

MEN AND WOMEN TALKED ABOUT.

Koch is at work again on his tubercule, and hopes to improve it during the next few months, after which he will publish his own report upon it.

England has exiled King Theebaw of Burmah to Bombay. There he lives with his harem, his stable, his servants and all the luxuries of the season and without a care, all at the expense of the imperial treasury.

Sir John Macdonald seldom went to bed before midnight and never hurried about getting up in the morning, but up to the time of his last illness, he was healthy, wealthy and wise, old saws to the contrary notwithstanding.

The famous old house where Peter the Great lived at Zaandam, near Amsterdam, is now being restored by order of the Czar, whose property it is. The entire house was lifted by means of cranes and a new foundation laid underneath it.

Princess Helene Sangusko, at one time a noted Polish beauty, died last month. She was one of the most influential women at the court of Napoleon III. and was vainly sought in marriage by Napoleon prior to his introduction by Evens to the Countess Eugenie Montijo.

The great statue of Pope Leo XIII., which Count Joseph Loubat is to present to the Catholic university at Washington will be shipped to this country within a few weeks. It is reported to be a fine piece of work, and represents the pope seated upon his throne and wearing the triple crown.

It has been discovered that Rudyard Kipling's grandfathers on both sides were Wesleyan ministers. His father is an accomplished artist who formerly held the position of art director in India. A pretty Indian village named Rudyard, in which the son was born supplied him with his first name. The elder Kipling is now decorating a ceiling for Queen Victoria at Windsor.

Prince Albert Victor's physique is lamentably ungainly and awkward. He seldom appears in public except in company with his father, who alludes to him as "my son," as if he were ten years old. He is always rumored to be on the point of marrying, but is as far off today as ever. If England is ever to have another royal fashion leader she must look to Prince George, who seems to have much more important business to attend to.

The Russian Grand Duke Sergius is said to be profoundly devoted in manners. If he happens upon an image of reputed sanctity he will prostrate himself before it. If there are relics of some old ecclesiastic of bygone generations he will not be happy till he kisses them. If there is a shrine where pilgrims gather, there he must also worship. And the lady to whom he is married has had to learn to accommodate herself to his tastes and to assume a devotional attitude before the pictures, crosses and old bones and corpses that are so gratifying to her husband.

It is just a little more than three years, says a writer, since Amelie Rives wrote to me, telling me of her approaching marriage to Mr. Chanler. She said, "Never, since time was, has there been such a loving heart as mine;" but after they went abroad there is no doubt that something came between the romantic pair, for it is altogether certain that for some months they sojourned apart. She is by no means so ideally beautiful as the picture which appeared in Lippincott simultaneously with *The Quick or the Dead* would lead one to infer. She has fine eyes, but her hair, unmistakably suggests the hand of the chemist, and she is very short. She is not averse to photographic reproductions of her charms, and her friends possess them in almost endless variety, even in the corduroy skirt and shirt waist with Tam O'Shanter, so graphically dwelt upon as the bereaved Barbara's out-door costume, whether she went nutting, sliding down haystacks, chattering dogs, love-making, or upon other autumn pursuits. That *The Quick or the Dead* was received with such scathing criticism, the authoress declared, was "because of the foulness of men's hearts." *The on dit* at the time was that John McCullough had spent a holiday time among the red hills of Albemarle, and that it was his intense personality that gave such a lurid glow to the pages of this remarkable book.

A unique character in English public affairs today is William T. Stead. A north country Nonconformist, with strong religious tendencies, he got his first newspaper training in provincial journalism, and finally came to London on the staff of John Morley, when that gentleman was editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Succeeding him in that position, he made sensation after sensation, the most notable of which, the "Modern Babylon" business, finally landed him in jail. He some time after this left that paper to hoist his flag in a brand new venture of his own, the *Review of Reviews*. With a college training, great facility with the pen, much power of organization, the gift of making friends as well as enemies, immense energy, and more than the audacity which the English have attributed to the American journalist, he is ever attempting the thing unheard of in England, and ever succeeding. He dashes in where others fear to tread. He views everything pretty much from the journalistic standpoint, but no idea is too big for him to entertain and no project too startling for him to attempt. Who else in all England would have set out to interview the pope or the emperor of Russia? Only a Stead, is the common remark, could have conceived of such a publication as the *Review of Reviews*, or could have run it up to the circulation of 200,000 copies. He is, in short, in strength and weakness, what is popularly termed a genius. His intimate knowledge of men and affairs, and his quick penetration of motives, made him for years on the *Pall Mall Gazette* one of the shrewdest of political observers, while his caustic pen and unceasing activity made him one of the most terrible of political enemies. Mr. Stead's personal workroom is large and attractive, fitted up in the most convenient and luxurious style. He is a man of about 42, above the medium height, with plenty of glossy brown hair, a full beard, bright eyes and a nervous manner, manifesting itself most conspicuously in his striding about his room as he talks to strangers.

Enamelling is an exquisitely fragrant preparation for preserving, whitening and beautifying the teeth.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

When 'tis a hundred in the shade And stifling is the air, Oh! for a cool and distant maid To freeze us with a stare!

"No, I cannot be your wife. Try some other girl." "I've tried 'em all and none of 'em would have me. That's why I came to you."—Ex.

Watson—"I'm never troubled with tramps now." Wilson—"How's that?" "I've moved my wood-pile to the front yard."—Detroit Free Press.

"He is not a bean of yours, is he?" "Yes." "He calls on me oftener than you." "Yes; I told him the days you were not at home."—Life.

He—Did your father consent to my calling every evening? She—Yes—the dear old thing!—and promised to take me to the theatre four nights in the week besides.

He (coming home late)—"Very sorry, my dear, but I was detained down town by some pressing business." She—"Pressing business! H'm—was it your typewriter girl?"

Young man—"So Miss Ella is your oldest sister. Who comes after her?" Small brother—"Nobody ain't come as yet, but pa says that the first fellow that comes can have her."

"They say there is poison in ice cream, Ethel," he said, as they passed by the ice cream saloon. "Well," she said, "I would like to see whether there is or not. Let us try it."

Tom—"How did it happen that Miss Blanche refused you; it was understood that you were her favorite?" Jack—"The regular way; the favorite didn't win."—New York Herald.

Jack—"I know Ethel loved me." Tom—"But you had no show with her father, eh?" Jack—"Oh, didn't I? I had a regular circus with him. That's where the trouble came in."—Puck.

"How's your family?" "Pretty well, thank you." Any of your daughters married yet? "No, and I can't understand why they don't go off; they use powder enough, goodness knows!"—Ex.

A certain country sexton, in making his report of burials, is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur:—"Died, John Smith, male; aged three days; unmarried."—Ex.

The doctor—My dear Miss Palisade, in your condition, it won't do to go to the ball tonight with a thin dress on. You will be almost certain to catch something. Miss Palisade—That's what I am going for.

She—Your society refreshes me greatly. He—Thank you. Then you won't mind if I stay another hour? She—O dear, no! You have such a country air about you it's a perfect picnic to be in your presence.—Life.

"I don't see how you make your patients obey you, doctor. A man who is fond of high living never will diet." "He can't help himself, madam. When he has paid my bill he has to reduce his living."—Harper's Bazar.

A girl was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon, whereat an old bachelor started the story that a number of married men had, in consequence, invited the artillery volunteers to practice near their premises.—Ex.

"I like Sunday-school better than any other school," said Willie. "I am pleased to hear that, my little man," said the minister. "Now, will you tell me why?" "Yes, sir; it only comes once a week."—New York Herald.

He (affianced to the widow)—"How embarrassing it will be, when we die, to meet your first husband?" The Widow—"Possibly, my dear, you and the sainted dead will abide in different regions. That is my hope."—Munsey's Weekly.

"Where did you get that handsome watch, Brown?" "Oh, it was given to me." "Why, you're a mighty lucky fellow." "I don't know about that. You see it was my wife that gave it to me."—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

Mrs. Newwed (handing tramp several biscuits)—"Here, my old man, are some of my home-made biscuits. You will find the saw and ax in the woodshed." Tramp (closely examining the biscuits)—"Are they as bad as that, mum?"—Brooklyn Eagle.

"My friends," remarked the minister, "the collection today will be devoted to my travelling expenses, for I am going away for my health; the more I receive the longer I can stay," and strange to say, the largest collection ever made was then taken up.

Farmer Jayseed—Whar's the city boarder's M'riar. Mrs. Jayseed—They've all gone down town the pasture to practice bow 'n' arser shootin'. Farmer Jayseed—Wal, you send Jimmy down to pick the arser out o' the caows when they come up to the bars.

Clara—I was looking over your friend's amateur play, and I must confess I didn't think much of the plot. Do you think it will be a success? Maude—Oh, yes, indeed. Just think, the scene is laid at the seaside, and we are all to come out in bathing dresses.

Plain citizen (to editor of Dinkeyville *Clarion*)—"Why do you call Wahoo a prominent and influential citizen? He has never done anything worth noticing." Editor—"Hasn't, hey? Gosh, almighty, man! He has just paid me two years' subscription in advance!"—Brooklyn Life.

St. Peter—"Well, young man, how did you get in here? What is your business?" Young man—"I am an amateur photographer; would you allow me to take a shot at the pearly gates?" St. Peter—"The elevator is just going down; step right in; we press the button, you do the rest."

Corporal (to soldier)—"Why is the blade of the saber curved instead of straight?" Soldier—"It is curved in order to give more force to the blow." Corporal—"Humbug! The saber is curved so it will fit the scabbard. If it was straight, how would you get it into the crooked scabbard, blockhead?"—Texas Siftings.

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A GIRL'S FIRST SWIM.

The Queer Feeling that Thrills Her at the Initial Dip.

With chattering teeth, a blue nose covered with goose flesh, and not much of anything else, I stood in "position," which, when translated, means with arms extended forward in a straight line, hands with palms together, fingers close, thumbs down. Then begins the monotonous count—o-n-e, t-w-o, t-h-r-e-e—just as if you were receiving a lesson in music. "One," separate the hands by opening from the under side; make a circle or a half-circle by bringing the arms out to a straight line at the side from the shoulder. "Two," draw the elbows to the side and hands to the chest. "Three," shoot them from the chest to position again.

Next I was told to be seated and to extend my legs forward, heels together, toes out. While the arms are sweeping the circle at "one" the legs remain in position. At "two," while the elbows and hands go to the sides and chest, the heels, sticking close together, are drawn up to the body. At "three" the arms shoot forward to position. The legs may be straightened out sideways with a vigorous kick and cut a circle back to position. The knees are kept straight and the force of the movement all comes from the hips. By the time I had finished this movement lesson there was not a muscle in my body that had not been used, and the strain equally distributed, so you at once see why swimming develops muscular forces, gives agility and suppleness to the limbs, opens the chest, increases the lung capacity, equalizes the circulation and creates and preserves beauty of form and grace of outline and rhythmic movements—but if you think it is "easy" just try it.

It was assured the movements would come more naturally in the water, so to the water we went and the harness or belt attached to the pulley rope was adjusted around my body just under the arms, and I confess to you privately that if it had been a hangman's noose and the kindly instructor a duty bound sheriff I could not have been more terrified. I thought I never had seen so much dependence placed on so slender a rope, or such an untrustworthy life-saving contrivance. I realized fully that this uncertain thing, which would not be still long enough for me to catch my lost breath, was all that stood between me and that historical country from which no one but a theosophist ever returns.

How can I describe my horrible sensations when first swung off into that dark water? It could have held no greater terror for me if it had been bottomless. For further encouragement I was permitted to hold to one end of a pole, the other end being held by my instructor. Gasping and spluttering I held on for dear life, until the wise one, seeing there was nothing to be accomplished by encouraging my timidity, gently forced me to give up the pole, and I was left lying face downward upon the water. At this juncture I tried between gasps to inquire if any one had ever been drowned here, but I could not make myself understood, and it didn't matter, for I felt sure one would soon be drowned now.

The next instruction was to take position; instead I took a "header," and my feet took to the skies. Of course it was only momentary, for the pulley brought me back to a level, and after much and desperate struggle to combine the arm and leg movement, as taught on the carpet, I was more or less successful (rather less than more), and began to have a dim idea of the fascination there must be in swimming when there was no fear of an untimely introduction to the hereafter.

I was not thinking of my curtailed costume now; nor of the fit of it; nor of bangs that were no more; nor of powder washed off. Individuality was gone. Water has such a wonderful fully equalizing effect. If there is any one who still believes in that pretty axiom: "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most," "I wish he or she would make a visit to a natatorium. No cause for jealousy here! We are all ugly alike. But obviously and more enviously I watched the rest jumping fearlessly off springing boards, sliding down shoots, swinging out over the dark depths from gymnasium rings or diving to come upon the opposite side of the tank. Right well I now understood the moral courage and intellectual confidence developed by the practice that led to such proficiency, and that a new and keen pleasure in existence had come with the attainment, and my teeth closed upon the resolve to learn to swim or drown in the attempt.

They Wanted to See the Telegrams Go.
Since the first telegraph line was erected in China the wires have been carried through twelve provinces. Lately the province of Kansu has been connected with the telegraph centers, and the provincials express much wonder at the rapidity with which the messages are transmitted. In their ignorance they think that telegrams are written on sheets of paper and these sheets pass over the wires. When the working commenced on the Kansu line crowds of people gathered round the telegraph poles to see the message sheets travel over the wire.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Dangerous Counterfeit.
The man who counterfeits a coin or a bank note, or who is detected in an attempt to pass a counterfeit is speedily placed in prison as a person too dangerous to be permitted to be at large. How much more dangerous is the person who, for the sake of paltry gain, endeavors to impose upon the public a dangerous and worthless counterfeit of a popular medicine. The great popularity achieved by Pink Pills, and the wonderful results that have followed their use for the treatment of all female complaints, nervous diseases, and general debility in both males and females, has induced some unscrupulous parties to place upon the market a worthless imitation, resembling the genuine Pink Pills in appearance only. The public are cautioned against these spurious imitations, and are asked to see that every box they purchase bears the trade mark and name of The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Brockville, Ont. Do not permit any dealer to palm off upon you any imitation of the genuine pill, as not only will they not produce the expected results, but may prove positively harmful. No other pill can produce the results obtained by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid, on receipt of price (50c. a box), by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Adet.

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