### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Men and Faces 3 CLINTON ROSS ::

The Sentimental Misadventure of a Sailor.

You need not fancy I am to tell all the one alone for a moment-as the least of all of Angus McFarland, whose experiences were many.

This particular and serious missates the began when he met two young women whom hight before, because he wanted her to impress the other with her own favor fo

sometimes wish we could recall all it time," said he sentimentally.
"And you haven't forgotten my sister,"

By Jove," said Angus, speaking aloud, "it's eighteen years since we have met." we have heard so much of you,'

said the pretty sister.
"So much of you, Mr. McFarland."
"Can't it be—Angus—after seventeen ars," our lieutenant asked, "Why, I always think of you-as Angus."

said the pretty one. "And I, too," said the plain Miss Dris-'And I think of you still as Esther and anor." He looked around, expecting

"Do you? That's good of you," said one it's delightful of you, Angus," said the other.

wish it were dear Angus," said the sentimental lieutenant. "Well, I'd make it dear Angus," said the

plain one, "if-"
"Yes, why, dear Angus," said the pretty Miss Driscoil, spreading her fan. Now he knew some scores of irreststible young girls resttered among a score of ports-from Newport to Yokobama; but the pretty Miss Dris-coll was surely the most irresistible—the delightful memories of one's boyhood, when they had been boy and tomboys together. me clutches at a man's heart after Home clutches at a man's heart after has been away three years in the China seas. The hills about Wolhamton seemed to welcome him. The men in the Town club had pressed all kinds of hospitality; old boys, who had been young eighteen years ago, now staid, successful fellows with chil-dren. But in some way he always remembered Wolhamton as being the home of th Driscolls. Esther Driscoll had been such a good fellow, years ago. Many a time, on a tedious cruise, he had thought about her; and, a little about Eleanor. And now he had taken his last week in Wolhamton because he had thought of Esther. But which was Esther and which was Eleanor. He dare not ask. Of course the pretty one must be. But years change a pretty little girl into a homely one; he could not be sure. Now, I dare say, you would have gone bluntly to the point and asked. But would you, if you were a wanderer—a fellow whose home is in every place where the flag can wave over some yards of deck? For Angus there was a sentimental memory about this little girl. If her personality now doubtless were lost in the woman, he hoped at least that it wasn't. And on that account, and now par-ticularly because he did not wish to af front the pretty Miss Driscoll—he did not like to ask, "Which of you may be Eather, which Eleanor?" But if he had expected that one of them might tell, he was disap-They persisted, if unconsciously lously, in disappointing him. A

from him he tried to make himself entertaining to the plain sister, on the principle that it is well to have a good friend at court. They went over the old days together. He set traps to find out if she were, indeed,

"Ah, that was Esther, wasn't it?" he would exclaim at some memory. But the plain Miss Driscoll only would say with the faintest suspicion of a smile 'Really, I don't remember, Mr. - "

"You forgot, 'Angus,' " he answered, "Well, Angus," she said, flushing. did you think she reddened that least bit? At any rate, it was the encouragement an impression. And he persisted. He passed nearly all the rest of that evening with the plain Miss Driscoll, for the pretty one was persistently engaged. And, still in the interest of that impression, he tried his best. As they walked on the lawn under the moon this was as entertaining as the pretty one. He even-on the strength of old acquaintance-may have uttered certain words that were not free from pas briscoll looked even happy. She was not accustomed to men who spoke these mean-ingless sentimentalities. Men looked generally over her head to her sister. Ye she liked admiration, as even a plain girlwho has had little or no attention-may long for that which has been denied her But Angus was not thinking of what the girl thought. Bless me, he had talked these same things with many score of girls-



"IS IS RIDICULOUS," SAID SHE.

as I have said, from Newport to Yokohama. If he did it now, it was a matter of habit, and with rather more than the necessary fervor, because he wanted the pretty sister to hear the very best of him. At the evening's end he had a few moments with the other Miss Driscoll. He forgot what he had said to the other. At any rate he said it over with interest to the pretty Miss Driscoll.

who had had more experience with men than her sister. Yet that night when the sisters compared notes, in the feminine manher after routs and occasions, the pretty one said she thought Angus McFarland was "rather nice;" while the plain one said, "Yes, very nice. And he was such a nice boy eighteen years ago."

"You know I don't remember him then."

"You know I don't remembered the pretty girl.
"Why, you told him you remembered every word," cried the other.
"Oh, of course I did," said the pretty sister. "When you have had as much exister. "When you have to file

perfence as I, you'll know you have to fit to a man-sometimes."

As for Angus himself, he sat smoking for long time after that dance, not once king which was Esther. He felt consking which was Esther. He felt convinced that the pretty one must be she because he wanted her to be. And, as he
was thinking so much about them, he asked
nebody which was the she of his bayish
memory. And the next morning he started
out early for a canter with the two sisters.
He rode better than the proverbial sailor,
and made love as well. Both sisters thought
him delightful. When he had the pretty
he began

\*\*\*\*\* wentimental misadventures of any sallor of the ride occasionally gave him the chance the sald sentimental things to her, because he meant them; and when he chanced to be alone with the other sister, he said This particular and serious misadventure, things nearly as sentimental to her as the he remembered, without being able to him. He was, you know, at that age when a man of a certain variety of feminine experlence considers that the easiest-if it "Ah, yes," said Miss Driscoll, "that was deed not the only way to impress a womat delightful," as Angus talked of the old —is by making love to her—a theory I am not prepared to controvert. Such men, car-ried away by their theory, or by their na-

tures, even extend their tactics of extreme admiration to elderly women. But Angus felt siready—as he returned Young lady at her side.
"I am so glad to see you again," said
Angus. This Miss Driscoll was as plain as the other was pretty. The eyes alone were much alike. Angus looked from one to the other. Which was which? Of course he couldn't ask. The talk probably would so make the couldn't ask. The talk probably would so make the couldn't ask. The talk probably would so make the couldn't ask. at 8 the next morning on the Maryland. which was then off Staten island. He had; been ordered to be within six hours of New York; but, now, this assignment was appalling. He had but time to get the afternoon train. As it was he snatched a few moments to rush over to the Driscolls. He wanted to say more to the pretty one than the opportunity warranted. And he had to be content with pressing each sister's hand one earnestly, the other for the sake of the impression. He decided that he would write the pretty one; but as soon as his train was well out of Wolhamton he remembered that he didn't know whether she was Esther or Eleanor. As it chancedthose chances which sometimes occur so provokingly—he met no one who was ac-quainted with Wolhsmton; and he carried out to sea his uncertainty about the identity of his luamorata.

> Some months after, in Valparaiso, some Americans sat in a certain cafe, famous lis manner, in Chili-of which visitors carry the mem-"After the ories in much the way, in connection with Driscoll. Valparaiso—that they may the Venetian "You know I wasn't to blame for the mis Florian's, or the New York Delmonico's, or take." of old days, the Parisian Bignon's. Lieu-

As for her, she thought it very fine and oble of him, while she hated herself.

And just then the pretty one entered-"Ah, you two," she said. "I made the proper delay." was, Eleanor, a mistake," said the plain Miss Driscoll. mistake

"He thought I was you." said the pretty Miss Driscoll, blush-"Now, it couldn't be-"I never did," said Angus, "begging your pardon. But you know there is only one

Esther. 'She's a dear good girl," said the pretty 'The dearest in the world," and his fib did not seem so much an one that moment,

The plain Miss Driscoll began to weep, "Please to go," she entreated. "I will go," said Angus. "But I shall call sgain. I will prove to you that I am speaking the truth. What if I did think you Eleanor, I now know you are Esther. Do you suppose I can forget those letters—that

made me happy in the long watches—in an uncongenial mess. You are Esther to me; and Esther you shall remain. He said all this a bit too much in the strain of declamation; but he was in earnest; he felt he must persuade her. "Do go-please," she said.

"You would better go," said the pretty I will go now," he said. "I hate myself-

for hurting you."
"I am not hurt," she said proudly. 'Ah, I am then," he said, going out. The Miss Driscott followe "It's ridiculous," she said at the door. ought to have known we were only

flirting. "Only flirting!" said Angus. "Why, I was engaged then."
"Ah, you are Eleanor. I had forgotten. Esther wrote that Eleanor was engaged. I am very glad—do tell her that I have thought only of her. And—"he paused. "She was

the little girl whom I played with so long ago-that bully little girl. And she wrote that letter. And then he laughed. "Why, she was the Esther—after all."
He brushed by the pretty Miss Driscoll
and entered the room again. She stood

there, dry-eyed now. "It's ridiculous," she said, "and I'm dread-fully impolite. Do stay—at least for a cup "I haven't time," he said brusquely.
"Haven't time?" she asked, in surprise at

"After the way you have treated me, Miss "Oh, bother the mistake," he cried. "There



pointed. They persisted, if unconsciously or maliciously, in disappointing him. At one time he fancied the omission was intentional, and again that it was accidental. But the longer he talked to them he was convinced that the patty Miss Driscoll was the Esther of who during many years, and many experience that the patty Miss Driscoll was the Esther of who during many years, and many experience that the patty Miss Driscoll was the Esther of the distribution and many was filled with secrets of the was the kirlish piastellow had become like. He knew not; yes, of course she was the irresistible Miss Driscoll. And when, at this dancing, she was taken away from him, he tried to make himself entera hundred times in the mess room; knew engaged,' it as well as he did the story of how a Perry of that good stock, the great Commodore's brother-who, too, might have achieved a paval victory-died in the haror of Valparaiso, trying to save a drowning seaman. Someone cise talked the gossip of the American and English colony. These Anglo-Saxon colonies, the world over, have, every one, their local interests, their gossip, their tattle. A little chap, who was in Chili on some commercial interest, was doing his part. Angus asked about people

he had known on a previous visit.
"It's all as local as my own little town of Wolhamton," the gossip went on.
"Wolhamton? You know the place, My
cousin lived there, too, before I went to
Annapolis, 18 years ago, I think."

My father settled there after that," said you know the Driscolls?" Angus

'The pretty Miss Driscoll, and the plain e? Well, I guess!"
"Ah, the fretty one, Miss Esther-?"

"Now, it's Eleanor, isn't it. You see, haven't been in Wolhamton in a blessed Bui I'm wrong. You're right. It is Esther Driscoll, the pretty one."
And they went on talking of a little American provincial town far away; and Angus was more interested. He had her name then without a doubt. During these long days at sea he had thought about her a deal; a man must settle down, he said; a naval bachelor perhaps becomes more sentimental hachelor perhaps becomes more sentimental than others, although your bachelor of 30 anywhere is subject to such an attack. Well, that night in Valparaiso, Angus Mc-Farland offered h maelf to Esther Driscoll. It was long after, in Hawaii, in his batch of mail that he had his answer. Had he, too, been thinking of her all these months, while she had been thinking of him, all of which was "Yes" of her and again Angul!

of which was "Yes; oh, yes, dear Angus!"
And, meny times after, in many places
when the mell was brought, there were letters in the prettiest hand in the world.
And Angus was faithful now to this one entrancing she; all these brief stays here and there all the fair of these colonial so-cieties, failed to charm when there was cieties, failed to charm when there was but one charm for him. Back from over the sea came our sailor up the gravel walk to the house at Wolhampton. He was a charming fellow to look at, tall, bronzed, carrying himself as an American officer should; a good officer;

a better gentleman. Yes, Miss Esther is in, said the maid. And all the steries are told. We poor knew how it was to be from the first. The plain one entered. The little chap in Chili had been wrong; the plain one was Esther. "I am so glad to see you," said our sailor, thinking his Eather was to follow. Treal Eather stood there in chagrin. Withis the ardent lover of all those letters? Was

this the ardent lover of all those letters?

"Are you?" she said, timidly.

"But—" he fumbled, "Esther?"

"Yes, dear," said she softly.
And then the situation began to dawn
on him horidily, luridly; he stammered,
and remembered—even if this were so—
and he began to act. But what mon can
deceive a woman at such acting? She pushed

deceive a woman at such acting? She jushed him away. "You thought?"

"Yes" he confessed, "I thought,"
"Oh Angus!" she cried, "You have made
me such a tool." "Why, Eather," he cried, trying to re-"You thought I was Eleanor," she per-

"No. 1 didn't," he cried,
"Oh. 1 know," she said coldly,
"How horrid of me, but you would never
let me know," he said, weakly admitting thought it a joke-you didn't know,

said Eather Driscoll, not thinking how such a statement would sound. "You thought it a joke," he repeated, "Oh, I thought you knew-that you must And you remember what you said. Yes, he did remember what he had saidto make an impression that might repeat

itself in his praises to the slater. And he "Why, Esther, don't be a goose. I meant it—every word Of course I knew which was which." carry for a canter with the two sisters. was which."

Speed and safety are the watchwords of the case that the proverblal saller, made love as well. Both sisters thought pulsed him; and the mere she did the more speedily, safely and never fails. Asthmathropic work, theoretical and practical; 155 delightful. When he had the pretty he began to think she was werth while.

I was thinking about; it was the Esther who good looks when withave them; we shall wrote those letters, don't you see. And you still do our best to dress well and taste-"You talk that way because Eleanor is ngaged," she said.

"I talk that way because Esther is not nov engaged to me," he said. "It's ridiculous," she said, faintly.
"It's horrible," he said.
"Oh, is it?"

"Besides, I'm only here for the day. I just had that time; and then I'm going back to the China station. I shall have no more letters." He relied on her ignorance of naval 'You are going away?" she asked faintly

"If it were not for that mistake: if i weren't-I don't care whether it was a mistake or not," she ended, "whether you are

fibbing or not-I'll make you mean what you say now. "You needn't." Angus said, laughing-"for you have." Now, strangest part of it all, she really

had; and they lived happy all the rest-that is all that has been so far "of their lives." And I know what I am saying, for I have this true story-now don't say it's an old one-from a certain charming lady who loves dearly to gossip a bit—may she forgive me!—and who would report the least symptom of what is phrased "domestic in-felicity." I can believe it, for strangely the plain Miss Driscoll has become the pretty Mrs. McFarland. But all naval marriages are happy, authorities say. And some naval ladies are charmingly flirtatious when their husbands are away-charmingly devoted they are near. But Mrs. Angus Mc Farland never flirts; and I have said she is now quite pretty (a few years so changes some women!)—and she could flirt, if she

Catarrh is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which prifies the blood.

A MUNICIPAL RAILWAY.

Cincinnati has been in a state of agitation over the proposed sale of her railway, the Cincinnati Southern, and finally declared against the proposition by a bare majority unaided, a railroad of any considerable mile-age. The story of the inception of the Cin-

cinnati Southern road, its construction and all the rights to her piece, management, makes a unique and most A few weeks later the bandmaster wrote interesting chapter in the history of munici-Although long before, and particularly at the time of the first legislation authorizing the construction of the road, there seemed to be an imperative demand for it, not so much to develop the resources of the city as to preserve her commercial existence, yet the experience of Cincinnati with her rail-

road has not been such as to tempt other

cities to follow her example, whatever their The Cincinnati Southern railway extends from Cincinnati to Chattaneoga, 338 miles. making the northern division of the "Quee and Crescent route. It traverses the blue grass region of Kentucky, and makes its way through the mountains of eastern Ten-nessee, a diversified country, famous in history and story. The road was built to give Cincinnati direct communication with the south, the only field left to her jobbers and manufacturers after Chicago and St. Louis had outstripped her in size and made the north and west tributary to themselves. When the Cincippati Southern road, begun in 1869 and finished in 1877, impeded at every

step by legislative opposition, persistent litigation, the unknown character of the country, local unfriendliness, and industrial depressions, was finally completed, it was at once leased on favorable terms. Cincin nati for a time enjoyed the pleasing prospect of owning, free of encumbrance, in a com-paratively few years, an asset that would pay into her treasury a million and more dollars annually. That such would be the outcome was then capable of mathematical decountration. Business depression came on, The leasing company defaulted on the rental and both they and the road are now in the hands of a receiver. Therefore the desire

#### BITS OF FEMININE GOSSIP.

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A floating newspaper paragraph states that Henry James, the nevelist, does not marry because he thinks that the highest develop ment of the intellectual life is incompatible with the petty frets and worries of domes ticity. It goes on to say that Mr. James has the courage of his convictions, and, in spite of the charming women and lovely girls by whom he is surrounded in London society, he remains content with his pretty bachelor apartments and is not to be tempted

exchange them for matrimony. The truth about Mr. James' bachelorhood is known to very few people; that truth is that his heart was buried nearly three years ago in the grave that covered all that was mortal of Constance Fennimore Woolson. For a long time he had been this other author's devoted slave, and, in spite of her deafness and increasing years, she possessed an attraction for him as intense as even the difference between their literary styles and methods-and one could scarcely speak more strongly than that.

It was one of the curious freaks of that mischievous imp, Cupid, that a feminine leader of romantic fiction should be so desidedly admired by an apostle of bald real-Nothing more than an outward strong friendship was apparent between the two, for Misa Woolson was not to be won. It was Mr. Jemes, however, who cabled the news of her death to this country, who met the sorrowing relatives who sailed from America on receipt of the sad intelligence, and who took upon himself the duties of man of the family, and principal mourner, as, indeed, he was.
And so long as Miss Woolson's memory re

mains green in his heart it may well be said that he is too thoroughly a celebate to ever think of wedlock.

Why are women distanced by men in the line of the lips, while the back hair is use of the camera? Many writers upon this subject would have us believe that women photographers as a general thing meet with less success than the masculine portion of the guild because they are posssors of less perseverance and tire so of an occupation, no matter how fascinating that occupation may be.

This may be the case with certain in-

dividuals, but keeping in view the success of the feminine world in other lines it must seem a very inadequate and unsatiscase that women hear too little of this wide branch, understand too incompletely its possibilities, both for pleasure and profit, are unaware that the outfit is simple and cheap and the pleasure to be had from the pursuit great?

me review the advantages of photography for women as I had them from a woman who is a member of half a dozen clubs and has exhibited all over the country, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. First, there is the gratification of that love of the beautiful, which is so passionately rooted in all women. There i that indulgence of the artistic sense in a most thorough and delightful way. Then the occupation is often an out-of-door pursuit. It furnishes an aim for city walks, country "tramps," boat excursions, camp-ing haunts and other outings which are likely to prove tedlous without a directain in view. Then there is club competition and the social effects resulting from this connection. For there are few cities now without their photographic clubs and without pride in the success of their votees of the camera.

"Now, as one of those women to who: men apply the scornful term 'emancipated,' I should like to point out this important fact, writes one of our new women, that sex is gradually beginning to recogniz is ignoble to seek for admiration simply for its doll-like qualities. We have not lost our vanity—though we are no valuer than mor—but we are now aiming at winning admiration in worthier fields, namely, in intellectual walks.

"We shall will agide ourselves on our fully; we shall still look forward to wife-hood and shall not lose our maternal instainets, but we shall no longer allow our eatures and our gowns to dominate our lives.

"Undoubtedly we are 'emancipated.' All fields of activity are being opened to us. and the men who now sneer and gibe at us for our 'newness' will soon come to see that we are more companionable and nosdays when our faces were our fortunes and when a few wrinkles and gray hairs au nounced the end of our reign.

"To put my arguments into a nutshell my contention is that the prevailing passion of women has been the love of admiration, because it has become an hereditary instinct of the race that in personal charm lay our only power. Now that we are at allowed to cultivate our intellects and put them to practical use, our bid for wer will be on what I consider higher

The sum that Londoners spend in flowers mounts to considerably over \$5,000,000 every year. It is no uncommon thing for \$2,500 or \$3,000 to be laid out in flowers for decorations at a single reception, and in some cases the floral decorations for one evening have

ost \$5,000 and even \$7,500. When Lord Rosebery was married (which eremony took place in March, one of the worst months for flowers), 10,000 white reses were used in decorations. At a ball given in Covent garden last year 2,000 plants of lilies-of-the-valley were im-

ported from the south of France at the cost of two shillings a dozen sprays; and at one of the balls given by the late Colonel North, when he first came to England as the 'Nitrate King." the flowers cost \$50,000. A pretty story is told of the Archduchess

Maria Dorothea of Austria, who is to marry that erstwhile admirer of Mme. Melba, the duke of Orleans.

It seems that the archduchess, among A Unique Chapter in the History of sician and has studied the art very deeply. The head of a band of Gipsy musicians was complaining to the Archduke Joseph, father of the Duc d'Ord. Inducee, that business was slow for the men of this profession on account of the lack of new compositions against the proposition by a bare majority. In the Gipsy language. The archduke, This is the only city in the world, says Harper's Weekly, that ever built and owned piece for the poor Gipsies. The young princess composed a song, which the arch-duke sent to the bandmaster, who reserved

> to the archduke that the new piece, en-titled "After the Rain, Sunshine," had proved a powerful success, and every one wanted a copy of it. Another piece composed by the young musician, "A Royal Hymn of the Honveds," has likewise be-come very popular. It is true that the Archduke Joseph is colonel of the Honved regiment, and that this may have attributed to the success of the latter piece among the officers and soldiers of the regiment. though only their intrinsic merit would account for the popularity of both pieces among the Hungarian masses.

> Says a celebrated woman physician: "The first thing I say to a woman when she comes to me for advice and suggestion is. 'Turn your back to me.' It is remarkable how few women present a good looking back, straight and shapely, with shoulder tips in line, elbows not poking, hips even, and protuberant shoulder blade. One has many resources to onaceal an ill fitting front
> -one's arms and hands, a bow of ribbon, and the like; but the back is hopeless, and must be above reptoach. The back is not only the crucial test of a woman's gown; it is also the test of her general appearance. A good back is very rare. Watch women in the streets, and you will be sur-prised to see how tew own one." The General Federation of Women's Clubs

> now numbers 495 maividual clubs and twen-ty-one state federations, which include about 800 clubs, giving am individual membership of over 100,000. Of these clubs, only about fifty are pursuing surely literary lines of work: 371 are interested in work which includes the study of art, science, philoso-phy and kindred subjects; 232 are enrolled under educational work, which includes prac-

Woman has bounded to the front in Vic-toria. Miss Robina Barton all but sucapplied to the history and practical appli-cation of municipal and legislative work and village improvement; 109 clubs have

oncerned themselves in financial life, both

concerned themselves in inductation to con-publicly and privately, with regard to club houses and other buildings; three clubs have founded and maintained hospitals; four suprt public libraries, and many support free kindergartens and women's exchanges. general federation has two clubs in India, one in England and one in South Australia. The Pueblo Indian women are often very pretty as girls, and some of them make stately young mothers, writes Hamlin Garland in the October Ladies' Home Journal. They work generally in groups of three or four, cooking, whitewashing. weaving or painting pottery. They seem to have a good deal to chatter about, and their smiling faces are very agreeable. They have most excellent white teeth. Their ceremonial dress is very picturesque, espe-cially the costume of the Acoma and Isleta girls. All burdens are carried by the women of Acoma, Isleta and Laguna upon the head, and they have, in consequence, a magnificent carriage, even late in life. The old women of Walpi, on the contrary, are bent and down-looking. They carry their bent and down-looking. They carry their burdens on their backs slung in a blanket. The girls of Isleta wear a light cloth over their heads Spanish fashion, and manage i with fine grace and coquetry. The everyday dress of the Hopi women consists of a of kilt, which is wrapped around the hips and fastened with a belt (a modification of the blanket or wolfskin); above this a sort of sleeveless chemise partly covers the bosom. Their hair is carefully tended, but is worn in an ungraceful mode by some of the women. The women of Hano cut the

gathered into a sort of billet. The front hair bangs down over the faces, often con ceafing one eye. The unmarried women in Walpi wear their hair in a strange way. coil it into two big disks just above ears—the intent being to symbolize their youth and promise by imitating the squash flower. The matrons correspondsquash flower. The matrons correspondingly dress their hair to symbolize the ripened squash. Some of the maidens were ripened squash. One of the most striking features of the

czarina's suite, according to the Vienna cor-respondent of the London News, is Princess Galitzin, who personifies the mistress of the robes of past centuries. She is as tall as a grenadier, dresses most gorgeously, and wears six ostrich feathers in her bonnet. Her hair, in plain bands, surrounds a large face with remarkable teeth. She dominates the whole scene in which she is placed, and the Empress Elizabeth's mistress of the robes, little Countess Goes, with her snowy hair and her simple black dress, worn to please her imperial mistress, offered a strange contrast to the Russian court lady. The court and the suites drove in procession of thirty-six carriages, so perfectly appointed that they are the pride of Prince Liechtenstein. So perfectly alike are they that the saying is that the only difference

On the occasion of the young queen of Holland's birthday her majesty has conferred on one of her best known female subjects, Miss Therese Schwartze, the Order of Orange-Nassau. Miss Schwartze is a distinguished painter whose work is highly esteemed in Holland and in France. Her portrait of her sovereign was executed some years since, and the story goes that in order to hold the youthful queen's attention she and to undertake to paint the portrait of the royal doll.

A doll party was the form which a children's fete took recently. The little guests were asked to come dressed as a doll of some sort. The result was a surprise to of the onlookers, who have rather en-ned the notion that a doll was a doll, and that was all. brownie dolls, darky dolls, wax dolls, and even paper dolls were only a few of the cleverly represented puppets which the children displayed.

One of the most enthusiastic dog lover in all England is her royal highness, the princess of Wales. The same amount of noney that her imperial mother-in-lay spends on fa' cattle and her husband de-votes to horses and his stables, the princess lays out on kennels that are the fines owned by any woman in the United King lom, and at present shelter a dozen varieties

of canine beauty.

Not a dog fancier or breeder in Europ but knows of her interest in these pels, her knowledge of an animal's good points and her splendidly appointed kennels, and at intervals she receives, from some famous stud, a particularly handsome puppy.

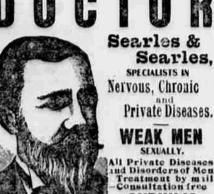
In the last English dog show this was uccessfully demonstrated when the princess penched a handsome new Russian hound, Borzol, and carried off an armicad of prizes. The beautiful creature, belonging to the imperial family of wolf hounds, of which the czar possesses the noblest specimens was sent the princess two years ago by a Russian dog fancier of note, and since th stately Alix, in his rough white and fawn-colored coat, carried off first honors every oyally fashionable woman in England has purchased or bid for a Borzoi puppy.

The number of barmaids in England has been reckoned at between 80,000 and 90,000, and W. H. Wilkins tells us that on making investigations he found very few who dis-liked their calling or who were dissatisfied with their lot. He gives from his notebook a typical case. It is that of a serving girl in one of the largest bars in London and this is her statement: "Like the work? Of course I like it," she said, "and what's more, it likes me. Do you think I should keep on with it if I didn't like it? I get

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The facsimile day Helicher Green
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board foreign-going vessels, and now Miss Alfrida Hilda Gamble and Miss Janet Lindsay Greig have been duly appointed have commenced their duties as residen medical officers of the Melbourne hospital a large institution in the heart of the ci accommodating some hundreds of patter suffering from all sorts of miscellane complaints. It has been the et six graduates in the final honor list of Melbourne University Medical school es year and appoint them resident medic officers of the institution, but this year in were confronted with an unexpected diff culty, for the names of two women appeared on the list. Among the profession and it the press the battle waged hotly as to the claims of the women, but as the hovelts committee includes politicians who force the approach of the franchise for wom the women candidates simply "walked in as the sporting writers put it, when the question came to a division, and they co menced work along with the four new m residents who are their colleagues .-Greig, being the lowest on the list, according to custom, placed in charge o the casualty ward, and she had a lively time of it for the first night. She is a very girlish looking woman of 23 or thereabout and as she went on duty at midnight in a simple black skirt and a cotton print blous she hardly looked physically strong enough to deal with the mad-drunk larrikins and howling declasses who are nightly brough to the hospital for surgical treatment before the new doctor went off duty the velops capacity, although the experience must have put her nerves to a rude trial.

social affairs has been inaugurated in Knoxville, Pa. It is styled a coal mine party. The women don mackintoshes and caps and go to the mouth of a coal mine. where they are supplied with a lamp. They then board cars and il lamps. After luncheon the women

Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a layman who would not answer. in Egypt!" After her cajoleries, her wiles her life of intense, if not very exalted, loves Cleopatra was laid in one of the lovelless tombs that has ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change two thou-sand years has brought about! Today as ugly mummy, with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied to l head-a mere roll of tightly swathed dustlies crombling in a hideous glass case at the British museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great quien, a Vennus in charm, beauty and

The little children of China take very kindly to the kindergarten, the two already established there by missionaries being highly successful. The little folks of China have such remarkably good memories that the system established by Froebel is even more like play to them than to the young



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Essessanis and an appropriate property

toria. Miss Rooma Darton at the marine ceeded in her application to the marine board for a second mate's certificate on foreign-going vessels, and now Miss next day she showed that emergency de-

When Elizabeth L. Banks, an American correspondent, was granted an interview with Li Hung Chang in London the latter opened a rapid fire of questions . " rather disconcerted the lady. He asked how much she earned by writing, how old she was, why she wasn't married, etc. When Miss Banks got her innings finally the most important query she had to put to the great statesman of the east was: What women he considered the most beautiful and clever. At first he assured Miss Banks that all women were lovely. When cor-nered the old fox admitted, of course, that the American women were unapproach able in beauty, wit and niceness.

Something new and unique in the way of into the mine a distance of 1,750 feet. There the party will get out and make a tour of the works. Next a lunch is served an eaten under the flickering light of the coa mine a lump of coal as a souvenir of the trip. The journey, though not dangerous, requires considerable courage to undertake.

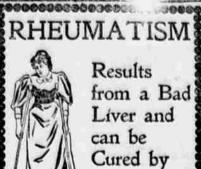


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