Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 27. BRIDGETOWN, N. S. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7, 1899. NO. 12.

Professional Cards.

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Annapolis, opposite Garrison Gate.
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DENTISTRY.
DR. V. D. SCHAFFNER,
Graduate of University Maryland,
Will be in his office at Lawrencetown, the first and second weeks of each month, beginning January 1st, 1898. Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.

DR. M. G. E. MARSHALL,
DENTIST,
Will be at Annapolis the first and second weeks of ever month, and third and fourth weeks at Bridgetown.

James Primrose, D. D. S.
Office in Drug Store, corner Queen and Granville streets, formerly occupied by Dr. Fred Primrose. Dentistry in all its branches carefully and promptly attended to. Office days at Bridgetown, Monday and Tuesday of each week.
Bridgetown, Sept. 23rd, 1891. 25 tf

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Semi-Weekly Sun
CASH IN ADVANCE, 75c. a Year.
The Cheapest and Best Newspaper for Old and Young in the Maritime Provinces
Twice a Week,
WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Reliable Market Reports,
Full Shipping News,
Sermons by Dr. Talmage and other Eminent Divines,
Stories by Eminent Authors,
Despatches and Correspondence from all parts of the World.

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2 Cents per Copy. $5.00 a Year.
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ST. JOHN, N. B.

POSITIVE SALE.
We are instructed to sell that Superior Farm at West Paradise, belonging to Mr. McCloskey. Has Two Hundred Acres, including 60 Acres under tillage, and 7 of Marsh, with excellent well-watered Pasture; good Orchard, mostly young and nearly all in bearing. Average crop at present, 120 barrels of prime Shipping Fruit; cuts 30 tons Hay. Modern House; good Barn and Outhouses. Also, all the Farming Utensils, nearly new, and the entire Crop, now growing, including two hundred bushels of Oats, now harvested and all the stock in hand. Satisfactory reasons for selling. Will be sold at a bargain.
ERVIN & ALCORN,
Valley Real Estate Agency.

We expect to announce the result of the School Children's Essay competition in the next issue.
THE WELCOME SOAP CO., - St. John, N. B.
MANUFACTURERS OF
The Famous WELCOME SOAP

Curry Bros. & Bent Co'y,
LIMITED.
Manufacturers and Builders.
WE KEEP IN STOCK AND MAKE TO ORDER
Doors, Windows, Mantles, Store, Bank and Church Fittings, Sheathing, Flooring, Mouldings, Stair Work, Clapboards, Spruce & Cedar Shingles, Cement, Calcined Plaster, Hair, all kinds of building material.
☞Agents for THE METALLIC ROOFING COMPANY.
We have samples of Metal Ceiling.
Outside Steel Siding, Shingles and Gutters.

Also agents for the "Cleveland" Bicycle.
We have handled these Wheels two seasons and know they are in the front rank. Prices to suit the times.

Mid-Summer Meeting!
DOMINION DAY SATURDAY July 1st, 1899

BRIDGETOWN DRIVING PARK CO., LIMITED
(Member of National Trotting Association.)
$375.00 - IN PREMIUMS - $375.00

2.30 Class (Trot and Pace)	- -	Purse, $150.00
2.40 Class " "	- -	" $125.00
3-min. Class " "	- -	" $100.00

CONDITIONS.—Six to enter in each race and not less than four to start. Purse divided 50, 25, 15 and 10 per cent. Mile heats, best three in five. Entrance fee 10% of purse, to accompany nominations. Any horse distancing the field or any part thereof will receive one money only. Horses called at 1.45; start at 2 p. m. sharp.
Entries close June 17th, at the office of the Secretary at 6 o'clock p. m.
H. RUGGLES, Secretary.

SEEDS! SEEDS!
Rennie's Recleaned Timothy,
" Mammoth Red Clover,
" Alsike Clover,
Canada Beauty Pea,
Black Eye Marrowfat Pea,
Cow Corn, and a large stock of small Seeds.

FLOUR, Meal & Feed
Just arrived, a large stock of
Tilson's Delight Flour,
" Whitecoat Flour,
" Pride Flour,
" Pilgrim Flour,
Five Roses, Hungarian, and Hornet Flour.
Cornmeal in bbls. and bags.
Middlings, Feed Flour and Bran.

TEA! TEA!
☞Don't forget that we sell **Union Blend Tea** with a key in each pound package. Buy a pound and take your chance of getting $100.00 in Gold.

JOSEPH I. FOSTER.
BRIDGETOWN.

NOTICE!
All persons having any legal demands against the estate of WILLIAM M. FORSYTH, late of Bridgetown, in the County of Annapolis, Merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to
CAROLINE FORSYTH, *Administratrix.*
ALFRED D. BROWN, *Administrator.*
Bridgetown, April 10th, 1899. 4 6m

JUST REMEMBER
REED'S FURNITURE STORE
is the place to visit when in need of
NEW FURNITURE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.
Extra Value in the following line of Goods:

Bedroom Suites, 7 pieces,	$13.50 to $65.00
Parlor Suites, 5 pieces,	$28 00 to $95.00
Iron Bedsteads, fine styles,	$3.75 to $15.00
Children's Carriages, nice line,	$6 50 to $15
Sideboards and Dining Furniture, all prices.	

Bargain Sale of Window Blinds.
Having just received a large stock of Blinds from the manufacturers, at special low figures, we propose to give our patrons the benefit, and are offering a fine line of these goods at unequalled prices.
Also a large and handsome stock of Linoleums and Oilcloths.
We have the **Patent Elastic Felt Mattress,** lately introduced and largely taking the place of hair mattresses. **Price $15.00.**
H. S. REED.

You Can Buy
HORSE BLANKETS, SURCINGLES,
HALTERS, CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES,
BITS, TEAM COLLARS, LIGHT COLLARS,
COLLAR PADS, LAP ROBES, WHIPS,
SLEIGH BELLS, ANKLE BOOTS,
AXLE GREASE, HARNESS OIL,
HARNESS SOAP, GALL CURE,
CONDITION POWDER,
LEAMING'S ESSENCE,
FRIARS' BALSAM,
and everything to make your Horse shine.
ALSO
Flour, Meal, Feed, Groceries and Confectionery
so cheap that it will make you laugh.
Because he gives no credit, it will pay you to get prices before purchasing elsewhere.
ALL GOODS FIRST-CLASS.
E. YOUNG.
Lawrencetown, Nov. 29th, 1898.

Poetry.

The Pitcher of Tears.

The woman had closed her eyes,
A weary with weeping,
She leaned on the empty cradle,
And sobbed in her sleeping.
Her breast, like the wave of the sea,
Was rising and falling;
Her heart, through the midst of sleep,
On her baby was calling.

Then her soul was lifted away
To the garden of heaven
Where flowers shine like stars in the grass,
So smooth and so even;
And the saw where 'mid roses and May
An angel did wander,
With bright children, who looked in his face
To dream and to wonder.

Alone, and apart from the rest,
A little child tarried,
And in his small arms, soft and round,
A pitcher he carried.
His sweet eyes looked wistfully toward
His mates in the meadow.
Heaven's glory was bright, but his face
Bore the touch of earth's shadow.

The woman knelt down where she stood.
"My own and my dearie,
Now why do you wander alone,
With little feet weary?
If you cannot come back, come back,
To the arms of your mother,
'Tis your sweet hand the angel should hold,
And never another."

"Oh! mother, the pitcher of tears,
Your tears, I must carry;
So heavy it weighs, that behind
I linger and tarry.
Oh! mother, if you would smile,
And cease from your weeping,
My place by the angel's side
I'd gladly be keeping."

The woman waked by the cradle,
And smiled in the waking.
"My baby, the pitcher of tears
To my heart I am taking.
Go, frolic and sing with your mates;
My smiles shall be given
To make a new light round your head
In the Garden of Heaven."
—*Laura E. Richards in Youth's Companion.*

Select Literature.

How Father Gleason Gave In

"There, there's been enough said! You've heard my plans for you. I suppose you think you know what you're about, but you'll never marry the girl with my consent."

"But, father—"

"That'll do. I don't want to hear another word about it."

Father Gleason stood up at the supper table to make this speech, and meant to turn away with dignity, but his chair stuck, and he shoved it aside, and went out of the door with a set jaw and an obstinate swing of his shoulders.

"Your father's made up his mind," said Mrs. Gleason.

It was well known in this little Kenoria household what it meant when Mr. Gleason "made up his mind."

"He wants everything just as he says; but you mustn't go against him, Sam; he's your father."

"I don't want to go against father," answered Sam, his slow, sweet tempered voice ringing with unusual feeling; "but even my father has no right to tell me I shall or sha'n't marry any girl. I have some rights myself. Mother, what is it sets him so against Martha Williams?"

"He thinks she isn't strong enough to do the work on a farm."

"I don't know that's it's necessary she should work herself to death, like some of the women around here. I'm able to work for us both!" said Sam, with sudden heat.

"He's taken a notion against the things she's been doing at the school—those gymnastics; he thinks it trifling."

"She told me the boys and girls sprawled all over their desks, and were getting short-sighted; the seats were too high, anyway. They sit straighter now. The children think it's fine; they call them the 'jimmanastics."

Sam gave a short laugh and got up. His mother looked at him apprehensively.

"You goin'?"

He nodded. "Don't worry, mother."

She caught him by the arm. Her nervous, wrinkled countenance was puckered with gathering tears.

"Oh, Sam, you're all the boy I've got, an' I wish it was different for you! He means right; he wants you to do well. He thinks if 'twas only Emmie Beekman, a likely girl an' peart, an' a good farm waitin' for her, it would help you to get ahead."

"Getting ahead, isn't everything in this world," answered Sam. "A man wants something else—something to get ahead for. Don't you know it's so, mother?"

"Maybe I do—maybe so. I haven't a word to say against her, Sam; she's a nice, pretty girl, an' pleasant—"

"Isn't she?" asked Sam, suddenly beaming. "Those little ways of hers. I never did see anyone with such pretty ways. And just as good.

He broke off, kissed his mother, and went out of the house with something in the set of his back that was like his father.

At the corner of the porch he stopped.

"Can I do anything for you, Grace?"

The young woman in black, who occupied the rocking-chair, raised her eyes indifferently from the book she was not reading.

"No, thank you, Sam. You'll have a beautiful evening going over."

"I wish she wouldn't say things like that," thought Sam. "I wish she'd ask me to get something or do something; but she doesn't care."

Grace Caldwall was a widow, who had lost husband and children all at one time in a diphtheria epidemic. Since she had come home to live no one had heard her laugh or seen her shed a tear.

When Martha Williams first came to Kenoria the one thing that she became most homesick for was trees—not those regularly planted, thrifty peach and apple orchards, but a few birches, oaks and hemlocks that had just "growed," and a ravine in a green, ferny wood, with the clear, brown water trickling down. The sound of that water haunted her dreams. She would stand at the window, looking far and wide, fascinated by what she saw, and yet repelled.

"Shall I ever get away from this hateful country?" she had once asked herself. She did not ask that now.

She found her school in a state of neglect; it had been so long since it had a progressive teacher. There were only two or three big boys, and yet everyone looked at her doubtfully.

"You'll have trouble with Ralph Disbrow," they said.

"Shall I? Why?"

"He makes trouble for everybody who tackles our district. Oh, you'll see!"

"But I'm not supposed to know that, and perhaps he will make a fresh start," said Martha.

She noticed Ralph particularly after that—a heavy-browed boy of fifteen, who looked strong, yet stunted in growth. He and Tom Kirk did make trouble; it was an experiment. They had a reputation to sustain.

Martha kept them behind one day to help her, and then turned upon them with some straight-forward, business-like talk.

"It would be foolish of me to threaten to whip you," she said. "I don't think it is a woman's place to thrash boys who are almost men. You are stronger than I am; can't you put your strength to some good use? I want to say this: I have had a chance to learn a good many things you have not, and you will be finer men for knowing them. I am not going to coax you to study, but I am ready to do all I can to help you. Do your part, and I will do mine. Is there anything unfair in that?"

"No'm; fair enough."

Then she shook hands with them both, and casually called them Mr. Kirk and Mr. Disbrow as she thanked them for their help.

She was a picture of dainty grace in her summer gown, with frills about the neck, Sam thought. He took the chair beside her, not saying much. This big fellow had an air of reserved, kind strength that was refreshing to her. There had been others to admire the bright young teacher, but they were not like Sam. She had said to herself lately that nobody was like him.

Yet when Sam, encouraged by her preference, asked her for a kiss she gently refused.

"Your father doesn't like me yet," she exclaimed. "It isn't as if we were regularly engaged."

"I shall never marry anyone else!" said Sam. "I only asked for one; I haven't asked you before."

Martha was always unexpected. Her face was lit up with mirthful feeling.

"Save up till I am an old lady. The supply seems to give out before that time with a good many people!"

"It won't with me! It'll hold out for more'n one lifetime!" The words came out with a rush. "Martha—you'll let me call you Martha, anyway, won't you?"

Martha turned toward him sedately, flushing ever so little, her chin tenderly raised, without comment. And somehow that meant more to Sam than all the easy courting which was the custom in Kenoria. But that was like Martha, always; she had a finer atmosphere about her.

Winter set in. Cold winds blew from the north. All the land seemed frozen in great waves to Martha's unaccustomed eyes. It was snowing hard one afternoon while she gave a reading lesson. She was too much absorbed to notice the weather; but presently she saw Ralph looking out of the window, frowning uneasily. Instantly, with senses on the alert, she called him to her desk.

"I don't like the look of it," said he; "we had a blizzard year before last that began this way, and folks couldn't get out for three days. Two men froze to death. I think we ought to go home. I'm not trying to get out of my lessons, Miss Williams, honor bright!"

"I know it, Ralph."

She dismissed the school, and began to help the smaller children put on their things, watching Ralph the while. Ralph went ahead, Martha last, holding little Nelly by the hand; the others huddled in between them.

"Now, keep close together," said Martha, cheerfully; "take hold of hands."

It was not far from a neighbor's. This Eastern girl was ignorant of all but the name of a blizzard, with its furious, freezing wind. The snow was not very deep, but it had blown in heaps across their path. She had to lift Nelly over them.

"Oh, I'm so cold!" they cried, forlornly.

"We'll soon be home. Come, march fast and tramp down the snow. We're soldiers—right! left!"

The soldier fiction buoyed them up for a time. Nothing could be seen around them but that white darkness. They ought to have reached the nearest house by this time.

Martha strained her eyes ahead; she could hardly see her own length before her.

"Ralph!"

Ralph turned in his tracks, put his hands up to his head, breathing hard, and answered the unspoken question desperately:

"I'm afraid we're—off the road. I don't—know where."

A child broke into frightened crying. The sound went through Martha like a spasm, and her heart died within her. She was terribly fatigued. Her skirts hung about her clogged with snow. Oh, if she could sink down and not try to go on, only get away from the wind that was beating out her brain! It was but a flashing thought; the next moment she had rallied her courage, knowing that all depended upon her, and called, resolutely:

"Then we'll go right on the best we can. Mary? Ruth? Jack?" She went over the names of her little flock as they toiled along. They answered, "Present."

"Now, when I call your names you must answer." She feared some child would be left behind.

How long they were out in the storm they never knew. Not long as time went, probably. Martha was at the end of her strength. Still she cheered the others, and praised, and kept them together. It seemed to her as if she had been going on so all her life. Nothing had ever happened before.

Ah! was that a glimmer over there to the left?

"Ralph!"

Ralph saw it, too, and they cried, "Hallo! Hallo!"

In a moment some one shouted, "Who's there?"

It was Mr. Gleason's voice.

"Teacher!" called Martha.

It was strange, but at that moment she could not remember her own name.

"What you done with the children?"

Had the girl from Massachusetts lost her senses and left them to take care of themselves?"

"They're all here. Oh, come!"

Sam's figure dashed out past his father, with a lantern hung around his neck. "I'm coming, Martha!" he shouted, shoveling furiously, for they had approached on the unsheltered side of the house, and the wind had blown a drift between them and the door, which would have to be shoveled aside.

"Keep moving; you must not stand still!" said Martha to the group huddled around her. "Arms up; one, two!"

"I can't!"

"You must!"

Discipline was strong in the school, and they followed her movements. A minute more and Sam was near enough to touch Martha's shoulder.

"Martha!"

"Really first."

One by one the girls and boys were passed up to the door. Last of all Sam gave the lantern into his father's hands and lifted Martha in his arms.

"Poor girl!" he said, tenderly.

Then a feeling of great peace came over her. A breath of warmer air, a sudden dazzle of light, and the exhausted girl knew no more.

Sam shut the door with his shoulder, and stood with his back against it, facing his father like a lion at bay, still holding the girl's unconscious figure in his strong arms. His face was glowing red and set in firm lines; there was a look in his shining eyes that silenced them all.

"Father, she's my wife!"

"Well, I sha'n't hinder ye Sam'l," answered the old man, his weather-beaten features suddenly working; and he turned his back.

"Carry her right in there," said Grace, coming forward; "on the sofa, Sam—that's it. The children mustn't come too near the stove; they're most frozen! There, dear, don't cry! Does it ache so bad? Poor little midget! Now you will be better."

She was the mistress of the occasion. It was she who had hastened to place a pan of milk on the stove. It was she who was kneeling by the smaller children, pulling off their shoes, rubbing bare feet and hands, going from one to another with hot drinks, looking after them all, even Ralph, who had frozen his ear, and who now felt her kind hand rubbing it with snow, while her usually impassive face wore a bright color and a look of almost joyous excitement.

The big kitchen was full of cheerful bustle. Brave fires were kept up. The little ones, reviving, began to feel it an adventure, and giggled softly at one another. After all, no one was much the worse. This being together like a party in a kitchen not their own, perhaps sleeping there all night—for there would be no getting home before morning—how odd and exciting it was!

Martha opened her eyes on the lounge in the sitting-room, to find Sam bending anxiously over her, while his mother hovered in the background with a steaming cup of ginger tea. Her memory returned with a rush, and she started up.

"The children! Oh, are they safe?"

"Every one," said Sam. "Don't worry—there—Martha—" and choked, for with the loving look of a tired child Martha drew his hand to her and held it under her cheek.

By and by she awoke from a drowsy half-consciousness with the feeling of a hand laid gently on her hair, and looked around; but the figure tiptoeing to the door was not Sam, it was his father.

Next day the storm had cleared enough for Sam to break a way to the nearest neighbor's. It was bitter cold, but his heart kept him warm. Good news finds some way to travel by, and the anxious families that had set up all night, saying over and over that there was plenty of wood in the school-house, learned that the little school was safe and sound. Even Ralph's hard natured father showed some feeling.

"Thought ye wa'n't such a fool as to get lost," he remarked. "Teacher, hey? Know smart folks that wouldn't have made it out as well. You can take her over some of that honey to-morrow if you want to. Get your work done."

Ralph went to work, regardless of his aching ear, glad at heart—because of what? Because his father had told him for once that he was not a fool.

"Dad sent you this," he said, going into the room where Martha lay on the sofa.

"Oh, say, you're sick!"

"Only a sore throat," returned Martha, smiling welcome, "and getting used up and frightened. I never have been so frightened in my life. What should I have done without you?" and she put her hand on the boy's knee. "Ralph, you're splendid!"

Ralph looked from the friendly hand to the fine face, realizing, with a shade of awe, that it is good for a boy to realize that courage does not depend on physical strength, but on the spirit that can make a frail body do its will. He colored up to the roots of his hair, and blurted out, with awkward enthusiasm:

"You're another!"

When a new school-house was built in the fall, who should offer herself as teacher but Grace Caldwall? That night of the children's invasion had brought something back into her broken life. Her own children had been taken from her, but there were all these other little ones in the world. If she could do anything for them she would not be useless. I have been a mother," she said, "and I shall know how to be patient." So she borrowed Martha's text-books and sat studying beside her through the summer days, while the others looked at her often and at each other, as if to say, "Our Grace is more like herself."

Did Martha ever say again that she longed to get away from that "hateful country?" No, for she married Sam Gleason that fall, and went to housekeeping in a new house of Sam's own planning. A good deal more than timber and nails went into the building of that broad piazza where Martha will sit, surrounded by vines, on summer afternoons. There will be no careless, unlovely customs in their home. Martha has her blue and white china and her glossy table-linen on the table every day, and Sam likes her dainty ways.

"You'll be a teacher all your life, Martha," Sam told her one day. "You're teaching me something new all the time."

"Not more than I'm learning of you," and Martha's face wore the look that always made him leave whatever he was doing and go over to stand beside her in silence.

Strangers who hear Mr. Gleason mention "my daughter Martha" always think it is his own daughter he speaks of. All his crust of prejudices melted away with the blizzard. For the first time, perhaps, since he was a grown man he has found some one who understands him and likes him without being afraid of him.

A Good Report.
"My mother was troubled with rheumatism in her knee for a number of years, and it broke out into a running sore. She has taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now she is almost entirely well. She cannot speak too highly of this great medicine." MRS. JOHN FARR, Cloverlawns, Ancaster, Ontario.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, biliousness, indigestion, constipation.

—Osteopathy is somewhat akin to the Swedish movement cure, or massage, and is so called because the bones are used as fulcrums by which the operator exerts an influence upon the nerve centres. Osteopathy is said to have been discovered in 1874. The name is composed of the Greek words for bone and disease.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure 25c. 71y

The Queen at Nice.

STORY OF HER ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAD SELLER.

The *Semaine Religieuse* publishes a very interesting story in connection with the stay of the Queen on the continent. The story goes that during the stay of Her Majesty at Nice she went for one of her customary drives in a small carriage drawn by a donkey. She presently arrived at a small place surrounded by a railing and from which there was a magnificent view of the Mediterranean. The best position was occupied by the stall of a young woman named Josephine, a vender of prayer beads and other religious objects. Princess Henry of Battenburg went to the young merchant and asked her to remove her stall so as to permit of the advance of the little carriage to the desired point of vantage. Josephine refused. The Princess was insistent that she should permit her mother to have the desired view of the sea.

"Where is your mother?" was the response.

"That lady in the little carriage," answered the princess.

"Well," said Josephine, "you can go and tell your mother from me, that when people are in business, they do not disturb themselves for Peter and for Paul. Anyhow she should know it. You have the appearance of having made your fortunes by following the fairs, you, your mother, your donkey and your brother who is holding the bridle."

The Queen who had heard all this, was very much amused. The princess then proposed that she should give up her place and she would purchase all her stock.

The little merchant answered that they evidently were not thinking what it would cost, as she had at least fifty francs' worth of goods.

The princess handed her a hundred franc note, and asked, "are you satisfied?"

In answer the merchant removed her stall, and Her Majesty took up the desired position.

As the royal party were retiring the merchant asked where she was to deliver the goods purchased.

The princess replied, "keep them. We have only occupied the place a short time in order to enjoy the scenery, and we have purchased your stock, and you should be satisfied. If you think we have paid you too much, I will tell you how you can repay us. You will lend us your place each time the Queen comes here."

Josephine opened her eyes. "The Queen? What Queen? Where is the Queen?"

"There. My mother, the Queen of England."

"That old lady drawn by a donkey?"

"Certainly."

Josephine reflected for a moment, then rushing to the carriage threw herself on her knees and said: "Madame the Queen, I ask your pardon. I did not know you. Here are your hundred francs; I have not earned them. And, besides, how was I to know? If I were a Queen I would look like one, and not present myself to people in this fashion, surprising them and exposing them to feel ashamed. How could you expect me to know you were a Queen when you go about in a little donkey carriage, and do not wear a silk dress. You do not look like a Queen, although I must say you have an honest face. Just put yourself in my position and see what you would have done."

The Queen, in reply, told her to keep the hundred francs. "It will console you," she said, "for this little trouble. Good-bye, Josephine. I shall certainly see you again before I leave Nice.

Josephine was, no doubt, better prepared on the second visit of Her Majesty.

Helen Keller's Sense of Touch.

"The delicacy of Helen Keller's sense of touch is certainly keen, but its keenness has unquestionably been developed from a merely normal foundation," writes Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, of Helen Keller, the deaf and blind prodigy, in the May *Ladies' Home Journal.* "She 'hears,' as she expresses it—that is, feels—a footfall on the floor of the room, and distinguishes footfalls which differ markedly one from another. Last summer, when she was taking her exercise one day by walking up and down the veranda, I was seated in a chair near the door, and a little child, barely a year old, but able to walk freely, came walking lightly out upon the veranda. Helen stopped at once, and coming up to me and touching my lips asked, 'Is Marion here?' I answered 'Yes.' Helen smiled and said, 'I thought I felt a soft sound.' She is particularly sensitive to musical vibrations. She is fond of holding her hands against a piano when it is being played, and her face shows keen pleasure while she is thus occupied. She distinguishes between high chords and low chords struck on a piano, but her sense of feeling does not distinguish between major and minor chords, nor between concordant and discordant sounds. It is to be borne in mind that she has no remainder of hearing whatever, the drums of her ears being ruptured.

"A great deal has been said and written about her power of recognizing people by the touch of the hand. She certainly does recognize all her friends readily by shaking the hand, and sometimes recognizes at a second meeting, and some time afterward, a person whom she has met but once before. I have studied this accomplishment of hers a good deal, and am convinced that she recognizes her acquaintances not by the feeling of the hand, but by the slight individual or characteristic movement or movements of each person."

How the Telephone was Invented.

In a recent lecture Prof. Alexander Graham Bell is reported to have explained, as follows, how he came to invent the telephone:

My father invented a symbol by which deaf mutes could converse, and finally I invented an apparatus by which the vibrations of speech would be seen, and it turned out to be a telephone. It occurred to me to make a machine that could enable one to hear vibrations. I went to an aurist, and he advised me to take the human ear as my model. He supplied me with a dead man's ear, and with this ear I experimented and applying the apparatus I found that the dead man's ear wrote down vibrations. I arrived at the conclusion that if I could make iron vibrate on a dead man's ear, I could make an instrument more delicate which would cause those vibrations to be heard and understood. I thought if I placed a delicate piece of steel over an electric magnet I could get a vibration, and thus the telephone was completed.

The telephone arose from my attempts to teach the deaf to speak. It arose from my knowledge, not of electricity, but as a teacher of the deaf. Had I been an electrician I would not have attempted it.

Scribner's for June.

Scribner's Magazine for June is very strong in short stories. William Allen White, the Kansas editor, whose "Boyville Stories" are so well known, writes a tale of western political life with which his editorial duties have brought him in close contact. He calls it "A Victory for the People," and gives the inside history of the appointment of a United States Senator by the governor, a kind of politics which is just now very much in evidence.

Another story by a new writer is "A Burial by Friendless Post," by Robert Shackleton, a New York journalist who has made a particular study of the strange life on Blackwell's Island.

Henry James contributes a short story in the field in which he won his first success—a character study of Boston people of the most pronounced New England characteristics. This is entitled "Europe," and the central character is a masterful old lady who rules her daughters with a rod of iron.

Joel Chandler Harris contributes another "Aunt Minervy Ann" story, which is illustrated by Frost.

The third instalment of Quiller Couch's serial "The Ship of Stars" confirms the first impression of a wonderfully interesting tale by a writer of subtle and poetic power.

A typical fight in the Philippines is described by an eye-witness, a clever journalist under the title of "The Battle of the Blockhouses," which is a most complete and stirring account of that curious campaign—one which in its names and methods suggests a wild romance, brought home to us by the equally stirring titles associated with the romantic developement of the west—Oregon, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakotr. It is illustrated from photographs taken during the battle.

Stevenson's letters in this number were written from a Swiss health resort. Sidney Lanier's poetical music impressions are concluded in this number.

The Field of Art (by Will H. Low,) and Point of View end the 25th volume of Scribner's Magazine.

The Peace Conference.

Mr. Andrew D. White, head of the American delegation, in an interview last week with a representative of the Associated Press, said he regarded the situation as promising, and that the first work of organization was well done. He added: "I am full of hope that it will be possible to reach practical conclusions. The skepticism of the first few days must yield to serious hopes, without at the same time indulging in exaggerated expectations. The words of the Emperor William have contributed to improve the situation. I think we may arrive at some result on the subject of mediation and arbitration. Although it is undoubtedly impossible to make such action obligatory, it can be rendered at least optional, and I believe that after the conference the powers will recognize that they have at their disposal a means of regulating their differences otherwise than by war. That will be an immense advance. I am also confident that important improvements are achievable in the laws and usages of war, to humanize war, especially in extending to naval battles the Geneva convention of 1864, and in increasing the protection to private property in naval wars. Relative to the reduction of armaments, I am not in a position to speak on the subject."

Other ambassadors who are delegates to the conference were also interviewed, and expressed similar views. They said they were most hopeful that the deliberations of the conference would result in the adoption of practical recommendations tending towards peace and rendering war more humane. All were dominated by a sense of immense responsibility to achieve something, especially in the direction of arbitration. The delegates were unanimously of the opinion that the question of the reduction of armaments would be the most difficult to meet and they believed that it would be relegated to the rear of the other two features, especially since the special object of the conference is acknowledged to be an endeavor to establish means for the solving of international difficulties without recourse to war, thus increasing the rarity of wars and as a natural consequence leading to the reduction of armaments. They seemed convinced, however, that numerous difficulties of detail would arise in the various committees, and that the conference would be protracted.

May Ladies' Home Journal

Among the notable features of the May *Ladies' Home Journal* are an illustrated article on Joseph Jefferson at home, "After-Dinner Stories," a page of brightly told anecdotes of prominent personages, and Rudyard Kipling's famous Jubilee hymn, "Recessional," set to music by Reginald de Koven. "A Cabinet Member's Wife" gives further interesting glimpses of Washington social official-life, and another view "Inside of a Hundred Homes" is afforded. The second instalment of Julia Magruder's novelette, "A Heaven-Kissing Hill," and "His Children" give an interesting variety of fiction. Robert J. Burdette's "My Kindergarten of Fifty Years" is the first of a series of three articles by this popular humorist. Edward W. Bok writes of the athletic woman and her attire, and also notes the decrease of intemperance; Mrs. S. T. Rorer treats of "Strawberries in Thirty Ways," and tells how to entertain unexpected company. "The Life of a Trained Nurse" is pictured and detailed, while four special pages, "Vacation Days on a House-Boat," "Ten Weeks in Europe for $200," Comfort in Tent and Cabin," and "Summer Pleasures for Surburban Places," turn one's thoughts to summer outings. There are articles on woman's attire and various household topics. By the Curtis Publishing Company. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

Railway Disasters.

Waterloo, Iowa, May 28.—The through train from Chicago to Minneapolis over the Rock Island and Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern railways, was wrecked at 1.15 Sunday morning at the crossing of Sink Creek, about four miles southeast of this place. The train consisted of six coaches, including mail and baggage car, smoking car, two passenger coaches and a sleeper. Nine persons were killed and twenty-three injured.

A cloudburst had washed the sand and gravel roadbed, leaving the track unsupported for a stretch of twenty feet. The rails and ties held together and there was nothing to indicate the insecurity of the road.

Oelwein, Iowa, May 28.—The Chicago Great Western passenger train that left St. Paul, Saturday night at 8.10 o'clock was wrecked two miles north of here this morning. One person, the colored porter, Richard Manning, of Minneapolis, was killed. Several men and women on the train were more or less injured. The train was running over lowlands when the track began to settle and the train was derailed.

Nearly all the passengers in the sleepers were undressed in their berths when the wreck occurred. The rain was coming down furiously, lightning was flashing and thunder pealing.

To Paint the Rose
Were absurd; to praise Catarrhozone would be superfluous; But if you have catarrh and feel hopeless about it, we assure you that Catarrhozone never fails to effect a cure. It is neither ointment, wash nor snuff, but a pleasant remedy, which is carried by air directly to the diseased parts. If you send your address we will send you a trial bottle and inhaler free, knowing that a trial will give you confidence in it.
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