corseted waist is materially aided.

A Summer Girl Defending Woman's Fourth of July Patriotism.

WEDDING BELLS RING OUT FOR ROYALTY

A Good Talk with Young Women-How a Dress Reformer Paid Toll for Weating Pauts-Petti as a Candy Fiend-Other Facts and Fancies.

Some writer shose imagination had become moldy and moth eaten from long disuse onco proclaimed that there was no room for patriotism in the feminine soul, but a lady writer in the New York Herald protests, in language such as only one of the sex can use, saying: It's a great big no such thing! A woman likes to throw up her cap and hear the eagle scream once in a while with the rest of the boys, and if it is only one measly little firecracker she will throw it out of the back window and will give three cheers and a tiger for the stars and stripes and the glorious Fourth and all the rest of it.

Men are only boys grown tall, Hearts don't change much after all,

and this is true of women, too, only more

A woman can go on enjoying her daughter's dolls and her son's fireworks and can talk baby talk and catch the measles right along until she's 50. We do not need to search back in history for feminine patriotism, and whenever Aunt Louisa Eldridge flings her star spangled stockings to the breeze the women will be with her, every one. This is the one holiday that the mothers of the land do more to keep green than any other.

All over the shops last week women were buying firecrackers and bargain rockets and even torpedoes for the baby. And when Johnnie and Jimmie and Tommic came in with their fingers half blown off they kissed them on again and dried the juvenile tear by telling them of George and the hatchet and how he

First in war. And first in the hearts of his countrymen? S-i-z-z-z--boom-

The royal wedding in London is fairly thrilling the English people with its interest. The papers are filled with detail and comment, and the fuss and parade, though dear to the Anglomaniac's heart, is little short of appalling to the average

A late announcement tells, soberly enough, of the efforts being made to provide an "artificial bow of the head" for the fair bride, who, it was feared, would seriously suffer if she attempted to return, even at considerable intervals, the acclamations to be received enroute. Several forms of patent apparatus have been submitted to the master of the horse, one being, it is said, a clock-work arrangement in the cushion of the seat, by which, supposably, the princess will be raised and lifted at proper times.

If the Princess Mary of Teck is pos-sessed of one-half of the many virtues, charms of character and graces of manner which are such a prolific subject of discussion in foreign papers, England may well be proud of her future queen. The descriptions of the quiet, simple, domes ic life she has been leading at home are sweet pictures of industry, be-nevolence and fresh bright ways which seem to win for her many warm friends and the universal admiration of the pubso favored as herself. and never finds time for an idle moment. It is said that when visitors call at White Lodge she rises quietly during a pause in the conversation and savs smilingly:

"You will pardon me, I know, if I get my knitting and do some work while we talk. There is really so much to do it seems quite wrong to be idle." And often when alone with her home friends she wishes "that half of the time which is wasted by many girls in doing nothing might be given to her as a present in addition to her own time." But she does not allow this simple needlework and knitting which she does for the "disinherited of the earth" to interfere with her interest in all intellectual things.

The princess is talented, as well as sweetly good, and her cleverness shows itself in many lines. She plays the piano and harp, and plays them well. Her voice has been well trained, and is sweet and sympathetic, although it is not powerful, and she speaks German and French as well as she does her native tongue. A short time ago she attended lectures on Elizabethian literature at Richmond in connection with the university extension movement, thereby ranging herself with the extention students, and helping on one of the best educational movements of the time. In a sketch of Princess Mary's home one paper says: "Everything is pretty from the entrance to the bouldoirs. There is absolutely nothing of the chilling air of state departments about the house. is simply a refined, beautiful English

The young women of today do not realize their opportunities. They should have been born yesterday to do that, says Jeannette L. Gilder, addressing the army of girl graduates just stepping from the aute room of the schools and colleges into the broader world. The world is now just as much their oyster as it is their brothers', and some of them will prove much more skillful in opening it. I do not know of any walk that a woman cares to enter that she would now find closed to her on account of her If she has the business sense she needs nothing more. Opportunity is a good thing, but a determined woman vill make it for herself if she does not find it at hand. This year is particularly a woman's year, owing to the great showing at Chicago, where the Woman's building, designed by a woman, holds its own by the side of any in Jackson park. I am not and never have been one who believed in spelling woman

with a capital W. I believe that men and women are on a pretty equal footing, except, perhaps, in the matter of physical strength and powers of endurance, though even here am sure a great many women can hold their own with their brothers.

If I were one of you young women, just starting out in life. I would not ask any consideration on the score of sex, but on that of work only. I would make up my mind that the strongest objection that is made against women workerswant of thoroughness-could not be made against me. I would adopt the career of my choice, and devote myself to it with as firm a determination to succeed as though there were no such thing as marriage or giving in marriage Your work, if you undertake it, should be no stop-gap between the school-room and the altar. Not that you should not marry if you feel so inclined, but you should not take up any business, saying, "Oh, well, I suppose that I will get married some day, and this will do till then." Whatever you do, do it seriously and with your whole heart. As to the line of your work, you must be the

have only to choose, but you must choose from the heart. Do the thing you feel the most inclined to do, for that is the thing you will do the best. I would, however, warn you not to be easily dis-couraged. It will be a hard fight for you, just as it would be for your brother, for while there are no lines of work you may not take up, there is no royal road to any one of them. You are fortunate, not only if you do not have to begin at the bottom, but if you do not have to wait for some time before you can begin at all. All doors will admit you, but they are not all standing wide open. Choose carefully, and then knock loud, and long if necessary, and you will be heard and admitted if you have chosen

Do not forget what I have said at the beginning of this letter-that it is well to know something about the manage-ment of a home, for even "girl backelors" cannot afford to be at the mercy of incompetent or unscrupulous people any more than married women can. Domestic economy leads to happiness, if not to wealth. Live within your means, and put a little nest egg aside for a rainy day. This is the advice of one who knows-from never having done it-that it is the best thing to do.

The great Strakosch, who taught all the famous song birds from Patti to Nikita, was continually at war with cooks and candy-makers.

"Child," he used to say to Patti, "do you want to make jelly of your vocal chords? For heaven's sake pitch that candy out of the window and go and drink a little water."

But Patti went on eating cream dates and gumdrops and stopped only when

the toothache came. Mrs. Roger Pryor said to the diva the last time Patti was in New York: "I remember meeting you in Virginia the time of your debut, and I thought you could eat more candy in less time than any human being I had ever seen."

Although the sweet stuff had not hurt her marvelous voice Mme. Pattl paid for it with her teeth. Strakosch in all his professional work

insisted on the strictest abstinence, and the singer who chafed under the restricted diet was reminded of the reward. The preservation of a clear, sweet voice up to the threshold of old age is enough to compensate a tenor for the forbidden wine and cigars and the prima donna for her interdicted ice cream and candy. In his dietry Stra-kosch eliminated tobacco, eigars, eigarettes, candies and nuts of all kinds. cream and ices, strong tea and coffee, vinegar, pickles, piquant sauces, highly seasoned dishes and every sort and description of alcoholic liquors. The concoctions of sherry and whipped egg so popular with singers he considered most injurious to the vocal organs; he denounced lozenges and loaf sugar as bad and swallows of lemon juice or brandy as worse. These stimulants instead of clearing the throat, as is erroneously supposed, have the opposite effect. nature is not tampered with," he used to say, "the throat will not need to be cleared. Nature supplies the saliva as a lubricating fluid, and her action, if not

opposed, will do all that is needed. Mr. Strakosch advocated beginning the cultivation of a voice as soon as it was discovered.

Speaking of matrimonial agencies the Chicago Post says the first thing done by the applicant at the bureau is to pay a fee. People who have managed to marry without the aid of this fin de siecle machine w'lrecognize the beautiful consistency of this and reflect that the difference in methods does not amount to so much after all. The next move is something of a variation. The new member fills up a blank form with lic. She is ever active and industrious, a personal description-age, height, devoting all her spare moments to some | complexion, nationality, etc .- and a employment that will benefit those not second form to outline the age, height, necupation accomplishment sired for the future helpmate.

> Then the shatchen begins. He has a large stock of photographs stored in elgar boxes, and if the newcomer selects any of these-from one to half a dozenthe shatchen arranges for meetings or correspondence—the latter preferred. As a rule the shatchen objects to any one having more than two strings to his or her bow, and engineers the thing carefully, so that the man shall call or write first. And all along he assumes a paternal air which must be amusing if the sense of humor is not entirely for-eign to the subscribers. If none of the photographs prove acceptable goes home and the shatchen picks upon somebody whom he thinks will suit. He introduces Dan to Beersheba with a bland disregard of distance, and it is said that a Massachusetts spinster often journeys to wed an ambitious young man in the state of Washington. where money buys land, but wives are sent by marriage agents.

> Miss Laura Lee, the Boston artist, has returned from the Columbian exposition. The peculiarity of Miss Lee's visit to Chicago, says the New York World, lies in the fact that she tramped about in a Syrian costume, a so-called dress-reform suit. She is reasonably proud of her adventure, though exactly why it is not easy to understand. She merely proved that she has the courage of her convictions; she has not proved that her eccentricity has made a favorable impression on other women. Because on a boiling summer day an eccentric man chooses to appear on Broadway in loose and comfortable pajamas it is not likely that other men are going to follow his example. The fact is that women are loath to make themselves ridiculous, and they are not at all convinced by the spectacular display of Miss Laura Lee of Boston. Dress reform may work out its own salvation in time, but decidedly not in the conspicuous and unattractive way advocated by the zealous admirers of the

latest innovation. Speaking of trousers, Mrs. Canfield, the dress reformer, was stopped at a toll-gate the other day by the keeper, who informed her that he was compelled to collect toll "from every one who wears pants." And so, for the first blissful, joyous time in her life, Mrs. Canfield knew how it feit to be a man.

Julia P. Nicholson, writing in the North American Review, says: Though pretty, tall and well formed, the Australian is not graceful. Her feet are seldom small, her hands rarely beautiful. Moreover, she does not dress well. Her toilette has none of the chic of the Parisienne's, little of the sobriety of the Englishwoman's. Overdressed or dowdy, she produces the impression of not only having little taste, but no artistic sense of the fitness of things. Stylish and elegant women are to be seen more frequently in Melbourne than elsewhere.

Nevertheless, dress is dear to the soul of an Australian, and much is spent on it. Down in the lowest social grades it plays an important part. The Australian hugs the idea of equality, and, believing in uniformity of dress as the visible sign of equality, often sacrifices actual comfort to obtain fashionable clothing. An Australian family makes a brave show on holidays. There may be bare feet and rags in the house, but there are cheap feathers and gloves in the street. Here the vanity of the race peeps out and hatred of apparent social Australian woman than ambition, just as indolence is more inthe line of your work, you must be the herent than energy. She is judge. Everything is before you. You olever but not intellectual, accom-

plished oftener than highly educated. To be able to play the piano is regarded as a sort of eachet of distinction, not to play it as a lamentable sign of neglected education. Tact is natural to her, also a quick sense of perception. With the ready ease that a troutlet changes its color into harmony with that of its surroundings she adapts herself to circumstances, catches the cue of entourage and continues to produce a favorable impression. With a cheerful disposition and murcurial temperament the serious side of life scarcely appeals to her. Foreseeing not that to sow the wind is to reap the whirlwind, she exacts neither obedience nor due reverence from her children and without being specially religious leaves the re-sponsibility of their future very much o Providence. Thus some of the finest feelings that bind the human race together become destroyed and a spurious sort of independence loosens amily ties in Australian households. Though hardly capable of strong feeling and deep, passionate attachment the Australian is affectionate and in manner hospitable, friendly and sometimes sympathetic. Strangers today tomorrow you are intimately acquainted In friendship there is no tenative stage, but a plunge in medias res.

Maori girls are given great license rom a very early age in the matter of lovers. Some girls, however, were born proud, and either kept to one sweetheart or had none, but this was rare. When a girl married she became tapu to her husband. Any one outside the relation of brother and sister could marry, although marriage of first cousins was greatly disliked. Polygamy prevailed among those who could afford it, and whose circumstances or inclinations led into it, "but as the tribe supported all in food, the mean men would be prevented. in some way or another, from having large establishments."
Betrothal of children was common

among people of high birth. If no betrothal there was generally a lot of talk and squabbling, every one in the tribe thinking he had a right to interfere, till at last the young couple, if lovers, would flee to the bush until their living together was agreed to. The girl generally began the courting. I have often seen the pretty little love letter fall at the feet of a lover—it was a little bit of flax made into a half knot. "Yes," was made by pulling the knot tight, "no" by the "matrimonial noose" alone Sometimes in the whare matoto (the wooing house), a building in which the young of both sexes assembled, olay, songs, dances, etc., there would be at stated times a meeting; when the fires burn low a girl would stand up in the dark and say:

"I love so-and-so-I want him to be husband." If he coughed (sign of assent) or said "yes," it was well; if only dead silence she covered her head with her robe and

was ashamed. This was not often, as she generally had managed to ascertain, either by her own inquiry or by sending a girl friend, if the proposal was acceptable. On the other hand, sometimes a mother would attend and say: "I want so-and-so for If not acceptable there was my son. generally mocking and she was told to let the young people have their house (the wooing house) to themselves.

What is there in the atmosphere of a roof garden that inclines one so strongly to sentiment? Take the veriest old cynic and hard shell pessimist in the world up there under the stars, and ten to one he'll begin mooning about old friends and old songs and the girls he used to know, who used to wear white dresses and blue ribbons and were so awfully good and sweet that this earth was no place for them, and so very sensibly they died before the flood or thereabouts.

If the girls of today were like the girls these old fogies tell us of they would be all snapped up by museums, and a fellow would have to go off and tell fanny stories to himself if he felt like flirting or making love. The modern girl, with all her faults and imperfections, is much more human and satisfying. If a real angel with wings and a well fitting halo were to appear on Broadway one of these fine afternoons no one would be killed in the rush trying to adore her. I saw a nice nineteenth century girl, one of the kind who can just look idiotically pretty and doesn't know a thing about the tariff or woman's suffrage or anything of that sort, on a roof garden last night. A young man was talking to her in what the Libby school of novelists call "low, passionate tones." She was listening and just looked at him now and then through her gauze fan. They seemed like an engaged couple and the young man had reached the stage when he forgot that there were other people on earth besides himself and his adored one and he began quoting poetry in a tone loud enough for those around to hear. This was what he said:

The prook to meet the river,
The river to the sea,
The arrow to the quiver—
And I—beg pardon—what did you say your
name was? The brook to meet the river,

Mrs. Stanford is a remarkable woman. She keeps seven kindergartens going and has eight institutions for the education of young girls in various parts of the country. Sometimes she wears dresses three years old. This, of course, is unnecessary. A brief list of her jewels as ordinarily described will interest the American woman and pay the best possible tribute to Senator Stanford's qualities as a devoted husband. Mrs. Stanford is alleged to possess \$2,000,000 worth of precious stones of one kind and another. These repose in a black, burglar-proof, steel safe with a time lock One feature of the collection is a neck lace worth \$600,000. Her sets of dia monds include one of pink diamonds, one of blue diamonds, with most attractive violet rays, a third with diamond as yellow and very nearly as big as canary birds, and a fourth of diamonds of pure

Mrs. Stanford's sixty or seventy diamond rings she keeps modestly strung on a piece of black string, just as Senator Stanford probably used to string his horse chestnuts to present them to his

best girl when he was a boy.

Mrs. Stanford entered with interest into all her husband's benevolent schemes. She has jewels which used to belong to the Empress Eugenie, and others which belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain.

Nothing is more truly artistic than the simply outlined oval of the perfect female form. It is but slightly depressed at the waist, the hips are as wide as the shoulders; there is not an angle from top to toe. It is as different from the outline of the fashionable 'well-set up" woman with her squared shoulders and angular hips as a horse is from a camel. We call the high-belted empress dresses artistic, because they preserve this oval better than the long

waisted shapes. The nude figure has no belt line. When the weight is squarely on the feet, and the body is held upright, the smallest measurement of the waist is about where the modern belt is placed. But let the body bend to one side and the point of intersection of the hip and side muscles will be over an inch above the former belt line. This is why field la-

borers, even to the slenderest young girl, are short waisted. For hygienic reasons the belt should never be placed below this point; and by

One of the things that no fellow can find out is why so many women make their sex ridiculous by writing to papers and magazines asking questions about dress and etiquette and love and marriage and their physical well being which proclaims them as ignorant of the most ordinary rules of life. Are they really unable to tell the color of their own hair? Can they not determine whether they write a good hand or not? Do they not know that they publish themselves as very silly and pettyminded when they waste time over such matters? Some of the women thinkists and reformers ought to take the matter in hand and try to remedy this awful feminine evil. Some of the queries sent to correspondents' columns would incline the earnest student of human nature to go out and weep. A certain scholarly man who rules this department of a magazine says that in the course of two

weeks he answered more foolish ques-tions than he thought the human mind was capable of formulating, the burning questions of the day being, "How to develop the bust," and "Is it proper to allow a gentleman to kiss a young lady after meeting him twice?" The lottery of marriage was never more pronounced than in the case of Miss Story of Georgia who, unable to decide between her suitors, said she would marry the one who rode to the county seat, nineteen miles distant, and first returned with the license. The race was a close one, and the unsuccessful one "gracefully acknowledged defeat." Well he might, for a woman who

would choose a husband in this ridicu-

lous manner is not a woman that a sensi-

ble man would wish to marry. There may be another race in the near future.

A yellow pongee parasol is bordered with ecru lace. The old fashioned rolled hem is again

popular for ruffles. Some English women keep up their long gloves by a ribbon garter, buckle

A pretty white silk crepon skirt has three box plaited ruffles cut in the selvedge and trimmed with lace. Princess Mary of Teck is very quiet

n her taste in dress, and is inclined to favor bonnets rather than large hats. Since the vexed question of crinoline has been set aside, the extreme fulness of the skirts has decreased to a becoming stage.

The coarsest serges are used for summer outing dresses, but their coarse-ness is the effect of finish and cost corespondingly. The vagaries of stationery are shown

n packages of blood-red letter and note paper, tied by way of startling contrast with black ribbon. Pale gray gloves stitched with black are much in favor. Biscuit shades, also with black points, may be worn when

gray is not permissible. Brown hosiery is cannounced as the oming foot coverings to be sanctioned by fashion, the universal black to be deposed from its long reign.

Denim comes in red now, but the shade not so attractive as the real India and Venetian reds of many sorts of soft and equally inexpensive fabrics. The revival of white stockings is pre-

dieted, now that Princess Mary has in-cluded several pairs of white silk open work stockings in her treusseau. Bronze ties and slippers embroidered with colored beads to match the costume, and stockings to correspond, are among the pretty novelties in footgear.

White petticoats are becoming popular again, but they are a genuine tion de luxe" of the old kind-an indescribable mass of soft billowy lace and muslin. The white parasols never looked so cool as they do this season, perhaps be-

many ruffles and flounces to ripple in the breeze. The Parisian style of wearing elbow sleeves in the daytime is not universally adopted. The expense and the inconvenience of long gloves are sufficient ob-

cause they never have had quite so

ections. One of the fads of the present season is for a red room, particularly in coun-try houses, and when done with taste and skill it is indeed a delightfully pretty nest.

One is 'way behind the times who thinks anything of massive furniture except for palaces. Grace, lightness, adaptability are the keynote of present day furnishing.

Scallops are the daintiest finish for ruffles and bands on the wash frocks. Scalloped embroidery is employed, and also the material is scalloped and worked in white or a color. White muslin is worn by young girls

for ball dresses, with moire or satin Empire sleeves and a sash deep in front, narrow toward the back and finished off with a small bow and long ends. The half high boot, covering the in-

step, will be welcomed by women wear-ing low shoes but do not like black hose. These boots conceal the stocking, but are much cooler than the full boot. Many wealthy women, more especially

those gifted with a sense of the fitness of things, use only the low priced but quaintly charming willow ware for the table service at their seaside and mountain homes during the summer.

Feminine Notes.

A lady has been appointed professor of elocution in King's college, England. Ten ladies have passed the examination for the Cambridge mathematical

A medallion to the memory of Jenny Lind is to be placed in Westminster Eleonora Duse has been humoring the London Ibsen craze by assuming the role of Nora in "A Doll's House."

A memorial is to be erected to Elizabeth Barrett-Browning by the inhabi-tants of Ledbury, Eng., the home of her childhood.

Several Swedish women of good families have offered their services as voluntary nurses if the cholera appears in Stockholm. A certain scientist has come to the

front recently with the statement that the number of bearded women is rapidly increasing. Adelina Patti received an almost life size portrait of the prince of Wales in

answer to her congratulatory letter on his son's approaching marriage. The finest lady golf players in England and Scotland have been beaten in the ladies' golf championship for the United Kingdom by Lady Margaret Scott, who

is only 19 years old. In the mediaval and modern languages tripos at Cambridge the men are outdone by the women. Not a single man gained a first class honor, wherever

two women were placed in that class. The empress of China has celebrated her 60th birthday by issuing a manifesto enjoining a general restraint of extrav-agance and prohibiting the customary

gifts of silks and presents by the min-

The physical exercise craze has reached St. Petersburg, where the larkes are becoming ardent athletes thus shortening the straight under-arm seam by an inch the beauty of the unand expert bicycle riders. One of their fads is to carry Louis XIV, canes, some six or seven feet long and stout in pro-

> Mrs. Alan Gardner has just returned from India, where she enjoyed the dis-tinction of shooting panthers at one place, spearing them at another, going pig-sticking at a third, and hunting chectahs, a species of leopard, at some place else. A surgeon inveighs with earnestness

> against tennis playing for girls. asiders the exercise peculiarly harmful, and the injury done far in excess to the gain received by the open air privi-"Return to croquet," is his carnest plea for the girls.

> Mrs. Stannard, the writer, who is best known by the name of John Strange Winter, says she knows of one happy marriage that was the result of a pro posal made on the fourth day after the couple met. It was her own.

> A correspondent from Helsingfors writes that women in Finland compete with men as clerks, managers of timited companies, dectors, dentists, house builders and bank cashiers, in which capacity they are found more honest than men. Miss Ella G. Nash, a graduate of the Boston College of Pharmacy, has passed the board of examination and has been

> awarded a druggist's certificate. Young men will feel a certain hesitation in ordering one with a wink in it at her soda fountain. Patti has once more returned to Craigy-Nos, but before she left London a party was given at Mr. Alfred Rothschild's, where the singer had a great tri-umph. At supper the diva sat on one

side of the prince of Wales, surrounded

by the duke of York, the duchess of

Teck and others of the nobility. "The most beautiful among many beautiful women," is what Napolean III called the countess de Pourtales. other remark that has been made about her is that "she can wash her grand child's face or hem a towel, just as easily as she can dictate terms for the peace of kingdom or place an empire at her

FRENCH DIVORCES.

The Demand for Titles Increases the Basi ness of the Courts.

A curious question is now under dis-cussion in the French Chamber of Deputies. It is as to whether or not divorce women should retain the name and title of their hus bands after the legal dissolution of the bonds of matrimony. No provision was made for this matter when the divorce law was first enacted by the French legislature of 1884, and it is only recently that the increasing number of divorces in high life has led the French government to take the matter up. Both the senate and the lower chamber seem to have agreed that in cases of divorce the wife should resume her maiden name, and that where merely a judicial separ ation takes place the court should be left to decide as to whether the wife should be permitted to continue to bear the patronymic of her husband or not. There is no doubt that if this project becomes law the number of di-vorces will considerably de-crease, especially in the case of those couples where impecunious titles have been mated with bourgeois

wealth, since the lady will evidently be reluctant to surrender the noble prefix to her name, for which she has in most cases been obliged to pay very heavily. A peculiar feature in connection with divorces in France is the relatively large number of couples who, after having gone to the trouble and expense of securing a judicial dissolution of matrimonial bonds, become reconciled, and, in cases where it is possible, remarry.

Summer Attraction for His House. . Harper's Bazar: "H'm!" said the stranger, regarding the young man who called at the hotel in answer to the advertisement, "you are an actor, you say." 'Yes," was the reply; "the critics,

however-' "Oh, I don't care about the critics," returned the portly gentleman, whereat the young man nodded approval, "What

parts do you take?" "Juvenile. "Eh?-eh?-children's?" gasped the nterviewer.

"Why, no," said the applicant, in a surprise! tone, "the young lover."
"Oh, yes, yes," assented the other, smiling, "that's just it. Are you open for an engagement—I might say several engagements-for the summer? I am," was the hearty answer. "At-say, \$25 a week and all ex-

penses? Well," returned the stage lover, "I should say so! Are—are—" the tone im-plied mingled fear and doubt—"are you a manager?

"I am," said the elder, beaming. "And I'll take you until the 1st of October. All you will have to do is to act your regular part and you may fill several engagements. I am a summer hotel man-

The Chuckawalls,

There is found on the edge of Death Valley in California a lizard somewhat similar to the Gila monster, although more agile. It is strictly a vegetariarn. This fellow is called the chuckawalla by the Conhuila Indians, who are said to be very fond of his flesh. The meat of this ousin of the dreaded monster is very white, tastes like chicken and Americans who have eaten it are not reported to have turned up their noses at it. But I doubt very much if a Mexican of the choic class or anybody else here could be induced to try a dish in which Gila monster was the peice de resistance. As for Apaches, it is well known that they hate fish and reptiles of all kinds and never eat them even if starving.

No Anti-Pyrine in Bromo-Seltzer. Cures all headaches—trial bottle 10 cts.

Only One Climatic Drawback. Buffalo Courier: Eastern Newcomer-It looks as if it ought to be healthy around

here.

Jumpclaim Jim—'Tis healthy, pardner.
There's only one disease that ever proves
fatal in these diggn's.

Eastern Newcomer—What disease is that?
Jumpclaim Jim (carelessly resting his
hand on a belt full of six-shooters)—Lead
poisonin'. Ef yer system is lucky ernuñ ter
escape that yer can live here a hundred years
without dyin'.

Washington Star: "Hit am all well enough, said Uncle Eben, "tu say dat honesty am de bes' policy, pervided you kin back up de argyment by exhibitin' a few receipted bills."

READY MADE MUSTARD PLASTERS We were the first manufacturers on this Continent. Our latest improvement surpasses anything ever before produced. Ide., 25c., 35c., ber tin. Be sure to have SEABURY'S. Ask for them spread on cotton cloth. SEABURY'S SULPHUR CANDLES:

Prevention is better than cure, by burning these candles bad smells in basements, closets, &c. are destroyed, and thus contagious diseases are kept away; also useful for expelling mos-quitos and irritating insects. Price, 25c. each.

HYDRONAPHTHOL PASTILLES, which in burning, distafeet and produce a fragrance refreshing and invigorating. 25c. per box of 12. Sole Manufacturers. SEABURY & JOHNSON, Chemists. NEW YORK.



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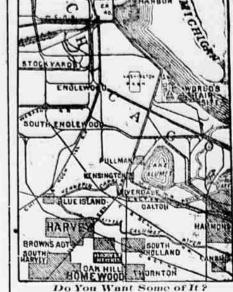
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