, "and I don't know what I'll do."
"Cheer up," said his wife. "What you lack is the business instinct. Haven't you got a turkey in each of 'em?"
"I have."
"And the poetic fire?"
"Considerable."
"Then, they'll do for Christmas! Throw in a few Roman candles and skyrockets and there you are! And

TAKE PROPER CARE OF FACE

Many Women Have Poor Complexions Because They Neglect Simple Precautions.

One of the greatest evils that beauty doctors have to contend with is the fact that women do not properly dry their hands and face after washing. Nine women out of ten thoroughly wash their face with soap and water, carelessly wipe it off with a stiff towel, then go right out in the wind. It will take you days, and sometimes weeks, to undo the harm that this carelessness has caused. If you have not time to dry your face and hands then do not wash them. Rub a little cold cream on your face and wipe that off with old towel—it will answer the purpose if you are in a hurry. Then, too, do not wash in "hard" water. If the only water you have is "hard" then add a few drops of benzoin to the basin every time you use it, or throw a handful of bran or oatmeal in the water. Any of these will soften it.

Be liberal with your use of cold cream on the face and hands. Use a little of it every time you wash, wipe it off the face and apply a good quality of powder. Powder does not hurt the face if well washed off every night with warm water, so that the pores are left well open while you are sleeping. The use of good powder properly applied, never hurt anybody. It is the girl who buys a highly scented powder with a fancy name, dabs it on in spots and never thoroughly washes it off, who has a muddy skin caused by the use of powder.

For the hands that are badly chapped the following pomade is good:

One ounce of cocoa butter, one ounce of oil of sweet almonds; one drachm of oxide of zinc; one drachm of borax; six drops of oil of bergamot. Heat the cocoa butter and the oil of almonds in a double boiler, and when they are well mixed, add the borax, and also the oxide of zinc. Stir these four ingredients until almost cool and then add the oil of bergamot. The oxide of zinc contained in this formula has wonderful healing properties.

Immensity of Muffs.

Sumptuous is the only word that expresses the newest muffs. Some of them are simply immense in regard to size and all are of the richest furs. Even the fancy muffs are extremely large.

One on this order fashioned from caracul was made with flaring ends faced with black satin, box-plaited and edged with a ruching, black silk cords adorning the front, a regular granny muff, indeed.

Chinchilla and black lynx muffs resembled veritable pillows and ten pelts of the little ermine went to make a single muff, while a fashionable one in Persian lamb took as much fur in its construction as a small coat.

hurry up about it—the bacon's out, and the flour barrel's low!"

The London Statist says that the total value of the exports of Australia in the period from 1906 to 1910, inclusive, apart from any further expansion after the end of 1907, will amount to about \$1,875,000,000, or, if no drought, probably more than \$2,000,000,000, in contrast to only \$805,000,000 in the five years from 1886 to 1890, a growth in only twenty years of from 150 to 180 per cent.

HIS CORONATION DAY

One of the Twelve Stories of Solomon.

BY THE "HIGHWAY AND BYWAY" PREACHER

(Copyright, 1901, by the Author, W. S. Edson.)
Scripture Authority:—1 Kings 1: 32-53.

SERMONETTE.

Adonijah's cause was strong. David was old and greatly enfeebled. Certainly he did not court another rebellion. How was it, then, that he could act with such precision, such positiveness, such boldness? It was faith. Nothing in the world could have pulled David together and revived his waning faculties but the sense of the obligation which he owed God and the consciousness that God's will was to be wrought out in the face of the plottings of man.

What a grand thing it is to see an old man whose strength and inspiration is the Lord. What have we after all to lean on but God? As earth is slipping out from under our feet how blessed it is to feel and know that the eternal purposes of God are still to be wrought out in the world.

In this incident of Adonijah's grasping for the kingdom and the final triumphant coronation of the young man Solomon we have a prefiguration of the ultimate triumph and coronation of Christ the King of kings and Lord of lords. The world would put self upon the throne, but God has other plans and in the fullness of time "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun doth his successive journeys run." Nothing can thwart the promises that were made to the Son when in the beginning he offered himself as the world's Redeemer, and nothing can interfere with the glorious fulfillment of the Divine will.

As the youth of Solomon in many ways prefigured the youth of the Christ, so in his triumphant coming to the kingdom and his glorious reign we find a hint or suggestion of the coming glorious reign of the Christ.

"And he (Adonijah) came and bowed himself to King Solomon." This outward act of reverence and submission to the newly-crowned king reminds us of the Scripture which saith: "Every knee shall bow to me and every tongue shall confess to God." However rebellious and wicked the heart may be, there is coming the time when every knee must bow and every tongue confess to God. Christ has not yet come into his own, but the day is coming when as King he shall take possession of the kingdoms of the world, and then many a knee which has refused to bow to his rule will be forced to recognize his power and authority and be brought low before him.

THE STORY.

"SOLOMON! Solomon!" Breathlessly the woman listened, and no response, she raised her voice and cried:

"Solomon! Solomon!"
Bathsheba had returned from the presence of King David in great haste, and as she rushed into the palace David had built for her and her son Solomon, she laid aside all her reserve and dignity and called frantically for the young man. The sound of her voice awoke the echoes, and the scurrying feet of the servants could be heard as they hastened to her presence.

"Where can he be?" impatiently cried Bathsheba when no Solomon appeared. For an instant she contemplated the wondering servants as they gathered before her, and then commanded them sharply:

"Go find him. Lose not a moment. The king's business requires haste." A scurrying of feet and again the woman was left alone.

"The king has promised," she exclaimed as she paced nervously to and fro. "Solomon shall sit upon the throne of his father! Adonijah must be thwarted." And the flashing eyes of the woman, the stern lines on the face and the tightly-clenched hands indicated the spirit which completely controlled her. "He may have his feast at Eurogel," she continued to herself. "Even now, I suppose, he is planning with his followers what he shall do when he is come into the kingdom, but the king has promised and God is good. He will bring these plans to naught. But Solomon, where is he? He must be ready against the coming of the king's servants."

And with this last thought in mind she hurried off to the apartments occupied by the boy and was soon busy selecting the garments which she intended he should wear when he was anointed king.

And while the mother was thus busy and while the servants of Bathsheba were going hither and thither in search of Solomon, there was much excitement and stir among the servants of King David.

Had there ever been such transformation before? But a few hours

before there had been sadness and dejection in the palace, for it was thought that the king was dying, and then had come the visit of Bathsheba, and of Nathan the prophet, and suddenly the king seemed to shake off the stupor which had crept in upon him. The eye had kindled with some of the old-time fire, the form which had seemed shrunken and weak thrilled with new life and sat erect, and the voice which only had spoken for days past in feeble expression of some trifling want, was now speaking forth words of command. The news of all this spread like wild fire throughout all the city of Jerusalem and was soon upon the lips of everybody, and ere long the streets were thronged with people who, with an air of expectation, waited the coming of something they knew not what.

Bodies of soldiers were moving to and fro and forming into companies and divisions. About the palace of the king the excitement and commotion centralized, and when the people saw the king's magnificent white mantle, richly caparisoned, brought forth, what a shout went up.

It had been a long time since the splendid creature had been seen abroad in the streets, for none but the king might ride upon him, and now the query went forth from mouth to mouth:

"Is the king to ride to-day?"
"Ye, the king is to ride to-day," exclaimed Nathan to himself, as he overheard the question while hurrying on towards the home of Bathsheba.

At the door he met the returning servants who had been searching for the young man.

"Solomon cannot be found?" exclaimed Nathan, repeating the words of the servants. "Have you searched everywhere?"

"Everywhere."
"Have you been to the Temple?"
"We have not been there, but we think some of the other servants went thither."

But Nathan was off in the direction of the place without hearing the last sentence. He knew better than anyone else the delight which the young man took in visiting the place and sitting in meditation there. Ever since his return from Egypt he had often sought the quiet and seclusion of the Temple. In Egypt the great temples were the centers of learning, and why should not the Temple of the God of Israel be the place where one should learn wisdom and see and understand with a clear mind? Reasoning thus the desire to go thither had grown upon him, and it was therefore towards the Tabernacle that Nathan hurried.

"My son," he exclaimed, when he had found him; "knowest thou not that the heart of all the people is turning to thee, and that the king has given commandment that thou shalt be anointed king at Gihon this day and that thou shalt sit with him upon his throne?"

"It is as God desires," replied the young man, rising, and calmly replacing his mantle about his sturdy young form.

Nathan looked at him wonderingly. "But art thou not surprised?"
"Nay, rather am I certain that that which God hath spoken is about to come to pass."

"Then let us hasten," exclaimed Nathan, pressing his arm about the form of the young man and gently hastening his footsteps. "For I fear even now the king's mule awaits thee at thy door."

"What gives the young man such self-control, such poise?" Nathan asked himself over and over again during that short walk back to the palace of Bathsheba. And he watched with wondering eyes as Solomon quietly donned his robes, gravely received the loving salutation of his mother, and then went forth with true kingly dignity and grace to Gihon, the place appointed by the king for the coronation.

"Who had thought that Solomon was a youth of such rare grace and beauty?" exclaimed the people as they followed the royal procession.

"God save King Solomon!" The words of the high priest Zadok sounded out clear and distinct, the trumpet blew and the people took up the shout of "God save King Solomon!"

Where Real Problem Lies.
A missionary in China writes: "The real crux of the foreign missionary problem lies not in the foreign but in the home field. There is nothing here to handicap or hold us back. Our opportunity is limited only by the physical strength of the workers. We are held back and handicapped by the indifference of the churches at home which fail to provide the men and means to enable our work to continue its normal growth."

Need of Workers.
Miss Carrie Barge, who has been over portions of the west, writes: "In Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Northern California are those who have grown to be of age, and yet never had a chance to hear a sermon or to cross the threshold of a Sunday school. Some have never heard of Jesus or Heaven, or seen a Bible. I learned of these conditions from Christian school teachers who had been in these remote places."

The Lay Preacher in England.
One comparison drawn by Robert Perbs, the British Wesleyan, who lately visited in this country, shows how much more use England is making of the lay preacher than is America. Of 27,000 sermons preached every Sunday in England by Wesleyan Methodists, 20,000 are preached by laymen.

Shunned.
A man is known sometimes by the company that is trying to get away from him.