

For Boys And Girls

Cheer Up!

A little bird sings, and he sings all day—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
No matter to him if the skies be gray—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
He flies o'er the fields of waving corn,
And over the rippling wheat;
He answers the lark in the early morn
In cadences cheery and sweet.
And only these two little words he sings—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
A message to earth which he gladly brings—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

He sings in a voice that is blithe and bold—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And little cares he for the storm or cold—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
And when in the winter the snow comes down,
And fields are all frosty and bare,
He flies to the fields of the busy town,
And sings just as cheerily there.
He chirps from his perch on my window-sill—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
This message he brings with a right goodwill—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

This dear little messenger can but say,
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
As over the house-tops he makes his way—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

Oh, let us all learn from this little bird
A lesson we surely should heed;
For if we all uttered but one bright word
"The world would be brighter indeed!"
If only earth's children would blithely say—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"

Now joyfully a word we say today—
"Cheer up! Cheer up! Cheer up!"
—Eva Best, in Child-Life.

What Grandma Sent.

[Susan H. Cole]
Ralph Rogers was making a collection of birds' nests. He had become interested in watching the birds while studying about them in school, and when his vacation came he began looking for birds whenever he had an opportunity.

He learned a great deal about the habits of the different kinds and how they constructed their nests. Then later in the season, when the baby birds had learned to fly, and the nests were of no more use to the bird families, he began his collection of nests.

At the close of his vacation he wrote a long letter to his grandmother who lived in the country, but away off in another state, telling her how he had spent his vacation, and what he had learned during the summer months.

Of course one of the things that he told her about was his collection of birds' nests. He described how he had thrown bits of string out on the lawn, and then had watched the orioles come and take them and use them to weave into their nests.

Then after the orioles had left the nest he had cut it down and kept it. Grandma always enjoyed Ralph's letter, and she enjoyed this one especially well, because she knew that she could give him a delightful surprise.

About a week later Ralph received a letter from grandma, and in the same mail was a strong, square pasteboard box directed to him.

Ralph opened the letter and this is what it said:

"Dear Ralph: I was very glad to receive your letter, and very much interested in your collection of birds' nests. And now I send you a story of you about a bird's nest. One day in the early summer grandpa was out on the side porch having his hair cut, and he remembered what beautiful silvery-white hair grandpa had. Of course the wind blew the bunches of hair out into the grass, and a little while after we noticed that a pair of small birds were making frequent trips from a tree near by to the grass beside the porch. Then we saw that they were carrying away the bunches of hair, and we knew that they must be making a nest. And sure enough, as we found out afterwards, they were lining the nest with the soft white hair, to make it smooth and beautiful for their babies. Now if you will open the package which I have mailed to you, I think you will find something in it which you will like to add to your collection of nests."

Your loving Grandma.

Ralph opened the package pretty quickly after finishing the letter, and there inside the box was a little round nest beautifully made, and with the inside completely covered with soft, white hair, woven so that it formed a part of the dainty bird-cradle.

"It's grandpa's hair," Ralph exclaimed, as he ran to show the treasure to mamma.

And do you wonder that all the members of the family considered that nest the chief treasure of all Ralph's collection?—New York Observer.

The Diary of a Lonely Rooster.
Monday, Oct. 1.—I am a lonely rooster. I am alone, all alone in the world. I am an only chicken, and my only mother is with me no longer. I may have had an only father, too—I do not know—but he is not here, either. I have no playmates but a cat, a mouse and a pig, and they know very little about nice games.

I must find something to amuse me, or my feathers will drop out for sadness. I am walking by the pond, and writing my diary when I see a cat. I must talk to someone, if it is only myself.

Tuesday, Oct. 2.—I was right. My feathers have begun to fall. Half my tail is gone this morning. My master feeds me well, but I cannot eat alone. Even the cow pushed me when I strolled into her stall just now. She is so big she cannot understand me.

I am so unhappy! Shall I wade out in the pond and drown?

Wednesday, Oct. 3.—I did not drown. I am still here. Something has happened. Something new has come to the farm. It is smaller than I. It is alive. I like to watch it.

Thursday, Oct. 4.—They say it is a kitten. It has four legs. It can run. It makes a little purr when I stroke it. I feel nearly as loud as my best crow, but I feel better. I got up on the fence this morning and crowed so loud that

the kitten was afraid. But I will not hurt it. I am kind.

Saturday, Oct. 6.—The kitten can play nicely. I feel quite happy when she chases her tail. I forgot to write my diary yesterday. It was so gay in the barn.

Sunday, Oct. 7.—The kitten let me eat out of her saucer this morning. I am grateful. I brought her a nice fat worm just now. She will like it so much. It will take her to the post by and by.

Monday, Oct. 8.—She did not enjoy the pond after all. She says she does not like to wet her feet. She thinks it is better fun to play in the barn with me.

What sweet things kittens are! Tuesday, Oct. 9.—I am so happy! The kitten cuddles down by my side and purrs, when I lie on the barn floor and ruffle out my feathers in the sunshine. I am not lonely any more. I have a friend.—The Outlook.

Picked Up in Passing.

The women of a fashionable church in Denver have all agreed to take off their hats when they first notice any untidy, and keep them off during the service. Thus the display of millinery is not allowed to distract the attention of the minister, nor distract the women's thoughts from the sermon.

The composer Beethoven was possessed of a grim satiric wit which resembled nothing so much as the caustic humor of Carlyle. It is related of him that one day his brother, who was very proud of a little piece of property he owned, called on him, but found him out. So he left a card inscribed: "Johann von Beethoven, land proprietor," and he never saw him again.

The late Archbishop Tait was in the habit of instructing his chaplain to answer the letters of foolish correspondents in this wise: "Tell him he is an ass, but say so kindly." Perhaps it is a duty as well as a temptation to set old-fashioned people down.

But the thing should be done in a kindly fashion, considering ourselves. Let us also be in danger of displaying weakness. Speaking the truth in love is as much incumbent upon us today as ever.

To their credit be it said that many prominent railroad men of the present day are thoroughly alive to the necessity of furthering the moral and religious welfare of their employees. But it would appear from an incident recorded in an exchange that not all railroad officials are up in the geography of grace.

The story goes that a tract society not long ago sent a letter to a prominent railroad official, free tickets to be placed on the timetable rack. One of the tracts was entitled "A Route to the New Jerusalem." The agent wrote back to the society: "We cannot place the tracts, as they are not on our route. Alas for such ignorance of true terminal points."

At the close of his vacation he wrote a long letter to his grandmother who lived in the country, but away off in another state, telling her how he had spent his vacation, and what he had learned during the summer months.

Of course one of the things that he told her about was his collection of birds' nests. He described how he had thrown bits of string out on the lawn, and then had watched the orioles come and take them and use them to weave into their nests.

Then after the orioles had left the nest he had cut it down and kept it. Grandma always enjoyed Ralph's letter, and she enjoyed this one especially well, because she knew that she could give him a delightful surprise.

About a week later Ralph received a letter from grandma, and in the same mail was a strong, square pasteboard box directed to him.

Ralph opened the letter and this is what it said:

"Dear Ralph: I was very glad to receive your letter, and very much interested in your collection of birds' nests. And now I send you a story of you about a bird's nest. One day in the early summer grandpa was out on the side porch having his hair cut, and he remembered what beautiful silvery-white hair grandpa had. Of course the wind blew the bunches of hair out into the grass, and a little while after we noticed that a pair of small birds were making frequent trips from a tree near by to the grass beside the porch. Then we saw that they were carrying away the bunches of hair, and we knew that they must be making a nest. And sure enough, as we found out afterwards, they were lining the nest with the soft white hair, to make it smooth and beautiful for their babies. Now if you will open the package which I have mailed to you, I think you will find something in it which you will like to add to your collection of nests."

Your loving Grandma.

Ralph opened the package pretty quickly after finishing the letter, and there inside the box was a little round nest beautifully made, and with the inside completely covered with soft, white hair, woven so that it formed a part of the dainty bird-cradle.

"It's grandpa's hair," Ralph exclaimed, as he ran to show the treasure to mamma.

And do you wonder that all the members of the family considered that nest the chief treasure of all Ralph's collection?—New York Observer.

**A Smile:
A Laugh.**

De Quincey, it is said, had trouble with a census paper, as he considered himself obliged to fill up a blank in it. After considerable thought, he succeeded in putting himself down as "writer to the magazine," but failed utterly to compass the occupations of his three daughters.

At last he bracketed their names, and described them as "lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin."

Bet Flint, a humble friend of Dr. Johnson, was taken up on a charge of stealing a counterpane. She was tried and found guilty. After which Dr. Johnson, who had a kindness for her sex, summed up favorably, and she was acquitted. After which Bet, with a gay and satisfied air: "Now that the counterpane is my own, I shall make a petticoat of it."

Willy and Johnny set up a lemonade stand the other day, and a gentleman came to the stand. Johnny's sign read "Four cents a glass." Johnny's modest announcement was: "Two cents a glass. Being a man with an eye to the exact that a penny saved is a penny earned," the customer bought a glass of Johnny's lemonade, and paid the two cents due, and casually inquired:

"Why is yours cheaper than your brother's?"

"Cos mine is the lemonade that the puppy fell into."

Once when Helps came to stay with us on his return from Blenheim," writes Professor Muller in Cosmopolis, "he told me how the duke had left the day before for London, and that on that very day the emu had laid an egg. The duke had taken the greatest interest in his emus, and had long looked forward to this event. A telegram was sent to the duke, and when shown to Mr. Helps, ran as follows: 'The emu has laid an egg, and in the absence of your grace, we have taken the largest goose we could find to hatch it.'"

The son of a well-known Providence lawyer came home at the end of his first year at college for the summer. The fact that he stood next to the head of his class. His father was less easily satisfied.

"What! next to the head?" he exclaimed. "What do you mean, sir? I'd like to know what you think I did. I was allowed to go next to the head indeed! Humph! I'd like to know why I'm aren't at the head, where you ought to be!"

The young man was naturally crestfallen, but on his return to college he went about his work with such ambition that the end of the term found him in the coveted place. He went home very proud indeed. It was great news. The lawyer contemplated his son for a few moments in silence, then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he remarked: "At the head of the class, eh? Humph! That's a fine comment—on Brown University!"

The Poets.

To Althea From Prison.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grate;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tattle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like, confined, I
With shivering throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, mastery
And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should he be,
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

—Richard Lovelace.

Longing for Home.

A song of a boat—
There was once a boat on a willow;
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake
Like snow.

And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a
Went courtesying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home.

And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

I pray you hear my song of the boat,
For it is but short—
My boat, you will find none fairer
afloat.

In river or port, or on the sea,
Long I looked for the lad she bore,
On the open, desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore.

For he came not back to me—
Ah, me!
A song of a nest—
There was once a nest in a hollow.
Down in the mosses and knot-grass
pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim;
Vetches leaned over, purple nearly dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long—
You shall never light in a summer
quest.

The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever kinder
nest—
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them; but when
they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away.
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

I pray you what is the nest to me—
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood
to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor
rest?

Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest
was set,
Where I hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor
went,
And the land where my nestlings be,
There is the home where my thoughts
are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah, me!

—Jean Ingelow.

News Links.

THE Dowager Lady Tweedmouth, mother of Lady Aberdeen, recently laid the memorial stone of the mortuary chapel she has gifted to the Northern Infirmary. Inverness, the building of which is now nearing completion, and is ever so highly recommended, because no other hospital in the north has such victories over disease and sickness.

For feeding exhausted nerves, building up the strength of the body, giving a natural and healthy appetite, and as a promoter of refreshing sleep, Pain's Celery Compound stands today without an equal in the world.

Mrs. Garland, 675 Crawford street, Toronto, gives her experience with the world's best remedy as follows: "Your Pain's Celery Compound has wonderfully improved my health. Before using it my appetite was poor, almost gone; I was also weak and debilitated, and suffered from pains in the head."

"Pain's Celery Compound does all that is claimed for it. I have recommended it to my friends, and they all speak highly of the results received from it. I wish Pain's Celery Compound the success it so richly deserves."

English women, as a rule, are taller than their American sisters, and the Yankee ladies in their turn can look down at the gentler sex in France.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!
SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; worse by sitting; or by walking; to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore.

Dr. Swayne & Co., Philadelphia. Lyman S. S. & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Lands near Watsonville, Cal., that formed part of the estate of a late settler, now for sale for \$7 per acre for cultivation of the sugar beet.

wood was married at Chiltern All Saints in 1714 "wearing only her shift." But her husband had a legal reason for wanting her only in that garment.

QUEEN VICTORIA has paid \$500 for the walking-stick Prince Charlie forgot by his bedside at Culloden Castle when he went out to fight the battle. It has a handle with two heads carved on it representing Folly and Wisdom. The stick on which the last of the Stuarts slept for three nights brought for a Mackintosh, signed and sealed by the prince's wife.

GRAND DUKE ADOLF OF LUXEMBURG, who is now 50 years of age, is the oldest temporal sovereign in Europe. He was formerly Duke of Nassau, and after a reign of 27 years was turned out by the Prussians in 1890. Seven years ago he found another throne on the death of King William III. of Holland, whose next male heir he was, as the Luxembourg law of inheritance does not admit women.

IN HIS recent book on "The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote" Mr. Charles Dudley Warner quotes from William Harrison, a writer of 300 years ago, extracting for the first time Englishmen set so much. William says: "The situation of our region, lying near the sea, with its constant heat of our stomachs to be of some what greater force; therefore our bodies do have a more plentiful nourishment than the inhabitants of the hotter regions are accustomed with, whose digestive force is not so strong, so vehement, because their internal heat is not so strong as ours."

IT IS well known that some of the Highland regiments number a good many Irishmen. An amusing story in proof of this is told by the Fusilier. At the final relief of Lucknow, as Sir John Campbell was riding into the city with his staff, he passed a stalwart "Hielander" on sentry. Reining up, the general thus proudly apostrophized the killed warrior: "Well, my brave man, the Scotchmen did the day, and we're proud of our country. And, with an outburst of fraternal enthusiasm, adding, 'Where do ye come from, my man, and what's your name?' Sentries: 'From Connemara, and I'm a Paddy.' 'And what's Sir Colin and his staff smiled and rode on.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON is now re-visiting her native land—Sweden. Her courtship was in a fashionable remembrance, and when she was seen walking in the exhibition at Stockholm the other day she was quite a sight. She was seen in the Cotswold of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna will not have the disastrous result which followed her appearance on the balcony of the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, when she visited that city in the height of her fame. The crowd, so dense that many of the persons were either crushed to death or forced into the lake opposite the hotel and drowned.

THE Countess of Pembroke was recently seen by Messrs. Dunvean, furniture dealers of Bond street, London, for the specific performance of a contract, growing out of a letter in which she had written to the Countess of Miranda. One night last week she was serenaded by the students of the Upsala University. In response she threw open the window, and although not visible, she gave them one of the Swedish national melodies which she has so frequently sung at Floral and St. James' Hall. Let us hope that the present enthusiasm of the Swedes in welcoming the famous prima donna