

Clark Russell and Kitchener.

Of late years Mr. W. Clark Russell has been living in Bath, his house overlooking a beautiful public park or garden, which, as he is confined to outings in a bath-chair is a great solace to a man who so dearly loves Nature. Although an Englishman from keel to truck, he was born in New York. His father, still alive at a great old age, is Henry Russell, famous as the composer and singer of popular songs of fifty years ago—The Land of the Free, Jim Crow and similar ballads.

America should cherish the memory of Henry Russell, for his songs and stories turned many an honest and capable man's attention to the States, and caused countless scores of them to emigrate. Clark Russell frequently tells the story of how his parents arrived well-nigh penniless in New York and Mrs. Russell sat down on the curb guarding the luggage and waited while her husband hunted for cheap lodgings. Shortly after her boy, who was destined to become so famous, was born. Every reader of Clark Russell's stories is at once impressed with the genuineness of the descriptions of seascapes and the workings of a fine merchantman upon the waters. Not only did Clark Russell go to sea as midshipman and work his way up to second mate on a smashing East Indiaman in the days of round the Horn to India and China, and now in his retirement, he is kept up to date and his memory furnished by a knot of old sea-captains, many of them still in active service, who sit around his hearth and yarn through many pipefuls of tobacco. For a wonder—indeed, it is the highest compliment that can be paid a novelist—the practical men of the merchant service are devoted readers of his works, and swear by him.

Before Clark Russell 'arrived' he wrote inoffensive society stories which he has allowed quietly to die. They had a certain small popularity, but the Thames continued to flow water instead of fire. Their author was too fresh from the hard, brutal work and salt-horse of the ocean to see the romance that lay in life a ship board. But one day in the working out of a plot he was forced to deal with a ship and her crew, and when the book was published it began to sell rapidly. Such a contrast betwixt the sale of his hitherto best book and John Holdsworth, chief mate, was not to be explained by mere chance of writing. So Mr. Russell sat down and thought the whole matter out, at last arriving at the conclusion that the secret of success lay in the description of the sea and life upon the sea. Without a day's delay he began The Wreck of the Grosvenor, finished it in an exceptionally short time, and assured that it would be accepted as soon as read, sent it to a popular publisher whom he knew personally.

He had not long to wait for a reply, and it was a crusher. The publisher wrote him a friendly little note to this effect:

"You see, my boy, how matters stand. My reader, whom you know is herself a most popular writer, and knows what the public want, says of your M.S. If you desire to publish a catalogue of ship's furniture, publish this; but if it is a novel you are after, send this M.S. back."

Clark Russell felt disappointed, but not a bit discouraged. He at once passed the manuscript into the care of another publisher, the book came out, and as the world knows, had a phenomenal sale. When the edition making up the fifty thousandth copy came out with that fact stated upon it, Mr. Russell took a copy, underlined the 'fifty thousand' and wrote underneath: 'In case you should ever require a catalogue of ship's furniture, allow me to present you with this one,' and posted it on to the publisher's reader. Clark Russell has been responsible for a freshening up of English interest in that beautiful American writer, Herman Melville, of whom Russell has written in English publications most glowing things.

When Kitchener, who is now Lord Kitchener, of Khartoum, returned from the Sudan after the annihilating victory of Omdurman, nothing too good could be done for him. His reception was strikingly splendid, and enthusiasm was unbounded. The cause of the outburst was not altogether that he had smashed the Dervishes so

thoroughly. It was to a great extent due to the action of France, and by hailing Kitchener as a conqueror the English people wished to convince the French that Britain was solid on the question of holding the country acquired, and that the little force of hardy Frenchmen then stationed at Fashoda must move on. But an interest was added when it became noised about that Kitchener obviously kept clear of the ladies, that he, in fact cared nothing for female society, and did not shine in mixed company.

This report reached the ears of the Queen, who is nothing if not a motherly woman. All her life Her Majesty has taken keen delight in making up matches for the ladies who surround her. Hence her consternation when she learned that her latest victorious General disliked ladies, and showed no disposition to bind his sword to his waist with an apron string. At an early date Kitchener was summoned to Windsor to see the Queen. Immediately after the formalities had been got through with and when Her Majesty had succeeded in placing her distinguished subject perfectly at his ease—a difficult task usually, but the Queen is an adept at performing it—Her Majesty suddenly said: 'I hear that you do not care for any women. Kitchener actually blushed, even though his cheeks were burned by the sun and the hot winds of the desert. At length he stammered: 'I assure Your Majesty that you have been misinformed. There is one woman I care greatly for.' The match making light came into the Queen's eyes and she eagerly asked him if he would mind telling her whom the one exception was. 'With pleasure,' answered the General; 'the one exception is Your Majesty.' The Queen slightly threw up her hands and enjoyed a hearty laugh. No woman has caught Lord Kitchener yet.

FUR GARMENTS AND BOSS.

Excessive Decoration one of the Features of the Season's Display.

Fur garments and novelties in fur neck-wear are out in full bloom in the shops, and if the variety shown is really a good illustration of what is to be worn, then no one need hesitate about making a selection. All sorts of cap-lets, collarettes and boss figures in this department of dress in a bewildering array of combinations.

Two and even three kinds of fur are worked in together, and with the addition of heads, innumerable tails and feet, the effect is quite as easily imagined as described. The question of what not to have becomes the one for consideration very promptly after a few moments' reflection. There is much to be said in favor of these little novelties, as they can furnish warmth, and if you purchase one made of only one kind of fur, it gives an air of elegance to your costume.

Combinations in fur are stunning in the coat department where the broad flaring collars are of fluffy long-haired fur, chinchilla, sable or fox, on the baby lamb and sealskin coats. In the smaller things for the neck, the mixtures have a patchy appearance. Some of the first-class furriers will tell you that they are making very few of the collarettes and little capes, boss being in better style. The long round boss are coming in again, huge in size as they are made of bearskin and fox, and the muffs, round and plain, are proportionately large. In fox, a muff with a bad at one end and a fat bushy tail at the other, is one of the novelties. Another fox muff has a head directly in the centre of the front.

Again we see the combination of velvet and lace on coat revers, and appliques of black cloth worked in on the body of broad tail coats; but this is simply a fad to promote the season's scheme for excessive decoration, and add more expense where there is enough already. Embroidery of any sort, in fur, is never more than a passing fancy as it is wasted elegance in the first place, and very poor taste in the second. A knot of cream lace, or a jabot of soft lace at the neck or on the muff, is always a pretty addition, but the special cases which supplants the lace this season is the use of chiffon plaitings with a tiny ruche on the edge, all matching the fur in color. Wherever lace might be used for frills, scarf ends and edgings, the chiffon is substituted, brown chiffon for sable, and gray for chinchilla.

Pretty little shoulder capes are made of beaver colored velvet shirred around the back and down on the shoulders to give them shape. The edge is finished with a band of silver fox, below which falls a tiny plaited frill of chiffon matching the velvet in color. This has a narrow ruche on the

edge and long scarf ends of chiffon, also finished with a ruche, tie in front. Sometimes these ends are accordion plaited, and again they are simply a full straight scarf with rounded ends, trimmed all around. A pale blue or pink chiffon frill may be substituted for the more sombre color on the inside of the neck. A peltine and muff of chinchilla outlined with gray chiffon frills are the daintiest things among the fur novelties. The stylish coat shown in the illustration is of breitschwarz with chinchilla collar, and one of the Eton shapes with a full front is made entirely of chinchilla. Breitschwarz in its natural gray color is used this season for evening wraps, one especially being a long cape with a shaped flounce, lined throughout with pink satin. Pink chiffon frills with cream lace decorate the inside of the collar, cover the revers and trim the front edge, and a hood drapery formed of folds of gray mirror velvet is carried around the shoulders.

A Foolish Traveller.

That a trip on an ocean steamer may prove a dangerous journey, even when the weather is fair, is shown by a story told in Chambers's Journal. It concerns a young Englishman, of whose folly and its consequences the writer was an eye-witness.

It was the Englishman's first trip, and he gradually found himself drawn into a game of poker with three or four professional sharpers. The men were most presentable in manner and dress, and older travellers than their victim might have been deceived. He played, and played again. They knew how to draw him on, allowing him often to win, but getting him in deeper with every game. At last, one afternoon, only twelve hours from New York, he found himself almost penniless. Of the hundred pounds with difficulty scraped together by his father to give the son a start, only a few shillings remained. The young man sat staring at the card-table. He was ruined, hopeless, and among strangers. Presently there dropped into a seat by his side a quiet-looking man who usually sat in a corner of the smoking-room, and who at once tried to give the young Englishman a hint to 'go slow.' The advice had been haughtily resented. Today, however, the stranger found the youth in a different mood. In a fatherly way he drew from him his story, and then spoke encouraging words. A little later that same quiet-looking man joined a party of elderly men on deck. He explained to them the young man's situation, and in a body they sought the sharpers. One,—a Westerner,—who had been appointed spokesman, attacked the gamblers, who were still laughing among themselves at their success in 'cleansing out the Britisher.' The spokesman did not believe in preliminaries.

'You men have cleaned out that young Englishman of every cent he has,' he exclaimed. 'I don't say you've swindled him, but I have my own opinion, and I think, and so do we all, that you ought to refund.'

There was a storm of vituperative rejoinder, to the effect that the game was a square one, and if the other fellow had lost so much the worse for him. Then the quiet man stepped forward, and looking hard at the leader of the gang said, 'Joe, pay up,' and that was all he did say at the moment.

The effect was magical. The sharper glared at him, then turned pale, and muttered, 'It's you, is it? Didn't know you.' 'No, I didn't suppose you did,' was the reply. 'I've grown a beard since I saw you last. Now pay up quietly, or—'

'All right,' was the quick response. 'I'll do what's fair.'

With that he handed over a roll of notes and some gold saying, 'There's ninety pounds. We got a hundred, but we've spent over ten on drink and cards.'

Needless to say the Englishman was delighted to get back so much of his money. He vowed he would never touch a card again. It is to be hoped that he kept his vow.

The quiet man was a kindly detective, who knew the gang and the leader well, and they equally well knew and feared him.

The Whipping Schoolmaster.

John Hawtrej is still remembered as one of the famous whipping schoolmasters of England. He achieved his reputation



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FLASHES OF FUN.

No man ever sees another man sharpening a lead pencil without thinking to himself: 'That's a clumsy way to do it!'

The Solemn Bore—Have you ever reflected that there will be no more time? The Busy Man—I haven't any now.

'Why do they say poets are born not made?' 'They wanted to put the blame on some one who can stand it?'

'That yachting course would be doubly dangerous for bicycles, wouldn't it?' 'Why so?' 'Because of the split tracks.'

'Have you ever played football?' she asked. 'No,' he replied, 'but when I was a cowboy I was once run over by a herd of stampeded steers.'

'That Baltimore woman who gave her pet monkey a first-class funeral must have been greatly attached to the animal.'

'Yes, it probably gave her a regular monkey wrench to part with it.'

'May the best boat win?' exclaimed Mr. Bloomfield. 'Don't you say so?' 'No, I don't,' replied Mr. Bellefield. 'Why not?' 'I say, "May the better boat win."

She—What a proud, haughty bearing Mrs. Portery has. She was born to command.

He—Yes, indeed. Even the instructor at the golf links treats her as an equal.

Bill—When Dewey's men were at sea they used to say: 'Let's go and sink a couple of battleships.'

Jill—And now they're ashore I suppose it is: 'Let's go out and bury a couple of schooners.'

Suburbanite—Today is one of the happiest days of my life.

Towne—Ah! Married or divorced? Suburbanite—Neither; I put the lawn mower in the cellar for the winter this morning.

Saw Him Just in Time.—'If you are tired, sweet,' he murmured, 'rest your dear head—on the back of the car seat.'

For a cynical looking man of middle age doubtless married was watching them from the other side of the aisle.

'I see, said one tiger cub to another, 'that is claimed millions of the city's money are wasted.'

'How absurd!' exclaimed his companion. 'Why, there isn't one of us in the whole wigwag that doesn't know how to use his money.'

'It is remarkable how loyal to the big town those Chicagoans are. I went to a wedding the other night where a Chicago man was the bridegroom and right in the midst of the ceremony he suddenly and loudly introduced Chicago's motto.'

'What is Chicago's motto?' 'I will!'

A young man of Ellsworth, Me., allowed himself to be mesmerized by a travelling hypnotist recently and lay for 24 hours asleep in the show window of one of the principal stores in the city. For the service he was to receive \$10, and the sleeper awoke to find his poll tax for the past 3 years paid.

'You've no idea how grateful I am to you,' she said after he had proposed. 'Grateful!' he exclaimed. 'Am I to understand, then, that you accept me?' 'No; hardly that,' she replied. 'But I have now had more proposals than any other girl in our set, and I can't tell you how that pleases me.'

'They tell me,' said the man who had stooped over to see the mammoth corn crop, 'that prosperity is making things hum in Kansas.'

'They tell you right,' responded the man with the hoe: 'that's Lucy, for instance. I told her I might be able to buy a piano and she been humming ever since.'

'I don't know how to prepare that dish, ma'am,' said the cook. 'Well, never mind, Mary,' returned the mistress. 'I'll prepare it myself.'

'If you do, ma'am, I'll have to quit.'

'You'll have to leave me? Why?' 'Well, ma'am, the rules of the Amalgamated Union of Cooks do not permit a member to remain in a place where non-union labor is employed on any part of the work. If you're going to do anything in this kitchen while I'm here you must get a union card.'

at Eton, where he early made the birch his sovereign remedy for moral ills, and where his doses were never homoeopathic. It was autumn, says Alfred Lubbock, who has a vivid remembrance of Hawtrej's methods, and we small boys used to buy chestnuts and roast them over the fire in a shovel. One day a boy named F. who was a great favorite of Hawtrej's, had a lot of chestnuts, and as a special favor, was allowed to make use of the pupil room fire, while pupil room was still going on. Hawtrej was going in and out of the room while we were working, and on one occasion, coming in rather quickly, he caught sight of F. kneeling over the fire arranging his chestnuts. The boy's position was irresistible to any lover of the art of chastisement. Not seeing his face, and supposing it was one of the other boys stealing the chestnuts John Hawtrej quickly took his cane from his desk, and creeping forward on tiptoe, gave the wretched F. a most tremendous whack. The boy jumped up with a yell, his hands clasped behind him. Then the tutor saw who he was, and said, embracing him, 'Oh, my poor boy! I am so sorry! I thought it was another boy stealing your chestnuts.'

We of course, were all delighted, and roared with laughter.

Keep-up Appearances.

To some men appearances count for almost everything. They will struggle to be brave, so as not to seem to be cowards. A man of this temperament lately embarked on an excursion steamer for a pleasure trip down the harbor of one of the large Eastern cities. The boat was crowded, from cabin to rail. People chattered and ate peanuts, till suddenly the steamer began to rock. The motion increased, and presently one or two women looked frightened. Soon the vessel careened violently, and then a panic began. Men and women fastened on life-preservers with frantic haste. The captain came on deck, looking cool and collected.

'There's not the slightest danger,' said he. 'She'll steady down in just a moment.'

Several men took their cue from the captain, and went about quieting the people. Our friend felt that he was in public. He must appear self-possessed. Seeing a woman in front of him, one of the few without a life-preserver on, he rushed up to her.

'Madam,' he cried, 'be calm! be calm! There's no danger whatever! The boat will steady down in just a moment!'

The woman looked him over from head to foot. 'If you feel so sure about it,' she replied, 'you might as well give me one of those life-preservers you've tied yourself up in so carefully.'

The man looked down. He had fastened two life-preservers about his chest and waist, while his right hand gripped a third.

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Life or Death.

'Prince' John Van Buren, so called because he was the prince of good fellows, was exceedingly quick at repartee. The New York Tribune prints a story which shows his readiness and effectiveness on the stump.

He was making a speech in behalf of his father, President Van Buren, when an old Democrat rose and upbraided him as a bolter. Quick as a flash he replied to the charge.

One day, he said, a man on horseback came up with a boy who was contending with an overturred lead of hay. Instead of tossing the hay back into the wagon, the boy was tossing it hither and thither, regardless of where it landed. The traveller halted and said:


'My young friend, why do you work so furiously this hot weather? Why don't you throw the hay back into the wagon, and be more deliberate in your labors?'

The boy stop'd, wiped his face with his shirt-sleeve, and pointing to the pile of hay on the roadside, said:

'Stranger, dad's under there!'

Then he set about his work again, more furiously than ever.

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