Charge of Light Brigade Lord Tredegar a Survivor

Celebrates His 80th Birthday—His Recollection of the Famous Incident.

VISCOUNT Tredegar, who on May 4 entered on his 81st year, was once described as "the most popular figure in Wales." In his time he has played many parts, and at 80 he retains unimpaired the mental and physical energy of his early years.

As an officer in the Seventeenth Lancers he took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade, and in describing that historic event he says he never heard a word of command or a bugle sound as they gradually broke from a trot to a canter.

"The noise was deafening, while the dust and the gravel struck up by the round shot which fell short was almost blinding, and irritated my horse so that I could scarcely hold him at all. This cleared when we were a hundred yards from the guns, and I distinctly saw a gunner applying his fuse. I shut my eyes, for I though that settled the question so far as I was concerned, but the shot missed me and struck the man on my right full in the chest. In another minute I was on that gun, but the horses falling pinned me to it. The Russian gunner covered me with his carbine, but my arm was free and the gunner within reach of my sword."

After this "Sir Briggs," his charger, bolted and dragged his rider some distance, entangled in the stirrups, "and I found myself alone among the Russians, but succeeded in remounting, and, in spite of the attempts of the Russians to cut me down, rejoined my men. I found when we returned that I was the senior officer of those not wounded, and consequently in command."

Lord Tredegar sat in the House of Commons for sixteen years, and since 1875, when he entered the House of Lords, he has taken a very active part in public life.

MAD KING'S BIRTHDAY

Mock Rejoicings in Bavaria—The Last Phase of His Insanity.

THE mad King Otto of Bavaria on May 3, celebrated his 63rd birthday at the Fuersteurled Palace, where he has been incarcerated since 1886, shortly before his accession to the throne.

Flags flew from the Bavarian public buildings and all the formalities that usually mark a sovereign's birthday were duly observed.

As for the king himself, he wandered, as he does year in year out, listlessly through the sunlit gardens of his high-walled palace. The armed sentries at the palace gates saluted at the sound of the birthday guns, while the king sat staring absently at an old newspaper, without heeding or understanding the unusual fuss around him.

The medical commission which annually examines King Otto issued the following bulletin:

"His majesty's bodily health is, under the circumstances, good; but the paralysis is steadily spreading."

In the palace chapel a silent mass was celebrated for King Otto's welfare.

According to the newspapers the king has recently conceived the idea that his food is poisoned and refuses to eat the dishes served up to him. His keepers have resorted to an old ruse. Food really intended for him is left lying about, but in places where he is sure to find it. On discovering it the king, thinking it is intended for others, eats it with truly royal absence of scruple, and secure in the thought that he has outwitted his enemies.

King Otto nominally succeeded to the throne in 1886, when his brother, King Ludwig II., committed suicide by throwing himself in the lake of the park of Berg Castle, three days after he had been deposed as insane. In his youth King Otto was said to be of bright and promising intelligence, but he fell a victim to the hereditary taint in his 30th year.

"David Copperfield" Among "Best Sellers" of Today

Sixty Years Since It Was First Published, Yet Charles Dickens' Masterpiece Is Still a Favorite of Favorites Among All Who Buy or Read English Fiction.

BEST SELLERS' are so common nowadays that they almost pass without notice. They seem to be regarded as a purely modern growth, yet one of the very "best sellers" today has been a "best seller" for 50 years, and promises to remain a "best seller" so long as books are printed and so long as the living, breathing, eating, drinking, working, playing human being delights to lose his identity in the joys and sorrows, the loves and hates of the being who never lived, and never will, save in the brain of a necromancer of words and phrases and the brain of him whose heart throbs in response to every wave of the necromancer's magic wand.

Charles Dickens was born in 1812. 'David Copperfield" was written 37 years later. Its author died in 1870. Yet today, when plans are well under way for a world-wide observance of the centenary of the great novelist's birth, when 62 years have passed since this master of smiles and tears brought his story to a close, and 41 years since the Divine Author of us all wrote "Finis" for all that was mortal of the man who put immortality into his works, "David Copperfield" remains a "best seller," and with probably the exception only of the Bible and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the "best seller" in America.

What an amazing thing this is will be realized when it is considered that "David Copperfield" has now been selling for nearly half a century. That it has any sale at all is surprising, when it is remembered that in the sixties, seventies and early eighties publishers of Dickens fairly deluged the country with his works.

Said a representative of the house of Harper & Brothers, who was with them when they brought out their famous "Household Edition" in 1872:

"It seemed to me then that everybody bought Dickens. No library was considered worthy of its name without a set of Dickens, and the home that did not possess at least some of Dickens' works had no proper standing in its community. You would have thought from the way those books were absorbed by the country that no one would be left without a copy and that their sale would come to a complete and abrupt end. But here we are today still selling Dickens, and selling him at a rate that would cause some of our modern authors to wax wealthy and arrogant.

"The demand for Dickens keeps right up with the procession. New authors come and go. Thackeray and Eliot and Scott are still with us. Henry James and Mark Twain have added new lustre to the name of America. One might ask most properly, What room is left for Dickens? But room there is, and it is a most spacious one, in library and home, in cheap editions and in editions de luxe. The effect of his centenary, is not yet being felt to any great degree, but it will be. It will grow steadily, and before next year closes I look for a demand for 'David Copperfield,' 'Oliver Twist' and 'The Tale of Two Cities'—for those are the Dickens leaders—that will almost rival the demand of the seventies."

Other and later publishers of Dickens make the same report. The Macmillan Company happened to be in a position to give the press some exact figures on the remarkable excess of the demand for "David Copperfield" over the other novels. During a stated period about 3,500 copies of the various works of Dickens were sold, of which 696 were copies of "David Copperfield." Next came "Oliver Twist," of which 359 copies were disposed of. "Old Curiosity Shop" was third, with 299 copies, and "The Tale of Two Cities" fourth, with 245 copies. None of the others reached a sale of two hundred copies.

At Brentano's it was reported the demand for Dickens was as steady as the demand of the stomach for food. "We can't afford to let a day go by," it was stated, "without being prepared to supply some sort of an order for Dickens, either a single volume or a complete set. You might almost say it was a habit to buy Dickens. The demand keeps even pace with that for the latest novels."

But the most startling revelation of the vigorous life that still animates the works of Dickens is to be found in the circulation department of the New York public library. There are forty branches from which books of the library circulate among the readers. It is the rule of the library to keep all books in all languages for which there is any demand and to keep as many copies of each volume as may seem to be necessary to give the readers ample opportunity to satisfy their craving for any book.

Bearing in mind the enormous number of the copies of the various works of Dickens that has been sold throughout the country during the last 50 years and the fact that the sale is continuing without any check in sight, also that there is a continuous stream of new books pouring into the library as well as being sold, and that it is seldom found necessary to have more than two or three copies of any new and popular novel on hand in any one branch, try to grasp the significance of the fact that in one of the branch libraries there are 50 copies of "David Copperfield" and that they are all in constant demand.

In another branch there are ten copies of "David Copperfield" in Yiddish, and they are also in constant demand. Also, in the various branches there are eleven copies in Bohemian, eighteen in Danish, nine in Hungarian, four in Italian, fourteen in Russian and six in Swedish. There are also copies in the library printed especially for the blind. Invariably, "David Copperfield" leads in the race for popularity of all that Dickens wrote, "Oliver Twist' is always second and "Tale of Two Cities" is always third.

Neither is Dickens neglected in the rarified and refined precincts of Columbia Heights, the home of all literature and learning and the more or less permanent abode of genius, and where everybody is supposed to own personally all the books worth reading. Dickens can be found there, even in the very library of Columbia University. There the young authors of tomorrow are encouraged to read only those English authors who have a superior style, yet two complete sets of Dickens' works are in the library, one in the general reading-room and one in the stacks, while the catalogue contains 135 cards covering Dickens and his works.

The set of Dickens in the general reading-room bears signs of much use; in fact, it has been found necessary to rebind the volumes of "Our Mutual Friend," "Tale of Two Cities," "Edwin Drood," "Pickwick Papers," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge."

"David Copperfield" is not in the list of those used so much that they have had to be rebound. This may be due to the students having copies of their own or having read the book long before entering, for they are rare and strange who cannot say of Dickens' works as he said himself:

"Of all my books, I like this the best. . . . I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child, and his name is David Copperfield."

THE LONDON OF THACKERAY

Sources of the Characters in His Novels—Novelist of the London of the Well-to-Do—Start of His Literary Career—His Wide Acquaintance—Limitations of His Knowledge of London.

CHANCE decided the career of the young Thackeray, says the London Bookman for April, in an article on Thackeray and the London of his time and novels. Born in India, sent home to be educated at Cambridge, he decided to follow the law, and entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, but, disliking the profession, abandoned it, over his mother's protest, upon coming of age. He soon squandered or lost the patrimony which had made him independent in this matter, and found it imperative to get something to do.

"A chance decided his choice," the writer continues. "He happened to know 'Alphabet' Bayley, who had just started a weekly paper, the National Standard and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals and the Fine Arts. To this periodical Thackeray contributed early in his career; soon he bought it, and for seven or eight months edited it, and poured into its columns reviews, stories, verses, articles and drawings, not any of them, it must be confessed, of any particular merit.

"When his finances could no longer stand the strain of the weekly losses, for the paper never paid its way, the publication was stopped. The story of this unfortunate venture may be read in 'Lovel the Widower.'"

Not finding journalism "lucrandabuy remunerative," as he expressed it, he decided to try painting, but returned to writing to make his fame and fortune in a series of "Pencil Sketches of English Society," published monthly and called "Vanity Fair."

"Of all novelists of the nineteenth century," says the Bookman, "Thackeray is par excellence the novelist of the London of the well-to-do, as it would doubtless be possible, and at some future time may well be done to reconstruct from his pages the life, in early and mid-Victorian days, of the middle and upper classes in the metropolis.

"Thackeray was in many ways cosmopolitan, but he was at heart as arrant a cockney as ever was born within sound of Bow Bells. He loved his London and knew it as well as most men; but his London, it must be confessed, did not cover the entire area of the capital. With the City he had but little acquaintance, of the East End he knew nothing, and little more of the suburbs, save those directly west of Kensington Church.

"He knew the west central district, because he lived for a time in Great Coram street, and the Temple he both knew and loved; but the West End was his beat, from the Garrick Club in King street, Covent Garden, to Holland House, and Mayfair and St. James's were the quarters in which he delighted.

"Thackeray's interest in London, however, was not so much topographical as human, it was not in perambulating its highways and byways that he found his pleasure, but in the people that lived in its houses and thronged its thoroughfares. It is difficult to recall descriptions of places in his novels, yet with sure touch he always give the correct atmosphere to any district he introduced. That Thackeray knew his limitation there can be no doubt, for he made fun of himself in this respect.

"'If you want to travel, my poor Spec,' he makes the Rev. Frank Whitestock address him when he is setting out on his 'Travels in London,' 'you should not be trusted very far beyond Islington. It is certain that you can describe a tea kettle better than a pyramid.'

"He also knew his gift, which was to observe people; wherever he went he kept his eyes open. Where the ordinary man saw a grumpy old retired officer he saw Major Pendennis; where the ordinary man saw an unscrupulous adventuress he saw Miss Rebecca Sharp; where the ordinary man saw a disreputable Irishman he saw Capt. Costigan.

"Though we pass them by with unseeing eyes, his characters are to be met with every day. To quote from one of the very interesting 'Artist's Prefaces,' which Harry Furniss is contributing to his edition of the novelist's works:

"'Costigans will not disapear when home rule is granted. Claverings and Altamonts are walking about London, and occasionally can be sketched in the dock at Bow street; and as for Major Pendennis, you will find him, at least I did, in his club in Pall Mall. Pendennises and Warringtons still have chambers in the Temple, only they do not wear long hair and whiskers. The barber has done more to alter the Thackeray types than the tailor.'

"Fashions in hair and clothes may come and go, but human nature never alters, and Thackeray's creations are today still as true to life as when he wrote 'Vanity Fair' more than sixty years ago.

"When Thackeray settled in London as a professional man of letters he had already touched life at more points than most young men of six-and-twenty who look to their pen to provide them with a livelihood, and in so far he was better equipped than his contemporaries for the struggle. He had entered London life through the gates open to the upper middle class. He came of a well-to-do family of Anglo-Indian officials, civil and military, and among his connections found men who could sit for Col. Newcome and James Binnie.

"The Charterhouse supplied him with a knowledge of public school life, and his residence at Cambridge, of course, largely increased his circle of acquaintances. There he found the prototype of Major Dobbin and brought away with him material for some chapters of the as yet undreamed of novel of 'Pendennis.'

"His proprietorship of the National Standard brought him into touch with journalism, and his connection with the Constitutional was the means of introducing him to several of the leading Radical politicians of the day, notably Sir James Molesworth—the Bullers he had known earlier—and before he came of age he had absented himself from Tapril's to go down into Cornwall to canvass for Charles Buller, who was standing for Liskeard in the Liberal interest.

"When he was studying art in London he made many acquaintances who doubtless furnished him subsequently with characters that figure in certain chapters of 'The Newcomes.' The Temple had been the means of his meeting with many young lawyers and numerous journalists of the better social class.

"There it was that he acquired some knowledge of Capt. Rook and Mr. Pigeon, which not only furnished him with a character sketch bearing the name of these two worthies, but which also gave him the idea for a section of 'The Yellowplush Papers.'

"He also in the days when he was supposed to be studying law, as again some years later, was introduced to the mixed society of those places of entertainment out of which eventually the music halls of today developed, the 'Cyder Cellars,' the 'Coal Hole' and 'Evans's.' What use he made of his acquaintance with these haunts of dubious resorts all readers of 'Pendennis' and 'The Newcomes' are aware.

"To clubland he had the entree in early life, having been elected a member of the Garrick when he came of age, and at this, his favorite club, he met the undoubted original of Foker. In his thirtieth year he became a member of the Reform Club, and it is generally supposed that it was at this club he found most of the snobs whom he so calmly dissected.

"It has been said that he saw in every man a snob, and it is certain that this particular work is not vastly popular. No man likes to have the mirror held up to his own nature."

THE BRIGHTEST DAY FOR EVERY WOMAN

COMES WITH GOOD HEALTH THROUGH THE USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Her brightest day for every girl and every woman is the day when she looks well; but with most of the fair sex such days are rare. Instead they suffer from a painful languor, have a terrible weakness in the back, headaches that make everything seem blurred, and a ceaseless aching in the limbs. These and other trials afflict girls and women through the lack of rich, red blood nature is calling for. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have given the joy of real robust health to thousands of women who are happy today because these pills actually made the rich, red blood that makes weak ones well and strong. This statement has been proven over and over again. Here is further proof from Mrs. C. J. Brook, Manitou, Man., who says: "After a busy term on second class work, followed only by a short time of relaxation, and a strenuous two and a half months' normal course, in March, 1906, I began teaching school. I had a heavy rural school with a large attendance, and consequently a large number of grades, thus I found the work a great nervous strain. This added to the overwork of study, previous to teaching, soon resulted in a "run-down" condition. When vacation time came I did not pay much attention to my condition as I thought the holidays would soon restore me, but as I resumed work again I soon found this was not the case. One morning when I came to breakfast everything reeled before me and I almost fainted away. The lady with whom I was boarding advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She always spoke very highly of them, her daughter having used them with the most beneficial results following a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism. I decided to take her advice, and had only taken a few boxes when I began to improve in health and such an appetite as I had. I rapidly gained in health, my face had a healthy glow and I gained in weight. I have since often recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to others who have used them with equally beneficial results, and I believe the pills to be a standard remedy for the ills for which you recommend them."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HARRIET BEECHER'S BUSY GIRLHOOD

How Her Father Inspired His Children to Work.

NEVER was a father more looked up to by his children than was Lyman Beecher, the father of Harriet Beecher Stowe. Mrs. Stowe mentions especially his power of exciting family enthusiasm. "Whenever he had a point to be carried or work to be done he would work the whole family up to a pitch of fervent zeal, in which the strength of each seemed quadrupled.

"For instance, the wood for the family used to be brought in winter on ox sleds and piled up in the yard exactly over the spot where father wished to plant his cucumbers and melons. Of course as all this wood was to be cut and split and carried into the woodhouse before the garden could be started it required a miracle of generalship to get it done, considering the immense quantity of wood required to keep an old windy castle of a house comfortable in winter weather.

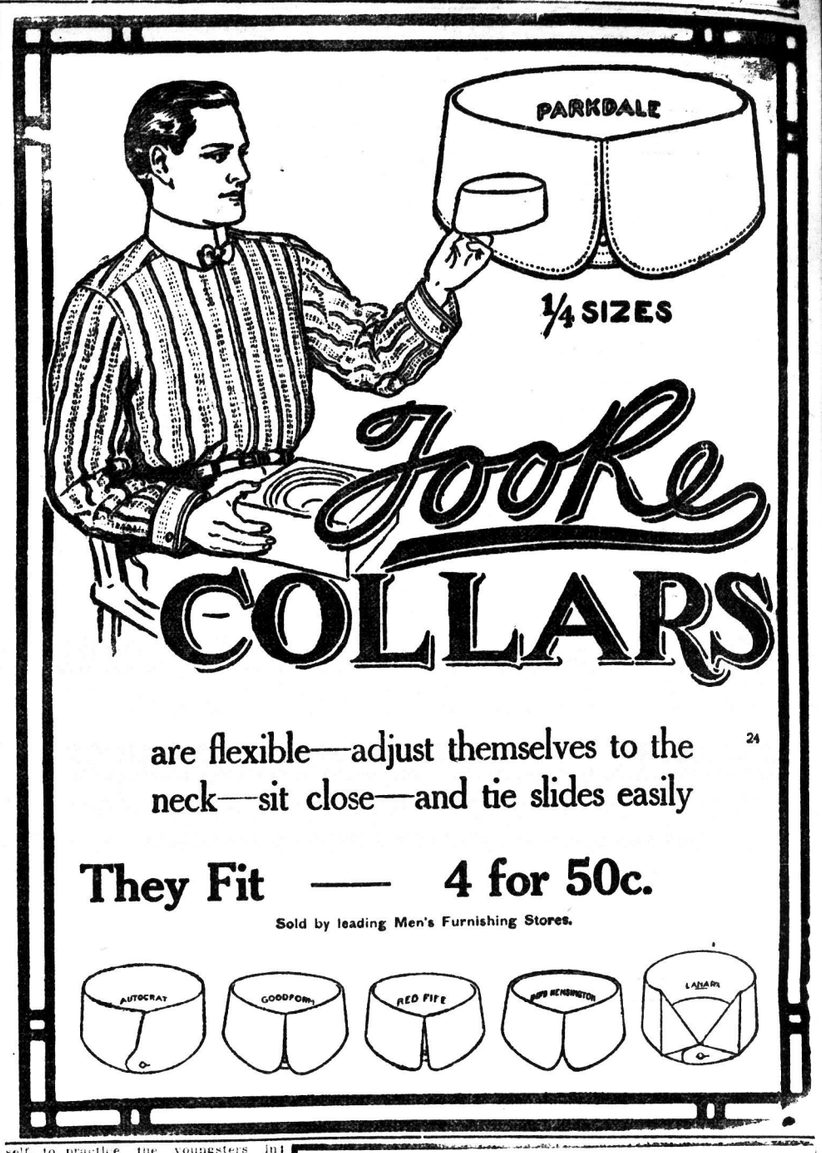
"The axes would ring and the chips fly, the jokes and stories would fly faster, till all was cut and split. Then came the great work of wheeling in and piling." Harriet would work like one possessed, sucked into the vortex of enthusiasm by her father's remarking:

"I wish Harriet were a boy. She would do more than any of them!"

Then she would throw aside her book or her needle and thread, says McClure's, and donning a little black coat which she thought made her look more like a boy, she would try to outdo all the rest till the wood was all in and the chips swept up. Frequently Mr. Beecher would raise a point of theology and start a discussion, taking the wrong or weakest side himself, to practice the youngsters in logic.

If the children did not make good their side of the case he would stop and explain to them the position, and say "The argument is thus and so! Now, if you take this position you will be able to trip me up!" Thus he taught them to reason as he would have taught them to box or wrestle, by actual face to face contest.

Their mother was tender, gentle and sympathizing, but all the discipline of government was with the father. With most of his children, when quite young, he had one, two or three seasons in which he taught them that obedience must be exact, prompt and cheerful and by a discipline so severe that it was thoroughly remembered and feared. Ever after a decided word of command was all sufficient. The obedience was to be speedy and without fretting or frowns. "Mind your mother! Quick! No crying! Look pleasant!" These were words of command, obeyed with almost military speed and precision.



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OWES HER HEALTH

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Scottville, Mich.—"I want to tell you how much good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash have done me. I live on a farm and have worked very hard. I am forty-five years old, and am the mother of thirteen children. Many people think it strange that I am not broken down with hard work and the care of my family, but I tell them of my good friend, your Vegetable Compound, and that there will be no backache and bearing down pains for them if they will take it as I have. I am scarcely ever without it in the house.

"I will say also that I think there is no better medicine to be found for young girls to build them up and make them strong and well. My eldest daughter has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for painful periods and irregularity, and it has always helped her.

"I am always ready and willing to speak a good word for the Lydia E. Pinkham's Remedies. I tell every one I meet that I owe my health and happiness to these wonderful medicines."—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, Scottville, Mich., R.F.D. 3.

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Add *one tablespoonful of Snowflake Powdered Ammonia to each pail of water* you put in the tub. Then place in the clothes. Use your laundry soap the same as always, but only *one-half* the quantity. That's the modern way of washing clothes.

Snowflake Powdered Ammonia is a remarkably quick, effective and harmless cleanser. It dissolves instantly in the water. Starts to work immediately. Loosens the dirt. Makes the soap work faster. Saves valuable time for you.

Also use Snowflake Ammonia in the *rinsing* water. Otherwise the grease in the soap can never be thoroughly removed from the clothes. *Snowflake Ammonia acts directly on the grease and frees it from the fabric.*

Unless linens are rinsed free from soap they will smell stale if left in linen closet for several days, because the grease left on the linens turns rancid, as all greasy matter will do in time.

Another thing: The grease in clothes not rinsed free from soap causes them to turn yellow in spots, especially in the seams when a hot iron is applied, because the grease melts and scorches the fibres of the fabrics

So you understand how important it is to use Snowflake Ammonia in the rinsing water and get all the grease from the clothes.

Snowflake Ammonia turns hard water soft, like rain water.

If you take a soapy garment and dip it into hard water, either hot or cold, it sets the dirt. Turns clothes yellow. Makes woolens shrink. Only soft water is safe for rinsing clothes.

Snowflake Powdered Ammonia softens woolens. The large underwear mills use great quantities of powdered ammonia to soften underwear.

It whitens white goods. Clears up and brightens the colors of colored goods. It's the grease in the soap not rinsed out of prints that dulls the colors.

Be sure and get Lawrason's Snowflake Powdered Ammonia, in the *giant 5c. package*. The 10c. packages of ordinary powdered ammonia of inferior quality are only about one-third larger, while 5-cent washing compounds are only about one-third the size.

Go to your grocer and get a package of Snowflake, the *original* powdered ammonia, and save half your soap-expense on wash day.

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