

PRINCESS BEATRICE'S ART STUDY.

She Worked Hard With Her Instructor and Dawdled Only on One Day.

Mrs. Park-Smith, an English water colorist, who has a wide reputation among the fashionable people of England, was summoned to Buckingham palace some years ago as instructor to the Queen's youngest daughter. Mrs. Park Smith gossips entertainingly about her royal pupil, of whom she was and is very fond.

'It was only upon one occasion,' said the artist, 'that the Princess Beatrice dawdled, and that was the day Baroness Burdett Coutts was married. As a rule the Princess worked away as busy as a bee, but this day she accomplished nothing.'

'Now they are just going up to the altar,' exclaimed the Princess, jumping up and examining her watch, 'and now they are saying "for better, or for worse." Oh, dear, isn't it wonderful; now they are walking down the aisle—they are just getting into the carriage—at last they are married—how funny!'

'The Princess then threw down her brush and declared that really she couldn't paint another stroke, and off she went to the Queen's room to read the telegrams which had been received giving an account of the wedding.'

'Her Majesty the Queen has a decided preference for water colors and among her pictures are several of American scenery. She also has a liking for illumination, and as the Princess Beatrice had a delicate touch, the Queen suggested that she try illuminated texts, copying some old medieval ones. After having become somewhat accomplished in this art, Princess Beatrice illuminated the copy of Thomas a Kempis's 'Imitation,' which the Queen keeps with her Bible for daily reading.'

'The Princess's next work was fan making, and she made for the Queen two pretty fans, one red geraniums on white satin, the other blackberries on pearl-colored satin, which were beautifully mounted.'

A beautiful illuminated autograph album is one of the Queen's pet treasures; it was made at the time of the last jubilee but one, and all of the Queen's royal guests inscribed their names therein. The book is bound in Italian vellum and was painted by Princess Beatrice's teacher. The cover has the royal coat of arms, done in its proper colors, with the Queen's four palaces—Buckingham, Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral—on the four sides. The boarder is of roses—or was. When the cover was finished her Majesty regretted that she had not proposed the lotus, as symbolic of her Indian possessions; accordingly the roses were painted out and the lotus substituted, much to the Queen's satisfaction. The illumination is wonderful in its detail, and when examined with the magnifying glass reveals, among other things, 320 windows divided up among the four palaces.

The Queen and all the royal family have a weakness for autograph books and never refuse their autograph to their friends, and the Queen, at her own suggestion, was the first to inscribe her name in the autograph book which the Princess Beatrice gave to her painting teacher. The English royalties are most gracious in acknowledging gifts, whoever the giver may be, and Princess Beatrice took thought while on her wedding journey to send her teacher thanks for decorating the sphinx blue curtains which Prince Henry had given her for her boudoir as a wedding gift, inclosing, at the same time, a photograph of Prince Henry. 'A handsome man in a walking regiment with £90 a year,' was the Prince of Wales's summing up of his brother-in-law, who was never considered quite good enough for the Princess, but whom she adored.

Young Prince Alexander, the eldest child of Princess Beatrice, promises to be quite as handsome as his father, he is a privileged youngster with his grandmamma, and often, in his babyish days used to be invited to take an airing with the Queen in her pony carriage. The Queen promptly went to sleep as a rule before she had taken many turns about the palace grounds. Upon one occasion, when little Prince Alexander had been devoting much time to a lengthy tale, and at last discovered that his grandmamma had been sweetly slumbering to put up one finger and shaking it almost in her Majesty's face, said, 'Fy, fy gran, you haven't heard a word I've said.'

Telegraphic Transmission of Pictures.

E. A. Hummel, a St. Paul man, has invented a new device for the transmission of pictures, which is thus described in a press dispatch: 'Both the transmitter and the receiver have a diminutive electric motor operating a carriage that moves the pencils over whatever is to be copied. In the transmitter the pencil has a sharp platinum point. After the machine is connected with the electric circuit and the platinum point is set in motion by clock-work, each time it encounters a strip of shellac the circuit is broken. This throws down against the receiving paper in the complementary part of the machine a sharp needle point which etches into the surface a line corresponding to the course taken



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by the platinum point while on the shellac insulation. When the platinum point has passed over the shellac and the circuit is again closed, the needle point is lifted.

Have You Neuralgia?

If you suffer its agonies, and fail to get a remedy, we want you to try Nerviline. Its action on nerve pain is simply marvelous. Nerviline is the most pleasant and powerful remedy in the market. Try it.

Pa Saw Double.

'That young man of yours,' said the observing parent, as his daughter came down to breakfast, 'should apply for a job in a dime museum.'

'Why, father,' exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation, 'what do you mean?'

'I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night,' answered the old man, 'that he had two heads upon his shoulders.'

No Temper Powders Needed.

Here is a point that is worth remembering: The more gentle the means employed to induce sleep the more natural and refreshing will the sleep be. That is why morphine and other narcotics are so bad. They do not properly induce sleep at all, but rather unconsciousness, which is quite a different thing. They are, as we all know, administered (perhaps necessarily) in cases of great pain which must be at once relieved. But they are always violent things; they, in certain sense, stun the nerves as a blow on the head might do.

'Now, if you will run your eye over the following personal statement, I will afterwards clench the point I wish to fasten in your mind.'

In the autumn of last year (1895) my health began to fail me. I felt out of sorts, weak, and exhausted. I had a foul taste in the mouth, my tongue was coated, and I had no desire for food of any kind. After eating I experienced pain across the chest, as if a heavy weight were pressing on it. I got little sleep at night, and for a week I never closed my eyes. All my nerves were unstrung, and I was so weak and dejected that I had no heart for anything.

[The influence of a diseased condition, aging, of course, through the nerves upon the mind and spirits, is as clear a fact as attraction of gravitation. No less an authority than Dr. Lauder Brunton has directed the attention of the medical profession to the fact that many quick-tempered persons are really victims of marked forms of general rheumatism, which may be relieved by what he tactically calls temper powders. But what are those temper powders? From the start, I don't believe in that sort of treatment. An umbrella is useful, but it doesn't keep your legs dry.]

'I was obliged,' continues the letter, 'to leave my work being so weak I could hardly crawl about. Month after month I continued in this way, during which time I saw one doctor after another, and also went to the infirmary.'

'The doctors said my ailment was nervous debility, but their medicines did me no good. My father then told me of the great benefit he derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup—it having cured his indigestion.'

'I got a bottle of this medicine from Dawes, Chemist, High Street, Longton, and after taking it began to improve. My nerves were easier, and I felt brighter of myself, and could eat without having pain. Gradually all the weakness and horrible nervousness left me, and I was as strong and well as ever in my life. For the benefit of others you have my consent to publish this statement. (Signed) Henry Askey, 55 Spring Road, Normacot, Staffordshire, August 27th, 1896.'

Let us now clutch the point, according to promise. What ailed Mr. Askey? He said he suffered horribly from what the doctors called nervous debility, and that he lost sleep and strength until he was useless to himself and to others. A miserable state of affairs my good readers—a miserable state of things. He does not say the doctors gave him narcotics, but probably they did. Alas! however, all to no purpose.

Mark, now, what I tell you. In all cases of sleeplessness and nervous debility there is a source of irritation somewhere in the body, which, if relieved, will be followed by rest and recovery. It is like the mote in the eye. What was it in this instance? The other symptoms he mentions tell us. It was an inflamed and torpid stomach, full of undigested and fermented food—poisonous to the blood and nerves. That was the cause of the whole trouble, as it is in nearly all cases of nervous breakdown. Oh, no; we don't need any narcotics or "temper powders," whatever they may be. We will straighten out the digestive machine with Mother Seigel's Syrup, and our nerves will be quiet as lambs in a fold.

Reason Enough.

Reading and writing are not really a necessity of life, where there are other people who can read and write.

'Why,' asked Mrs. Dooley of Bridget Flanagan, 'do you go to that old Mrs. Smith to read your letters from your sweetheart? Sure, you don't be knowin' her at all well.'

'That I don't. But she do be deaf as a post.'

'An' what's the good of that?'

'The good of it? The good of it? Why thin, not one wurd of thim letters do she hear!'

"THOUGHT MY HEAD WOULD BURST."

A Fredericton Lady's Terrible Suffering.

Mrs. GEO. DOHERTY tells the following remarkable story of relief from suffering and restoration to health, which should



clear away all doubts as to the efficacy of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills from the minds of the most skeptical:

'For several years I have been a constant sufferer from nervous headache, and the pain was so intense that sometimes I was almost crazy. I really thought that my head would burst. I consulted a number of physicians, and took many remedies, but without effect. I noticed Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, and as they seemed to suit my case, I got a box and began their use. Before taking them I was very weak and debilitated, and would sometimes wake out of my sleep with a distressed, smothering feeling, and I was frequently seized with agonizing pains in the region of the heart, and often could scarcely muster up courage to keep up the struggle for life. In this wretched condition Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills came to the rescue, and to-day I state, with gratitude, that I am vigorous and strong, and all this improvement is due to this wonderful remedy.'

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A DANGEROUS MOMENT.

It Made a Local Hero of one man and Cowards of Others.

During the building of the bridge over the Willamette River at Portland, Oregon, an incident occurred that must have made at least a local hero of the foreman in charge. In a moment of general panic he kept cool, and by an admirable display of nerve, saved many lives and many thousand dollars' worth of property.

The water at the point where the large pier for the pivot span was to be placed was eighty feet deep. A pile foundation was put in to carry the caissons. The piles were over one hundred feet long, and were driven from twenty to thirty feet into the ground under the river with a steam pile driver worked on a barge. The piles numbered more than three hundred, and formed an almost solid square. Then it was found that some of them were superfluous, and were in the way of others. It was necessary to remove them.

This was done by sending down a diver, who drove a spiked ring into the pile to be removed, passed a light rope through it, and returned to the surface with the rope ends. A dynamite bomb was then attached to one end of the rope, and with the fuse lighted, it was dropped into the water. The foreman, who had received the other end of the rope from the diver, then drew in the line until the bomb reached the ring at the base of the pile, where it was held until it exploded and the pile was blown to atoms.

On the occasion now referred to, the foreman, standing on the barge, drew in the rope as usual, but by some accident the spike was pulled out, and the spectators were horrified and terror-stricken to see the foreman holding the spike, bomb and all, in his hands, with the smoking fuse burning almost into the cap.

'Run for your lives, boys!' the foreman shouted; and the twenty-five or thirty men on the barge waited for a second invitation. At first the foreman tried to throw the whole bundle into the river, but the rope being tangled about him, he was unable to do so. He then coolly but quickly tore the bomb, composed of twelve sticks of giant powder to pieces, and drew the cap from the stick in which it was set and dropped it into the water. So short was the time that the cap exploded before it reached the water.

Had he hesitated a moment, the delay would have cost not only his own life, but the lives of many of the workmen, and a heavy property loss of machinery and materials. The diver had perhaps the worst scare. There he sat on the side of the barge, loaded not only with his heavy diving suit, but with fifty pounds extra weight at his waist to sink him when he went below.

The poor fellow did not know what to do. He feared to jump back into the water, if the bomb should be thrown there, the concussion would certainly kill him. Finally he made up his mind to run with the rest, and notwithstanding his heavy load, he is said to have kept up with the procession. It was a close call for many people. The wharf at the end of the barge was lined with spectators, and on the wharf was a small building containing one hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite, which in all probability would have exploded from the concussion had the bomb been fired above the water. One incident raised a laugh, even in so critical a moment. One of the superintendents of the work, when he saw the danger, quite 'lost his head.' He was on the wharf, and ran about wringing his hands and crying, 'Where shall I go? Oh, where shall I go?' And the place where he finally crouched was directly behind the warehouse containing the one hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite—unquestionably the most dangerous spot he could have chosen.

Peril of Keeping "Tab" on a Man's Faults.

Mrs. Murkle—Josiah, do you know that you have sworn three times within an hour, that six frowns have crossed your brow, that you have spoken crossly to the children four times, and that you have hitched around in your chair so much that I wouldn't be surprised if the carpet were all worn out under you?

Mr. Murkle—Indeed! Well, can you tell me how many nice things I have said to you and the children during the past hour, how often I have laughed how many words of encouragement I have used how many twinkles have come into my eyes, and how many minutes I have sat absolutely still?

Mrs. Murkle—I haven't counted them. Mr. Murkle—That's what I thought. Suppose you try looking out for a fellow's good qualities a little while. Perhaps if you do that you'll not have so much time to keep tab on his faults. Mrs. Murkle (beginning to weep)—Josiah, your not satisfied with me. You wish you were married to some other woman!

Mr. Murkle—Dash it, who could help swearing under such circumstances. I've half a mind to go out and get a drink. Mrs. Murkle—There, now the animal in you is gaining full control again. Oh why did I ever place my fair young life in the keeping of a brute! (Curtain.)



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