

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

The Royal Kennels at Home Park. Managed on a Scientific Plan.

That Queen Victoria should be fond of dogs is not surprising. It is a trait which has belonged to most of the kings, queens, and princes of Great Britain. Most of her predecessors on the throne of England made much of dogs, and some of them are celebrated in history for their love of the canine race. Edward II. was a famous dog fancier. Henry VIII. was a great hunter. You remember the affection Mary Stuart had for a faithful little dog who died of grief (as the story goes) after her death. And is there not the King Charles spaniel, as a lasting remembrance of one of England's Kings?

Queen Victoria is as fond of dogs as any of her predecessors were. She never travels without two or three of her favorite animals, and when she was in France not long ago her collie won the admiration of all amateurs. Darnley II., this collie, has for many years been her greatest favorite; and any one who knows the intelligence, the faithfulness, the affection of the breed will not wonder. Darnley II. is, of course, a prince of his species. Queen Victoria's love for the collie dog appears in the "Journal of My Life in the Highlands," where under the date of Sept. 14, 1873, she speaks of the obedience of a specimen of this breed: "He is the easiest dog to command I ever saw," she says in effect.

The Queen is not alone in the royal family in her love of dogs. The Prince of Wales has a fine Kennel at Sandringham, but he devotes his time—by deputy, of course—more to the growing of larger animals. He is a famous prize-taker at country fairs with fine cattle, etc. But the Queen is faithful to her dogs, and the Home Park Kennel at Windsor is, both by courtesy and in fact, the "first kennel of the kingdom."

Happy are the dogs who live at Home Park! The establishment there dates from 1851, and the keeper is Hugh Brown, a son of that famous Brown who was Queen Victoria's body-servant for years. Back of the red brick villa, where Keeper Brown lives, stretch sixty kennels. In the center is the "Queen's Veranda," where the dogs go to frolic, and where often the Queen comes to spend a few hours with them. The kennels are built uniformly of red and blue bricks, and to the mind of a Frenchman who lately visited them, have "a look very coquettish." They are large and airy, and are warmed in the winter by hot-water pipes. Each kennel has two doors, one upon a paved court, in which are little channels of fresh, running water, the other upon large plots of greensward. In the middle of each of these plots is a basin where the dogs can take a bath. Not far off is the rustic house, closed by lattice work, where the Queen, after her daily promenade with her dog and her inspection of the kennels, can see her favorites frolic around her.

Among her dogs are several Pomeranians, most of which were bought in Florence in 1888, and several of them prize-winners. One of these Pomeranians, Gina, took all the first prizes in her class at the Exposition in Agricultural Hall in 1891. Near these dogs are to be found two old pensioners of Home Park—two little Italian hounds, Dainty and Bische, in which the Queen takes great interest on account of the love which the Emperor Frederick had for the breed. Close by is a kennel which is kept empty and locked; here in his life, dwelt Rolfe, an Eskimo dog. The Queen was very fond of him, and did not want another dog to take his kennel.

According to the veracious Frenchman before quoted, Paul Megnin, whose article in the French journal, "L'Illustration," is here drawn upon, whenever a subject of the Queen wishes to make her a little gift, it is that of a dog. Thus, Lady Brassey returning from Japan, brought her a curious pair of pugs. The male alone remains at Home Park, and he has the name Brassey. The Queen, herself, it may be noted, insists upon naming all her dogs herself.

Sky-terriers, once plentiful at the royal kennels, seem to have fallen into disfavor. The race has been ousted from regard by the fox-terriers and the coolies—much better pets, most fanciers will say.

Three special favorites at Home Park are Spot, Marco, and Roy. Roy is a collie, and travels with his mistress. The other two are fox-terriers; they are too old to journey to the continent. All three are prize-winners. The Queen has many remarkable collies.

Did Not Want That Kind.

In one of the leading journals of Montevideo the following advertisement appeared recently: "A very rich young woman would like to marry a young man of good family. If necessary she will pay the debts of her future husband. Send answer, with photograph, to I. P., at the office of the journal." The inserter of this announcement was no other than M. Isaac M., merchant tailor, who had just set up an establishment in Montevideo. By this means he procured photographs of many undesirable customers.—Paris Le Soleil.

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INDIANS OF THE WEST.

What Bishop Whipple Says of the Better Side of their Character.

"When I went to Minnesota," says Bishop Whipple, "Indian affairs were in their worst state. The agents were appointed as a reward for political services. The salary was but \$1,500 a year, but there was a definite understanding that the position ment a competency for life. The Indians had been dragged down to sorrow their fathers had never known. The Sioux have a very bad reputation now, but for thirty years it was their boast that they had never taken the life of a white man. If their former friendship has been changed to enmity it is our fault.

"The Indian is the noblest type of the wild man in the world. He recognizes the Great Spirit, believes in a future life, has a passionate love for his children, and will lay down his life for his tribe. He is courteous and hospitable. If his bitterest enemy came to his wigwam he would be treated as an honored guest. The world is peopled with spiritual influence to the Indian. There is a spirit in the waterfall, another in the thunder, another in the trees. Everything explainable by science is by the Indians attributed to a spiritual influence. The Indian is proverbially honest, unless he is demoralized by drink.

"In thirty-six years experience with the Indians I never knew one to tell me a lie, and I never had a thing stolen by one. I asked an Indian once if it was safe to leave my property in my wigwam while I made a distant journey. He laughed and said: 'Quite safe. There isn't a whiteman within a 100 miles of you.' Among themselves the Indians are fond of jokes and often shouting with laughter. They are taciturn, however, in the presence of the whites.

"There was much bitterness among the Sioux when I commenced my work. There had been sold without their knowledge 800,000 acres of their reservation. They received no pay. They were told that there were claims against them for that amount. The government expended \$8,000 a year for the Indians. When I came they had not taught a single child to read. As I taught fifty in the first year I was there at a cost of less than \$700, the fact is a striking one.

"In 1892, during the civil war, the Indians learned from pictures which they saw on the traders' counters that the North was at war with the South and was being defeated. When the agent enlisted a company of half-breeds they believed they could recover their lost territory. They commenced a massacre in which 800 people were killed in three weeks. The western border of Minnesota was a trail of blood.

"Many of the noblest border men I have ever known were cruelly murdered. It was darker than midnight. I shall carry to my grave the warm hospitality of those friends who now sleep in nameless graves. The massacre was the outcome of a long series of neglects and dishonesty, and the only light in the darkness of those days was the fact that the Christian Indians were as true as steel. They saved more than 200 white women and children. There are Indians still living whom I love as the bravest knights that ever walked on earth, and who at the risk of the hatred of their fellows and danger to their lives never faltered. The same massacre would have taken place on our northern border had it not been for the fact that the Christian Indians gave timely warning of danger and friendly Indians came to the defence of the whites.

"At Fort Ripley some of these Indians received certificates from Gen. Sibley, one of the noblest men in command of our troops, which read: 'The bearer is entitled to the lasting gratitude of the American people for having been instrumental with other Indians in saving the lives of white women during the Sioux war.'

"There are about 8,000 Indians in Minnesota now. Among them are nine churches, and there are twenty-seven full blood Indians who are clergymen. Thirty-six years ago I found pandemonium. I saw such wretchedness as I would not have believed could exist in a Christian nation. All I could say was, 'How long, oh Lord.' On my last visit I preached to 500 Christian Indians. I did not see a blanket nor a painted face. I could only say, 'What hath God wrought?'

His Little Lamb.

Rev. Dr. Meredith, a well-known clergyman, tries to cultivate friendly relations with the younger members of his flock. In a recent talk to his Sunday school he urged his children to speak to him whenever they met.

The next day a dirty-faced urchin, smoking a cigarette and having a generally disreputable appearance, accosted him in the street with:

"Hullo, doctor!"

The clergyman stopped and cordially inquired:

"And who are you, sir?"

"I'm one of your little lambs," replied the boy, affably, "Fine day."

And, tilting his hat on his head he swaggered off, leaving the worthy divine speechless with amazement.—Pearsons, Weekly.

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IS THERE A NEW WOMAN?

She is Said to be Really Nothing More Than the Dear Old Girl.

Is the new woman a myth or a reality? The question is asked in all seriousness. The world has heard much about her. She has formed the theme of sermons, and essays, and novels, and of jokes without number. She has been depicted in thousands of cartoons, and been the hero or the villain of countless plays. But, in real life, where is she? How many of her are there? How does she contrive to keep herself so hidden from the world? Must we class her with the gypsies, or with Mrs. Harris, or with the rainbow's gold? Here is the latest prophet to take up the burden against her; Mrs. Ballington Booth, a woman of earnest purpose, of lofty aim, of splendid achievements for the good of humanity. She devoted an evening's eloquent talk, last week, to a description of this elusive creature. She portrayed the new woman as a being who wears balloon sleeves and trousers, reads vile books, smokes cigarettes, and clogs gum; scorns witheod and motherhood; abhors children, or, as she calls them, "brats," and lavishes her affection upon pug dogs. These are the salient characteristics. Truly, the possessor of them must be, as Mrs. Booth well said, an "abnormal, repulsive, revolting creature."

Does Mrs. Booth really believe, however, that such creatures exist in any considerable number? Or does her remark, "If I could get hold of her," imply that she has doubts upon the subject? Undeniably women do wear big sleeves. Some of them wear bloomers, or knickerbockers. They are growing stronger, both physically and mentally, and more independent and self-reliant. With all this, however, it is not to be perceived that they are growing less womanly. There are, of course some freaks in the female sex as well as in the male. Some women have gone astray from the true standard of womanhood, just as some men are unworthy of the name of manhood. But women are not all becoming harlots, any more than all men are becoming duds. Perhaps the sudden advancement of women into the proper sphere of physical and intellectual freedom from which they were too long excluded has caused some extravagant and absurdities, from which they will presently be a reaction. But human nature is not so readily changed. The higher education of woman, which was not long ago denounced with all the austere fervor of a Hebrew prophet; her elevation from the legal status of a chattel to that of a citizen, which was so sternly and stubbornly resisted; and even her athletic emancipation from the control of backboards and stays, have not and will not destroy her innate womanhood—her domestic maternal spirit.

There has been a prodigious toter about the new woman and her ways. Some of it has been judicious and beneficent. Most of it, we are convinced, has been fictitious and absurd. There may be a few such beings as those so scathingly described and so properly denounced by Mrs. Booth. They are rare exceptions. As Mrs. Punch puts it:

"Unsexed, fititious, foolish, coarse, in human! She's not the new, she's but the 'novel' woman." And a "novel" is a work of fiction. The average, actual, living woman, new or advanced though she be, is still a dutiful daughter, an affectionate sister, a loving wife, a devoted mother. She may know Greek. She may ride a bicycle, and in doing so wear knickerbockers. She may manage her own bank account. She may even want to vote. But she has just as warm and loving a heart as the old-time Lydia Languish. She is no fonder of her pug than her great-great-grandmother was of her silky-eared spaniel. She does not hate children nor call them brats, nor does she despise witheod and motherhood. She does not propose to be a man's plaything or slave. In that she is entirely right. But give her a manly man for a mate, and she will prove herself as womanly a woman as ever was any daughter of Mother Eve. She is "new" in many things, and it is well she should be. But she is not new in the one dominant and constant element of the sex, "the eternal feminine." Amid all that has been said about her, both for her and against her, perhaps nothing is at once more terse and comprehensive, and at the same time more entirely just, than the half-flippant and half-jesting remark that "the new woman is, after all, nothing but the dear old girl."

The Horse Will Stay.

It is nonsense to talk about "the elimination of the horse." He is here to stay, and here to win as great honors as any gained by racer or roadster in the past. So long as men admire one of the most intelligent, one of the noblest of animals, so long will they ride the horse and drive the horse, and find a zest and pleasure to be gained in no other way. The progress of invention may bring into vogue, for a certain time, and to a certain extent, many a curious vehicle. Like the "wheel," the horseless carriage may find, indeed, some degree of lasting favor. But until all lovers of outdoor exercise shall be placidly content to be mere motormen will the horse continue to find, year after year, his full quota of warm and appreciative admirers on the road.—Boston Globe.

Why the Rose Became Red. According to the poetical idea of Catullus the rose was once white but blushed red and remained so out of shame for allowing its thorns to inflict a wound on the feet of Venus.



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