

ularity among a certain set of women, who absolutely refuse to credit him with the immortal works called Shakespeare. hell, and truly preaches the gospel that what-scover a man soweth, that will he also reap. Thoughts have such peculiar ways of trav-ling off from a given point on tangents and As to the influence of realistic fiction on the young, no one can be so blind to the signs of the times as not to know this to be an right angles, losing themselves from sight in regions most remote and misty, only to return with troops of others, spinning, whirlage of inquisitive aind precocious youth; and It is no great venture to guess that what they can't find out by fair means they will ng, after infinite contortions, entanglements and convolutions. Men say 'the such an easy

by foul. thing to concentrate the mind upon one woman many months together. Not so The rocking chair is nothing if not serious, woman many months together. Not so with woman's mind. And that proves that but it considers it no condescension to dis-

the conversation, there arose within me a wounded, indignant feeling, not at the commendation these women received, but at the implied inferiority of the true, sweet woman who chooses the higher part, the essential woman-portion, and makes no attempt to

fill the man's place as well as her own.

"King's Garden." while four park, with its

ikes and canals. The palace itself consists of a somewhat irregular assemblage of red brick buildings. The outer courtyard is spacious, and its chief ornament is a superb marble fountain in the center, with bronze statues of Tritons The business woman, the professional woman, the woman this, and the woman and Nervids, a very beautiful statue of the God of Waters crowning the whole. The foundain as it now appears was restored after the fire through the aid of old draw-rated. In this army of women are many eads from this courtyard into the inner which is surrounded on three sides by build-ings and flanked on the fourth by a wall ecorated with statues of the old Greek and toman gods, most of the minus the nose The main part of the palace is now occu seclusion, which the Danes value highly Here one's private life is held sacred, and pled by a historical museum, containing Danish relics and curiosities dating back any violation is strongly resented. There is nany hundred years, beside an extensive to "society column" in the Sunday papers is articles about the wives of famous men sailery of paintings, in which the famous pailery of paintings, in which the famous historical painter, Carl Bloch, is well repre-sented. The collection is said to be ex-ceptionally fine, but I have not yet seen it, owing to the intense cold that prevails in he vast, stone-floored halls. Summer is th time to visit the museum; then, the cool ness is delightful. The church, however, have seen, and that is truly magnificen Like the rest of the castle, it is built in th is built in th style of the Renaissance, with high, pointed windows and branching arches. The ceiling especially is beautiful, all in white and gold nany legacies, royal as well as private. with pink cherubs hovering around Th wood, with funny gilled figures of apostles, angels and dancing women in haut relief Among the attractions are a massive gold

two of the many roofs are alike. One is very high, the peaked gable rising above the neighboring roof, with two funny, narrow dormer windows 'way up near the chimney; the next is rather low, with one wide win-dow, big enough for a small shop. There are high roofs and low roofs, big windows and little windows, and no windows at all. And of all these roofs no two seem to be on the same level. It lends a very quaint effect to the street toward a very quaint effect to the street, toward which the varieties of chimneys and weather which the varieties of children of every house instead of being in front, as is usual in the United States, is at the back or side of the house, and one does not have to pass through In the glow of a Kentucky twilight a friend and I were walking the "pike" just

mistakes of modern history if she allows any foreign power to control the Hawaiian Islands.

We are in too much of a muddle now to charge up many more of President Cleveland's mistakes (7)-they may bankrupt us. I have looked at the situation here "as a voman" and have jumped to a woman's con-

clusions, for a woman's reason, "just be-cause," but I am "dead sure" I am right cause.' and believe future history will verify my predictions. Although I can never vote on out of a small town. Just in front of us these problems and am very sure I never

like Banquo's ghost, and I, as a woman, am

ntirely willing to relegate them to the men to think out." But my advice is: Hold on

these islands, or in coming years you'll

as I find most of the American women

ear a womanly chorus calling "We told you

politics from a non-partisan standpoint-

elegant in many instances, cultured and re-fined. The people here constitute a little world in themselves and have time to be

gracious to each other and genuinely hospita-ble to strangers. We are having a thor-

oughly good time, have been delightfully en-

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, who by the way, are

Mr. and Mrs. Willis, who by the way, are one of Mr. Cleveland's lucky blunders, are charming people and a real credit to the United States government in every way. We attended a reception they gave in honor of Admiral Beardsley of the United States flag-

ship "Philadelphia," now in the port. We also enjoyed the pleasure of the return hos-

ertained by our American minister's family,

cuss the torment of torments or the fashion of the "Tissue of Tissues," as Carlyle whim-sically calls our clothes. Fashion! Death itself has not half its tortures or its terrors Willing or unwilling, we are all its slaves Ten years ago what kind of a sensation would a woman have made spinning along our streets on a bicycle and in divided skirts? Presto! It is the fashion, and behold she is a thing for admiration and our envy.

Half the charm of the actress is due her ideal wardrobe. It makes no difference what abnormity in style for sleeve or skirt prevails elsewhere, on the stage the costumes of dif-ferent historical periods delight us-and why would they not off of it?

would they not off of it? The fashionable woman's wardrobe would have a value that at present it does not posaess if she regarded herself from the ar-tiacle standpoint that the artist does his fighanding over their Watteaus, their Joshua Reynolds and their Le Bruns every spring and fall for change of style to some ar modiste. But why not? Is it fair to establish standards of beauty for certain arts only. Who shall be that woman of superb courage, that one of undying fame who shall dare to make it the fashion to be unfashion-

It has been unjustly said that woman has no great inventive genius. invention of the future shall be Th hers and it shall do nothing less than revolutionize It will rival telegraphy in society. It will rival telegraphy in useful-ness. The phonograph in ingenuity and the modern photograph will fade beside it into utter insignificance. It shall be the pho tography of thought!

politicians must needs be honest ministers plous, judges just and all humanity decent. It will be abreaktiess moment when we turn our complex and curious lenses on hidden thought of the mind and touch button that embodies thought in form. Will envy, malice and revenge be always in the form of woman, and vanity, weakness and false ambition always in the shape of

There will doubtless be surprises at the size, the form and color of the thoughts of those we think ke know the best, and maybe, most strong and fair. LUELLA C. MARTIN. where we least expect it, thoughts will be

A YOUNG WOMAN REFLECTS.

This is the busicst world I was ever in although transmigrationists tell me my soul previous to its imprisonment in this femining body, may have dilated itself in the portly proportions of a man of another, busies world or planet. They further tell me that while in his noble form my soul was sorely tried and tempted by besetting sins, until by prayers and fastings it overcame, and at death was rewarded with this, its present her to match the men," and just then he was fashioning clever people. It is not from her ranks the new woman And now my soul must battle form still tormented, until dissolution, though less will take the form of a beautiful when it angel. Man, woman, angel! "Arise, my soul, arise! cane.

They say "woman will always have the last word." Not so in this case. I'd rather be the angel, I think. Perhaps 1 will be. I ent Hoston. well pleased with herself and her surroun was mistaken for one once. Alas! When may I don my feathery pin

tons and soar away from Nebraska winds men, particularly their pocketbooks, which spring dressmaking, and-bliss to contem plate-this feminine body, and all the fastidious tastes. She judges others as she is judged, by outward appearances, and surely, could clothes make the man and feathers the bird. New York must justly thoughts it thinks about! Or is it the sou that thinks? If that be true, how strange] cannot recall my man thoughts over in Jupiter or Saturn. Mayhap my nervous sys-tem had a shock a failing down to earth, boast of the queen of American women. This self-satisfied, respiendent crea however, is infinitely inferior to her w and when recovered who knows how knowl

edgeable a soul I may possess! It always seemed unfair that I should have begun at A B C'c instead of politics and real sstate, where my man soul left off. But Boston woman is not to be airly dismissed by her New York neighbor, after a critical then, my womanly knowledge is self-gotten and my feminine soul will claim all for its fine-spun theories up to date.

That which assails my soul just now is he housecleaning of its thoughts. They mbrella skirt one inch too short for regula ion cut and carry herself like a town pump are all out on the line of investigation and handle. research in the field of woman, while memory and imagination take turns in paddling them The Boston woman is not as cold and in-different as she appears, and, unlike her tree from dust.

scoffer, acknowledges and compliments a good thing in woman when she sees it. you ever have an acute attack of the old-fashioned quinsy, commencing with pains in your back and extremity bones, and like an exil spirit possessing your very blood, gorging the veins and arteries of the throat and neck at the gateway of speech, cutting off all communication from the heart and head with the tongue and silent lips? Lips that, parched and blistered, pathetically call for cooling drinks, which ne'er can pass for cooling drinks, which ne'er can pass die young. Perhaps that is the reason so from top to toe, "Whatever 'tis, its right."

Bacon made a mistake when he classified man's intellect with woman's. They work differently, and are utterly unlike. She folpure, true, womanly women, but noble and rue as they are, they are not the highest ows not the beaten track of his adoring ype of womanhood and should not receive for this one sweet bit of flesh an houghts the deepest homage and respect. True blood, but darts away to others quite as fair visiting in her rapid flight divinest women she has ever known or seen, admiring here of circumstances to assume the more active part in the turmeil of life, who would willrejecting there, classifying and idealizing all that is sweetest, noblest, best in these her ingly remain in their homes were it possi To these belongs all the praise be lovely sisters. He, fondly sighing: "Not from the whole wild world would I choose thee, sweetheart, for thou art the whole wide stowed on their more fortunate sisters. But when we compare the young men o today with the young women we are struck world to me, sweetheart," as he admiringly thinks of his New York belle-that resplend ent creature on the lap of luxury born, culti valed and refined in all that makes an out-ward show, "The glass of fashion," the ex-ponent of Ward McAllister's fondest dreams

with another view of the much-discussed woman question. Many of the young men are fast—"sporty," as they delight to be called-their highest ambition being to se ure rich wives or those who can suppor of woman from the New York grist. The highest differentiated type of woman, in hem. They are unwilling to work with patient energy and a determined purpose outward expression and environment, and mayhap, if Nature doubly blesses, "a thing for the desired success. They live entirely n the present and care only for their per thing of beauty and a loy forever" to the lovesonal pleasure. They are not men, they blinded, cleverly-deceived man, but not to the keen, observing woman, bent on disare mere creatures, blown about by every wind, utterly unable to resist the slightes overing motives and promptings of the heart. She it is probes deep and wisely, only temptation. The young woman, on the con trary, is standing just within the threshhold of the "Woman's Age." Each day brings to her ears knowledge of some new feat ac-complished by a sister; some added opporto find decelt, insincerity, avarice, selfishness and falsehood, swelled to such hideous pro-portions as to almost peer above the surface and the finery. The New York woman is "distingue" from tunity or power granted to women. She is

eager and anxious to try her strength, to add her characteristic gait and speech, to the her mite, to feel that she, too, has done something worthy of note. She possesses details of her every appointment and posses-sion, whether encountered in art gallery exsomething worthy of note. an overwhelming desire to make the most and best of herself, but the average young man's desire is to slip through the world hibits, theaters, balls, receptions or dinners Elegance is stamped on all she wears and uses, and were the heart true, the principle with as little effort and as comfortably as right, what lovelier creature could be found! She is never boisterous or offensive, rarely possible Here is the great evil of today. The young

loses her temper, and discreetly withholds her enthusiastic applause or approbation from anything that is not strictly deserving. men do not have a realizing sense of vital necessity of their being men and mere retentious excuses. To use Carrie Lane chapman Catts' expression, there are by far too many "thousand-dollar women and ten-cent men" to make an equal partnership—as was originally intended—possible. Honest, upright manhood is fast becoming obsolete. Tears are strangers to her aristocratic face and hardship to her hands, while her heart is as cold and hardened as the brilliant tones upon her elegant person. She is a politician, nay, a diplomat, a gen

creature

cal, odd-fashioned Boston sister, as far as

She far surpasses the autocratic Gothamit.

in intrinsic worth, even if she does wear he

haracter and principle are concerned.

survey behind skeiston-framed lorgnette.

white

The

eral, governing others and herself in the subtlest, mightiest way. She is rarely moody, Such pernicious publications as the "Young Sport's Library," on the cover of which appears the photographs of young "sports," with the statement in large type: "The young sports' album. Boys, send your photoalways agreeable and entertaining to thos she likes and admires, and inoffensively neg-ative to those she does not fancy. She may not be scholarly, but thinks cleverly and raphs to the Young Sports' Library and deeply on some subjects. Life is too short she argues, and engagements too pressing be known as a young sport. It costs you nothing. Send early; first received, first printed," are indications of the condition. for pedantic lore. Current topics and lates vels are the mint for her small talk. What kind of men and citizens can such training produce? The tendency of the young men of today is clearly seen by any of her striking characteristics is intuition and her analys's of motives and actions is unsurpassed by even her spectacle-eyed sister Boston, for it is deep, quick and rarely ne taking the trouble to glance into the accs of the youths who pass him in the misses the mark. She may have a conscience streets. Young women, selzing the reins with stowed away in her human anatomy; if so one would soonest look for it somewher

so much ability, instead of bringing con-tempt of self to their brothers, bring relief about the waist, it is so small. In her love affairs "God Almighty made Shrugging their shoulders complacently the men patrouizingly yield up the ribbons, con-tent to be driven instead of to drive.

woman's peculiar place a man cannot It has been clearly demonstrated that a coming, with her bloomers, silk hat and woman can successfully climb wherever man One could more easily imagine this it is equally clear that she new type incubating in more congenial en-virons, say the western plains, or independintended for such work, since in so doing she is making the would-be "stronger sex" utterly worthless and despicable. No, the New York woman i

God made us men and women, and He ings. She wishes nothing otherwise, but the fitted each for his peculiar share in the toil of living. One is not naturally better or be a deal sight fatter to suit her noble than the other. As more an individual, either man or woman, patiently, carnestly, purposefully doing the "duty lying nearest him" is worthy of all respect and esteem. A woman many succeed fairly well in being both mother and father. man may in some measure perform the duties of a mother, but it is entirely impossible

for either woman or man to feithfully dis-charge all the duties of both. "As the string unto the bow is, so the woman to the man. useless each without the other." The final suc umbing of Mrs. Burton Harrison's "Bachelor Maid" to the power of love was a glorious failure, a failure of far more value than the highest success. Would we had more young

nen worthy to benefit by such failure! he unit cannot be perfect, symmetrical, un-

less both halves are equally developed and All honor to all noble women-and men, to: -in all walks in life, but highest honor, not unmixed with reverence, be to the loving woman who is the center of the home, the tender, whe self-sacrificing "homey" mother, who is made possible by a noble min.

MARY ANNA HUBRELL.

We overheard the exquisitely dressedly young dude remark, after surveying bimself

ltar-piece, representing scenes in the life of Christ, and a pulpit supported by silver statucs of the apostles. In this church many of the Danish kings and queens have been rowned. It is really a very picturesque place, sur

rounded, as it is, by water everywhere. Th main building arises abruptly from the lake The and canals wend in and out among the others, through arches and under bridges Very effective are two of the foremost build ngs, low and unadorned, except by quaint

round turrets, and small, square, many paned windows; they are connected with another of the islands by a stone bridge vecks every summer together with known as the "S" bridge, on account of its strange shape. On the middle isle bits of wild garden skirt the buildings, sloping down Esrom is quite a large lake, and its to the water. The tall, slender towers, of which the highest is 670 feet, are graceful and somewhat fantastic, ending in huge, ildei weather vanes. The King's Garden is laid out in the gildel

French style, consisting of a series of ter-races and "allees" overlooking the lake. few shaggy branches at the very top. From the hills around the lake one has a fine view over the undulating country, and from one The wide walks are bordered by colossal box hedges, fantastically clipped, whose an tiquity (they are many hundred years old) i part of the road one can look quite acro he sound to the coast of Sweden. an excuse for their ugliness. One hedg runs almost across the garden, forming compact, living parapet. The broad allies o no passes a little old stone church, which, hough no history clings to it, catches the poplars and elms are delightful in summ time, when the interlacing branches almost by its picturesqueness. It is in the village of Niddebo, a quaint little place, with some houses painted pink and others covered shut out the sunlight, but when the bought are bare, as now, the effect is almost too weird. On a level space up above the tero the chimneys with ivy. The church lies n the midst of the graveyard, a wild little races rises a slender granite column, raised to the memory of Reventiow, the great Danish statesman, who devoted his life to spot, overgrown with grass and brambles and is built of rough blocks of gray stone the task of giving his country a free constiwith a queer, peaked steeple at one end and tution. From this place one looks over the terraces and the castle, which, seen from for windows a few narrow slits under the

eaves. It is the oddest, pretticst sight imaginable. here, seems to rise from the velvety green of the Queen's isle, a small green garden in the water. South of the King's Garden is the And of spots like this there are many in the north of Zealand. The humble little farm houses, thatched with straw, with Hunter'sHill, likewise a series of irregular terraces, but free and unconfined, with the their small, bleared windows, and cracked walls leaning to one side; beautiful Danish beech trees growing at will Now it is winter, the beech leaves lie in tracked walls wisted, wind-blown willows that bend over odden heaps under the snow, and the boy the tipy pends sunk in the middle of the fields; the wind mills here and there on the rush down the terraces on "aki," but when I first saw the castle it was late autumn, and hills; the quiet, peaceful graveyards sur-rounding the churches, with the tile-roofed steeples, where the stork builds his nest; don't think I can ever forget it as I saw it them. The red walls arose almost sternly from the lake, clearly drawn against the all these help to make a fit setting for the Gem of the North, the begutiful Frederika glowing, sunset sky, the shrubbery in the wild bit of garden outlined in sharp sil-houstle; in the foreground the trees that borg. Frederiksborg, March, 1895. dipped their branches into the still water; in the background the houses of the town, black

against the dazzling light. And then th bluish twilight came, on, and softened the sharp outlines, and lights twinkled in the gray water. It was one of the most beau-tiful pictures I have ever seen. But next to the castle inself the best part

Frederikaborg is the Inclosure. This part of Finderikaborg is the Inclosure. This park is for the greater part level, extending from the canals north of the castle to the open country on one side and a pine forest on the other, separated from the King's Garden by a wide public road. Here are several

All lovers of animals will rejoice to hear that the practice of docking horses' tails is small lakes, and the character of the whole is that of nature in its free state. Graveled gradually being looked upon with disfavor Graveled In Great Britain, and also in America, peoples, in one are awakening to the fact that the graceful walks lead along side of the takes, in one of which is a tiny wooled island, where a summer house is built. On the bank of one swreping tail with which nature has en-dowed it is one of the chief attractions of this noble animal. It is also acruel and lake is "Badstucp" (the bath house), a red-brick pavillion in the same style as the avillion in the same style as the barbarous practice and disfigures this beauti-The rooms here have stone floors, ful and useful creature, the friend as well antle

checkered in black and white, and narrow, barred windows, and one gets the impres-sion rather of a prison than a pleasure deep sorrow we witness the many cruelties. New York World,

was an old gray-bearded darkey, going bom here the house touches upon the street or from his work. Suddenly he stopped, looked driveway, and another opening into the gar-den. The "back yard" is enclosed by a wall or high board fence. Of course, there are exceptions, but this is the rule. It is intently down at something in the white dust and as we came up, he stooped and picked up a horseshoe, at the same time spitting ot so pretty, but gives greater privacy and over his left shoulder.

residents here feel much as I do. But enough "What have you found, Uncle Lige?" my riend asked. Cleveland is so much worse than his party. "''Er hoss shoe, Missy, an' hits gwine ter

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

Hoodoos and Conjurers.

his blunders cannot be reckoned in a partisan bring me good luck, sho', kase I done spit spirit. There may be a more beautiful city than Honolulu, but I haven't seen it. It is a bower of beauty; the homes are all cosy,

and millionaire's children. As for the gar-lens, they are inclosed by hedges, walls, or high board fences. I must say that I like ver my left shoulder." Yes, the superstition among the negroes of his love of privacy-it makes the hom he south is both amusing and pitiful. On a eem more sacred, more one's own. There is a boys' school in Frederiksbory lark night they cannot be induced to pass a 'burying ground," and a house in which which gets its share of renown from the fact that Madvig, the world-famous Latin scholar, was one of its pupils. The school legro has died can seldom be rented to other negroes; they can tell horrible stories of was established by Christian IV, and has hrough all these years been endowed with what they have seen and heard. When legro becomes ill it is at once noised about The that he has been "conjured," and cannot re oys there are very proud of their famous ellow pupil, and tell me stories of how cover as long as the "spell" lasts. The negro

'conjurer" is a prominent personage. He is eared and obeyed, for all the darkies stand Madvig translated novels into Latin and nade rules for his teachers to follow. Not far from Frederiksborg is Lake Es in mortal terror of his power. He is sup om, on whose bank one can still see ruin f the great, rich, monastery, whose fa or hored to passess power to cause one to los property, to become sick or to be follower nonks ruled for many centuries over the v an evil spirit.

pitality of Admiral Beardsley, Captain Cot-ton and other officers of the ship, in a fine lage of Esrom is a double door of massiv There is an ancient negro living in Barren reception and dancing party given on board cunty, Kentucky, who once belonged to the the Philadelphia on April 4. Several hundred guests present. "Fetching gowns." "Flash-ing electric lights." The word "Aloha" Bailey family, and at the close of the war took the name of William Bailey. He is arved oak, which has been taken from the among the trees the white turrets of Fredmore than 80 years old, but continues to practice his magic among the "coons," just meaning loving welcome and all other kinds eriksborg, the summer residence of the king of sweet words according to the context) greeted us in many colored lights amid the artistically draped flags of all nations. Mr. as he did during slave times. He places a which has lately been an objec ball of hair on a fire, sprinkles sulphur over the hair and bends over the flames, mutter-ing some nonzensical words. When the f considerable interest, owing to the lovely Szar Alexander III, bore to the lovely castle. Here, the czar spent at least a few and Mrs. Dimond gave us a large party on April 9.. Their home formerly belonged to April 9. Their home formerly belonged to the Princess Ruth. It is large and original, negroes see these proceedings they are on the lookout for misfortunes and any trivial the szarina, who is a daughter of the Danish king, and many are the anecdotes the peo-ple around here tell of the big, strong czar. and when ablaze with electric lights, with flags, flowers and ferns galore, then its rooms, loss happening about this time is at once placed at the door of the conjurer. They know he is angry with some one of them and on its 400 feet of plaza room, the effect was very fine. Thirteen tables of sixhanded euchre were scattered about and many guests and is putting them under his "spell." I once heard a servant girl, who was angry are clad with forests. The road thereto leads now through dark pine woods, now through groves of beeches. Here and there, towering did not play. with the lady to whom she was hired, say "If I could jes git three hairs from he head I'd put her under a spell, sho." above the other trees, one sees the straight, slender trunk of an old pine, not unlike a huge telegraph pole, maked, except for the

Night before last we attended a genuine native feast given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gillig of New York City, and our-selves. There were forty plates on the table In a town in southern Kentucky an amus ing trial is now going on. The charge (we did not sit on the floor, but in all par-ticulars the feast was the true Hawaiian under false pretenses. He is a large, well built negro, about 40 years old and named was at-Tuanu," pronounced luer ow). ended at the table by a most kindly Bob. He was never known to do a day's hard labor, nor can he call a dollar his own, yet, like many others of his color, he hieftain whe has enjoyed an income of from \$40,000 to \$50,000 yearly from a sugar planta.

He began to eat his calabash of "pci" with ives as well as those who work daily. he same town lives an honest, hard-working i fork, as a gracious compliment to my Americanism, but when he saw I intended arthy" was very superstitious and in this Marthy" to try to do as Romans do in Rome, he went at it naturally with his fingers, and I couldn't he saw an opportunity to make money. So he went to her and told her that he knew an old darkey who hated her and who was eat, for admiration and wonder. His dexterity and grace in landing the slippery stuff in making preparations to "conjure" her. And he also told her that he was the only one is mouth was a marvel to me.

It can never be sure of its landing in my, I can never be sure of its landing in my, mouth, even with a spoon. We have a friend here, Mr. H. F. Wichman, who owns as large and handsome a jewelry store as any in Omaha. He designs and manufactures many who possessed the power to break this spell and that he would do so for \$2 per week. Aunt Marthy was much alarmed and readily comised the required amount, glad to have scaped the clutches o fite conjurer. The poor woman toiled all the harder and worked spoons; perhaps a spoon with a fence around it for Americans to eat "pol" with may be one of his noveities in the future. later to support her family and be ready with the \$2 every Saturday night.

Today Mrs. Dimond and I are invited to a reception given by Mrs. Dole, wife of the president, "to meet Mrs. and Miss Sever-ance," the cards read. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Dole socially and After this deception had gone on for a year or more a gentleman, to whose family Aunt Marthy had belonged in the old days. asked her what she did with her money She was complaining of the hard times and have come to regard her as a delightful woman. She is from "down in Maine." Yankees are ubiquitous and ken, clever and companionable wherever you meet them. Yesterday we took a trip up the Pali in company with friends. I wish I had time o tell you of it, as I never before saw any-hing like the grandeur of the panorama thing like the grandeur of the top that presents itself when you reach the top It awed me into he subtle heavenly essence of the "White 'ity" under its best conditions.

LIZZIE PORTER.

scrawl-lt's not even worth an apology. But if your editorial committee will slash it, cut it, boil it down and write it over possibly you'll find something hidden in it werhoalty out of which to concert a letter Camden house, Chiselhurst, England, once the residence of Napoleon and Eugenie, has verbosity out of which to concert a letter from "our special correspondent in Hono-luiu," who knows she can't write one, but is nevertheless a most sincere friend of the ecently been redecorated and transformed nto a club house for golf players. The trawing room, where many illustrious people have been entertained, is now used as a women who propose to oust Brothers Rose-water, Haines, Snyder and all the other competent editors of The Omaha Bee and run things to suit themselves for one day, Your constituency will say, "Let go" after one base, I fear, if many of your co-laborers billiard room. A Paris house of interest to Americans because Victor Hugo lived in it during the last years of his life and died Avenue Victor Hugo, was owned by the Prince de Lusignan, and brought \$40,000 .- are as studid as your affectionate sister, New York World. JENNETTE ROBERTSON HIGLEY.

was asking help, knowing that she would never be refused by "Young Master," as the sons of ex-slave holders are still called y their former slaves. In reply to his nestion Aunt Marthy burst into tears and old him the whole story. She had been afraid to tell before for she had supposed here was none who had sufficient power to lefy the conjurer. Bob was arrested and will probably serve time in the penitentiary. These are only a few of the many super-I won't apologize for this hastily written litions existing today among the negroe

the south.

A Plea for flumb Animals "The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the earth beneath. It is twice blessed, it blesseth him that gives and him that takes Tis mightlest in the mighty. We do pray for metcy, We do pray for mercy, And that same prayer doth teach all to

INGEBORG ANDREWS.

the

the

On the way from Frederiksborg to Esret

render The deeds of mercy."

Denmark,