

WOMAN'S THANKSGIVING DAY

Heaven's Charity to the Rich Should Prompt Real Thanks Expressed in Deeds.

SUGGESTIONS HOW TO REACH THE POOR

Heresses Nibbling at the Title Traps—Do It as in Woman Destroy Her Loveliest—Hessant's Ideas of Woman's Place in Life.

The keeping of Thanksgiving has always been in the hands of the women of this country ever since the days when Mr. Lincoln resurrected the custom and issued the proclamation setting a day for the general offering of thanks as a nation. Of course, men have done most of the preaching and all of the proclaiming, but the real service, the praying and the cooking, have been done by the women. In the dark ages when cooking schools were not and when a girl was taught the art of cooking, if not the science, in her mother's kitchen, and was proud and happy if she could make things "as good as mother's," women took great pride in the observance of Thanksgiving day. Socks were knit and warm clothing with a few dainties sent to the soldier boy, who could not get home to eat the good things prepared there, and thanks were sent up that there was still a boy to send things to and to pray for. If the boy had been slain in battle, though, the home was dark and sad, the mother was thankful that her darling died so brave a death, and for his country, too. Then she worked and prayed for some other woman's son, and still found cause for thanksgiving.

If you are rich and fashionable you will, of course, go to church next Thursday and drop a crisp greenback or a generous check on the plate to help swell the sum collected on that day for the poor, though you have seen you are thankful at the sum satisfied, that you have done what you could. Even being rich has its advantages and opportunities. You will have turkey and accompaniments and eat dinner with a sense of enjoyment and you have helped some good woman of your acquaintance get a little feast for her children on that day. Perhaps you may have given several turkeys to those you know. A lord such luxuries these are, and as charity is so fashionable, perhaps you have seen to the distribution of the dainties with your own hands and feel sure that in your "district" there is no one who will go to bed hungry. If you are permitted to do any or all of these things, surely you will be able to "thank God for the older fashion" of Christian charity.

If you are poor or in the great middle class as regards money and have but little to spare, you will give the boy next door, whose mother is ill, a big plate of doughnuts and tell him it is because it is Thanksgiving. He will know it is a holiday and will enjoy the good things to eat, and if your family is small and your dinner pretty good you may even invite in several children to eat with you, and if they are the class who only get "plenty to eat" once in a while you will be just as happy as if you had \$1,000 at your disposal. The poorer people are the most generous after all. They divide with their friends and often give what they may need themselves. But the spirit of real charity is there and the gifts are accepted with the feeling that "some day I'll be able to do the same for you, or for some other friend who is in the same needy condition as I am today." Thus all over the city the day will be kept after a fashion, and though there may be less praying of long, loud prayers than was the custom thirty years ago, the service of good deeds will not be less, and it is all the more to be commended. Thanksgiving day is simply one more opportunity to do whatever kindness is nearest at hand, and no woman in Omaha will let it pass because she is not able to do some great thing. It is not a day of great things. It is a day for doing of little things with a great love.

One of the friendliest and most discriminating of foreign critics remarks that "Americans have too many acquaintances and too few friends." It takes years together at college, a summer vacation or a sea voyage to put people on a real cordial, confidential footing, writes Ruth Trevelyan in the Boston Times.

Social positions here have no fixed basis as in older countries. Families are constantly in an unsettled state. To work themselves up in the world absorbs most of their energy. How can people make friends when uncertain whether they themselves belong to the frogs or the tadpoles?

Plays and novels—old or new ones—which depict the family who has risen in wealth and social position turning the cold shoulder to former friends, are adding; they tell only one side of the story.

Does any one who reads this paper remember Washington Place? It was a block of comfortable three-story and basement brick houses on Broadway, running between the two large savings banks now stand. Here years ago lived a family of jolly, good-natured people. Father, mother, sons and daughters being equally friendly and hospitable, their house was the resort of all the young people in the neighborhood.

women of my acquaintance, is no reason that she and her husband would choose the same type of friends. Few women regard with favor the business acquaintances that their husbands bring home to dinner. People thoroughly happy in their marriage relations do not need friends as much as those less pleasantly situated. Perhaps that is the reason so many American families are content with a large circle of mere acquaintances.

Two more American girls are to marry titles and, what is more deplorable, the man to be their husband. Miss Florence Pullman, the eldest daughter of the railroad magnate, will marry Prince von Isenberg-Bierstein, and Miss Adele Grant will be the wife of the earl of Essex.

Neither of these lovely suitors has very much money, both have more debts than dollars, and Miss Grant is not a great heiress, which gives a refreshing tinge of originality to her engagement, says the New York Advertiser. As for the engagement of Miss Pullman to Prince Isenberg, even the emperor has pleaded for it. Doubtless the imperial patronage was sufficient compensation to the young woman, who dared to keep her high born suitor in suspense for months, with a full knowledge at the time that every heiress in Chicago was waiting to spring upon him if she did not see fit to accept him, his name and his twenty-eight thousand castles.

Miss Pullman is an interesting, clever, accomplished girl and has rare good sense. She has thought of leaving the position she holds in her father's beautiful home, a leader in her social set and an exceedingly happy and independent young woman, and the life she is about to enter as a princess, to be sure—a princess, who, while of good connections and a favorite of court, could not give her the same position in society in comparison to that which she occupies here. But a title is always a power, and to be a German princess is even greater dignity than being the wife of a lordly English villain—or baronet.

Miss Pullman's dowry will be \$2,000,000, which will go a long way toward putting in repair the many ancestral halls of the imperial aristocracy. The emperor's friends of Isenberg are waiting with open arms to receive their enriched emerald and his bride, and he is to be raised to a higher rank in his regiment.

Among the Gara nation, a people dwelling on a range of hills between the Brahmaputra and the Soorma valleys, the women are supreme. They wear the same dress as the men, and they are the very ugliest women on the face of the earth.

This fact Sir J. Crichton Browne deduces to prove that the possession of brains in women means a corresponding ugliness. "I fear," he says, "that what woman gains intellectually by the higher education now in vogue, she will lose in beauty and grace, and often in health, too. It looks to me like straining the faculties against nature. Woman's personal charms are her greatest power; we must not have these destroyed; and she greatly excels man in perception, intuition and the moral faculty." But intuition is not intelligence, and man himself has taught us that it is a less reliable guide of conduct than trained and logical intelligence. However "perceptive" a woman may be, perception is practically useless when entering the lists against masculine knowledge, and as for the moral faculty, it is only allowed in the direction of her own conduct. When his keen light is turned upon the action of the other sex the moral faculty degenerates into "a moral superstition"—it has been known to evolve into "emotional prudery."

About the ugliness of the Gara women there can be but one opinion, but it is doubtful whether any great intellectual advance has been discovered among them. The theory advanced that brain power is incompatible with beauty in woman is refuted by the women of Burma, who excel in beauty as they excel in mental force; their helplessness and shallow-minded husbands.

Mink leads among the furs, perhaps because it led in 1830 or thereabouts, because it blends so prettily with the autumn tints. Ermine is also extremely fashionable. A beautiful ermine cape is displayed in one of the large windows. Another cape of velvet has an ermine trim. This ermine takes us back three centuries, or even farther, when it appeared on the royal purple robes of kings. The duke of Venice wore just such a cape on the stars last week as we saw when we looked into the Broadway window on our way from the window to the little ornate shop, where pretty variety among the mink and seal. The muffs are a great feature this season. Some of them are perfect monsters, being made of long-haired fur. Others are little shaped affairs of lambs' wool, lined with velvet, and have ornate mink heads, bows of ribbon and even birds as ornaments.

The more sensible women content themselves with simply smearing some grease, with or without a tincture, on her face and neck, says the New York Sun. Then this is wiped off with a soft cloth so that the skin no longer looks shiny, but there is still enough grease remaining to make the powder which is now applied adhere evenly to the skin. Then the powder is in its turn artistically wiped off till the face no longer appears to have been powdered. Still, though not obviously visible, there is enough powder remaining to make a woman's face look like a brownish skin look white and fresh. The slight conceivable touch of red to the cheeks, a little blue over the nose, followed by one or two suggestive veins, and a more liberal allowance of black, sometimes simple lamplack, to the eyebrows and eyelids complete the picture. But, above all, this must be done so slightly, so lightly, and with such a delicacy of touch and perception, that it must not appear as if the skin had in any way been painted or improved artificially.

It may be suggested here that a literary woman would be a proper mate for a literary woman; but though like often attracts like, we must also admit it just often attracts unlike, and then we have a theory that explains nothing because it explains everything, writes Mrs. Amelia E. Barr in an article discussing the question, "Why Do Not Literary Women Marry?" in the New York Ladies' Home Journal. And, in spite of a few brilliant exceptions, experience does not prove that there is much sympathy between the female and the male scholar. The literary woman who knows anything, knows that he is of often attracted, and with books written by himself, and with books written by others, he holds his own. He has no fresh, piquant news, and no gossip of the people they both know. He may be writing a political, or a theolog-

cal paper, or making a joke for a comic periodical, but all the same he is apt to be at "snappy as a bull terrier on the chain."

Fashion Notes. Silk and woolen braids, handsome ribbons and large costly buttons, are fashionable. Bows of bright cherry or corn flower blue velvet are effectively used upon all black hats. Rosettes, ruffles, frills of ribbon and sashes tied on one side or at the back will be the rage. A beautiful shade of pale corn color is exhibited among evening gloves of both dressed and glace kid. Recently imported silks have raised designers in chrysanthemums, lilies and butterflies on a white ground. Cherry is an especially favored color this season. Roses, small rosettes and strings of it are worn on bonnets and hats. The collars of jackets and dresses are still very high, a most unbecoming style for any but slender throated, tall women. Just now ribbon weavers have great cause for elation. The looms are all at work, for ribbons are to be in great use all winter.

Point de Venise and guipure laces that imitate most successfully the costly duchesse are used upon gowns to be worn on ceremonial occasions. Black and white evening toilets are still in high vogue, and have the merit, if well designed, of giving a distinguished appearance to the wearers. A new hairpin comes in an exquisitely tinted tortoise shell. The top is formed of a row of gold quill feathers, which seem to be thrust through the shell. Pearls, black, white and pink, of unique beauty of shape and color, are worn set bud fashion in a tiny cup of brilliant ornaments for the hair. Moss-green camel's hair, plain or with slanting bars or dots, is combined this season with various furs, and looks remarkably well with nearly every sort.

Many of the new bodices are double-breasted, fastened by large buttons and cut short of the waist, with extremely short basque finished with a heavy cord. Tulle galleons for millinery are still favored, and come in spangles, or have clusters of colored ornaments on the top and merely an edging and filling of jet. Cloth wraps in choice and beautiful dresses are handsomely fashioned this season, fur-trimmed, and often further enriched with expensive passementerie gauds.

Bows are to be worn on the shoulders with flowing ends, and ribbons laid flat on the skirt, narrowing toward the waist, are among the new things in the direction of trimmed evening skirts. Moire antique in the faintest tints is among the newest fabrics for evening wear, some of which are being made almost invisible dulle, calling for black velvet or other rich black fabrics for trappings. Waistcoats are not so much worn in winter as summer, but they still appear in dark colors of Tattersall patterns. The novelty in waistcoats is watered silk in light or dark shades with handsome buttons.

The girl with delicate features and a rather stately style of beauty wears the original cocked hat without modification, and tosses her hair back under the bow in soft waves, leaving a single wave and tress hanging down in the middle of her forehead.

Estimate Notes. Princess Beatrice is said to be an amateur actress of exceptional ability. One-third of all the fruit ranches in California are either owned or managed by women. Miss Alice Goodall, who conducts the Semla (India) Guardian, is the only editor in that country.

The duchess of Cleveland is so enthusiastic a botanist that she has gone to South Africa to add new specimens to her already fine collection of trees and plants. The most noted shot among English women is Lady Eva Quin, wife of Captain Wyndham, heir presumptive to the earl of Dunraven. She has killed six full-grown tigers from the frail shelter of a howdah.

Lady Brooke has laid out the Shakespeare garden, to consist of all the plants and flowers to which Shakespeare alludes. It is a pretty idea, but not easy of realization, as many of the species are almost extinct.

Miss Lemahel Campbell, a young English girl, 14 years old, has just won a series of medals offered by the National Recreation society of England for swimming a distance of a mile and seventy-three yards without a pause.

The empress of Russia is very fond of the bread which is baked for the soldiers, such as is baked for the soldiers, and she has taken her visits to Denmark she eats this kind of bread every day, and when in Russia a loaf is sent to Russia every fifth day.

Miss Charlotte Robinson of London, who designed and applied the decorations of the ceilings and panels in the cabins of the steamships Lucania and Campania, bears the title of "Decorator to the Queen." Miss Robinson has been decorated herself.

The princess of Wales has been studying cart racing seriously at Copenhagen, having taken lessons from both an English and a Dutch painter. Her two daughters take great pride in decorating their own rooms, and own a collection of bibelots from all parts of the world.

Madeline Lemaire, the famous French artist, lived in Dieppe and in her first water color pictures were taken with much hesitancy to local stationers and displayed for sale in their stores. Today a faint picture by her awakens eyes in the hearts of collectors and commands an enormous price.

The Princess Victoria is said to be the cleverest of the daughters of the prince of Wales. She is 25 years old and is said to be the possessor of tact, the sixth sense, as somebody calls it. She answers half her mother's correspondence, and is a great help to her father in managing conversations that owing to her mother's deafness would otherwise prove embarrassing. It is a trifle surprising to read that there are 700 women practicing medicine in the Russian empire; that others occupy important positions in hospitals and workhouses, in educational establishments, factories and government institutions, while others hold appointments in the service of municipal bodies. The remuneration is from \$1,000 a year downward. In private practice there is one woman who makes about \$9,000 a year, but the average income is \$1,500. A clever woman recently said that if worst came to worst and she had to find some way of earning her living, she believed that she would become a "public sympathizer." Any one could send for her, she explained, "and pour out their worries and troubles while I listened and sympathized, for say 25 or 50 cents an hour. Everything should be strictly confidential, and I would never tell a word of what they said to me, or a worse pain, or a deeper trouble, than my client. What do you think of that scheme?"

COUNTY OF BROAD ACRES

Horns of Mills and Mines and Mountain Life of England.

VARIED FEATURES OF THE WEST RIDING

One Part of Yorkshire Where the Diet and Smoke of Busy, Grimy Cities Border on Rarest Woodland Scenery and Forest Mountain Air.

It has been said that the West Riding of Yorkshire contains samples of all varieties of English scenery. In the north are the wildest moorlands, heather covered hills streaked with sparkling rivulets and dotted with lonesome and ancient farm buildings, where wheat cannot grow and the more hardy oats are only cultivated in sheltered corners; and in the south are the smoky and busy manufacturing centers of Leeds and Sheffield and Bradford, Huddersfield and Keighley. It includes at once the most sparsely settled and well nigh the most thickly populated districts in England. Yorkshire covers a larger area than any of the other thirty-nine counties in the country, and from this fact is known as the County of Broad Acres. In population it ranks little behind Lancashire and but slightly higher than Middlesex, the three, each with over 2,500,000 of people, standing far ahead of any of the other shires. By reason of its unwieldy size it is divided into three ridings—derived from the Saxon word for a third part—and each of these ridings, the North, the East and the West, for all purposes of local government at any rate, ranks as a county in itself.

Of these the West riding is considerably the largest and it also contains more than double the number of people inhabiting both the others together. The North riding contains some exceedingly rich grazing land and a few places of historic interest, including the famous minster, or cathedral at York. The East riding largely consists of low hills covering a district known as the Wolds, but also includes the important seaport of Hull.

Where Mills and Mines Abound. In the West riding is the center of the woolen and worsted industries of the country, the important cities and centers of manufacturing of Sheffield, not to mention important industries in pottery, boot and shoe making, silks, plushes, glassware, iron, silver and machinery of other kinds. It is also one of the most important coal mining districts in the country with Barnsley as its center, while at the other end of the riding is some of the most picturesque scenery together with some of the wildest. Inland scenery on the island. Of course there is nothing to compare with the rugged rocky coast and of Cornwall in the far south or of the west coast of Scotland, where the wild waves of the stormy Atlantic have broken the coast line into innumerable bays, headlands, cliffs and crevices, caverns and crags.

The riding covers but 2,700 square miles—Nebraska contains 76,000 and little Rhode Island, 1,500. Most of the population comes from the thirty towns in the south can reach the glorious freedom of the hills and vales in the north whenever they can spare a day. These hills, mere mole hills they are in comparison with the great mountains of the Rockies, are in their own class massive and magnificent. They are of limestone formation and therefore have the customary flat and generally coffin-shaped tops. Their lower slopes are covered with heather and long grass and about with grouse and rabbits and other game. Ingleborough, Wharfedale and Pen-y-gent are the three highest. They all lie in a bunch and have been all along a day. This, however, is an unusual and extremely difficult undertaking. They are each of them little short of 3,000 feet and the valleys between them are at the most 1,000 feet above sea level.

About the Pots. One peculiarity of these hills is the "pots." These are great holes, many of them hundreds of feet deep and anywhere from five or six to 100 feet wide at the mouth. Most of them have water running into them and of course have all been formed by the action of the young mountain streams on the soluble limestone. One of the most noted of these pots, it is known as Gaping Gill Hole. Looked at from above it appears to be a bit of a hole in the rock, and not a hole at all, but a deep chasm, and had by the running water. Around three sides of it is a high amphitheater of grass, too steep to afford a safe foothold, at the end of the little beck or brook which save in very dry seasons, runs into the pots to emerge from obscurity again lower down the hill side. This little crack in the rock is some fifteen or twenty feet long and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Clapham. The stream that runs in here runs out through one of the most curious limestone caves in England. It does not contain any large chamber, but it is many hundred yards in length and is a fine example of the stalactites and other limestone curiosities. The entrance to these caves is reached through the grounds of Sir Thomas Farrer, which are a fine example of the country with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

SHOES NEVER SO CHEAP

PRINCESS. Fine bright dengala, GAITERS, handsomely trimmed in patent leather; our regular \$4.00 shoes, at 20 per cent off makes them only \$3.20. CLOTH TOPS. Our extra fine serge (cloth) top hand turned shoes, one of the finest; regular \$5.00; now only \$4.00. PHILADELPHIA. The new Philadelphia toe, a soft and a soft ly stylish, with tip, regularly \$3. a per cent off \$2.40.

Every Shoe in Our Store -AT- 20% Off for Cash. No goods charged at our Great Discount Sale. TOMORROW. THE FINEST STOCK AND GREATEST VARIETY. G. W. COOK & SON. THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE 203-205 South 15th St. \$5.00 Shoes now \$4.00, \$4.00 Shoes now \$3.20, \$3.00 Shoes now \$2.40, \$2.50 Shoes now \$2.00, \$2.00 Shoes now \$1.60, \$1.50 Shoes now \$1.20, \$1.00 Shoes now \$80c, \$8.00 patent leather shoes \$6.40, \$7.00 patent leather shoes \$5.60, \$6.00 patent leather shoes \$4.80, \$5.00 patent leather shoes \$4.00.

G. W. COOK & SON, THE OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE 203-205 South 15th St. BEAUTIFUL TEETH.

Where to Get Them. Where to Preserve Them if You Already Have Them. TAKE CARE OF YOUR MOUTH. Digestion waits on Appetite, and Health on Both.

DR. BAILEY, Leading Dentist. Third Floor Faxton Block, Sixteenth and Farnam Streets.

A full set of teeth on good rubber, \$5.00, warranted to fit. We make better grades of teeth than these of different material for more money, but at prices most reasonable. Aluminum Plates are now being used by those who can afford to pay a little more than what a rubber plate costs. Call and see specimens. Removable and fixed bridge work at lowest rates. Finest and best quality Gold and Porcelain Crowns at half usual prices. Teeth extracted without pain by our own process. Gold and all fillings beautifully made. Don't forget where to come. Our work is all the BEST, consequently it is the CHEAPEST. DR. BAILEY, Dentist, PAXTON BLDG., 16th and Farnam. Telephone, 1080.

looking cottages with the principal village in the center. On all sides, for some distance around, are scattered little settlements, all of the same limestone, solidly and substantially built, mostly two stories high, and nesting cozily into the hillsides. The contrast of all such work, which is done with a key upon signing a visitors book in the village of Clapham below. Through these grounds is a most picturesque drive, about a mile long, and not more than six across at the widest part. Drop a pebble in. When you have almost given up listening for it you hear it strike the water several hundred feet below, or it may catch on some projecting rock and rebound from side to side striking several times before splashing into the water.

Once a Thriving Place. But these are its days of decadence. Austwick like many another village in the surrounding country, was once a flourishing manufacturing village. The advent of the railway and the steam-driven looms, tending to the concentration of all such work, killed its industry, and it is left to struggle along, its people having apparently no occupation save, perhaps, some little sheep tending or a bit of gardening which vegetables are grown for the market.

Over a considerable stretch of country at this lower end of the hill district are scattered such little quiet villages, some smaller, some larger. Four miles from Austwick, in a southeasterly direction, is the market town of Settle. Here even Tuesday the farmers from a great distance around gather to sell their eggs and butter, their produce, ducks and chickens, or their cabbages, cauliflower, lettuce or other garden produce. Adjoining Settle is the equally ancient town of Giggleswick, chiefly famous for its excellent boys' grammar school. The road down here from Austwick and Clapham is the old high road from Lancaster to York, very noteworthy in the old coaching days. A short distance out of Giggleswick it barked on one side by Giggleswick Scar, a famous precipice up which Dick Turpin, most noted of all highwaymen, is declared to have ridden his Black Bess when hard pursued by his pursuers. Along here, too, is a peculiar natural curiosity, an ebbing and flowing well. A small stream of water running down the hill side is collected in a little stone trough which at irregular times is full or nearly empty.

Where Havens Settle. Ten miles north of Settle, around and south of which is a rich grazing country, is the market town of Harrogate, with its woods of Wharfedale. The main line of the Midland railway runs up here to Scotland, while an older branch line forks off at Settle passing Clapham on its way to Lancaster, Morcombe and Barrow-in-Furness. Up here at the foot of Wharfedale is a famous viaduct, immediately after crossing which the railway plunges down a long and deep tunnel. Twenty or more years ago, when this piece of road was opened, it was looked upon as a marvelous piece of railway engineering. Just by the viaduct is the station of Ribblesdale. Here are about half a dozen cottages occupied by railway men, and a pump. The reason for making it a stopping place for the trains is that it is at the crossing of the road from Clapham and Austwick on the west to Flaves, some ten miles away, and a string of towns in Wharfedale on the east. A mile down the Harrogate road is another first class country inn. Standing out alone in a bleak neighborhood a mile from the nearest building, it is now little patronized, but in times gone by it was an important stopping place for passing coaches. As if to emphasize the loneliness of the place ravens may occasionally be heard croaking overhead on the slopes of Wharfedale opposite. Settle may be reached in less than two hours from Leeds and Bradford, two towns but nine miles apart and containing, with the inhabitants of numerous small villages between them, not far short of a million of people. More Beautiful and More Frequent. Nearer to Leeds and further east than Settle are the picturesque districts of Ilkley, famous for its mineral springs. Both the Woods, where is one of the duke of Devonshire's country seats; Otley, a similar town to Settle, but larger and far busier; and Harrogate, ranking with Malvern, Matlock and Buxton as one of the most famous of the inland watering places of Britain. Near Harrogate is Knaresborough, with its wonderful dripping well, and further east is York. The duke of Devonshire's grounds at Bolton Woods are favorite Saturday or holiday resort for Leeds and Bradford toilers. The Midland and Northeastern railways regularly run cheap excursions, the fare for a half day being about 30 cents, and during the summer months the number of people availing themselves of these facilities is enormous. These half-day excursions are the one thing above all others that render life in the smoky manufacturing towns of the north of England in any way tolerable. And certainly it is a boon by no means unappreciated for men and women breathing week in and week out the foul atmosphere in which they are compelled to work day and night in a great while to renew their health and vigor with a breath of pure, fresh air. W. B.

Sweet breath, sweet stomach, sweet temper. Then use DeWitt's Little Early Remedy. IN SUCESS GREENLAND. How Courtships and Marriages Are Brought About in a Remote Part of Norway or Greenland, says the New York Tribune, marriages in the far north are celebrated by the representatives of the church. In a recent issue of one of the Danish papers one of the missionaries gives the following account of the way courtship and marriage are brought about: The man calls on the missionary and says: "I wish to take unto myself a wife." "Whom?" asks the missionary. The man gives her name. "Have you spoken with her?" As a rule the answer is in the nega-

JOHNSON'S MAGNETIC OIL! Instant Killer of Pain. Internal and External. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Sprains, Bruises, Swellings, Stiff Joints, COLIC and GRAMS'S INSTANT. Cholera Morosa, Cramp, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Stomachache, Headache, Stiff Neck, Double Strength. THE HORSE BRAND. Especially prepared for the treatment of all cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Stomachache, Headache, Stiff Neck, Double Strength. Medicated and Tincture. The Great Skin Cure and Face Beautifier. Ladies will find it a most delicate and highly perfumed Toilet Soap on the market. It is absolutely pure. Makes the skin soft and velvety and removes all blemishes. It is a luxury for the Bath for Infants. It stays itching, cleanses the scalp and promotes the growth of hair. Price 25c. For sale by Kuhn & Co., Sole Agents, Omaha, Neb.

BIRNEY'S Catarrh Powder cures catarrh. All druggists, 50 cents. tive, and the missionary asks the reason. "Because," comes the reply, "it is so difficult. You must speak to her." The missionary then calls the young woman to him and says: "I think it is time that you marry." "But," she replies, "I do not wish to marry." "That is a pity," adds the missionary, "as I have a husband for you." "Who is he?" asks the maiden. "The missionary names the candidate for her love. "But he is not worth anything. I will not have him." "However," suggests the missionary, "he is a good fellow and attends well to his house. He throws a good harpoon, and he loves you." The Greenland beauty listens attentively, but again declares that she will not accept the man as her husband. "Very well," goes on the missionary. "I do not wish to force you. I shall easily find another wife for so good a fellow." The missionary then remains silent, as though he looked upon the incident as closed. But in a few minutes she whispers: "But if you wish it, only if you wish it. I do not wish to overpersuade you." Another sigh follows, and the pastor expresses the regret that she cannot accept the man. "A pastor," she then breaks out, "I fear he is not worthy." "But did he not kill two whales last summer while the others killed none? Will you not take him now?" "Yes, yes; I will." "God bless you both," answers the pastor, and joins the two in marriage.