

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

To Europe six Times in Twelve Years—
Learned Six Languages.

A plucky American woman, who began to support herself at eighteen, has shown how a poor school teacher can see Europe to the best advantage in twelve years, says the Philadelphia Times. Earning a small salary in a public school, she has taken private pupils and lived frugally, and has been able to go to Europe every other year for a two months' holiday.

Her first journey was made to England and Scotland, and was enjoyed so keenly that she planned another one, and saved money for it during the next two years. The second tour was through France, Belgium and Holland, and in order to travel comfortably she learned French during her leisure hours.

Returning to her school work, she began to study German, and at the end of two years was ready for a journey up the Rhine and to Vienna, and thence through Dresden and Berlin to Bremen. With renewed ardor she plunged into the study of Italian, and at the end of two years started for Rome. She made the round of the Italian cities, and spent a fortnight in Switzerland. Two years afterward she was in Spain, and was able to speak the language.

During the last year she has made her sixth journey to Europe, traveling through Denmark, Norway and Sweden to Russia, and spending a fortnight in Moscow. She carried with her a fair knowledge of Swedish and not only knew the Russian alphabet so as to read the street signs, but could make her own bargains with drosky drivers and go about without a guide.

In the course of twelve years she has made six journeys to Europe and learned to speak six modern languages, and she has supported herself entirely by her earnings as a school teacher, and has paid every penny of her traveling expenses. Starting with a painstaking study of the language of the country which she was to visit, and also preparing herself by a course of reading, she has made the best possible use of her time abroad.

The reward for all this energy and perseverance has come in her thirtieth year. Her knowledge of foreign languages has fitted her for boarder work as a teacher, and she has left the public school to take a position as instructor in French, German and Italian in a high school for young women.

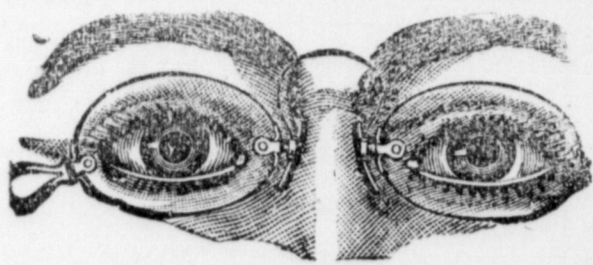
There may be higher aims than those ordinarily involved in foreign travel, but the persistency of this American girl in carrying out her plans is worthy of praise. It is a great gain in any human life, if it is governed by a definite purpose and keeps that purpose steadily in mind.

PET LEOPARD AND LION.

An Englishman who had Some Savage Pets for Companions.

Sir Henry Rawlinson wrote his "Memoir on the Persian Cuneiform Inscription at Behistun" while English resident at Bagdad. It is a work of over five hundred pages, and contains more than four hundred long lines of closely packed cuneiform writing. The inscription, cut in high, hugh rock by Darius Hystaspes, 500 B. C. has proved the key which unlocked the ancient Persian, Assyrian and Babylonian languages. The "Memoir" was written in a summer house overhanging the Tigris, where the outside heat of one hundred and twenty degrees was reduced to ninety degrees by the action of a water wheel which poured a continuous stream of water over the roof of the house.

For recreation while writing this book, Rawlinson indulged in petting wild animals. He had a tame leopard, named Fahad, which he brought to England and presented to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton, near Bristol. Whenever Rawlinson was in England he would visit Fahad. As soon as the beast heard his cry, "Fahad! Fahad!" it would rise from the floor, of its cage, approach the bars, and then, rolling



Permanently Located.

Eyes Tested Free by M. G. Thompson, a regular graduate in Optics. 20 years experience.

- Solid Gold Frames,..... \$2.85
- Best Gold Filled Frames, . . . 1.50
- Best Lenses per Pair, 1.00
- Aluminum Frames, 50
- Steel or Nickle Frames, 25

Add price of lenses to frames for complete cost.

Open till 9 o'clock Nights,

Boston Optical Co.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B.
Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Perfectly Cured

Weak and Low Spirited—Nervous Prostration—Appetite Poor and Could Not Rest.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla to others. It has been the means of restoring my wife to good health. She was stricken down with an attack of nervous prostration. She suffered with headaches and her nerves were under severe strain. She became very low spirited and so weak she could only do a little work without resting. Her appetite was poor, and being so weak she could not get the proper rest at night. She decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, as we had heard it highly praised, and I am glad to state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has perfectly cured all her ailments." G. BELLAMY, 321 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1, six for \$5. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

on the floor, extend its head to be scratched.

Once the keeper, who did not know Sir Henry, on seeing him patting the leopard, exclaimed:

"Take your hand out of the cage! The animal's very savage and will bite you!"

"Do you think so?" said Sir Henry. "I don't think he'll bite me. Will you, Fahad?" and the beast answered by a purr, and would hardly let the hand be withdrawn.

He also had at Bagdad a pet lion, which had been found when a kitten on the bank of the Tigris,—its mother having been shot,—and brought to Sir Henry. He alone fed it, and the lion, when grown, would follow him about like a dog. One hot day the lion moped and rejected its food. It paced about the master's room, and he, being very busy, called two servants to take the lion away.

The lion would not go with them, but drew nearer its master, and at last sat down under his chair, with its head between his knees.

"Oh," said he, "if he won't go, let him bide."

The servants went out, and Sir Henry wrote on. The lion sank from a sitting position into that of a 'lion couchant.' All was quiet for several hours save the scratching of a pen. When his work was over, the master put down his hand to pat the pet. The lion was dead.

"RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE."

The Indiscreet Remark of Tennyson's Father Made Him Flee Russia.

Tsar Paul was strangled because he was thought to be a madman whose manias were too dangerous to be borne. Bonaparte, who had entered into an agreement with the tsar, whereby the two rulers should simultaneously invade British India, had the meanness to declare in the Monitor, the official journal of France, that the assassination had been planned by the English. A thrilling story, associated with the assassination and Bonaparte's declaration, was told by the poet Tennyson.

The poet's father, when a young man, visited St. Petersburg not long after the assassination, and dined one day with Lord St. Helens, the British minister. At the dinner-table the young man, having in mind Bonaparte's attempt to make the English government responsible for the assassination, said to Lord St. Helens, speaking across a Russian guest: "It is perfectly well known in England who murdered the Emperor Paul; it was Count So-and-so."

A dead silence fell on the company. After dinner Lord St. Helens called young Tennyson aside and said, "Ride for your life from the city! The man across whom you spoke to me is the Count So-and-so, whom you accused of murdering the Emperor Paul."

The young Englishman took horse and rode for weeks through Russia, till he came to the Crimea, where he fell ill. He became delirious, and remembered the wild people dancing round his bed with magical incantations. Once in every three months an English courier passed through the village, and as he passed he blew a horn. It all depended on the young man's hearing the horn whether he could escape from Russia, for he had no money. In his delirium he would start up agonized lest he had missed it. At last the courier came, the horn was heard, and the courier agreed to take the young Englishman with him. He was a drunken fellow, and dropped all his despatches on the road. His companion picked them up, but did not tell the courier, until the man, having become sober, was in despair. Then young Tennyson gave the despatches to the courier, with a warning not to get drunk again.

At a frontier town they found the gates closed and barred, because it was late in the night. "The Duke of York!" shouted the courier. Immediately the gates were thrown open, and the sentinel sprang to attention and saluted the young Britisher, who, after many adventures, managed to reach England.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Her Father—What are your prospects, young man?

Her Suitor—I can't tell you yet, sir. Soon as I can raise enough money I'm going to get my horoscope cast.

Dr. Pills: Yes, old Milyune was on the verge of nervous prostration, all through worrying about his money.

Dr. Squills: How did you cure him?

I removed the cause of the trouble.

"Pa, can you tell me what fame is?"

"Fame, Johnny, is what a man gets for being civil to newspaper men."

Mrs. Gibberly—Is it true, David, that Swans sing before they die?

Gibberly—Of course. Couldn't sing after they died, could they?

Pointdexter—Handelbarr has changed his politics again.

Tillinghast—I'm not surprised at that. He changed his wheel not long ago.

Junior Partner: Do you think the new office boy is trustworthy?

Senior Partner—I'm sure of it. I've noticed that when he hasn't anything to do he never pretends to be busy.

Mrs. Culchaw (to visitor)—You see I found it best to get a French maid for the baby. It is quite the fad, you know.

French Maid (from adjoining room)—Roise yer jaw, me jool, while I toy yer bonnet.

"I hardly know how to answer you," said she when the widower proposed.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."

De Million—I must say I am very much disappointed in you. You told me that when you were married you would prove that you had business ability.

Du Poely—Well, my dear Sir, I did prove that when I married your daughter.

Jeweler (excited)—What became of those diamond earrings while I was out? They're worth \$400!

His Wife—The cook saw them, dear. It's her day out, you know, and said she'd leave if I didn't let her wear them this afternoon.

Tracy—You really don't need a new bonnet, my dear. You must admit that the one you have is becoming.

Mrs. Tracy—Yes; it is becoming—antiquated.

Surprised—Sweet Sixteen—Any fresh war news, papa dear?

Pater—Yes. Two men killed on one of our warships. Shot while at the wheel.

S. S.—Gracious! I didn't know that bicycles were allowed on battleships.

Interviewer—You have lived many, many years. Now, what I wish to ask is, what was the happiest moment of your life?

Old Man—It has not come yet.

Interviewer—Not come yet? When will it come?

Old Man—When people cease asking foolish questions.

Asking—"I wonder why it is that these actresses always look so young in their lithographs?"

Grumshaw—"Oh, when an actress is young she has her picture taken, and when she is old she does not depart from it."

She is a woman of more than ordinary depth. That is to say, she has a trick of saying things that have a tendency to keep the ordinary man guessing, as it were.

'The eyes,' she said, 'have been described as the windows of the soul.'

'Yes?' he returned.

'Have you noticed,' she asked, 'how fashionable ground glass windows have become?'

Teacher—Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence 'Adolphus married Caroline.'

Miss S.—Well, 'Adolphus' is a noun because it is the name of a thing; 'married' is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline; and 'Caroline' is a verb for it governs the noun.

'I caught myself just in time this morning,' exclaimed Mr. Meekton.

'I came very near annoying Henrietta quite severely!'

'By some remark?'

'No. I started to whistle. 'The Girl I Let Behind Me,' but I stopped before she could recognize it.'

'She dislikes the tune then?'

'I don't know that she dislikes the tune. But I am sure Henrietta would resent any insinuation that the girl was not away in the lead no matter what the occasion might be.'

LONG FINGER NAILS.

Indicate Rank and Good Breeding in Many Oriental Countries.

The countries where the long finger nail is most affected are Siam, Assam, Cochinchina and China. The approved length varies from three or four to twenty-three inches. A Siamese exquisite permits the nails on his fingers to grow to such an extent that his hands are practically useless. The aristocrats who affect these nails can not write, dress themselves, or even feed themselves.

The Siamese hold the long finger nail in the same reverence we hold the family tree. Many of them never have had their nails cut from the day of their birth. On the first finger the nail is of moderate length—three or four inches—while on the other fingers the nails grow occasionally to two feet. The thumb nail, which is also allowed to grow long, after reaching a

certain length curves around like a cork-screw.

In both China and Siam the owners of long nails were metal cases over them to preserve them, made of gold or silver, and jeweled. While long nails are not regarded as singular in China, they are rarely met with except on fanatics and pedantic scholars.

Among the fakirs in Hindoostan a peculiar custom is that of holding the hand tightly clenched and in one position so long that at last the nails grow through the palm emerging at the back of the hand, and thence almost to the wrist. When the wasted muscles refuse to support the arm any longer it is bound in position with cords.

In Nubia the long nail is regarded as indicative of good breeding. The aristocrats constantly submit their finger tips to cedar wood fire to insure a good growth.

The inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands are among the most expert tattooers on earth, and not even the crown of the head, the fingers and the toes are exempt from the needle. The hands are ornamented with utmost care, all the fingers having their own pattern, so that the hand would look as though encased in a tight-fitting glove were it not for the finger nails of enormous length with complete the hand adornment of the wealthier natives.—Chicago News.

LAW OF ABYSSINIA

Are Based on the Theory of "An Eye For an Eye."

The laws of Abyssinia are primitive, and based on those of the Israelites, "An eye for an eye." There are neither law courts nor lawyers; both plaintiff and defendant plead their own cause. Formerly, prior to the appointment by King Theodore of executioners, the guilty person, in case of murder, was slain in exactly the same manner in which he had taken the life of his victim. For instance, if a man killed another with a sword, the avenger of blood had to use a similar weapon. If death had been caused by blows from a club, a club was used to take the life of the murderer. This law most unjustly operated even in cases of manslaughter; and the life of a man who unwittingly and unintentionally had caused the death of another could be demanded by the relatives of the deceased. Among many others, an instance of this kind was once related to me. Two men were cutting grass on the side of a precipice, and when they were about to descend one of them fastened the end of a rope round his companion's body to lower him down the cliff, and attached the other end to the trunk of a tree. Accidentally the man to be lowered slipped before all was ready, and a coil of the rope becoming entangled round his neck he was strangled. His comrade, on subsequently descending by slipping down the rope, was horrified to find him dead at the bottom, and hastened to the village to report the circumstance. The judge passed a sentence of manslaughter and ordered a fine of \$150 to be paid to the widow. The widow, however, refused the compensation and demanded the literal carrying out of the law. After some deliberation it was agreed that she should carry her point, and the unfortunate and perfectly innocent man was sentenced to be hung with the same rope which had caused the fatal accident; the rope was accordingly, fastened round his waist, and a coil of the same passed around his neck, and he was hauled up a few feet from the ground, suspended a few moments and then lowered again. The widow believing him from all appearances to be dead was satisfied; but the relatives of the victim hastened to him and applied restoratives, which were so effective that in course of time he got up and walked away. The widow was furious, and demanded that the sentence should be again enacted, adding: "Next time I will hold on to his feet until he is dead." The judge, however, declared that justice must be tempered with mercy, and her demand was not complied with.

MAN-OF-WAR BELLS.

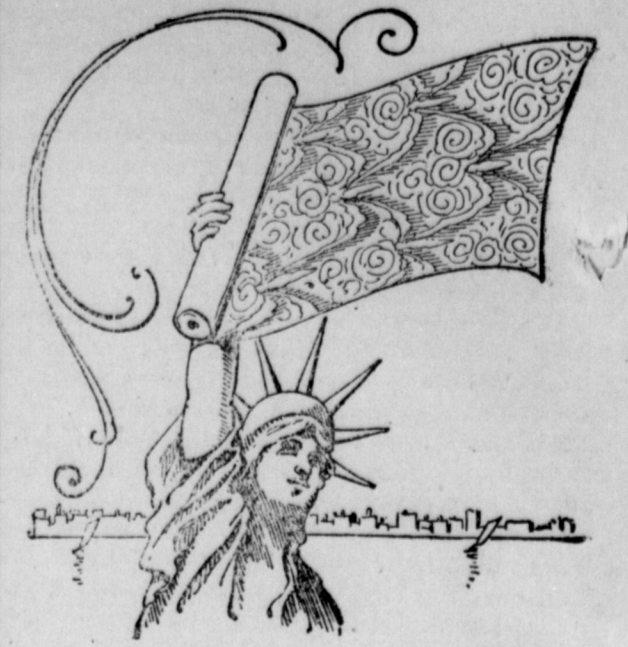
Largest One Aboard a Ship is on the New York.

Uncle Sam's big cruiser New York has a bell on board weighing 600 pounds, which is in all probability the largest bell ever put aboard ship for use at sea.

The ship's bell is the mariner's clock. The nautical day begins and ends at noon, when eight bells are struck. The bell is struck half-hourly, day and night, one stroke being added for each half hour until night is reached, when the count begins at one bell.

In the United States navy the ship's bell hangs usually under the fore-castle, or just forward of the foremast. The captain's orderly keeps the time and reports to the officer of the deck the hour in terms of "bells." The officer of the deck then bids the messenger of the watch strike the bell. There is somewhat more formality at eight bells than at other times for then the hour is reported to the captain, and the bell not struck until he has said, "Make it so." Here is the routine on board of a man-of-war at 8 o'clock in the morning: The orderly says to the officer of the deck, "Eight bells, sir." The officer of the deck replies, "Report to the captain eight bells [and chronometers wound.]"

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper turning. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest, and cheeriest patterns. Buy nowhere till you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR
90 King Street.

SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

The orderly then goes to the captain and says: "Eight bells and chronometers wound, sir." The captain replies, "Very well make it so." The orderly goes to the officer of the deck and says: "Make it so, sir." The officer of the deck says to the messenger of the watch: "Strike eight bells;" and if everybody has been prompt the messenger strikes eight bells at exactly 8 a. m.

As a matter of fact the report "eight bells and chronometers wound," is intended as a check on the navigating officer. To him the ship's chronometers are confided. There are three chronometers and a 'hack' on each man-of-war. The hack is simply a portable chronometer that may be taken ashore if need be. The others, once affixed in their place in the navigator's room or their chart room, are never removed. The navigator knows his chronometer even better than he knows his shipmates. The error and the rate of the chronometer as compared with Greenwich meantime are accurately known, and it is pretty sure if one gets out of order the others may be depended upon. Besides the chronometers, there are ship clocks which are kept up to local time. Some of the ship's clocks are now made to strike the bells, but the old routine is retained, except that the clock does the work of the messenger. Whether or not the clock would stop should the captain at 8 o'clock without his "make it so" is a question yet to be determined.

They do things rather differently in the British navy. On the English men-of-war there is a curious deviation from the American naval method of indicating the hour. Before the British naval mutinies of 1707 the bells were struck on board British men-of-war just as they were and are on board the ships of other nations. But in one of those mutinies the signal agreed upon by mutineers was the stroke of five bells, 6:30 p. m. When that signal came the mutineers rose to slay their officers. In the fight that followed the officers upon one ship at least were driven over the starboard side, and the mutineers for a time were in possession of the ship. When order was restored throughout the navy, the stroke of five bells at 6:30 p. m., in the second 'dog watch,' was dropped from its place in sequence, though five bells are retained at 6:30 a. m. The stroke at 6:30 p. m. in the British navy is one bell, at 7 two bells, at 7:30 three bells, but at 8 it is eight bells. From that hour to 6:30 p. m. the sequence of strokes is the same as in the United States navy.

Ejecting a Patient.

The following story, told by the poet Tennyson, is a graphic illustration of Abernethy's manners toward a certain class of patients who vexed his professional spirit. A farmer went to the great doctor, complaining of discomfort in the head, weight and pain. The doctor asked, "What quantity of ale do you take?" "Oh, I taaks ma yale pretty well." Abernethy, with great patience and gentleness: "Now, then, begin the day, breakfast. What time?" "Oh, at haafe past seven." "Ale, then? How much?" "I taaks my quart." "Luncheon?" "At eleven o'clock I gets another snack." "Ale then?" "Oh yees, my pint and a haafe." "Dinner?" "Haafe past one." "Any ale then?" "Yees yees, another quart then." "Tea?" "My tea's at haafe past five." "Ale then?" "Noa, noa." "Supper?" "Nine o'clock." "Ale then?" "Yees, yees. I taaks my fill then. I goes asleep afterward."

Like a lion aroused, Abernethy was up, opened the street door, shoved the farmer out, and shouted, "Go home, sir, and let me never see your face again! Go home, drink your ale, and die!" The farmer rushed out aghast, Abernethy pursuing him down the street with shouts of, "Go home, sir, and die!"