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BALFOUR AND THE BOY.

Some Charming Traits Exhibited by England's Prime Minister—Statesman Has a Most Wonderful Memory.

When Mr. Gladstone was alive members of the House of Commons used to wonder whether he or Mr. Balfour was fonder of petting children. Although political opponents, they were intimate friends. Both liked literature better than the rough-and-tumble of politics and they were bound together also by their fondness for children, especially for Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's pet grandchild. In earlier years they both petted Lady Sybil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's daughter, whom Mr. Gladstone nicknamed "the suffrage babe," because she was born at a time when a suffrage bill was agitating Parliament.

An English writer who has met Mr. Balfour on several occasions tells with pleasure of the first meeting. It was at a great Conservative demonstration in a Kentish park in 1887. Mr. Balfour was the principal speaker, and the writer was then a little boy, selling programs for the good cause, as is the habit of the sons of Primrose League dames. Greatly daring, the boy stopped Mr. Balfour as he was walking through the park, and asked him to buy a program. He took one and generously paid ten times the proper price.

"I'm glad to see you helping our cause so young, my little man," he said, patting the boy's head. "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I'd like to be a great man in Parliament, like you, sir," the youngster replied.

"Don't you!" exclaimed Mr. Balfour, laughing. "There's no fun in it. I'd rather be a boy like you."

Some of the organizers of the meeting came up and told Mr. Balfour that the people were waiting to hear him speak, but he waved them aside.

"Can't you see I'm trying to strengthen the faith of a young disciple?" he said.

Then he asked the boy all about his home life and his schoolmates, and gave him some sound advice on school practice.

"Don't get into more fights than you can help, but if you have to fight let the other boy knock you blind and silly before you give in. That's the only way to get on and have a good time."

Ten years afterward, when the boy was working on a London newspaper, he had occasion to call on Mr. Balfour at his office in Downing street.

"Do you remember buying a program of me at Southwood in 1887?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said the statesman, "and are you the boy for whom I kept the meeting waiting? Don't you think how that I was wise in telling you there was no fun in politics?"

This is an example of Mr. Balfour's wonderful memory. Like most absent-minded men, his memory for events is remarkably acute when they are called to his attention.

Mr. Balfour's most striking characteristic, perhaps, is his even temper. Nothing seems to ruffle him. In the old coercion days he would sit for hours on the treasury bench of the House of Commons with a pleasant smile on his face while the Irish members were comparing him unfavorably to Nero and Herod, and saying that if they saw him in the company of Ananias and Sapphira they would consider him to be in the bosom of his family. Other Conservative members would jump up angrily and interrupt, but the man at the end of the bench showed no trace of annoyance. He sat quiet and wore "the smile that won't come off."

His friends say that only once has Mr. Balfour been known to show anger in public. Some young Tories snowed him during the last years of his life. Mr. Balfour had to address a Tory meeting at Dover soon afterwards, and he took occasion to denounce the cowardly outrage in unmeasured terms. His language, usually so calm and philosophical, became a torrent of passionate invective, and before he finished he had lost control of himself.

"I believe he would have wrung the necks of those young fools if he could," said the chairman of the meeting afterwards.

Though Mr. Balfour was never married, his whole life and character have been moulded by a woman—his sister, Miss Alice Balfour. She is an accomplished, high-minded woman, who wields great influence in English political circles. It is said that Lord Salisbury used often to ask her advice and lean upon her judgment. Probably she persuaded him to give her brother the great chance of his life as Chief Secretary for Ireland.

It is generally agreed that she has kept him in political life, conquered his natural indecision and made a practical successful statesman out of the philosopher who wrote two big volumes to explain that nothing is worth worrying about or striving for.

The Placid of the British Fiddler.
The annual complaint of English musicians comes from London. It is that an English musician has no chance to get work in competition with foreigners. There are 300 orchestral bands in London during the season, and practically all of them are made up of aliens. The one chance an Englishman has of steady employment is to disguise himself and pretend to be a German or a Belgian. One band of sixteen wears foreign uniforms, trims beards in foreign style and speaks only in foreign monosyllables, but every one is an Englishman, forced to the subterfuge by the necessity of making a living.

English Marriages in Paris.
A Paris court has decided that an Englishman domiciled in Paris is subject to the French marriage law. Should he, therefore, desire to marry without obtaining his parents' consent, although of age, he must give a formal notice through a notary.

PUNISHMENT.

Social progress has done away with a great many forms of punishment, once administered under the laws of enlightened people. But nature never changes or modifies her penalties. She still has the same punishment for the man who neglects or abuses his stomach as she had in the far off days "when Adam delved and Eve span."

The physical discomfort, dullness, sluggishness, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness which are visited upon the man who eats carelessly or irregularly have been from the beginning the evidences of disease of the stomach and its associated organs of digestion and nutrition.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures the diseased stomach and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food, so that the sluggishness, irritability, nervousness and sleeplessness which result from innutrition are cured also.

"I was taken sick nine years ago with fever," writes Mr. M. M. Wardwell, of Linwood, Leavenworth Co., Kansas. "Had the doctor and he broke up the fever all right, but I couldn't get it right away; he couldn't cure it and it became chronic, and then he gave up the case. I got so weak with it and had piles so badly I couldn't lie down, nor hardly sit up. Was that way two or three months; thought I would never be well again, but picked up one of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discoveries in the house that was got for mother. You must read the directions of the stomach, so I went to taking it. The one bottle nearly cured me. I got two bottles next time and took one and one-half and was well. I haven't been bothered with diarrhoea since."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

Better Than Any Cosmetics.
A charming old lady who lives in the country gasped in horror when she saw the various cosmetics on the dressing table of her niece. "My dear," she said gently, "throw away those vile concoctions or you won't have any skin at all left when you are my age. I will give you a beauty recipe to you worth a ton of such trash. Take half a teaspoonful of fine oatmeal and gradually stir it into a pint of boiling water, using a double saucepan to prevent any possibility of burning. Let it boil till clear looking; then strain through a cloth, beat again and once more strain. To this add enough rose-water to make it pour easily and about an ounce of glycerin. Perfume in any way you like; bottle and shake well before using. If you rub it into the skin every night your complexion will be like peaches and cream before long."—New York Press.

American Women in South America.
Women teachers from the United States are in high favor throughout South America. They enjoy good salaries, good social position and unbounded influence in all educational matters. This is especially the case in the cities of Argentina, Chile and Brazil. About twenty years ago President Sarmiento of the Argentine Republic engaged native women teachers from Boston to inaugurate Massachusetts educational methods in his country. The experiment proved very successful, and Sarmiento's example has been copied throughout all the sister republics. Many of the American teachers marry leading men in the countries they go to. Others become lawyers or doctors or enjoy excellent practices. There is an immense and profitable field for American women workers in South America.

A Lemon Custard.
Orthodox Jews, it is well known, eat no butter or cream after meat, and their cooks have devised a number of delicious sweets and desserts in which neither butter nor milk appears. A lemon custard is made with the whites of four eggs and the yolks of two, three lemons, sugar to taste and one pint of cold water. Peel the rinds of the lemons very thin and squeeze the juice over them. Cover and stand aside for four hours. Add the eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, the sugar and the water. Strain and put over the fire in a double saucepan, stirring until the mixture is as thick as cream. Serve cold in custard or sherbet glasses.

British Women Who Work.
The British census of 1901 returns one woman as a dock laborer and another as a paver. There are five female farm servants returned as in charge of horses, while four women are working as bricklayers, four as boiler makers, two as locksmiths and one as a copper smith. Women brewers number nearly 100 and women builders 177, while the lighter "men," barge-men, seamen, boatmen and pilots of the fair sex run into several hundreds.

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IN SLEEPING CARS.

The M.P. Who Poured Water on a Stranger—Profane Railway Contractor—The Dog and the False Hair.

After the early passengers had come down and before the arrival of last-minute travelers, a quartette of sleeping car porters stood on the platform of the Union Station last night and "swapped" stories, says The Mail and Empire. They talked shop, if a railway car can be so considered, and after their suspicion of the newspaper man had been lulled by the opportune display of a cigar case, they spoke freely of the oddities and humors of A. Traveler, Esquire, as revealed to their observant eyes.

The yarn spun by the first man, a round-faced good-looking little porter, had to do with the error made only a few weeks ago by a member of Parliament from Western Ontario, who was traveling down to Ottawa, and taking with him his eight-year-old son. They had "lower 5," and soon after the east-bound express left the Union Station they went to bed, the lad making from time to time, audible comments on the novelty of the situation, which afforded considerable amusement to the other passengers. The car was full, every berth, upper and lower, carrying a double load. The rest of the story is best told in the words of the porter, but the note Southern dorky accent, and the facial expression which added so much to the telling can only be imagined. "It was about 4 o'clock in the morning, I had collected all the boots, and was having forty winks in the smoking car, when I heard a horrible yell. I jumped for the car, and before I took two steps several more shrieks rang out, and the call bell began to ring like an alarm clock. I was sure someone was being murdered, and you can judge of my surprise when I found the M.P. clad in pajamas standing in the aisle and trying to apologize to two ladies in lower seven. The noise awakened everyone in the car, and what with the screams, the M.P.'s explanations, and the strong language of the commercial men who had been disturbed there was a perfect pandemonium. After I had things quieted down I took the politician into the smoking room and asked for an explanation. He told me that his boy woke him up and asked for a drink of water. In order to quiet the little chap he got up, got the water, and when he arrived at what he thought was his berth he started, he put the glass of water and douched the sleeping woman, who screamed again and unloaded line of 'How dare you?' and 'What do you mean?' which put the politician clear to the bad. He dressed immediately, woke up the boy, dressed him in the smoking room, and finished his trip in the day-car."

"What did the other passengers say in the morning?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, I told them that he was going to Kingston, and that satisfied them."

Strenuous Language.
"Speak of strong language," said the stout porter with the well-trained moustache, "reminds me of a man I used to have on the car pretty often who swore in his sleep. And it was no muttering, either, but strong, loud conversation that for the first couple of times made all kinds of trouble for me with the other passengers. He was on railroad construction work, probably had to 'talk up' quite a bit to his men; and the habit stuck to him day and night. I told him one morning what a row he had been making, and he wasn't offended, on the contrary, he said, 'Porter, if you ever hear me swear again, come to my berth and hold my nose. That is the only thing that will wake me. There is a dollar in it for you each time.' Sure enough, the next week he was up with me again, and about midnight he got going. I went to the berth and grabbed his nose, but for the first time and only time. He got excited, and when still half asleep handed me a punch on the jaw that loosened all my teeth. Of course, he apologized, and he gave me the dollar, but the punch was worth twice the money. The next week I went on a new route and I haven't seen the fellow since."

"What is the funniest incident you ever experienced in the business?" asked the anxious enquirer.

The long snuffed a reminiscent smile and delivered himself as follows: "About two or three weeks ago there was a party of school teachers from the West on my car for Montreal. The most of them were ladies, and good looking ones, too, but there were two or three who were certainly more than 21 years old. One of them smuggled a small pup into the car by a hand bag, and as she went to bed almost immediately, I had no suspicion that everything was not all right. She managed to keep the little brute quiet, and so there was no way of finding out about him."

"About six o'clock in the morning she got up, and I went to make up the berth. On opening the curtains I saw a rough-haired pup, mixed up with a 'switch' of false hair. He was having a lovely time, and was growling in a fierce undertone. About half of the hair was torn out of the switch, and was scattered all over the place, while the dog looked like 30 cents. While I was laughing, the woman returned, evidently for the false hair. She was worried all right, but she did the best she could with the switch, and begged me to let her keep the dog until we got to Montreal. She said she would reward me, and so as we were only a few miles from the city I gave in."

"How did she reward you?"

"She gave me ten cents," said the long porter, with a sour smile, as he took the valises of a fat drummer and pointed out his car.

The fat drummer was the advance guard of the late-comers, and the porters had to go to work.

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