# NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

## GEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

### An Empress' Valued Bracelet—Japanese Girl an Actress—The Women of New Zealand Etc., Etc.

**AN EMPRESS' VALUED BRACELET.**

The most valued bit of jewelry owned by the German empress is a bracelet, designed and given to her by her kingly consort on her recent birthday. The bracelet is formed of seven oval miniatures framed in diamonds and held together in diamond links. Each miniature bears the portrait of one of the empress' children. Three of the young princes are in uniform, two in sailor costume and one in the short jacket and frilled shirt of little boyhood. The center medallion shows Princess Louise, the only daughter and the baby of the family. Under her portrait hangs that of her father, framed in a heart-shaped pendant. No less than 153 diamonds were used for the bracelet. The miniature portraits were painted by Miss Ottilie Wiegand, a young lady artist of Wiesbaden.

**JAPANESE GIRL AND ACTRESS.**

A young woman whose stage name is Rita del Croix, has just made her debut in Cincinnati. Her real name is Surna Matsu Honjo. Her father was Matsu Honjo of Japan, who, in 1876, married Miss Emma Tyler of Philadelphia. Her parents died when she was three years old, and she was sent to Japan to be brought up by her grandparents. In the way over the Rev. O. H. Gulick and his wife took a fancy to her, and with the consent of her grandparents, adopted her. Her name was then changed to Catherine Agnes Gulick. She lived in Japan until she was eleven years old, then came to this country, where she has since remained.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Among the new things in millinery are the sweetest of tiny green, red and blue birds, charmingly enameled frogs and turtles, and many more such like ornamental reptiles. They are to take the place, so hat trimmers say, of the jeweled buckles and rosettes and buttons and things that have been used a nauseam. Most of these charming monsters are enameled, and yet are flexible, and are meant for use amid the knots of dusty leaves and deeply purple Tuscany violets, gardenias, and bunches of primroses already blossoming amid the winter plunage. In addition to these not at all expensive ornaments for such hats as have no business at the theater, and, indeed, are not worn there, women are giving hourly more and more attention to the dressing of their own heads. Some gay girls catch all the shiny masses of their black hair in nets of variously colored silks, pinned down with prongs of tortoise shell, more or less richly jeweled.

**THE WOMEN OF NEW ZEALAND.**

At the recent Church Congress in Nottingham, England, the most Rev. William Gordon Cowie, D. D., Bishop of Auckland and Primate of New Zealand, read a paper on the colonial clergy, in the course of which he said:

"I am not a little proud of being a member of the governing body of a National university, which was the first in the British Empire to confer degrees upon women. Our New Zealand clergy, who are graduates, having passed their A. B. and M. A. examinations at the same time with their sisters and cousins, would perhaps help their equalsfrom Oxford and Cambridge to understand how the conferring of University degrees upon women would not necessarily enfeeble the virile constitution and customs of those universities. Our young New Zealand clergymen would be able to show, from personal experience, how the conferring of the Parliamentary franchise on all our women of the age of twenty-one years had led to no harm or inconvenience, but that the men of New Zealand were wondering why the women of the colony had remained so long without the right to vote at Parliamentary elections."

**RICHEST BABY IN THE WORLD.**

The greatest heiress in the world is the baby Grand Duchess Olga, daughter of the czar and czarina of Russia. Already she is one of the richest persons in the world, and what she will inherit is beyond computation.

The czar's will is the only law in Russia, and he has absolute control of all the money that can be extracted by taxation or otherwise from his vast empire. But he has also what is called private property. This consists of the crown domains, including more than a million square miles of cultivated lands and forests, besides gold and other mines in Siberia, all of which produce a vast revenue.

The Grand Duchess Olga was born November 3, 1895, and is the older of two daughters, the czar as yet having no sons. The week she was born $5,000,000 was settled on her. This sum was invested in British, French and other foreign securities, as the czar, like other monarchs, is not absolutely sure that of the future and does not wish a family to be in need at any time of necessaries of life.

The imperial infant has been inundated with costly presents from all the monarchs of the world and from the wealthy noblemen and barbarous chieftains who rule under the czar some of the great countries in his empire. These presents alone are worth millions of dollars.

If the czar should have no son, it is possible that he will make this little daughter heir to the throne. In any case, she will inherit a large share of his incalculable private fortune. Beside her wealth that of a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller becomes absolutely insignificant.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

**BUSINESS WOMEN AS WIVES.**

One good that must inevitably result from the evolution of the business woman is not so much to the advantage of the woman herself as to the business man. Such a woman has more respect for him, more regard, more sympathy. She is altogether less likely voluntarily to impose upon him or involuntarily to harass and worry him. She has been there, and knows how it is herself, and this personal experience and knowledge makes her more lenient and considerate. Every woman wage-earner worthy of the name learns, first, last and all the time, that success is only attained by close attention and single-mindedness. Outside of her work there must be nothing to distract or perturb her, to interest or even divert her; unless, of course, she is willing to take the risk of failure. The woman who realizes all this must also realize that the same rule holds good of the business man. In a present capacity of daughter and sister, or in a future capacity as wife, she is certain to show such a keen consideration for the business members of the household as is undreamed of in the philosophy of the other kind of woman. There is no danger of her husband being brought to just stop on his way down town and attend some specially seductive "special sale," or to leave his office an hour earlier in order that he may bring her home a lot of "samples." She has had practical and personal proof that it is through this sort of thing that business interests are made to suffer, and she doesn't propose to let this knowledge play her false.—Philadelphia Press.

**FASHION NOTES.**

Striped moire, in a tempting variety of colors, is extremely fashionable.

A lace cuirass is fashionable for theater wear. It is lined with pale silk, and worn with a silk or velvet skirt.

The wadded silk garments so much used in Japan are being appreciated in other countries for their warmth in the cold weather for invalids, etc.

Evening shoes of tan buckskin, embroidered with beads or sequins, have almost replaced satin slippers, even to accompany white ball gowns.

Ladies with slender throats are wearing broad velvet neck bands, clasped at intervals with pearls or diamonds.

The special feature of the latest evening cloaks is the large hood at the back, which is really made for use, and very becoming.

A wide lace necktie and large cravats of silver black lace are almost universal evidences of fashionable dress just at the moment.

Heliotrope is a popular shade for walking gowns. They are handsomely braided in black and gold, and the coat or waist has lapels or a plastron of braided white satin.

Blue, in all the shades of navy; turquoise, gray, and lavender tints, is prophesied as the leading color for spring, with green, brown and yellow ranging next in importance.

The sleeves, waists and sleeves of ball gowns and evening costumes are tucked, and the tucks lap over each other. The square-cut neck is much seen, and sleeves are in leg-o'-mutton style and are made a little longer. "The dressiest waists fasten invisibly under the arms."

Kid gloves are made in nearly every shade to match cloth costumes. The favorite tints are dark chestnut, leat brown, very deep red and tans. There are also very beautiful tints in the gray shades. Fine cashmere gloves have extra-long jersey wrists, fitting closely to the arm.

The newest buttons come in three different sizes, for jacket, waist and skirt, and some of the smaller ones are as beautiful as real jewels, and many are set in low mountings of cut steel, silver or pure gold. Many of the jet and cord passamenteries have buttons to match, merely to finish strap ends, etc.

Some sort of headdress is a positive necessity for up-to-date evening dress, and headdresses seem to increase in size as the season advances. Three feathers, either black or white, with a jeweled aigrette towering high at one side, are not unusual, and young ladies wear flowers as a substitute for the jeweled ornament.

The one thing to accomplish in hair dressing is the broad effect as the side; whether it is becoming or not, you must have it. The hair is brushed back over a large roll pompadour style, and arranged in one or two loops very tight on the head. A jeweled pin is sometimes fastened low enough to add to the appearance of breadth.

# DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

## A COMPETITIVE SERMON BY A PROMINENT MINISTER.

### "Stirring Folks Up"—Fourteenth Sermon in the New York Herald's Competitive Series is by a Pennsylvania Minister—Dr. Talmage On Ordinary People.

WHAT WOMAN HAS HIS WIFE STIRRED UP.'—I. Kings, xxi., 25.

A large part of the evil and a larger part of the good in the world would never have come but for the disposition to stir folks up to it.

Life is much like the sea; there seems always some wind to smite the surface or some stealthy undercurrent to send its restlessness up from the depths.

The lesson is many sided; if fully considered it covers the whole complex question of life's relationships. It is not the part of the world against the other; part of the world giving, the other ever receiving impressions, for one who is stirred up by evil may be a constant impulse to another's good.

No matter how weak one may be or how dependent on others, there is still some power going forth—consciously or unconsciously—which makes more positive the good or evil of the world's conflicting forces.

We find ourselves pressed by life's impulses or irritations. Its attractions and repulsions find ready allies in our inclinations, and often we fail because we underestimate the opposing forces, or we joyously realize that we have underestimated our usefulness we had thought beyond our power.

The example of Jezebel—the Lady Macbeth of Scripture, the "new woman" of nearly three thousand years ago—is not chosen because women are the chief stirring up to evil than men, though blessed is the woman who "stirs up" her husband whenever he needs it, and blessed is the man who never stirs up his wife to anything but good.

We are ready to condemn Jezebel for having stirred up Ahab to evil, but we often look upon the Ahab influence with pity. His negative weakness provoked her positive badness. We sometimes comfort ourselves that we are not Ahab because we do not great sins, forgetful that our very weakness may provoke some one else into sinning.

Ahab wanted a piece of ground that was near the royal palace. It was the property of Naboth, who, with reasonable reverence, refused to part with it. Piqued by Naboth's refusal, Ahab went to his palace his face to the wall and refused to eat. Ahab, the king, peevish as a child because he could not have his own way! It was then Jezebel's murderous plans were formed. Ahab's peevish sulkiness stirred up the wickedness of Jezebel. Had Ahab been noble she could not have been so.

"Whom Jezebel his wife stirred up"—stirred up to evil. Had that power been turned to good even weak Ahab might have been one of the world's helpers.

The power for great evil reveals the possibility of great good; the power in the direction of wrong is the measure of benefit if turned in the opposite direction.

Who can estimate what the world would have lost had it not Wendell Phillips heard his true hearted wife say, "Wendell, don't shilly-shally!" That put an end to possible shilly-shallying. Was Lady Palmerston's "stirring up" worth while? She spent her life in "placing and keeping" her husband in his proper position.

What a good minute was paid by General Charles H. Taylor to the memory of Eben D. Jordan when in a Boston Globe editorial he said, "Of all the men of my acquaintance ever possessed a rarer gift of developing the gifts of other men, and no one ever helped others with more patience and generosity." He stirred up to their best possibilities those whom he met; he made them by his life what, possibly, they never could have been without him.

Those who are near you weak and sinful because you have not stirred them up to be their best selves?

The world will ever be grateful to Dr. W. Robertson Nicholl for his persistent stirring up of Ian Maclaren. He gave him no peace until he let the world see the "Bonnie Brier Bush," which, like the bush Moses saw, is aglow with God.

Dependers we sometimes are because all the world seems against us.

If we put ourselves in right relations it is God He will give us of His power and we shall be masters, not servants, of fate.

Most happily it has been said:

Like the winds of the sea are the waves of fate
As we journey through life:
'Tis the set of a soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

How are you using the forces which come upon you? Have you so "set the sails" that the very winds which are intended to drive you far out on the tempest tossed sea shall help you into a harbor of safety? Are the burdens so numerous and heavy that they press you to the earth? Then learn of the fabled hero who by every touch gained increases of strength.

Jesus "set His face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem" because His soul was set on doing God's will. Paul said, "All things work together for good to them that love God." To a soul set on doing right even the opposing forces will bring benefit.

From the naggings of a jealous wife John Wesley learned lessons of patience, from the stormy days of compatriotship, with scolding Xantippi Socrates drew lessons of self-discipline.

We influence by what we are. Not only seeming but our being sends forth its influence to stir up to right or wrong. You have watched the groundswell as the waves dashed, surging and moaning, upon the rocky shore, and though there was no visible cause, you knew of the tempest far out on the ocean. So we influence and are influenced.

You have taken in your hand an opaline sympathetic stone. It was dull and colorless until the warmth of your hand caused it to glow with radiance of color. So there are lives about us, dull and uninteresting they seem, but the stimulus of human sympathy will make them shine as with God's own glory.

You are stirring folks up—to what?

HONACK R. GOODSELL,
Pastor Baptist Church, Clarion, Pa.

**ORDINARY PEOPLE.**

**Dr. Talmage Discourses Upon Ordinary or Inconspicuous People.**

TEXT: "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."—Romans xvi. 14-15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott, and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors; but Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows! When did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely nothing or the trail of character would have been brought out by the Apostle. But they were good people, because Paul sends to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty, and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 70,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary; and then there are 69,000,000 ordinary people who will to turn out backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven ordinary. We spend too much of our time in twisting garlands for remarkable ones, and omitting garlands for ordinary and sculpturing warriors, and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people will never lead an army, will never write a State Constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never decide the fate of a nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an Apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You are more probably Asyncritus, or Phlegon, or Hermas, or Patrobas, or Hermes, or Philologus, or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of the household is your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel and the habits, and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling if there be no divine alleviation.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. You have only to go some morning into the fleet of carts and hotels of the United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a most ministerial office is yours. Millions are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music and have taken lessons in painting, and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough! They who decide the apparel of the world, and the food of the world, decide the endurance of the world.

Then there are all the ordinary business men. They constitute the Christian life. When we begin to talk about business life we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on large scale and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year; and the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods in their lifetime, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than a million dollars' worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the world's Redeemer, with the countenance the story of worriment and care. You can not tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty.

Now, what is wanted is grace—divine grace for ordinary business men, and divine grace for ordinary business men, and divine grace for ordinary business men, and in the days of their life—harnessed in business. Not grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose a hundred thousand, but grace to lose ten dollars. Not grace to supervise two hundred and fifty employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and the salesman and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the eighty thousand dollars of grandfather's, but the twenty-five hundred of clear gain. Such a grace as thousands of business men need every day—keeping them tranquil, whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether the tariff is left as it is or put down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure—calm in all circumstances, with mind and all faculties. That is the kind of grace we want.

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural fairs and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship, in twenty-one days, went back again to the plow. What encouragement is there for ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them—none of them will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships it will be over forty or fifty or a hundred acres of land and a hundred. What these men want is grace, to keep their patience while plowing with baky oxen, and to be contented amid the drouth that destroys the corn crop, and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the grasshoppers have been broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed, and gone through the Lima-bean patch, and eaten up the cucumber vine and large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die. Grace in catching some fine day the cows in them, without impregnation, to spread out the hay the third time, although again, and again, and again, it has been shower-ready for the mow. A grace to doctor the cow with yellow burr, and the sheep with the foot rot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling horse to yield a little more than he intends to yield. Grace in educating the children and little extras to help the older boy in business, and something for the daughter in wedding raiment, and a little surplus for the time when the world will get stiff with age, and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the but harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know five hundred farmers just as noble as he was. What we want is to show that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drew His similes from the farmer's life, as when He said: "A sower went forth to sow," as when He built His best parable out of the scene of a farmer boy combing his hair in the morning and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee, and as who compared himself to a lamb in the pasture, and, at last, he said that the eternal God is a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandman."

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick, and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on by themselves, who not got much approval, and no one seems to say, "That is well done."

The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who has done a great deed for does more than it can know or ever do. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defenses and tranquility of your position.

Then remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great delivered other men's lives and made the world happy. And there may be seated, reading at your evening stand, a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and State, and you will find they nearly all came from inconspicuous homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You can not find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

**PROGRESS OF LATTIMER TRIAL.**

**Prosecution's Case to End To-Day—Testimony of Strikers.**

Wilkesbarre, Pa., Feb. 19.—To-day is the nineteenth day of the trial of Sheriff Martin and his deputies for the Lattimer massacre. It is regarded as an important one, as District-Attorney Martin stated yesterday that it would mark the closing of the case for the prosecution, about 100 witnesses have been examined. He also said that after the defense is through he will produce forty witnesses in rebuttal. The defense will consume two weeks at the least. The case will probably not be concluded until the middle of March.

Frank Kabiski, Jr. the first witness yesterday, testified to the marching morning and of the resolve to go to Lattimer where the men were working full time. The Harwood men believed that they would be able possibly to get over more if the Lattimer men did not quit. Witness told how one man after having been wounded and while clinging to a telephone pole was deliberately shot by the deputies, and fell dead, riddled with bullets.

John Pickuhanis, who was shot in the thigh while running and 140 yards from the deputies said that as he stopped a friend named Hantiwicz ran over to him and asked: "Are you shot?" At that moment Hantiwicz was shot through the body.

John Micklas, a 16-year-old driver from Harwood, testified that on the day of the case, said that when the shooting commenced he dropped down between two wounded men. While he was lying there a bullet tore through his shoulder.

"There's the man who shouted 'fire!'" said Joseph Paddadock, pointing to former State-Attorney-General Palmer, of the defense. Paddadock had just finished a dramatic recital of what took place at Lattimer. He said:

"When the Sheriff stopped the strikers some of them cowded around him. He became very mad and jumped back. Then he raised his revolver and tried to fire, but it clicked three times and would not go off. He then grabbed two men fo a minute, then pushed them away, and raising his arm, shouted 'Fire.' Witness then pointed out.

"Well," cried Palmer, "he identified a man who is sorry he was not there."

J. C. Laubach, was the shooting. He said: "I saw Deputy William Jones there and I heard another deputy ask him, how many shots he had fired.

"Five or seven," he answered. 'How many did you fire?' 'I emptied my gun,' replied the other deputy.

A ghastly exhibit was Bernard Ruman, lying on a stretcher in front of the jury box. He was brought from the Hazleton hospital and was a pitiable object, with traces of great pain upon his wan face, but with a fire in his eye as he testified.

**Miss Willard Growing Weaker.**

New York, Feb. 18.—The condition of Miss Frances Willard, who is seriously ill with grip, was last night reported as less favorable than yesterday. Cardiac symptoms have appeared and have caused sleeplessness and consequent weakness. Telegrams and cables are pouring in from every part of the globe.


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Invited a Lunger to Die and Then Left Him to Pay.

"One of the Columbus sports recently had a peculiar experience while in Chicago," remarked one of the regular visitors at the Neil House.

"It happened that he went to Chicago under the impression that he could do something in his line of business, but that proved a mourning failure. It was not long before he struck the bottom of his pocket; next the pangs of hunger attacked his stomach and he did not know what to do. About all he had to eat—a week or ten days was the few bites he could secure from saloon lunch counters, and that was not sufficient to keep a young and vigorous stomach going. Finally he became desperate and while standing on the street corner cogitating what desperate thing he could do to secure a full stomach once more he was approached by a well-dressed young fellow like himself, and asked for money to secure a meal with, and the remark that he had not had a mouthful to eat for the past twenty-four hours. All at once the Columbus man was struck with an inspiration and he said: 'I have no doubt that you are telling the exact truth, and I will give you one of the best meals you ever had in your life. Come with me,' and they proceeded to a first-class restaurant, where steaks, chops and other good things on the menu were ordered and fully enjoyed by the two thoroughly hungry men.

"Seeing that the invited guest was about through the Columbus man said: 'Now, you go to the cashier, and pay at the desk, but before I do I will point you out, so there will be no trouble.'

"This was done, and the two men exchanged signs, indicating that they had prearranged. Instead of paying the bill the Columbus man said to the cashier: 'That man there will pay the bill when he goes out.' The explanation was accepted by the cashier, and the Columbus man left the premises as soon as possible. Just what transpired will never be known, but the chances are that the man who was being treated was introduced to a robust pair of boots or possibly he was arrested just what a police judge would do with a case of that kind cannot be surmised, but if the court had cause of humor about him he ought to have said: 'You are a victim of the other man, and notwithstanding the fact you have a full stomach, go and sin no more.' The Columbus man is back in town and he will not again make an effort to take in the big breezy city by the lakes, for he has had an elegant sufficiency."—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

**This Horse Climbs Trees.**

Dan Berry, the well known horse owner of Chicago, has made a great hit in purchasing an ordinary looking nag in the southern part of the state. It appears that the owner was glad to get rid of him and thought he was doing a smart thing in working it off on Dan, but to latter is going to turn the deal to his own account, for the animal is a wonder. It is nothing more or less than a climbing horse.

It was foaled in the woods of an unsettled part of Brown county, and for six months afterward it never saw a human being. During that period it learned to climb trees with the agility of a squirrel, and when he was first discovered it lay sleeping in the branches of an oak. The horse was taken home and broken to drive, and now in every other respect it is a well behaved animal except when it takes a notion to climb a tree, and, no matter whether hitched up or not, up the tree it goes, buggy and all.

A few days after coming here the horse was hired by John Peterson and John Heeler for a drive into the country. The drivers were passing through a large wood when the horse suddenly took a notion to climb a tree, and up it went with the buggy and men. The latter fell out, but the horse went on up into the tree, carrying the buggy with it.

For three hours the boys tried to coax it down, but it staid up until its desire was satisfied. The buggy was badly broken, and the boys came back with the horse, but left the fragments of the vehicle behind them. Mr. Berry will sell the horse to a circus.

**The Scent of Flowers.**

As a rule, the scent of flowers does not exist in them as in a store, or gland, but rather as a breath, an exhalation. While the flower lives it breathes out its sweetness, but when it dies the fragrance usually ceases to exist. The method of stealing from the flower its fragrance while it is still living is no new thing, and it is not known that when it was discovered that butter, animal fat, or oil would absorb the odor given off by living flowers placed near them, and yet themselves become fragrant.

Women Everywhere Rejoice in Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

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