

OUT THE NEW CZAR.

PRICE HE LIVED WITH OSTENTATION.

reter Who Met Him in the Year of the Great Famine Was Very Favorably Impressed with Him.

early spring of 1892 I was in the far of Russia, and while there received information that upon my return to the czar the Czarewicz would be pleased to see me. Accordingly, when I arrived at St. Petersburg, I was notified at what hour on the following I could present myself to His Imperial Highness. A Russian who brought the message gave me a necessary hint as to the slight formalities essential to the audience, and accompanied except by a courier, who to explain in Russian to the guard that as there by appointment, and thus make way clear to the entrance, I was driven in the Nevsky Prospekt towards the elikhoff Palace, where the Czarewicz had quarters. At one o'clock I reached the gate, and entering its gates, was admitted shown upstairs into a sitting-room, where I had to wait some minutes. There was nothing about the behof which suggested the palatial room in which I waited was of ordinary plain and comfortably furnished. There were no signs of great luxury in the furniture or decorations. The czar's son and the ordinary Russian lionaire would be far more princely than he, which were the living-rooms of the czar to the greatest empire on earth. On the walls were a few pictures, mostly portraits of the imperial family—not even portraits of that. There were a few chairs, a few tables, a few writing-tables, a few chairs. I seated myself beside a table, whereon lay in a small tray a few half-smoked cigarettes, the odor of which still lingered in the atmosphere. It was a mild day, and one of the windows looking on the court-yard was open, through this and the half-closed door I heard voices about the house, and children playing somewhere near. The place suggested the interior of the home of some happy, frugal, ill-to-do and very unostentatious Russian family. By the time I had noticed these small things, and began to wonder soon it would be before I should meet the czar, and I had to wait some minutes. At last, however, I was called to the czar's study, and I stood alone a waiting.

ENTRANCE OF HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS. In a few moments there came through the opposite door a trimly built young man, whose boyish appearance made me seem even younger than he was, and to exceed my own twenty. He was dressed in a simple gray uniform, entirely devoid of ornament. He advanced and took hands, with a frank and pleasant bloom that immediately put me at ease. It was the year of the famine, and I had in Russia attending to the distribution of the flour which the American millers had sent over to the peasants. On this point His Highness addressed me, in the Russian language which the Russian Englishman is usually master. He desired, said, through me, to thank those who had contributed to the relief of the unfortunate, and spoke with deep feeling of what the peasants had suffered during that awful year. He showed genuine concern for the condition of the people, and, turning from this, the Czarewicz said that he was filled with wonder at the sympathy shown by the Americans, and while he appreciated the value of their aid, he regretted that a nation so far removed from Russia should have been so prompt and generous in its gifts. He ventured to remind him of the cordial relations which were almost traditional between the two countries and in reply he said: "Yes, I fervently believe in the kindness of the friendly feeling between Russia and America, which has long existed, and, I trust, will endure forever."

MEANT EVERY WORD HE UTTERED. and coming from one who, in all human probability, would be the future ruler of a Russian people, the words seemed to me significant and worthy of remembrance. After inquiring as to my opinion of the stem of relief work in the interior, and duly expressing the hope that I found Russia congenial and pleasant and would be a home for the emigrants, the czar included, and I withdrew. The Czarewicz pressed me as a kind-hearted, amiable, wholesome young man, well endowed both mentally and physically to cope with the duties of his great position, and as one who would endeavor to discharge his duty under all circumstances. His was straight-forward, steady, and strong, his forehead of good proportions, his head well shaped. His figure was of medium height, but well knit and slightly. He appeared to be in excellent health, and was of a "rent, straight-lined, and graceful—albeit an exceedingly attractive and pleasant gentleman, not quite so stout, but without the slightest trace in his face or figure of either weakness or ill health.

The English Labor Leader. John Burns, M.P., the English labor leader, who is visiting to the United States, "strengthen the solidarity between English and American labor," is an interesting figure. He was born at Vauxhall, and when a year old went to work in a candle factory. Subsequently he apprenticed himself to an engineer, and worked at his trade a year in West Africa, afterwards spending six months in travel on the Continent. He inhibited Socialist notions from fellow workman, a French refugee, and attracted public notice by his speeches "Socialism as an industrial conference in London. In 1855 he was defeated as a Socialist candidate for the House of Commons. In 1857 he contested the right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, and suffered six weeks' imprisonment for resisting the police. The great victory of the laborers in 1858 was largely due to his leadership. In 1892 Mr. Burns was elected to Parliament from the Battersea district as the Labor candidate, having 559 majority over his opponent, a Conservative. He will attend the meeting of the American Federation of Labor at Denver the 10th inst.



See 'Fore Christmas

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will, Mother calls me Willie—but the fellows call me Bill!

Mighty glad I am a girl—rather be a boy Without them ashes, and curls and things that's worn by Fauntleroy!

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake— Hate to take the castor-ile they give fr' me, I say, ach!

Most all the time the hull year round their ain't no flies on me!

But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be! Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat!

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Then ole Sport he hangs around, so solum lil' and still— His eyes they seem a-sayin: "What's er matter, little Bill?"

That mother sez to father: "How improved our Willie is!" But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicious me, When jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!



For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv caddies, cakes and toys, Wuz made, they say, fr' proper kids, and not fr' naughty boys!

So wash yer face, and brush yer hair, an' 'min' yer yer and o's, An' don't bust out yer pantaloon, an' don't wear out yer shoes!

CHRISTMAS COOKING.

Christmas Cracker Pudding.—Split and butter seven common crackers, then soak them over night in one quart of milk. In the morning beat four eggs and add the milk in which the crackers have been soaked. Mix one salt spoonful of cinnamon and one half teaspoonful of nutmeg with one half cup of sugar and add to the custard. Add also one half cup of raisins. Put a layer of crackers in a pudding dish then pour in a part of the custard and repeat until all is used; in this way the seasoning is evenly distributed through the pudding. Bake this pudding one and one half hours and another half hour will not hurt it; cover it at first if the oven is hot. Serve with silver sauce.—Cream one half cup of butter, add gradually one cup of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of brandy. Just before serving beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth and stir into the sauce. Heap lightly on a glass dish and grate nutmeg over the top. Measure one powered sugar after it is sifted. If, as many people prefer, a substitute is used for the wine use a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and sufficient water to make up the amount of liquid.

French Fruit Pudding.—Chop one pint of fruit finely after having dredged it with flour. Add one and three quarters cups of molasses, one half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one pint of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cups of flour and one half pint each of raisins and currants which have been floured. Pour the batter into a buttered mould and steam for four hours. Use pastry flour as bread flour would make it tough. But if bread flour must be used for lack of any other, use less as it swells more than pastry flour. Serve this plum pudding with stirring sauce.—Cream one half cup of butter, add gradually one cup of brown sugar freed from lumps; then add four tablespoonfuls of cream, one at a time and then four tablespoonfuls of wine gradually. Heat slightly and beat well just before serving.

For creaming the butter, warm the bowl if necessary by pouring in hot water and then turning it out again at once. The cream must be added a spoonful at a time to prevent curdling for although it would all come back in beating it is better not to allow it to curdle. Milk may be used if cream is not at hand. Brown sugar gives a good flavor and for this sauce is preferred in place of powdered. When putting this sauce together be sure that the mixture is very creamy before another spoonful of cream is added. This sauce may be prepared several hours before it is used but do not heat it until just before serving; set the bowl over a kettle of boiling water and stir until heated through.

Beggars are promptly arrested in Vie fhaught begging on the streets.

INDIA BREWING BEER.

British Beer no Longer Imported for the Army.—It is Obtained from Indian Breweries.

A despatch from London says:—Not long ago almost every ship which left the British Isles for India carried a quantity of bottled ale and porter as a part of its cargo. This exportation has fallen off rapidly of late to the great disgust of British brewers. There is, however, no consolation for the temperance people in the fact. It simply means that in India, which is rapidly developing new industries, is brewing her own beer. The Government no longer imports it for the army. The beer supplied to the troops in northern districts is Indian beer, bought of Indian brewers under contract. In parts of the country where no contract exists, regiments have supplied themselves since 1891. The quantity brewed annually during the last five years has averaged 5,094,791 gallons. Last year the brew was 5,532,725 gallons. Of this more than 3,000,000 gallons were bought by the army commissariat, the rest finding private purchasers.

BOTH LEGS TAKEN OFF.

A Night Mail Clerk in Hamilton ran Over by a Pony Engine.

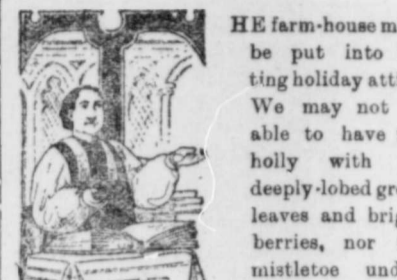
A despatch from Hamilton, says:—Shortly after 7 o'clock on Friday evening, Thomas Armstrong, a night mail clerk, was run over by a pony engine at the Stuart street depot and had both his legs taken off. He was engaged in putting the mails on the Toronto train, and had occasion to cross several tracks. In doing so he was struck by an engine and knocked down. One leg was taken off at the knee, and the other near the ankle. He was taken to the City Hospital. It is not yet known whether he will survive. He lives on York street and has a wife and family.

A Novel Clock.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watchmaker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose, and any messages that may be spoken into its ear are repeated by a photograph through its mouth.

CHRISTMAS ON THE OLD FARM.

BY ELLA CONNOR FERRIS. Trot your babies, Christmas cheer, Christmas comes but once a year.—Ole Ballads.



HE farm-house must be put into fitting holiday attire. We may not be able to have the holly with its deeply-lobed green leaves and bright berries, nor the mistletoe under which kisses are stolen, but barring these, if small branches have been cut from October's trees, when the gorgeous tinting of the leaves was most perfect, the leaves themselves pressed with a warm iron, and these branches tacked upon the wall, they brighten and vivify any dark nook, and if by chance a ray of sunshine strikes them, they glorify the whole room.

Autumn leaves are much prettier and less conventional in this arrangement than in any other. Sometimes the warm iron is rubbed with beeswax before pressing the leaves; this makes them glossy and preserves the colors, but tends to stiffen them as well, and I like them best unvarnished. At any convenient time before the rush of holiday work begins, beautiful decorations may be made of the grasses found on every farm. Loose sprays of wheat, especially of the bearded variety—oats, rye and millet if suspended for a few hours in a saturated solution of alum—that is, as much alum as the water will dissolve—will be covered with a coating of brilliant crystals, the size of the crystal proportionate to the length of time of immersion. The long heads of the grain droop gracefully, sparkling and scintillating in their new diamond-gemmed dress, and if arranged lightly and loosely in tall vases, behind small pictures, or grouped on the walls, they will be found extremely effective. Garlands of evergreen may be twined anywhere, and everywhere, wreathing any bare place on wall or panel. No fear of having too many.

What a pity it is where wood is so cheap and plentiful that open fires so seldom found in country houses, for all ornaments to a room none can be compared to a cheerful, crackling, genial fire, and the light it gives bestowing a new phase of comfort and joy to even the plainest apartment. It is to no purpose, so comforting, sympathetic, old and young are alike attracted by it, and fortunate indeed is the home that has an old-fashioned fireplace, or lacking this, a small grate.

The dear home faces whereupon That fitful fire-light pale and shone, Is a tender reminiscence to many a heart for a family gathering never seems quite so joyous as when around an open fire. A register in the floor, or an artless stove may serve more effectively for convenience and heat, but the glow of the fire-light is wanting.

The day before Christmas is usually such a busy day. Such pleasing anticipations crowd its every moment! Such concoction of famous dishes! Such bustling, mysterious air pervades every nook and cranny of the farm-house. Such fragrant odors are wafted from the region of the old No. 8 cooking-stove in the big kitchen! Such rows of pies adorn the pantry shelves—creamy ones of pumpkin with peculiar fluted edges that no one but Mother, with that dexterous twist of the thumb, can make, and dozens of mince pies for the manufacture of which Grandmother is held in esteem for miles around. Though many have attempted to make mince-meat like Grandmother's, yet no one succeeds in giving it the same flavor, and the ingredients seem to have an especially happy affinity for one another when blended by her dear hands.

The mammoth turkey, with wings folded triumphantly on its breast, waits patiently its place in to-morrow's oven for its final crowing. The crane for a grand turkey, as it never does at any other season of the year, while the crisp, fragrant heads of the celery seem to be excited on the look-out for Christmas company.

And the drive to the railway station for the visitors. The wagon-box on sled runners is filled, and the harnesses, spurs, and then the big buffalo robe, many comforts and shawls and a few hot bricks or iron stoves, added, the bells jingle, and the Father is off for the gate. How long there one seems until the return! How the fire is poked and replenished for fear the house will not seem warm, and speculations are rife as to whether the train will be late or on time. Noses are flattened against the window-panes as the road is anxiously scanned by the watchers, and how gleefully the appearance of the returning sleigh is finally welcomed. Then what greetings, what kisses, unavie a few tears! What unwrapping, what unbundling of children and ejaculations of surprise at the year's growth of each one. How the last new baby is carefully unrolled from its wrappings, gazed at, "hugged" and admired, and comparisons instituted as to which parent it most resembles! Then at evening all gather round the hearth, where

For the winter fireside meet Between the andron's straddling feet, The mug of old sippers stow, The apples sputter in a row, While close at hand stands the basket filled with nuts from brown October's wood. After enjoying this store of good things, the younger listeners gaze into the fire with rapt attention while harkening to the tales of pioneer life when panthers and wolves roamed across the very fields that now go to make up the farm, and when Indians and bears vied in paying their respects to the early settlers; of the time when the red log cabin, now used for a granary, was built, and what a grand dwelling it was considered in those days when Grandfather had hewn out all the logs instead of leaving them in the rough, and because there were windows of glass in the instead of paper! These windows were considered a mark of magnificence, even though they did consist only of single panes six inches, which were slipped into grooves cut in the logs.

What a source of delight it is to Grandmother to recall the olden, quilting, dances and paring bees of which the old cabin knew! What a fascination has the description of the first school-house near the farm for the youngsters as Grandfather tells of its puny floor, its seats made of logs split with the bark side down, and four stout sticks thrust into them for supports; where the pupils went to school and stayed till dark; where they studied "out stays" till dark; and where quill pens made and pointed by the teacher, and used ink made from soft maple bark of oak balls, or by mixing indigo with water.

How big grow black eyes and gray eyes and blue eyes at narration of some blood-curdling event, until finally some of the smallest heads are caught napping. Some of the weirdest tales fail to keep little eyelids propped up, which, however, open wide enough at mention of hanging up the stockings. And after the long row is completed, from grandpa's down to the tiny blue-tipped sock of the baby, what sound sleep comes, in spite of heroic determinations to lie awake all night to see Santa Claus—sleep in the old-fashioned high four-poster bedstead, on the busy feather bed in whose downy depths tired bodies nestle so snugly in the chill air of the frosty night; sleep which mayhap is all the sweeter for the gay bed quilt, piece out of scraps of Mother's dresses when she was a little girl, and which has in its bits of Uncle Charlie's aprons which he wore forty years ago.

When the glad Christmas morning comes at last, and eyes yet dimmed with sleepiness open in the gray of early dawn to the sound of Merry Christmas greetings, singing, gobs and re-echo throughout every room, what a raid is made by the children on the stockings! What exclamations of surprise and delight meet the ear as girls are hurriedly excited from their beds. How eagerly each compares his own to those which the good saint has bestowed upon another, and how sweet the expressed satisfaction that his own is nicest and best suited to him. To the older ones the fond realization that love to the good wishes accompany each memento of the season lends to every mere trifle a deep interest which its intrinsic value would never merit.

Leaving the children to slide down on the hay in the rear, the older ones turn to the house again, and, going once more through the familiar rooms, even the attic is fondly explored. There stands the great spinning-wheel beside which Grandmother's nimble feet used to run back and forth; by it are the red and waxing lace, emblematic of a busy, laborious past of which this generation knows little, but of which Grandmother's recollections are most vivid.

The children are in once more, and after a merry taffy-pull all gather again round the blazing fire, while the rattling of popping corn beats a melodious tattoo to willing ears. Grandfather reads aloud to all from the big Book the old, yet ever new, story of the wonderful first Christmas and the birth of the Christ-child, whose coming has been a sign of peace on earth, which will to men. The herald which the angels sang on that Christmas morning, echoing down through the long ages, rests as a special benediction upon the family roof, and the Star which guided the wise men, seems still to be a guiding, beckoning light, promising better and happier things when the old home here below has been exchanged for the Father's House of many mansions.

The Canadian Woman's Dictionary. Blush—Red color in the face, caused by shame or confusion, prevalent among women of ancient times. Cauder—A noun of two meanings. For ourselves frankness, for our neighbors impudence. Drawer—A sliding box in a table; usually too full to slide. Empty—A husband's wardrobe after the missionary box has gone. Friend—An acquaintance less prepossessing than ourselves. Fraternal (female girl)—The only person who knows exactly how the country should be managed. Handwriting—Written characters. One of the lost arts. The most satisfactory of the personal pronouns. Joke—A speech or action said by man to contain wit. Key—An apparatus which would open the outside lock of our house door if it were not inside on the bureau. Love—Affection for a rich man. Martyr—One who suffers for a cause. A man at an afternoon tea. Naughty—The child who returns our infant's slap. "Quiet"—A safe distance from the window. Photograph—A representation of our selves that does us an injustice. Quart—Two pints of ice-cream. Right—Our position in domestic discussions. Street Cars—A public vehicle for transportation in which seats are arranged horizontally for gentlemen. Tainted—An unmarried minister. Usual—An unamusing angry man. Vacuum—A space unoccupied by matter. A pocket-book that has been shopping. Watch—A piece of jewelry resembling in appearance man's chronometers. Differing in that it does not tell time. Zantips—A woman born in advance of the suffrage movement. Yes—The tip of a woman's tongue. Zero—A conjugal disagreement.

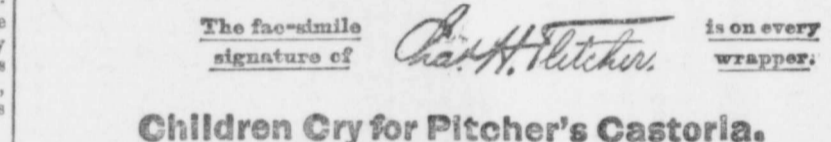
A Boy Angel. Mamma—"Have you eaten that big apple already?" Little Dick—"No'm; I gave it to a poor little boy in the back street." Mamma's little angel! Do you want another? "No'm. I've got the toothache."

The Reason. Potter—"Hello, Jones, don't you know that overcoats are worn long this season?" Jones—"Yes." Potter—"Then why do you wear a short one?" Jones—"Because I am short."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CASTORIA for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine. Castoria destroys Worms, Castoria allays Feverishness, Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic, Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency, Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or other noxious gas, Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property, Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep, Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A PERMANENT WORK.

That Which Tends to Dispel Ignorance—That Poisonous Root From Which Springs Evil. There is no work in the world more valuable or more permanent than that which ends to dispel ignorance—that poisonous root from which spring untold evils, both of body and mind. The various enterprises, both public and private, which have a bearing for their object, are usually well received, and meet with more real encouragement and success than most other forms of benevolence; while the self dependent will, if necessary, strain every nerve sooner than allow their children to grow up under so great a curse. Yet it is a curious anomaly that although every one theoretically holds ignorance to be an unmixed evil, there are certain forms of it which are courted, embraced and even gloried in by some who are loud in its condemnation.

There are special kinds of ignorance, for example, which are held to be fashionable, and therefore desirable. Within the memory of some of us a learned lady was an object of ridicule and contempt. The society girl of that period prided herself upon her complete ignorance of Greek or Latin, the higher mathematics or the sciences; for she was actually taught to avoid such knowledge, or at least to hide it, as tending to make her unfeminine and unattractive to the other sex. On the other hand, she was, for the same reason, equally afraid of knowing anything very practical or useful, especially if such knowledge were supposed to be applied to any sort of remunerative activity. Happily all this is rapidly passing from our midst, and the little of it that yet remains is fast withering away under the scorn of all sensible people.

There are other kinds of ignorance, however, which are still cherished by some people, from the fear of the social frown of a special set or clique. One of these is the ignorance of methods of economy, by which who are supposed to have no need of it themselves. A limited income is a mystery to them, which they have no desire to solve, or indeed to recognize. Of course, they admit that the very poor, whom they patronize, ought to be thrifty and saving; but that any whom they meet in social life should have such occupation, they cannot, or profess they cannot, imagine. Mr. Hamerton alludes to an English lady of this type, who said: "I cannot understand why people complain about the difficulties of house-keeping. Such difficulties may almost always be included under one head—insufficiency of servants; people have only to take more servants, and the difficulties disappear." "Of course," adds Mr. Hamerton, "the cost of maintaining a troop of domestics is too trifling to be taken into consideration." It is true that in this country we can hardly conceive of ignorance like this. If we heard such a statement we should rather attribute it to affectation than to a density so improbable. Real or affected, however, few mental conditions can be more injurious. To bring economy into contempt is to cut at the root of truth, honesty, and many a foolish devotee of fashion can trace his pecuniary ruin to just such influence.

There is also an ignorance of what would be disagreeable to know, which is much courted by a certain class of people. There are men who will not thoroughly investigate their own business affairs, because they fear that unpleasant disclosures might be made and disagreeable duties stare them in the face. There are men of property, who prefer to be ignorant of what their agents or stewards are doing, because they do not wish to be held responsible—landlords who do not desire to know how their tenants are being treated—trustees and directors who never inquire into the management of funds which their deputies are handling—dealers who shut their eyes to the tricks of adulteration—housekeepers who are willingly oblivious to the waste and confusion reigning in their own kitchens, even mothers who are content not to know what is happening in their nurseries. Then there

are partisans who refuse to listen to anything but good of their own party, or anything but evil of their opponents, lest their so-called convictions may be shaken. Opinions of all kinds are sometimes held in such a way as to preclude the knowledge of the most important and salutary truths. Others will not examine into the results of their past actions or face the probable issues of that which they propose to do. They prefer the darkness of ignorance to the light that might reveal something of which they might be ashamed, or unfold a course of action as right, which they do not wish to follow.

All such desires for ignorance have their origin in fear. Shakespeare says truly, "Our fears do make us traitors," traitors to the truth when we refuse to admit it, to the truth when we put it far from us, to duty when we elude it, to our better selves always. To be ignorant is always a grievance, yet it is one that may be remedied, but to be content with ignorance, to desire it, to welcome it, to pretend to it, is one of the most hopeless of mental conditions, one in which no true manhood or true womanhood can endure to dwell.

Earthenware. In nine consecutive transatlantic voyages this year the 12,000-ton Luconia has averaged a trifle over twenty-five miles an hour. At Leeds, England, there is an electric clock which has been continuously ticking since 1840. Its motive power is natural electricity. It has been ascertained by experiments in the feeding of corn and wheat to hogs that corn makes lard, and that wheat makes lean meat. White hats are worn for three years, as a sign of mourning, by every groom male in Korea after the death of a member of the royal family. Mrs. Regnen, a florist of Roostoon, Holland, is the owner of a giant rosebush, which had 6,000 roses in full bloom at one time during the past summer. Japan is a corruption of the Chinese, word Shi-pen-kue, which means "root of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China. Mushrooms, when once cooked, should never be rewarmed, to serve a second time at the table. After becoming cold they are apt to develop injurious properties. In a recent address President Eliot, of Harvard, advised students to thus apportion their day: Study, ten hours; sleep, eight exercises; two; social duties, one; and meals, three hours. People who live beyond their means and are very tardy in paying their debts have been blacklisted in Vienna by a daring publisher. A book containing their names has met with a big sale. The largest flower in the world grows in Sumatra. It is called the Rafflesia Arnoldi, and some of the specimens are thirty-nine inches in diameter. The central cup will hold six quarts of water. The Astors, too, have enriched mine host many a time. They have paid out, small and large, in hotel bills, hundred times as much as the old, original John Jacob would ever have dreamed of spending. An English judge the other day dismissed an indictment against a pickpocket who had thrust his hand in a man's empty pocket on the ground that as there was nothing to steal no offence was committed. A new paper, devoted solely to masculine interests and bearing the comprehensive title Man, will shortly be issued in London. In addition to playing the part of guide, philosopher and friend to mankind in all matters of dress, drink, food and manners, it will take up the most sane attitude toward women as the advanced ladies' papers adopt toward man. Howard's bill runs well up into three figures, while it invariably requires four to fix the total of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould's bills. While George Gould was in England, chumming with Albert Edward, it cost him \$4,000 a day for the right to live. This, of course, included the cost of his yacht, but even so, it was a tremendous sacrifice to the golden calf of plutocratic aristocracy.

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