

## A RECORD OF FOLLY.

How Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins Spent Their Millions.

The records of folly and extravagance contain no story more remarkable than that of Eli Hawkins, the Californian millionaire, whose grotesque ingenuity in dissipating his dollars is certainly without a parallel.

What was the origin of his fortune no one knew, and in his most abandoned moments Eli was never betrayed into divulging the secret. It is known, however, that when Eli accompanied by his wife, went to settle in Los Nietos Valley, they brought with them a portmanteau, packed with \$220,000 in cash, as an installment of their "pile."

Eli's first ambition was to "build him a lordly pleasure-house;" and buying 300 acres of land, he set his magic dollars to work on it. A handsome palace quickly rose, and hundreds of hands soon made his desert acres blossom like a rose. Enormous trees were transported bodily on specially-made waggons, to give him shady hills and valleys, and grottoes appeared as if by witch-craft, and lakes and fountains sprang up in profusion.

Within four months Eli had accomplished as much as most men do in twenty years. He had acres of roses, grottoes covered with vines, fig, orange, and magnolia trees, and his spreading lawns were sprinkled on all sides with \$7,000 worth of statuary.

Scarcely, however, were the statues in position, when Eli and his wife conceived the idea of "clothing them in paint." Mercury was endowed with green tights, Venus with blue sandals and red stockings; while Moses blossomed into a suit of grey, and a red nose.

This scheme of colour so charmed the Lord and Lady of Los Nietos that they proceeded to tint their cattle, sheep, dogs, and cats a rich violet, with disastrous results to many of them, for in licking their violet flanks many of the valuable cattle were poisoned.

Eli's next ambition was to have a private bar, which was built at a cost of £2,500. The windows were of stained glass, the floor was a miracle of mosaic work, rich tapestries and rugs were of ivory and silver. A wagon-load of the rarest wines and cigars came from Los Angeles; and here Eli and his wife spent several hours a day with a few chosen friends in liquid enjoyment.

Eli had already dissipated \$200,000 in the space of three months; but he was persuaded that a library was necessary to give an air of culture to the mansion, and forthwith the walls burst into a blaze of thousands of volumes clothed in white and gold, red, blue and purple.

A favorite indulgence of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins was to drive about the country in a gorgeous equipage, preceded by a brass band, and distribute magnanimous of champagne to those who paid them homage. On such, and indeed on all occasions the eccentric pair were clothed literally in dirt and rags, and presented a ludicrous contrast to their brilliant environment.

One of Eli's maddest escapades was undertaken in the interests of sport. He engaged some of the swiftest runners in the country to display their prowess before him. The races were held at night, and the road for a mile on each side of the mansion was illuminated by 7,000 wax candles, placed at proper intervals. From a grand stand erected in front of the house Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins witnessed the races, to the accompaniment of a brass band, and the winners were rewarded with gold watches, costly jewellery, and many thousands of dollars.

This life of grotesque extravagance lasted exactly three years. At the end of this time Eli was penniless, and a few months later died in extreme destitution, while the partner of his follies was glad to earn a living as a cook for ranch labourers in Ojai Valley.

## Her Efforts not Appreciated

A young lady-teacher in a rural school tells an amusing story of the anxiety her conduct unwittingly caused the mother of one of her pupils. The pupil in question was a stupid and overgrown but well behaved boy of nineteen, named Tobias Hodge. He was older by several years and far bigger than any other pupil in the school, but he was not so well advanced in his studies as some of the younger ones. He seemed so anxious to learn that the teacher often induced him to remain after school for the purpose of assisting him in his studies. Their homeward way lay over the same road and they would walk home together after the hard places in the lessons had been made easy for Tobias. Often in the morning, when she left home to go to the school-house, the teacher would find the boy waiting for her; and she tactfully gave him several lessons in politeness, such as raising his hat to her and other ladies, and assisting her over bad places in the road. She was beginning to feel that she might

really make something out of Tobias, when her efforts on his behalf received a sudden check by the receipt of the following note from his widowed mother—Madam—I just want to say that I have heard how you are carryin' on with my son Tobias; and all I've got to say is that do ain't of marryin' age, an' I am his garden! A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

## The Three Famed Blacks

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Do not be deceived by bulky package dyes adulterated with grease and other foreign substances; insist upon your dealer giving you the Diamond Dyes, one packet of which will dye as much as three of any other make.

## WOMEN AS MEN IN ARMY.

Disguised, Many Have Served for Months Without Discovery.

Military records contain quite a number of instances in which women, disguised as men, have entered the army and distinguished themselves on the battlefield, their sex not being discovered for many years afterward.

In 1872 a soldier who had enlisted under the name of Paul Daniel attracted the attention of a sergeant while drilling a body of recruits at Portsmouth. At the conclusion of the parade he sent for Daniel and stated his suspicions in regard to the recruit's sex. On seeing that the game was up, Daniel confessed that he was a female and burst into tears when informed that she could no longer continue with the regiment. It appeared that her husband, after getting through a large fortune, had died to Germany, where he had enlisted, and his wife performed the deception in the hope that, as a soldier, she might be dispatched for service in that country and thus discover her unfaithful partner.

A most remarkable woman was found to be serving as an ordinary soldier in a certain German corps toward the end of the last century. Her sex was revealed owing to a false charge of theft being made against her, after she had been performing her military duties of the regiment for over six months. Before this she had served in a regiment of the cuirassiers for two years, in one regiment receiving a wound in the arm, and afterward joining the grenadiers. Being captured by the enemy, she managed to escape and promptly enlisted in a regiment of volunteers, and but for the unfortunate charge referred to, might have spent her life in military pursuits.

In 1769 a woman made a determined effort to enlist in the East India Company forces. Although she was disguised perfectly as a man, her voice and her manner gave her away. When the magistrate told her that her application was hopeless she burst into tears, saying that this was her only chance of seeing her husband again, who was then serving in India.

A woman who boasted that she had a unique career, died in 1782 at Poplar. For the greater part of her life she had served as an ordinary seaman on several men-of-war, where her true sex was not once suspected.

## No Waste There.

The actual amount of gold and silver, that is used in a large plating establishment is very great, and strict economy is practiced to prevent waste. The extreme thin-

ness of the gold on cheap plated jewellery, however, has long been a subject for jest by humorist. A party of London jewellers was being shown through one of the great plating factories by the proprietor, a man well known as a wag. As the visitors stood looking into one of the vats where different articles were being plated with gold a gentleman asked—

"Now, Mr. M., just how much gold do you use here in your business?"

The old gentleman looked up, and answered with a twinkle in his eye—

"Well, gentlemen, when I started in business fifteen years ago, I put a couple of sovereigns into the vat, and there's some gold left yet."

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which can not be overcome when they are together, yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

## A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school, and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good."

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.



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## FLASHES OF FUN.

Canny Scot: 'Yours is a poor country.' Paddy: 'Well, we can afford to wear breeches anyhow!'

A little girl says she knows what drawing is—'You just think something, and then run a line round your think.'

Miss Basseo (giving a dinner): 'This wine is over forty years old.' Idiot (thoughtlessly): 'Bottle it your-self!'

Manager: 'What qualifications have you or the position of night watchman?' Applicant: 'Why, I wake at the least noise.'

He (indignantly): 'I hope I know my own mind!'

'She (sweetly): 'Yes! You surely ought to know as much as that!'

'Brethren,' said a well known bishop the other day in the course of a sermon, 'I beg of you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face.'

My daughter strikes B and is reaching for C. Friend—Oh but you can't really complain until she begins to strike you for V's and reach for X's.—Judge.

Teacher: 'What do we learn from the story of Samson?' Tommy (with unpleasant results still manifest): 'That it doesn't pay for women folks cut a feller's hair.'

'Pray Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?' 'Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory and penastatic cycle or oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity.'

'Bogorra, an' it's har-rd to collect money these days.'

'Is it you bin tryin' to collect some, Mr. Murphy?' 'Sorry a cent; but there's plenty trying to collect some from me me.'

'What did Newrich say when you told him you wanted to marry his daughter?' 'He didn't absolutely refuse, but he imposed a very serious condition.'

'What was it?' 'He said he would see me hanged first.'

She had sent off a telegram, and was waiting for an answer. Suddenly the peculiar halting click of the receiving machine sounded in the office, and she said to her companion:—

'That's from George I know; I can tell his stutter.'

Pa: 'Halloo, Ethel? What's wrong?' Ethel: 'Why, Helen's got engaged to Tom Barry.'

Pa: 'That worthless young reprobate! No wonder you're sad.'

Ethel: 'Oh, it is not that. I wanted to marry him myself.'

Magistrate: 'What is the charge?' Plaintiff: 'She ran me down with her bicycle, broke my arm, cut my head, sprained my ankle, and bruised—'

Defendant: 'Yes; and you broke six of my spokes, bent my sprocket-wheel, broke my chain, and punctured my tyre.'

'What a wonderful painter Rubens was!' remarked Mr. Gibbs, at the art gallery.

'Yes,' assented Mrs. Gibbs. 'It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke.'

'Why,' spoke up Johnny, in disgust, my schoolmaster can do that.'

Byleby: 'I wish you joy, my dear sir. As an old friend of your father's, permit me to say that you will always look back on this day as the happiest in your life.'

Lamson: 'Thank you; but it is to-morrow I am to be married.'

Byleby: 'I quite understand that.'

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four): 'Put your tongue out, dear.'

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor: 'No, no, put it right out.'

The little fellow shook his head weakly, and the tears gathered in his eyes: 'I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me.'

'What, want to leave today, Jane, and you only came yesterday?' 'Yes, yes, yes, you see, you're the thirteenth missus I've had this year, and you're unlucky.'

'Why, then, did you come?' 'Cause I 'ad to 'ave a thirteenth, and I thought I'd get it over. I leaves ter-night, mum.'

A gentleman was one day having a walk down a lane with a gun in his hand to see what he could shoot. While he was going down he met a little schoolboy, and said to him:—

'Is there anything to shoot down here, my little boy?'

'Yes,' said the boy, 'there's the school-master coming over the hill.'

George (rapturously): 'Now, darling, please name the happy day.'

Dulcie (blushing): 'Three weeks from next Wednesday, George, dear.'

Betsy (through the keyhole): 'If you please, miss, that's my reg'lar day out. You'll have to git married in the early part of the week, not the middle, 'cos Thursday, Friday, and Saturday are my cleaning days.'

A Russian peasant having gone to the town to buy himself a pair of new boots, fell asleep by the roadside on his way home, and was stripped of his cherished boots by a light-fingered tramp; but his sleep remained unbroken till a passing waggoner, seeing him lying half across the track, shouted to him to take his legs out of the way.

'My legs!' echoed the half-awakened sleeper, rubbing his eyes; 'those legs ain't mine—mine had boots on!'



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