WHEN HORSES SHALL HAVE NO BURDENS.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

(Copyright, 1896, by Clinton Ross.)

I had stopped that afternoon at the Van Brules for tea, where I had mentioned incidentally that I was going to Abyssinia. I said this because I thought that moment that I should. Just then Dick's little sister, Mildred, came in, and I noticed for the hundredth time how pretty she was—in the way that little girls of 14 sometimes are. I regretted I was so tremendously old. I was 30 that day, and as I say I wished I were 20 as I looked at the demure little Van Brule. In ten years she would be 24, but I should be 40. That consoled me a bit, for 40 is not too old for a man to have hopes of a girl of 24. I said again I was going to Abyssinia, when Mildred opened her eyes very wide.

"Oh, that's so awfully far, Mr. Forsythe!" she said.

I put on all the air of Othello then, and talked darkly and mysteriously of far lands. "I shall call on my return," said I.

"How long will that be?" asked little Mildred.

"Six—ten years," said I, thinking more earnestly as I said it that I wished I could drop those tiresome years, and meet Mildred that much older.

On my way down I stopped at one of my clubs, where, it being about 6 o'clock, I found a lot of men just up from down town, when I announced again I was going to Abyssinia—although indeed I had no particular intention to do so; and they knowing me, in fact scouted the notion.

"Oh, you won't, Tom," somebody cried. Then Jenkins, a tutor in Columbia, said something about cathode rays, which led to the discussion of other wonders, and we fell into the mood of prophesying. Somebody talked about air ships, and another of the horseless carriage contest.

"Oh, they never will succeed," said Jenkins, with the assurance of a scientific person who, living in the midst of wonders, only believes the at present demonstrable; the scientific temperament is sometimes queer; very insistent on the limitation of the known.

"I wish I could go to sleep for ten years," I remember saying. "There won't be a horse on the street then."

"Oh, get out," said Jenkins.

"Were there many bicycles ten years ago?" I queried.

"Oh, that's different," cried our student of actual facts.

"Well, it may be," said I, for I never enter into discussions; they are too wearisome, and it's more comfortable to yield even several points.

"By the way, I may not be in here in ten years. I am going to Abyssinia. The mood for travel may last for ten years, you know." I was still thinking of little Mildred, so I repeated myself.

And on the way up the avenue I kept wishing I could stop those ten years, when I saw on a window, above a milliner's store, the sign, "D. Daroedi, Hypnotist." That was a rather unusual sign ten years ago, when hypnotism was not the regular recognized profession it is now. Impulsively I went up the stairs over the milliner's and pushed the bell indicated. A thin, dark individual, with piercing eyes, admitted me.

"Hum, Mr. Daroedi?" said I.

"Yes, sir," he answered, with an accent that I tried to place.

"I saw your sign," said I.

"Oh, yes. It's rather a novelty now. It won't be in ten years. How can I serve you, sir?" he added in the most matter-of-fact manner, as if he were a broker asking what I wished him to buy.

"If you don't mind," said I, "I would like to be projected ten years into the future."

"That, sir, is very easy. My fee, however—we might as well mention it to prevent misunderstanding—is $100 for each year—$1,000."

He said this most professionally.

"Oh, well," said I, "let's try it. But where shall it be?"

"Here, if you like, sir. I have rooms specially arranged for ten-year sleeps. You know I have bought this property, and have arranged the house for subjects."

"Have you?" said I, yet I remember without particular surprise. "No, I don't know that I have heard. As for the fee—well perhaps that's not exorbitant., I suppose there's no danger of oversleeping."

"None, sir," said Dr. Daroedi. "The trouble with the hypnotic science is that there are so many quacks in it. Now, I am entirely reliable, sir. The thing is done on scientific principles."

I was not listening, but thinking of little Mildred Van Brule. Ten years, eh? Perhaps she would be married to another. I would risk it. Why shouldn't I? My property all was in long-time bonds and mortgages. Ten years wouldn't matter. The doctor's manner, too, gave confidence.

"I agree to the fee," said I at last. "I am ready, doctor."

"Very well, sir," he said. "Now oblige me by coming in here."

We entered a room bare of everything save a reclining chair, like a dentist's.

"Now oblige me, sir, by taking the chair."

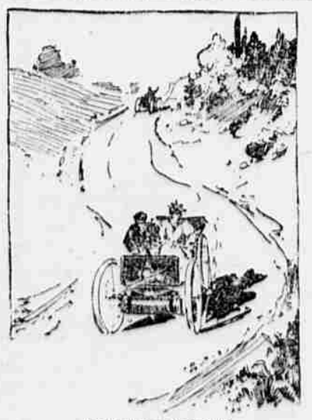
"The operation is painless?" said I.

"Entirely so. Oblige me by looking pleasant. Ah, that's it. Now you know, this is a suspension of animation—that's all. You'll wake up ten years from now, but not 10 years older."

"That's what I want," I cried, delighted. "Are you ready, sir?"

"Quite."

He made some passes with his hands—not at all like the orthodox mesmerist's; and I lost consciousness. The sensation was indeed much like that occurring when taking dental gas; and, as I say, the chair was like a dental chair. But of course everybody now knows the details of an hypnotic office.



THE ELOPEMENT.

I awoke out of it as if I had been simply in a long deep slumber, with a sense of complete rest—awoke with the consciousness of the same eyes on me that lulled into the slumber.

"Good afternoon," said he affably, and added as if this were a mere commonplace, "it's the year 1906."

I listened to this statement with no particular surprise. For I seemed to have left all surprise at anything.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I remember."

"You are not a year older," Dr. Daroedi continued. "As I said, ten years ago, animation simply has been suspended—that is all. You will go out into the world and find your acquaintances aged by 10 years."

He looked at me shrewdly for a moment. I noticed how still everything was; the rattle of the town seemed to have become much subdued—or was I mistaken?

"I suppose it is a Sunday."

"No, a Wednesday—four of the afternoon of the season. Look."

He led the way to the window and I looked out at his bidding on a scene that seemed strange enough. There was the same parade as of ten years before—but all had changed. The endless line of carriages of Fifth avenue in the season was there; a horseless parade. On the boxes were the usual lackeys in buff, black, green and blue liveries; but they were propelled noiselessly over the paving on pneumatic tires. I understood then.

"The clatter of hoofs no longer exists," said I.

"Exactly. Excepting among the very rich, the horse has ceased to be. He is used for sports—for hunting. You may see him in menageries—but never on the town streets. By the way, Mr. Forsythe, if you will step into that room, you will find some clothes of the present mode. I try to please my patrons in every detail."

I stepped into the room, changed my clothes, and came out to find my doctor rubbing his hands in the most self-satisfied manner.

"It succeeded, eh?"

"Yes, perfectly," I said. I had looked into a mirror to find myself not a whit older, and I drew without demur the check for the amount stipulated; and then went down into the street—the same street indeed—save for several high new buildings—save for those silently propelled vehicles. Friction, too, seemed to have been eliminated. I called one of these apparently self-propelled hansoms. As the fellow drew up to the curb, I forgot myself.

"Where are the horses?"

"Ler, sir; 'osses?" said the little Englishman in the seat, staring his astonishment.

"You see I've been in Abyssinia."

"Hi dare say, sir, the h'old ways h'are there."

"Yes," said I; for I thought it would be easier to say I had been ten years on my travels; I recollected I must give some explanation. I told him to drive me to the club I had left ten years—or the night, my night—before. Silently we wended our way among the vehicles. The thing seemed odd at first; but I saw it was all a noiseless electric motor. The coachmen at least were changeless, and sat their boxes with the same imperturbable faces. But the horses had vanished; no longer need one's sympathies stir at the abused cab horse; no longer cry out at the over-laden truck. We passed an art dealer's window where was displayed a great canvas with the inscription, "Fifth Avenue in 1896." There I saw in one fleeting glimpse the street I had known; the old parade under the old conditions. A curious crowd were lined in front of the window making the same comments that one in 1896 might have made of a picture of Broadway in the gone day of lumbering stages.

"Yes, that drive was very curious to me then. I'll confess I had not become quite accustomed to the many changes. But when we reached the club door, I tried to act as if I took all as a matter of course. Some men were about the room as I entered—my acquaintances ten years older.

"By jove, Forsythe," they cried.

"Yes, just back from—hum, yes, Abyssinia."

"You seem to have found the secret of perpetual youth," said one.

"Oh, I have had a very restful time," I said truly; and then I proceeded to improvise about my travels. Suddenly I remembered that Wednesday was Mrs. Van Brule's afternoon. I still thought of little Mildred. The same man was waiting for me outside, and at my order he started his hansom, when presently we drew up at the Van Brule door. A young lady was there; a young lady I knew, and yet did not know.

She remembered me.

"Mr. Forsythe!" she cried. "I never shall forget you. You are back?"

"Back from Abyssinia," I said again, thinking that a likely land for the explanation of a long absence. She was simply delightful, and there was now no space of years between us; a girl of 24 is anybody's age,—who is not a Methuselah. I was still 30, although ten years had passed since my last birthday. Yet I believe I found my fund of small talk rather exhausted; for small talk is made up of present day trivialities. I saw I should soon master the new-fashioned small talk, having had an aptitude for the old fashion.

"Do you wheel, Miss Mildred?" I asked inadvertently.

She stared at me a moment.

"Oh, that's all gone out. Of course they may in Abyssinia."

"Yes," said I, somewhat phased, "they still do in Abyssinia."

What else could I say indeed?

"I do ride a bicycle carriage. It's taken the place of the saddle, and of the old bicycles, you know," Mildred explained kindly. "But it isn't so much fun, it just carries you to places."

"I hope sports haven't died out in New York," I said, weakly.

"Oh, no. Golf, and walk for exercise. You know walking has become quite a fad now. In fact, people depend on horses and their own muscles for active sports. Yet there's a lot of skill in driving a horseless carriage. Horseless carriage racing tracks exist everywhere, you know."

"Of course," said I; "I know, of course."

I became more and more interested—no, I think infatuated, nor did her eyes deny me.

From that day I fell easily into the new ways. I had, you know, the blase man's manner of expressing surprise only at the proper surprises. The town had become horseless. Only at the circus at Madison Square Garden did the crowd see horses as if they were the most unusual creatures in the world. One day I remember I went with Mildred to see some maneuvers of Squadron A in their armory. I then learned for the first time that modern cavalry used motor-driven wheels almost entirely.

In fact, horseless vehicles in 1906 are used for trucks, drays, by farmers for plows. I had several delightful rides on a wheel propelled by a motor with Mildred, you may be sure, drives when I lived in a fool's paradise, when we wove skilfully up hill and down dale. There was a great deal of sport in it, too. And she was not averse to me, I know now. But her family had promised her to Smythe. I had despairful hours when I knew this, you may believe, and then one day—we were driving in the park, in the Van Brule landau—I told her all, while the coachman before us sat sturdily at the helm. She looked her reply, and I knew she was mine. Yet, if she were, we were separated by her promise to Smythe; and then that happened of which I am a bit ashamed—yet it left me glad for the rest of my life. I mean I question the methods by which I gained her; yet even as a question, I know I should do the very same again despite all reasons.

I had it all planned when I accepted Jack Dalton's suggestion to go up with him into Westchester, where we had a three days' invitation to the Van Brules'. My man and trap were already up there waiting my order; and Mildred, too, knew. A certain young and sentimental clergyman had agreed to perform the ceremony. Yet when Dalton's coach started that day from the Waldorf corner I think no one as much as suspected me.

Now I had reasoned about it with myself. I had said that it was a dishonorable thing to do, and then I knew—as I have written here before—that nothing, not even honor—mattered so much as Mildred.

In my absorption I did not notice what Dalton on the box seat said at first; and then I understood he was explaining how much better fun it was to drive a coach in the new way than to rein a four.

"Yes, I dare say," I remember I said, looking out on the noiseless upper avenue. "It's a new skill, though. How little we even imagined it ten years ago?"

"Fact," said Jack, skillfully guiding his coach through a crowd of vehicles. "I then never could have imagined the sport of this thing." We were gliding swiftly now along the east drive, and then out onto the stretch of the boulevard. Several coaches passed, every one propelled in the new way to which as I say I was now accustomed.

The boulevard chanced to be crowded that afternoon. Once we nearly had a smash with a careless fellow who was plainly in the wrong. So the policeman thought, for he directed his machine to the other, quickly overtaking him, and the last we saw of our careless gentleman was the policeman leaping quickly from his own to the other wagon and grasping the offender by the collar. I remember an ambulance came rolling along, and as I saw the uniformed man guiding it, I wondered what suffering or misery it signified. And then we were out of the town. At one place two horses—kept by some fancier as pets—stood sleek, well content, the old burdens banished from their lives, looking complacently at the horseless coach. I tell these things as they impressed me—as things will when really you may be absorbed with some imperiant topic. That topic was my plot. It left me serious as I thought of it; of how false I should be did I run away with Mildred. And yet really there appeared no other way. I only could get that one chance.

A mail wagon went by.

"Is there a mail service so far up country as this?" I asked Jenkins; Jenkins, who believed now in a horseless world because it had been demonstrated.

"Oh, my dear fellow, to be sure you have been in Abyssinia so long! Owing to horseless wagons the postal service reaches from house to house. There is a country cab service, you know, too, enabling one to go absolutely in any direction."

"I should think it would affect the railroads," I said stupidly.

"Well, it hasn't so much," said Jenkins. "The railroads still are the great distributors. But from every station they run lines of horseless trucks and cabs—so that on many of the lines you can buy tickets to your door."

So this dogmatical professer—for he has gained a chair—chattered on, giving me the information a man who had been so long away might require.

But I, as I said, did not listen; for I was thinking of Mildred—the dear little Mildred—whom my ten years' sleep had brought to my age; yet that same blessed oblivious ten years had entangled her with Smythe. I had returned to the world just too late, it seemed, unless we should dare. For in a week Mildred was to marry another, unless I should prevent it; and Mildred was willing, I should try.

And so we covered those Westchester roads; and so Jenkins talked dogmatically of horseless wagons—and now and then I say—a horse would look out on the ingenious machines that had taken away his harder labors.

"You see the fun of the thing is that we are not wearing out flesh and blood," said Jenkins, pointing to the horse in the field.

"Oh, yes, of course," said I, absently—still thinking of Mildred.

I think when I saw her two hours later she never had appeared more beautiful. My compunctions vanished when she whispered as we stood by ourselves:

"It's for you, Tom. If I be false to Jim Smythe, at least I shall make you happy. Duty begins and ends there."

I wanted to say a deal, but I couldn't when the whole room was outside that alcove. I only whispered for her to be on the veranda after dinner. How long that dinner seemed; how anxiety for our plan troubled! Did the Van Brules suspect! I looked at Van Brule, pater, but he apparently didn't, and who could suspect all that was behind Mildred's demureness. But at last the endless courses ended; nothing can be endless it seems. And then Mildred was on the veranda. I told her my man waited with a horseless cart at the end of the lane.

"I am ready, Tom," she said a minute after, returning with a wrap.

Yes, my cart was there, and then we were started, the groom behind, I at the helm. Yet we had not gone far before we were followed.

"Thank heaven," said dear Mildred, "there are no horses to kill."

"Only a machine," said I, bending to my duty. Mildred was mine. The cart might wear out, but I should not lose her now.

"There's a short cut, if you take the first turn to the left," said Simpson, the groom, entering into the spirit of the adventure.

It was a little wooded lane into which we turned. Would they, too? Mildred clung to me, and the moonshine showed us chasing there between wood and field—Simpson behind with erect head and folded arms. If the Sleepy Hollow schoolmaster could have come to life how he would have run from that apparition—stranger than any headless horseman—of a horseless cart.

And still it is in this year, 1906 that fortune smiles on those that dare.

Soon we saw the lights of the little old church. For I had been careful to have the church opened.

"If we run away, Tom, we certainly must have it in a church," Mildred had said.

With beating hearts we drew up before this old church. Simpson jumped down to the cart's head.

"We've beaten 'em," he said, with excitement.

Inside my young clergyman was waiting expectantly. An half-dozen of my friends were there to give the occasion a certain formality. The little organ pealed out the march, and the little organist looked about smiling excitedly on us.

At the altar Mildred and I met, and that was said which I never shall regret.

But as the organ pealed out again we heard a great disturbance at the door. Van Brule, pater, entered aghast; yet, only for a moment, and then, with the cleverness that turns defeat to victory, he said urbanely.

"Hum, I see I'm ten minutes too late, and I supposed I had the fastest light wagon in Westchester. Well, you've won fairly. Bless you my children."

So we won; and we rolled back to Van Brule manor a happy family party; and Van Brule, pater, contented himself with saying: "At least this is the first elopement that has been made in a horseless cart. Tom, I believe that cart of yours is worth $1,500."

I looked back, for Simpson was driving it just behind. Then I looked at Mildred.

"Sir, I wouldn't take $15,000 for it. When it has passed its days of usefulness it shall repose in my stable in a comfortable old age."

"No, Tom, we never can sell it," Mildred said. "It brought our happiness."

Now Mildred said this I am sure, but it was Jenkins' voice that interrupted—Jenkins who shook me.

"Oh, I say, Forsythe, it's 10 o'clock. You seem to have an old man's trick of going to sleep in your chair."

"Asleep?" said I looking at the club clock. "Yes, I have been asleep for ten years, I believe. Oh, do you know how the horseless carriage contest came out today?"

He began to express some views, while I heard the clatter of the town—the beat of many hoofs that will end when horses no longer shall have burdens, when the changing world shall have exercised its ingenuity so that the hard tasks all shall be done by machinery—when the reincarnated Lochinvar no longer shall carry his lady across the saddle bow, but shall place her on the comfortable cushions of his motor-driven cart—which shall be both vehicle and steed—when the good horse still shall be our companion in the exhilarating exercises, but when Mr. Bergh's good and famous society shall have outlived the day of half its usefulness.

WHEN HORSES SHALL HAVE NO BURDENS.

BITS OF FEMININE GOSSIP.

Countess Adeline Schimmelmann, a native of Denmark, has become celebrated on the European continent for her consistent devotion to a high ideal. The countess discovered in the fishermen of the Baltic fellow creatures who stood peculiarly in need of help. These fishermen had no other homes than their boats and no friends but the tavern keepers. The countess fitted up houses, supplied nourishing and cheap food and improvised some of the recreations of a club. In short, she performed for these seafaring folk single handed the same kind of services that Lady Ashburton and other philanthropic persons do for the sailors whose business brings them to the port of London. The countess, however, undertook her mission with peculiar thoroughness. She exiled herself from her friends, shared the privations of the fisher folk, spent her fortune on the work and encountered inevitably much opposition from the publicans and other interests to which her policy was injurious.

For eighteen years Countess Adeline acted as maid of honor to the late Empress Augusta at the German court, and the Emperor Frederick described her as "the most highly favored young lady of Germany and of several other kingdoms besides." It is to the Empress Augusta's influence in a very high degree that the countess attributes her desire for the life she is now leading.

Many people who have admired the character of Portia are not aware that about the date when the "Merchant of Venice" may be supposed to have exhibited his gaberdine on the Rialto there actually existed great female lawyers in the neighboring city of Bologna. Prof. Calderina, who held the chair of jurisprudence in that university in 1360, and Prof. Novello, who occupied it in 1366, were not only celebrated for their legal lore and skill, but, if we may trust their portraits, were exceedingly beautiful women, with noble Greek profiles, dressed in a style which actresses who portray the part of Shakespeare's heroine might copy without disadvantage.

Some of the delicate batiste and grass linen toilets made up over silk of a contrasting color—pink, green, mauve, etc.—are exceedingly dressy in effect, being trimmed with rich laces put on in points and insertions, with full lace shoulder capes or fichus, or short rounded berthas, with handsome ribbon sashes to a finish. Some of these toilets have yokes and bretelles of soft ecru guipure, and the very full gigot sleeves have lace arranged in deep Vandykes at the wrists and around the neck.

Velvet capes are very fashionable for early spring wear. They are short and full, are lined with light-hued silk and are lavishly trimmed with ecru or black lace, with full ruches of chiffon lace and ribbon around the neck. A new idea that promises to be popular is the placing of a huge bow of satin ribbon at the back of the neck and continuing the ends to the waist line, from there falling in long ends low on the dress skirt. Then strings are placed under the bow at the waist and are secured in the front under the caps, and the possibilities of having one's cap suddenly envelop one's head at the discretion of a heavy puff of wind are dismissed.

The princess of Wales has a dairy, where she and her daughters sometimes make, with their own hands, delicious butter. The description of one of the rooms, with its tiled walls, marble counters, silver pans and silver churns, almost turns one's head, but good, substantial butter comes from this very room when the princess honors it with her working presence. In an adjoining room the usual family supply of butter is made by other than royal hands.

Through the efforts of the Chicago Woman's club notices against spitting, bearing the endorsement of the Board of Health, have been posted in the street cars of that city.

Mrs. John Hamlin of Great Bend, Pa., owing to an attack of paralysis of the vocal cords, lost the power of speech several months ago. Eminent specialists were employed to aid her, but without success. Several days ago Mrs. Hamlin desired to correct her husband's political views. She became very much excited, and her voice returned to her as suddenly as it had left her. There are several morals to this tale which need not be pointed out to the thoughtful reader.

Mrs. Emmons of Chicago, wife of Rev. A. H. Emmons, a Baptist minister of Hyde Park, Ill., has just been offered the position of superintendent of an Arizona gold mine. If she accepts she will be the first woman to hold such a place.

The "Prophetess," Mlle. Couesdon, has been asked by the city fathers to resign her position as direct representative of the Angel Gabriel. This gifted (or possibly up-to-date fake would be better) medium has been distributing tips on the races, locating lost love or other articles without any charge for some days. Between the blocking of the street and the general disturbance caused by her unseen attendants, the authorities were able to get an excuse to request her to go back to Gabriel. Seriously, she was very successful in whatever she attempted to tell. Every class of society was represented among her patrons, savants, clergy and all the rest, and so far did the enthusiasm go that it was necessary for the bishop to issue an order that priests must not attend.

It takes eighty cows to furnish the milk supply needed at Vassar college.

A new wrinkle about palms which a London florist indorses is that the leaves should be washed, not with pure water, but with milk and water, which has a wonderful way of preserving them and preventing the appearance of the brown spots which are so disfiguring. Another suggestion about plants is that a little cold coffee poured over the earth at the roots occasionally will be found beneficial. Coffee is a good fertilizer. This treatment is specially recommended for hyacinths.

A music box on wheels is the latest Parisian curiosity. Mlle. Sincere, dressed in red satin knickerbockers, gold bodice, with sleeves of red satin, hose of black thread and cap a la jockey, can be seen every day mounted on a tricycle. Over the back wheels is the music box, not unlike the ordinary street affair, except this one is of very good tone and has a long repertoire. A small belt connects the axle with the crank of the box, and, as the machine is propelled along, the music peals forth. The gay performer is rather good looking and the color catch the working people. Her sleeves are no end of wonder to the little girls, literally two balloons, and big ones at that, anchored to the handle bars. As she circles about to the strains of "Paradise Alley," the gorgeous costume looks a little bit out of place. At the close of all the favorite cafe chantant airs, and two from America, she rolls slowly through the crowd, and many a coin drops into the jockey cap. In these later days Mother Goose will have to revise her songs:

"Ride a cockhorse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

Is by no means fin de siecle.

Lace is the rage. It is bought and used by the league and will play a prominent part in the gowning of simple day costumes, as well as elaborate evening toilets, and it is employed alike for hats, bonnets, parasols, gowns, fancy waists, lingerie, summer capes, Etons and jacket bodices. Lace appliques appear upon pretty summer dress skirts, and insertion laces are everywhere. Deep lace flounces fall from the half-low bodice and droop over the full puffed sleeves. Likewise are seen on new fashionable gowns draperies of chiffon and mousselaine de soie, and cascades and jabots of tulle, edged with laces of fine silk.

A discussion has arisen in London as to whether the cleaning of bikes should be included among the duties of the servants in a household. The servants are much opposed to it. In some instances the masters and mistresses maintain that the servants are justified in making objection. Others contend that the cleaning of a wheel should be a regular part of the duties of the servants. What is regarded as a settler in the way of argument is that no men or women with proper sporting instincts will permit any person to handle their bikes, even for the purpose of cleaning them, except themselves.

An English woman, Miss Eccles, has been making an interesting classification of the different types of "pretty women," and has made the depressing discovery that most pretty women are unpopular; that to be thoroughly winning a woman must be plain. The "professional beauty," she sadly asserts, is not liked by women or men, and even the girl who is called "fetching" will ultimately be distanced by her sensibly unattractive sister."

A medal of honor has been awarded by the French minister of war to Miss Christine Byam for her care of the French officers and soldiers while in the English hospital at Seavinandriana, in Madagascar.

A Philadelphia woman who suffered from spinal curvature for about twenty-one years stooped down the other day to button her shoes, and now finds herself cured.

The cordial spirit of reciprocity and camaraderie which is more and more signalizing the woman's club movement was evidenced recently in the great club gathering in Utica. The New Century club of that place threw open its beautiful clubhouse for a reception to twenty-six clubs of central New York, and entertained about 300 persons.

A New York physician, who devotes most of his attention to neurotic ailments, is warm in his recommendation of bicycling, tennis playing and horseback riding as a cure for the "thrills" from which so many women suffer. What he calls "thrills" is a species of disease known as "house nerves," differing from it only in that it comes from a dull existence generally. He says that many women who are out every day, but whose duties keep them in a groove, suffer from "thrills" as much as the housewife who hardly ever leaves her home.

It is all very well to talk about governing by kindness. There are some children who have to be spanked. No moral suasion would ever appeal to them, though you couldn't make their grandmothers think so.

A writer of note says that "science has come forward and declared perfumes healthy. A learned Italian has discovered that cherry, laurel, clover, geranium, lavender, mint, juniper, lemon, lemon verbena, fennel, sage and bergamot exercise a healthy influence upon humanity by converting the oxygen into ozone, and thus increasing its oxydizing influence. In the perfumes just mentioned there is a large quantity of ozone. Among those which he also favors as of aid in this manner, but to a lesser degree, are anise, nutmeg and thyme. Among flowers that are medicinally qualified are the hyacinth, mignonette, lily-of-the-valley—all of which have ozone-enclosed vessels."

Every woman, before she starts out for her spring shopping, should "read, mark, and inwardly digest" Aunt Lavinia's trenchant remarks on the bonnet question in the book "For Plain Women Only." "Above all things," says this clever woman, "the ideal hat is simple in construction and shape. Let the material be as costly as you please—no properly understood hat or bonnet can afford to be anything but simple and single-minded in the impression it produces. Overabundance is the abomination of desolation, and confusion of idea has been the death warrant of many a blameless bonnet. For, consider, the object of its existence is to surmount, to crown and frame a human countenance. And if that face be beautiful already, what possible collection of beads, straw, fur, moss, plovers' eggs, pink roses, and plumage is likely to draw closer attention to the lovely and delicate lines beneath? And if the face be irregular in shape, faded or muddy in color, unfortunate in length or size or breadth, what concatenation of the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms is calculated to lead away the critical eye to some happier point in the wearer's anatomy. No, Theodore. A woman's headgear must be simple in outline and simple in effect. It must appear the result of a decorative impulse, not the madness of a natural history museum. And it must—it must be personal. The properly trained woman," said my aunt solemnly, "would no more accept a bonnet which she had not devised, suggested or selected, than she would accept a husband because that was the style of man people were marrying this spring."

The late Mrs. E. Marvin, who recently died at Kirkwood, Mo., was an elder sister of the late ex-President Hayes. When the civil war broke out she was living with a family of southern sympathizers in Illinois. Rutherford B. Hayes, as is well known, was a strong union man, and became a successful officer in the northern army. His sister did not forgive him for taking the side of the government, and they were never reconciled.

A widow of 40 at Richmond, Ky., married her 15-year-old brother-in-law, and the same day another widow of 55 at Lorraine, O., was joined in bands of wedlock to a youth of 20. This is one of the serious phases of leap year.

Old coins are well imitated in the latest fashionable buttons.

A narrow, hard bed is said to be the best preventive of bad figures. If one can also forego pillows, so much the better. Women with round shoulders and double chins have a means provided for their cure if they are heroic enough to give up the downy couch in which they revel. When one thinks of it, the place and position in which one spends a third of every twenty-four hours must have an effect upon the figure.

The empress of Russia is nearly two inches taller than her husband, and is just the kind of a figure to "carry off" a $200,000 coronation robe.

The Swedish Ladies' Society for the Protection of Animals had, the other day in Stockholm, a meeting where a large number of cooks were present, who were enlightened by a lecture as to the least cruel manner to handle live animals, poultry, fish, and crustaceans in the kitchen.

The white-veiled woman will have to pay for her caprice this summer. It has been discovered that whereas it is possible to wear cheap colored veils with more or less impunity, the white veil needs to be good to be even tolerable. White, of course, is a generic term, the species including cream, ecru, butter color, and even a very light tan. The veils range in price from $1 to $15, which is freely asked for some especial confection with hand-wrought lace edges and figures. A curious effect of the milk-white veil is that it heightens the fairness of a blonde face and adds a becoming tinge of duskiness to an olive complexion. It seems to have the curious quality of bringing out the typical characteristic of a good complexion. The woman who is sallow or whose skin has that lifeless tint possessed by some blondes whose beauty has passed need not hope for a magic effect from this veil.

A theater is going up in Paris to which only women are to be admitted. Now the hat question can be fought out on its own ground without prejudice.

Even the apparently cast-iron traditional wedding customs are subject to slight ripples of change in these variety-seeking days. At a London wedding not very long ago a younger sister of the bride gave her away—in default of other relative. It is also getting to be much in vogue to have no wedding reception immediately following the ceremony. The much more sensible plan of deferring it until the return of the young pair from their bridal trip has been observed in a number of instances. The reception then takes place at the bride's residence, and is, in fact, merely the actual ceremony festivity postponed.

The King's Daughters a few days ago celebrated their tenth anniversary in New York.

BACKACHE

WHY? Because your Liver and Kidneys are out of order

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM

is the "PEERLESS REMEDY" for curing ailments of the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Bright's Disease.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE AT $1.00 PER BOTTLE

THE Dr. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Leading Business Men of Grand Island, Neb.

ABSTRACT OF TITLE.
Wm. Frank, Hedde Bldg.
Hathaway & Letson, Security Bldg.
ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Equitable M. A. Ass'n, A. L. Sheetz, Sec.
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
Upperman & Leiser, Pine St.
ATTORNEYS.
R. R. Horth, Security Bldg.
W. A. Prince, Michelson's Blk.
E. E. Thompson, over 1st Nat'l. bank.
Geo. H. Thummel, G. I. Banking Bldg.
J. H. Worley, over G. I. Banking Co.
BAKERIES.
The Vienna, 109-111 N. Locust St.
BANKS.
Bank of Commerce, S. W. Cor. 3rd & Sycamore Sts.
First National Bank, 114 W 3rd St.
Citizens' National, E. M. Westervelt, Receiver.
Grand Island Banking Co., Cor 3rd & Spruce Sts.
BARBERS.
C. E. Bass, Cor. Locust & 3rd Sts
J. M. Brothers, 110 N. Pine St.
S. W. Johnson, 212 E. 3rd St.
W. C. Nelson, Palmer House.
E. A. Phillips, 105 E. 3rd St.
O. H. Tracy, 3 doors S. Kochler hotel.
BATHS.
C. E. Bass, Cor. Locust and 3rd Sts.
E. A. Phillips, 105 E. 3rd St.
BICYCLES
M. Renick, 112 N. Locust St.
BLACKSMITHING & WAGONMAKING.
Krall & Heidkamp, Cor. Q & Locust Sts
E. Sorenson, 201 N. Pine St.
M. C. Spethmann, Sycamore St.
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
Gem Book Store, 112 W. 3rd St.
J. H. Mullin, AGT. BEE, 113 W. 3rd St.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
Decatur & Bugler, 110 E. 3rd St.
H. H. Glover, 201-205 W. 3rd St.
Wolf Lebovitz, 119 E. 3rd St.
Sarbach & Friend, E. 3rd St.
S. N. Wolbach, 101-105 W. 3rd St.
BROKERS.
L. C. Brown, 202 E. 3rd St.
Dill & Huston, 107 W. 3rd St.
Geo. D. Hetzel, 108 N. Locust St.
BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION.
The Equitable, 320 W. 3rd St.
BUSINESS COLLEGE.
Grand Island Normal and Business College, 307 W. 3rd St.
BUTTER, EGGS & POULTRY—WHOLESALE.
Watson & Campbell, 109 W. 2nd St.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.
G. W. Bentley, C. S., and Mrs. M. E. Bentley, C. S., 403 E. 5th St.
CIGARS.
John Grabach, Palmer House.
CIGAR MANUFACTORY.
Grand Island Cigar Co., 108 W. 3rd St.
J. B. Voigt, 108 E 3rd St.
H. J. Voss, 306 W. 3rd St.
CLOTHING.
Wolf Lebovitz, 119 E. 3rd St.
Sarbach & Friend, E. 3rd St.
R. Sonin, 117 N. Locust St.
S. N. Wolbach, 101-105 W. 3rd St.
Woolstenholm & Sterne, 117 W. 3rd St.
COAL.
C. H. Bogue & Co., 4th and Pine Sts.
Chicago Lumber Co., Cor. Front & Sycamore Sts.
F. Collins, Mgr., B. & M. Coal Yards.
W. H. Harrison, N. Elm St.
Lafe Myers, Spruce St.
Wm. Wasmer, Walnut & 4th Sts.
COLLECTIONS.
Jas. H. Woolley, over G. I. Banking Co.
CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT & CIGARS.
Rob Geddes, 111 W. 3rd St.
W. H. Quillan, 111 E. 3rd St.
CROCKERY & GLASSWARE.
H. T. Pritchard, 101 E. 3rd St.
L. Veit, 120 E. 3rd St. Tel 79.
DAIRY.
Jarvis Bros., West Lawn.
DENTISTS.
L. S. Moore, D.D.S., under Town Clock.
DEPARTMENT STORE.
H. H. Glover, S. W. Cor. Locust & 3rd Sts.
DRAY LINE.
S. P. Peterson, 314 W. 1st St.
DRY GOODS.
Hayden Bros., 116 E. 3rd St.
Glover & Pike, 201-205 W. 3rd St.
S. N. Wolbach, 101-105 W. 3rd St
DRUGS.
A. W. Bucheit, 119 W. 3rd St.
Chris Ipsen, 218 W. 3rd St.
A. J. Wilcox, Cor. 3rd & Pine Sts.
EXPRESS COMPANY.
Pacific Express Co.
FLOUR & FEED MILLS.
A. D. Sears, 111-113 Spruce St.
L. A. Von Wasmer, 2nd St.
FRUIT—WHOLESALE.
Dolan Fruit Co., 221 W. 2nd St.
FURNITURE & UPHOLSTERY.
L. C. Brown, 202 E. 3rd St.
J. C. Troyer, 323 W. 3rd St.
Joseph Souderman, 116 W. 3rd St.
GROCERIES.
C. F. Haack, Opera House Blk.
H. E. McKenzie, N. W. Cor. 5th & Plum Sts.
L. Neumayer, 208 W. 3rd St.
J. Olsen, Cor. 4th & Sycamore Sts.
Roesser & Co.
H. T. Pritchard, 101 E. 3rd St.
L. Veit, 120 E. 3rd St. Tel. 79.
GUNS & SPORTING GOODS.
Hehnke & Co., 303 W. 3rd St.
M. Renick, 112 N. Locust St.
HARDWARE, STOVES & TINWARE.
W. R. Dean, 114 Kimball Ave.
Hehnke & Co., 303 W. 3rd St.
GRAIN.
Wm. Wasmer, Walnut & 4th St.
A. D. Sears, 111-113 Spruce St.
GRAND ISLAND GOLD CURE.
L. M. Bryan, Mgr., North Side.
HARNESS.
A. D. Sears, 214 W. 3rd St.
HOTELS.
The Kochler, J. E. Boquet.
Palmer House, W. S. Saiter.
Nelson House, E. Front St.
INSURANCE.
S. J. Bateman, Fire & Life.
C. W. Brininger, 320 W. 3rd St.
Wm. Cornelius, Security Bank Bld
Dill & Huston, 107 W. 3rd St.
Farmers' Union Ins. Co., G. P. Watson, Pres., Chas. Wiese, Ass't. Sec., Security Bank Building.
Wm. Frank, Hedde Bldg.
Geo. D. Hetzel, 108 N. Locust St.
C. H. Meneck, City Hall.
ICE CREAM SALOON.
Rob Geddes, 111 W. 3rd St.
ICE DEALER.
Gus Kochler, Kochler House.
JEWELERS.
McElvain Bros., 121 W. 3rd St.
F. H. Michelson, 102 W. 3rd St.
H. C. Held, 107 W. 3rd St.
R. Sonin, 117 N. Locust St.
JOB PRINTING.
Seth P. Mobley & Sister, Security Bldg
The Independent, Cor. 3rd & Locust
LAUNDRIES.
Alexander Marsh, 118 E. Q St.
M. Vogel, Front St.
LIVERY STABLES.
Corkins & Co., 306 E. 3rd St.
J. S. Knowles, Front & Sycamore Sts.
J. C. Peterson, 3rd & Kimball Ave.
L. A. Von Wasmer, 2nd St.
O. U. Wescott, 202-204 E. 4th St.
LOANS.
W. R. McAllister, Michelson Blk.
LUMBER.
Chicago Lumber Co., W. A. Gulou, Mgr., Front & Sycamore Sts.
W. H. Harrison, N. Elm St.
Geo. A. Hongland, R. Goehring, Mgr., N. Elm St.
LIVE STOCK.
U. P. Stock Yards, I. R. Alter, Lessee.
MERCHANT TAILORS.
Wanamaker & Brown, E. A. Phillips, Agt.
NEWSDEALERS.
John Grabach, AGENT BEE, Palmer House.
J. H. Mullin, 113 W. 3rd St.
NEWSPAPERS—DAILY.
The Independent