

## OUR STORY PAGE.

## A Gentle Princess.

A lady in waiting to the Princess of Wales told a friend a touching little incident which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence.

The princess with her usual reticence tried to hide her grief for her first-born. It was shown only in her failing health, and increased tender consideration for all around her.

One day while walking with one of her ladies in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry it appeared that she was a carrier, and made her living by shopping, and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

"But the weight is too heavy at your age," said the princess.

"Yes. You're right, ma'am, I'll have to give it up, and I'll starve. Jack carried them for me—my boy, ma'am."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack! He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wildly.

The princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face, to hide her tears.

A few days later a neat little cart with a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now travels with them to and fro, making a comfortable living, and never has been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.

The quiet, even life of this princess is filled with many kindly, thoughtful acts. "She is probably the most feminine woman in England," a well-known Englishman said lately.

She has, with all her good sense, her own little womanish whims, too, which only endear her more to the people. She always steadily refuses to follow fashion to extremes. "The princess," other women say with affectionate amusement, "is years behind the mode!"

Another peculiarity is her dislike of mannish articles of dress when worn by women. Her own costume is always soft and flowing. She never has worn the coats, vests, nor jaunty men's hats which women affect, and even has rejected

the comfortable ulster as "a coachman's garment."

King Christian of Denmark, before a strange series of events brought him to the throne, lived obscurely on a narrow income. It may have been this early experience in her father's family which has given to the princess her sincere, earnest character, and her disregard for pomps and ceremonies.

She lives her own quiet, gentle life, keeping as far as possible in the shadow of that "fierce light which beats upon" the high position she holds.

Other ladies standing where she does have sought to dazzle the world by the trappings of royalty. But she modestly and unconsciously has shown to it a finer sight—that of a good woman.

—*Youth's Companion.*

## A Novel Recipe.

One day a man walked into a barber's shop in London and said, "Shave, please." He was put into a chair and shaved, for which the barber charged a shilling.

"A shilling?" said the man, bewildered.

"Yes," said the barber.

So the man paid the money, and as he was departing he exclaimed, looking around the room:

"You've got a good many flies about your shop."

"Yes," said the barber; "I wish I could get rid of the pests."

"Well," said the man; "I have a good recipe for getting rid of them."

"Oh," said the barber; "out with it, then."

"You've got to pay me a shilling, first."

"All right," said the barber, as he paid it.

"This is it, then," said the man, turning toward the door. "First catch your fly, then shave him and charge him a shilling, and I'll warrant he won't come back again. Good-by." —*Scottish American.*

## His Friend John.

He was having his fortune told.

"I see," said the medium, "I see the name of John."

"Yes," said the sitter.

"The name seems to have given you a great deal of trouble."

"It has."

"This John is an intimate friend."

"That's so."

"And often leads you to do things you are sorry for."

"True."

"His influence over you is bad."

"Right again."

"But you will soon have a quarrel."

"I'm glad of that. Now spell out his whole name."

The "medium" wrote some cabalistic words and handed to him.

"Do not read until you are at home," she said, solemnly. "It is your friend's whole name."

When he reached home he lit the gas and read in picket-fence characters the name of his "friend"—"Demi John." —*Detroit Free Press.*

## How Drunkards are Made.

"Now, you watch those children. They'll drink half that beer before they get home, and their mother will scold me for not giving a good pint, and I've given nearly a quart," said a bartender of a down-town saloon, the other day, referring to two little girls of six and eight, thinly clad, who came for a pint of beer. The reporter did watch the little ones. They had scarcely gotten outside the saloon door when the one that carried the tin pail lifted it to her lips and took a draught. Then her companion enjoyed a few swallows. A little further on they entered a tenement house hallway, and both again took a sip.

"I have lots of such customers," said the bartender, when the reporter returned to the saloon to light his cigar. "Girls and boys and women form half our trade. We call it family trade. It pays our expenses. Our profits come from the drinkers at the bar. But I tell you what—half the children who come here drink. That's how drunkards are made. Their mothers and fathers send them for beer. They see the old folks tipples, and begin to taste the beer themselves. Few of the children who come in here for beer or ale carry a full pint home. Sometimes two or three come in together and if you watch them, you'll hear one begging the one who carries the pail for a sip. We must sell it, however, when their parents send for it. We are bound to do so. Business is business. We don't keep a temperance shop."

—*New York Herald.*