

NORA'S EASTER HATS.

Why the Large Leghorn Flat, Covered With Buttercups and Little Yellow Ostrich Ties, Was Never Bought.

BY AMY DARCY WETMORE.

"Yes, I have made up my mind to have the very prettiest hat to be seen in church at Easter," said Nora in her most positive manner, which gained her covert admiration at school, but a good deal of quiet snubbing in the home circles.

"O dear," replied Edyth, slightly envious, "I wish I could say the same—but where will you get it?"

"Well," declared Nora more modestly, "you see I deserve something, for I have worn this old alpina hat all the year to church and school and everywhere, and now that my aunt has sent me a great big check, mother says that I may spend it as I please and so I will get the hat, and then Alice High can take down her saile a bit."

"She has talked awfully about your hat and coat, too, this season," continued Edyth wisely, but not without mild joy in giving a little take down to her over-elated schoolmate.

"Horrid, spiteful thing, just as if it was not too much to notice my hat this year, I'm sure times are hard with everybody and mother let me go to dancing school and belong to the Saturday skating club, and save me new skates, so she really could not afford me a hat for best and school too, and

able to attend school this season, and lately her father has met with misfortunes and lost his money. He has now taken a position in another city, where he hopes after awhile to take his family.

"Poor Lily, however, has become very much worse, and in the last few weeks lung trouble has developed to such an extent that only change to a milder climate will do her any good. Indeed she should be away now, for the doctor holds out no other hope for her ultimate recovery except this—a complete change of air. Poor Mrs. Dale is heartbroken. She has nothing but a few dollars her husband sends each week, and all this winter, since he lost his money, they have been obliged to sell their things. Only by the kindness of friends are they enabled to pay the rent of the small house they now occupy. Naturally Lily's going away means also her mother and baby Molly, so there it stands, and Lily's life depends upon a trip, and there is not the wherewithal to manage it. To stay at a health resort is dearer even, when traveling expenses are paid, than to live at home, and they would have to remain, even if Lily grew better, until the summer. Now, simply state the facts, and I will only add that should any of you like to make an Easter offering here is the opportunity. A box will be placed upon the hall table, and those who wish to put in something can do so, and no one need know what is given. I really would prefer not to be told,

The two following days at school were ordeals for Nora, only a headache, which she literally had to worry, kept her from being teased unmercifully, for she positively refused to discuss either Lily's hat or the hat she had bought. When she acted very strangely, but said nothing, not even when she saw Nora continually looking at her check, which she now carried in her pocket. When she saw that she did not bear to let it out of her sight, nor could she make up her mind to cast it into the fatal box. Some of the girls, who apparently had no objection to the matter, were wondering what their right hands were doing, would conspicuously put their offerings in the box, at least of it afterward. But no one could discuss the matter with her. When she was alone, murmured the girls, always suspicious. "When she had such a big check she might spare 50 cents for poor little Lily," and although Edyth thought so, she was too loyal to Nora to admit it, and defended her to the girls by saying that such a hat as Nora wanted would cost every penny of the check. No lateral and sly for work, or nothing was what Nora was trying to decide.

At last Wednesday came, the school holidays began, and the girls, now free from their usual routine, were talking over the matter with their mothers. "Come on," cried Edyth, tossing her books in the air, "I will go with you, and you will go to the madam's, you promised, and you, mother, won't object—come on!" But Nora still lingered. "Go along, Edyth," she said sadly, "I must go back for something."

"Let me come with you."

"O, no, no, do go," for the time had come when she decided to go alone, now she never must the check go in the box. So hurrying away and leaving Edyth hurt and surprised outside, she ran in, managed to squeeze the check in the opening of the door, just as she heard one of the teachers coming down stairs, then she came out and joined Edyth on the pavement. She said nothing and finally Edyth left in a huff, declaring that she would not go with her about the hat or take any more interest in it.

Just as well, thought Nora, sadly, yet on the whole she felt glad that she had done it; she only wondered what her mother would say, for somehow she could not tell even Edyth, it looked like bragging. Mrs. Loring was touched when she heard the story, but did not overpraise her little girl, only said: "Dear, you have made me so happy, and such an Easter offering will be accepted, made with such a generous spirit." She promised to tell her father, and not to allow Charlie to tease her, and she advised her to write to Edyth explaining the matter, and to send the money. Charlie could go to the country for a few days and spend them with grandma, returning on Easter eve to their home. This, she thought, would be a pleasant change, for both the children loved to visit their grandmother in the old-fashioned country house, and packing their boxes and getting ready gave them great fun. Nora at once began to look more like her old self, and Charlie took his joy out in prolonged and not very musical yells.

Easter dawned bright and fair. Nora and Charlie accompanied their parents to the beautiful early service in the old church, and Nora felt, as she listened to the joyous music, and noticed the fragrance of the gorgeous flowers, that she was far happier in her old sailor hat than if her thoughts were directed by a new one, when poor Lily was so ill.

But perhaps some would like to know that in spite of Nora's noble gift she did not have to wear her old sailor hat to the late service in the church, for her mother had provided a pretty, simple summer one, far more suitable for a little girl than the brilliant one she and Edyth had planned through the last school term. Although Nora and her mother did not tell of the gift, it leaked out through Edyth and Miss May, who were overjoyed at Nora's generosity. It had a good effect, too, for other Easter offerings followed, and the money collected that Lily, her mother and little sister were soon settled comfortably at a sanitarium, from where grateful letters came often telling of Lily's improvement, and gradual recovery, thanks to the noble gifts of which Nora was the best and the greatest.

and attributed it to overstudy. "I am glad," said Mrs. Loring, "that the holidays will begin on Wednesday."

"And then the great hat deal," exclaimed Charlie, but Nora did not notice his rancidity as usual, only looked more sad.

"Don't tease her," begged her father; "she is tired, and has been bothering over her lesson. Tell her to go to bed with a dollar on Easter—no, cheer up."

"Hip! hip! hip!" "rah! rah! rah!" shouted Charlie, but Nora only got up and kissed her father, and then she said to her mother, "Have you endorsed your check, dear?"

"Yes, papa, on the back on you told me—"

"Now object that to me," explained her mother, "though I told her better well until she was ready to spend it. But, my dear, on Wednesday, after school, we will go to Mrs. Dale's and see the hat she has bought. Is it, if you have finally decided upon the kind that you want?"

Nora muttered, "Yes, mother," and then asked if it could be taken to the gift table, ostensibly to study her lessons.

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HIGH PRICED EGG.

Altogether Too Rich and Rare for General Consumption. In the eyes of a boy who collects birds' eggs there is no object so precious and so beautiful perhaps as a modest looking white shell touched with brown spots and proven to be that of a great auk or garafowl. Two hundred years ago, it is people who lived along the rocky coast of Maine or in the Scotch islands, these eggs and the unpaired mother auk who laid them were not unusual sights, for at that time great auks were plentiful enough in those regions and collectors of birds' eggs were few and far between.

Nowadays, however, the person who says he or she has seen a great auk alive is likely to have their veracity openly doubted, while they only who possess an egg laid by this big sea fowl is considered a very lucky individual indeed. Fifty years ago a few seafaring men shot great auks in the cold seas of northern Europe, finally, about 1821, the last one positively seen was captured, and today its stuffed body is in the British museum, but for thirty years at least not a single great auk has been taken, and in consequence the few remaining eggs of this bird have year by year become more and more precious.

Seventy-five years since a great auk's egg at a distance of about 1100 and the heads of museums became very eager to secure good specimens, but, as only about seventy eggs remained in all Europe, their price began to go steadily up. In the year of 1830 or thereabouts an Englishman, a great student of natural history and the possessor of quite an elaborate private museum, bought some bird's eggs of a Seberman's wife on the French coast. She had the sea new and gull eggs he secured was one fine speckled shell, easily recognized as that of a great auk. He paid only \$15 for the perfect specimen, took it to London and in a course of time it was sold for \$15. Four

years ago the same egg was put up at auction in London and a wealthy gentleman did not hesitate to pay \$1,000 for the perfect shell.

A damaged egg at auction brought \$915, while an auk's skin is worth \$1,800. In all about seventy-two skins of this bird remain, and about a dozen eggs are known to exist. The Museum of Natural History in New York City possesses a handsome stuffed skin, but only two of the valuable eggs are owned in America.

So great, however, is the interest in auk eggs that the museums have plaster casts of them, made with the greatest care, from the finest egg in Europe, exhibited in the museum of Geneva. This egg is not only spotted, but prettily streaked in brown on its creamy surface and its value is estimated as high as \$2,000.

In Geneva, London and Paris great auk eggs are kept in museums and one of the eggs that has come to America is



THE AUK AND ITS EGG.

owned in Philadelphia. So great indeed is the interest felt by students of natural history in this big sea bird that books have become extinct in our century that books have been filled with its history. When Nasen set out on his polar expedition a sheep looking was kept for the great auk, since there are persons who believe that a few lonely specimens still exist somewhere up in the Arctic circle, and that kept even still and fat eggs, worth so many times their weight in gold.

BOY HEROES OF THE NAVY.

The gallantry of Bill Anthony of the Maine stationed at New Orleans. Much has been said about the discipline and superb heroism displayed by William Anthony, an orderly of marines, on board of the Maine at the time she was blown up. It is related that when Captain Sigbee reached the deck after the explosion the first person he met was William Anthony, the semi-darkness, lit by the flames of the burning ship and pierced by shrieks and groans, he saw Orderly Anthony come to a "present arms" as calmly as if it were dress parade, and heard him say in the even tones of perfect discipline: "Sir, I have to inform you that the ship is sinking, and that we are sinking."

When the Verona went down under the terrific fire of shot and shell and ramming of the Governor Moore, Captain Boggs missed his life, and was one of the many victims of the battle. But a few minutes afterward he saw the lad gallantly swimming toward the wreck. Clambering on board of the wrecked ship, he gave his hand up to his forehead, giving the usual salute and uttering the words, "All right, sir, I report myself on board."

Robert Cumming, a fair-haired boy of 14 years, good looking and interesting, was the hero of the Harriet Lane, when she was captured by the rebel forces in the bay and was as brave and cool in danger as Oscar. He was of Scottish parents, his father being a machinist, who died before he was born. His mother, Mrs. Cumming, N. J., his mother, a poor washerwoman, residing in Philadelphia, where she was partly supported by half her son's wages daily received from the navy.

He then enlisted as a "messenger boy" on board the Harriet Lane, and won the good will of his officers by his pluck, good humor and vivacity. When the attack occurred in front of Galveston, and the storm of bullets was pouring down on the over-matched crew from the cotton bulwarks of the Neptune and Bayou City, as the federal wounded men were carried below, the lad picked up two of their fallen comrades, and taking his place under the quarters, fired at the invading Confederates, firing at their every charge of both weapons, and then burying them overboard. It is said that the confederates clustered thick as bees on the cotton bales, it is believed "every shot must have told." Robert was subsequently wounded in the hand by a musket ball, when momentarily he laid his position up with the rest, he shared the fortunes of the paroled officers, naturally becoming a great favorite with them, and meaning to their hearts during their journey through the interior of Texas to be conveyed to New Orleans via Red River. He was on board the Harriet Lane when she was captured, and was acquainted with Commander Meade, and was afterwards taken under his special care.

Another young hero was a lad named Moulton, who was captured at the mouth of the Red River. When the confederate batteries opened on the Queen of the West, Moulton, a mere child, checked the confusion of the board, where the shot and shell were hissing and screaming in dangerous proximity to the heads of the crew and three distinguished journalists—"Pink Anderson, correspondent of the New York Herald, Mr. Bolman of the Chicago Tribune and Joseph McCullagh ("Mack") of the Cincinnati Commercial.

It was this lad who sent the signal to the boat, the steam chest was penetrated, and it needed all their exertions to save themselves. Some leaped overboard and were blown into the air, and others were hurled into the river and attempted to float with the current. Mr. Anderson escaped on a cotton bale. Bolman swung himself from the hurricane deck, and caught the end of a rope. McCullagh sought a cotton bale, and

debated whether he should trust his portly body upon it. While thus engaged the bale floated beyond his reach, and immediately thereafter a shell alighted upon it, and exploded, blowing it into a thousand fragments.

"Mack" seized another bale, and reached the De Soto in safety. Colonel Eliot, the commander, escaped in like manner, and the crew remaining on board surrendered the vessel.

While the battle was raging Moulton, aptly known among his companions as "Captain Webb," swam about in the cold water like a great Newfoundland dog, picking up the struggling officers and men and helping them to places of safety. When he jumped over the gunboat, his hat struck a piece of timber, and disfigured his face so fearfully that Colonel Eliot could not recognize him. The lad, however, being asked how he came by his injuries, replied, with the usual salute, that he had had "a whack on the head," and so went on helping his companions out of the water.

A PERSISTENT COLLECTOR.

How It Happened that Jake is Now Drawing a Fine Salary.

"I'm looking for a job. I am a good feller and I'll work cheap." This is the language in which an honest and rather a simple looking man approached the head of a downtown office in the Detroit Free Press.

"Sorry," smiled the proprietor, "but we have nothing to offer just now. Call round again."

Jake, as he called himself, walked away a couple of blocks and then faced about and returned to repeat his application. "I been here," he said, "for a job, and you told me to come again. I'm here again."

The proprietor, being busy, did not recall the previous visit, and after informing Jake that there was nothing for him yet, asked him to come again. This time Jake made a round trip of about half a mile and again dropped in, offering his services as twice before.

"Persistent and looks honest," said the proprietor to the bookkeeper. "Wonder what he could do?"

"Might give him a chance to collect some of our impossible accounts," laughed the bookkeeper. "He's the kind of a man to keep pecking away, and even debtors can be worn out."

Jake was given some of the worst old accounts that could be hunted up and started out. By making forty or fifty calls on the same man on the same day he began to make an impression, and in a few days he was getting a good deal of money that had long since been charged to profit and loss. He paid everything in deadly earnest and people were rid of him in a moment, and he was paid looking rather disheveled and under the weather. "This feller," he panted, "say to me to hole my breath till he pay me, that hole my breath long as I can and I think he's trying to kill me, and I break things up with him till he pay every cent." Jake is now drawing a fine salary.

FAMOUS RING.

Historic Relic of President Franklin Pierce.

The ring treasured by the descendants of Franklin Pierce, president of the United States, is interesting for several reasons. For one thing, it weighs nearly a pound. It was created by the jeweler in California and is unique among rings, having no equal in the world. It is of gold dug from the California mine, the circular portion is cut into square, which stand at right angles to each other, and each is embellished with an odd design, the entire group representing a pictorial history of California.

There is a relief in a menacing attitude, a deer bounding down a slope, an enraged snake, a soaring eagle and a salmon. Upon another square is an Indian with bow and arrow, with California's mountain on horseback throwing his lasso. Next peeps out a California tree and a miner at work with his pick. These designs are surrounded by a border of stars and stripes, with the colors crossed and groups of stars in the angles. The part of the ring reserved for the seal is covered by a deeply carved plate of gold, with California's arms, surmounted by the flag and inscribed with "Franklin Pierce" in old Roman characters.

This lid opens with a hinge and shows the seal, which is divided by bars of gold into nine separate compartments, each containing a pure specimen of the varieties of ore found in the state.

The inscription within reads: "Presented to Franklin Pierce, the Fourteenth President of the United States." The ring is valued at \$2,000.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

A ponderous basso having just completed a long solo at an afternoon concert, the girl's voice was heard saying, "Mamma, has the gentleman quite done gargling?"

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"What do the bees sing, Willie?" "I want you, my honey."

"Thank you to hear you play the violin, Mr. Billing," said Tommie, who was visiting the violinist.

"But I don't play the violin, Tommie."

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Hon. G. A. Marshall

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HON. GEO. A. MARSHALL OF SIDNEY, OHIO.

Hon. George A. Marshall was born in Sidney county, O., in 1851, and was educated in the public schools of that county and at the Ohio Wesleyan university, Delaware, O. He read law and entered upon a successful practice. He was three times elected prosecuting attorney of Shelby county in 1883, 1886 and 1889, and became so popular that he was elected to the Fifty-fifth congress by a plurality of nearly 10,000. His record as a national legislator is an enviable one.

He is a national figure in California and is unique among rings, having no equal in the world. It is of gold dug from the California mine, the circular portion is cut into square, which stand at right angles to each other, and each is embellished with an odd design, the entire group representing a pictorial history of California.

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CAUTION. Every enterprising druggist carries all our remedies in stock. There are some drug stores where a salesman cannot hold his position unless he is smart enough to induce you to accept some thing that the proprietor wants to substitute for the real article, hence you should be more particular. Don't take any substitute for Loring's Inhaler and Inhalants, or for Abbott Loring's Germ-Killer Tablets. It is a product of our own research and experiment. It is a product of our own laboratory. Its elements are known to us all.

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