

**How Russia Favors the Women.**  
Although the Russians are not noted for their gallantry toward women they have scored one on other people. St. Petersburg has recently been provided with new taximeter cabs. They work on a dual system, one for ladies and the other for gentlemen, the authorities having been thoughtful enough to introduce a new tariff, according to which ladies are only required to pay half the fare demanded of mere men.

**Very Much in the Family.**  
The fifth of an extraordinary series of weddings has just been celebrated in Paradise Valley, near Oroville, Cal. The first was that of John Weer, a Cornish widower with four good looking daughters. Some years ago he wedded Mrs. Malarin, a French widow with four sons. The boys and girls have now been all mated and the five couples live under the same roof.

**She Used to Run a Theatre.**  
Miss Helen Bennett, of Deadwood, S. D., has just been elected a county superintendent of public schools. She is a Wellesley graduate and has some years been manager of the theater in Deadwood.

**Why the King Dropped Albert.**  
Many theories have been put forward with regard to King Edward's choice of name; that is, the dropping of the appellation "Albert." It is, however, no secret that the king never liked the name of "Albert," and it was only in deference to his mother's wish that he signed himself "Albert Edward." More than once he asked to be allowed to sign himself "Edward," but the queen was obdurate. The king knew that the name of "Albert" would not be congenial to the British nation, and as soon as Queen Victoria had passed away he communicated to Lord Salisbury his wish to be known as Edward VII.

**Only One Potwalloper.**  
The parliamentary register for 1896 showed that there was then only one potwalloper in all England. One seeing the term for the first time might easily imagine that a potwalloper was a species of ichthyosaurus or some other reptile of a past age. It will be discovered upon inquiry, however, that the term "potwalloper" is literally one who boils a pot, and was applied to voters in certain boroughs of England, where before the passage of the reform bill of 1832 the qualification for suffrage was to have boiled (walloped) his own pot in the parish for six months.

**A Plutocratic Cat.**  
A Philadelphia woman well known for her fine collection of highly bred cats recently paid \$36 for the care of Balthazar, a Persian cat, on shipboard, in addition to his passage money. Balthazar was obliged to have a special attendant to take him on deck for an hour's walk three times a day, and he also had to have a fresh blanket every day. There is a great deal of money in cats of high degree, and all that are sold have authenticated pedigrees.

**A Detective's Description of Golf.**  
When the detective who arrested Adams, the acquitted Yonkers, N. Y., Sunday golfer, was asked to describe how the game is played, he said: "Why, there's a little ball like an egg, and one of them hits it with a stick and it goes off in the grass, and the rest go and look for it. That is all there is to it."

Most anybody can laugh in the face of Death, when his call is not personal.

Those who can command themselves, command others.—Hazlitt.

**Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.**—J. W. O'Brian, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

**Some Drink, Others Do Not.**  
Fourteen prelates of the Church of England are total abstainers. The archbishop of Canterbury is one of them, the new bishop of London is another. A majority of the bishops still take their wine—temperately, of course.

**Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH,** the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**Her Decennial Jag.**  
A London woman, arraigned in court for being drunk, pleaded that she was entitled to her spree, as it was precisely ten years since she had committed a like offense. The magistrate coincided with her view and discharged her.

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**One kind word spoken is worth two left unsaid.**

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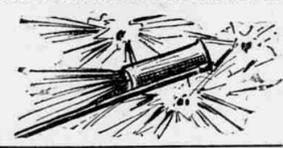
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For further particulars address Geo. W. Bell, Land Commissioner, Hudson, Wis., or G. H. MacRae, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., St. Paul, Minn.

All nature is at war. If we don't slay and eat, we will son be slain and devoured.



**The Best of It**  
A Juvenile Sketch for Independence Day

The Crosspatch Man was sick again, and this time it must be pretty bad, for all the morning Meredith had been watching the servants spread straw before the house and muffle the big, shiny doorbell.

"Poor man!" mamma said, pityingly. "He is sick so often!"  
"But he's a Crosspatch Man!" muttered Meredith stiffly. Then he repented and looked as shamefaced as a very little boy with a very round, dimpled face could look. "I'm so sorry he's ve-ry sick," he said slowly. "I s'pose it hurts even Crosspatch Men." Mamma did not notice. She was having her little noon "gossip" with papa, and they were still talking about their invalid neighbor.  
"It isn't quite so bad as it seems, you know," papa was saying. "He always has the straw laid down and things muffled when he has one of his worse nervous attacks. It doesn't mean all that it does in most cases. He is terribly afflicted by noise at almost any time."

"Noise! I should think so!" That was from Meredith, who pricked up his ears at the word. Didn't he know how the Crosspatch Man felt 'bout a noise? Didn't he belong to the Rudd Street Second? Wasn't he captain? And oh, my, the times he'd seen the Crosspatch Man a-scowling and a-fuming when they marched past his window!

"But Fourth of July will be a terrible day to him—poor man!" went on mamma's gentle voice. That made Meredith start a little. He had been thinking about Fourth o' July, too. (Did he think of much of anything else nowadays?) He had been going over in his mind all the glorious program of the day. For the Rudd Street Second was going to celebrate in a worthy manner. They were going to even outdo themselves this year—and hadn't they had the proud honor of being the noisiest street in the city for two Fourth o' Julys a-running? Let 'em just wait till they heard this Fourth o' July!

It was three days off. That would give the Crosspatch Man time to have the straw taken up and the bell unmuffled, for his worst "times" never lasted more than two or three days.  
"Then he'll have to cotton up his ears," mused Meredith, philosophically, watching the big foreign servant that wore a turban go back and forth past the Crosspatch Man's window. The house Meredith lived in and the Crosspatch Man's house were quite close together, so it was easy to watch things.

Unfortunately for an invalid with



**MEREDITH STOOD IN SHEER AMAZEMENT.**  
The terrible affliction called "nerves," Rudd Street was a regular nest of boys. They were boys everywhere on it. You ran against boys when you went east, and boys ran against you when you went west. Boys sprang up in the most unexpected places. The houses seemed to be running over with boys. And really, there was at least one boy—and on an average two or three—in every house on Meredith's side, except in the Crosspatch Man's house. Oh, dear me, no, there weren't any boys there!

On the other side of the street you had to skip the "middlest" house and Miss Quilhot and Miss Eromathea's—

oh, yes, and the minister's house, of which Miss Quilhot and Miss Eromathea were old maids, and the minister—oh, no, he wasn't an old maid, but you couldn't expect him to have boys in the house, for how could he ever write his sermons?

So it was, as I said, an unfortunate street to have "nerves" on. And the Crosspatch Man had so many!  
The three days between soon went away, and it was the night—the very night—before it! There were only a few hours more, for, of course, you didn't have to wait till the sun rose on Fourth of July.

Meredith had drilled the Rudd Street Second for the last time and dispersed his men. He was on his way home to supper. Going by the



**HE MADE A LITTLE SPEECH.**  
Crosspatch Man's house, he heard voices distinctly issuing from an open window. He couldn't help hearing, it was so quiet in the street. Perhaps it was the "hull before the storm."  
"The sahib cannot bear it," a gentle soothing voice was saying, but Meredith recognized the indignation mixed with the pity in it. "The sahib will be again sick."

Then came Meredith's astonishment, for the Crosspatch Man's voice was answering, and it was quite calm and gentle; and it said:  
"Of course I shall be sick again, Hari! I've made all my plans to perish. But what can you expect? The little chaps must have their Fourth o' July. I was a little chap myself—once. Shut the window, Hari. There's a suspicion of a draught."

Meredith stood still in sheer amazement, and watched the turban-man close the window. He was a little chap himself once, the Crosspatch Man was! And how kind his voice had sounded, too. It made him sorry for the crosspatch Man—sorrer than he had ever been before.

"He's a-dreadin' it like sixty. He's 'spectin' to perish," Meredith said aloud. "It's goin' to make him sick, of course—that's what he said to the turban-man. An' he was a little chap once, an' his voice was kind an' tired out."

Then Meredith went home and perched himself up on the banister post in the hall, to think. That was where he always thought things—big things, you know. This was, oh my, such a big thing!

"I'm cap'n," mused Meredith, knitting his little fair brows. "I can say, 'Go, an' thou ghost,' like the man in the Bible; but they'll be dreadful dis'pinted, the Rudd Street Seconds will be. Still—well, he sick an' he had a kind spot in his voice, an' he used to be a little chap, too, so of course he used to bang things an' make noises. I don't think he sounded much like a Crosspatch Man."

In a little while, after a little more tough thinking, Meredith slipped down and out of the door, up the street. He got together the Rudd Street Seconds and made a little speech, as a captain may, to his men.  
The next day the city and all America celebrated Fourth o' July, and Rudd Street was famous again, but this time for being the very quietest street in all the city! There were just as many boys in it, too, as ever.

The Crosspatch Man's white, nervous face smoothed and calmed as the day wore on, and at last it actually smiled in a gentle way, as if he was thinking about something pleasant.

And the captain of the Rudd Street Seconds and his brave men, drilling and popping and banging in a distant street, were happy, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell.



The Hon. Joel R. Poinsett, a native of South Carolina, and one of her most gifted sons, during the latter part of the administration of John Quincy Adams, it will be remembered, represented the United States at the capital of Mexico, which was then much distracted by internal dissensions. While Mr. Poinsett resided there, the city was captured by one of the contending factions, and he and his family incurred no small degree of personal danger from the violence of the soldiers, by whom they were suspected of affording concealment to certain obnoxious individuals. In the height of the nullification controversy after his return, in an address delivered to the people of Charleston, the following eloquent passage occurs:

"Wherever I have been, I have been proud of being a citizen of this great republic, and, in the remotest corners of the earth, have walked erect and secure under that banner which our opponents would tear down and trample under foot. I was in Mexico when that city was taken by assault. The house of the American ambassador was then, as it ought to be, the refuge of the distressed and persecuted; it was pointed out to the infuriated soldiers as a place filled with their enemies. They rushed to the attack. My only defense was the flag of my country, and it was flung out at the instant that hundreds of muskets were leveled at us. Mr. Mason and myself placed ourselves beneath its waving folds. We did not blench, for we felt strong in the protecting arm of this mighty republic. We told them that the flag that waved over us was the banner of that nation to whose example they owed their liberty, and to whose protection they were indebted for their safety. The scene changed as by enchantment, and the men who were on the point of attacking my house and menacing the inhabitants, cheered the flag of this country, and placed sentinels to protect it from outrage. Fellow-citizens, in such a moment as that, would it have been any protection to me and mine to have proclaimed myself a Carolinian? Should I have been here to tell you this tale, if I had hung out the Palmetto and the single star? Be assured that to be respected abroad, we must maintain our place in the Union!"

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Of plain, sound sense, life's current coin is made.—Young.

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He who is forever grumbling about this world is apt to find a worse one hereafter.—Chicago Journal.

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