

BOBBY AND HIS SLED.

At eventide my little boy on Grandma's rocker climbs, And begs for that old story he has heard so many times; He always wants to hear it, just before he goes to bed...

"BIBY."

"Yus, Miss," said the mother, "she's had to-day. I took'er to the 'spensary in the walk yesterday. The doctor 'e says it's indigestion of the lungs..."

"I think you must mean congestion," said Miss Carvoso, mildly. "Ain't it the same thing?"

"I don't much matter what you call it, so long as you understand, and make other people do so. But I think congestion was the word."

"You knows best, miss," said the mother. "I ain't no scholar: my 'usband's a lovely scholar, 'e is."

"Step in, miss," said the ministering presence. "She's a-goin', pore dear. One of the coonates 'as bin 'ere a prayin' lovely, but she couldn't 'ear 'im."

She went away into the country for a fortnight in June. Her mother sat at home and stitched collars from 6 in the morning to 12 at night, for the magnificent wake of 34 a dozen.

"It is a shame," said Miss Carvoso. "Women ought to combine." "Y'see, miss," said the mother of Biby, "tis very well to talk till you sees the children 'n'gry, and then you tikes wot you can give. You'd do it yourself, miss, if you'd got Biby to feed."

"Possibly—but the system is wrong." "I dessey, miss," said the collar stitcher. "A sight o' things is. But the men, they've got the system, and the wimmen, they've got to turn to and feed the bibys."

Then with a burst of epigram: "There ain't not no system'll feed an empty belly, miss. An' my man, 'e's got no regular trade—'e's huffen out of work. If I was a combinin' Biby'd starve. If the work's to be 'ad, I can make 14s working from 6 to 12, and find yer own cotton."

"You can't go on working the machine, Mrs. Thorpe," said Miss Carvoso. "You cannot do it." For "Biby" was likely to be ousted from her position as "little Benjamin."

"I did with Biby, miss, right up to when I was took bad, and I was at the machine three days after." It is monstrous! cried the new district visitor.

It was possible all that—and more. But the firm for which the collar stitcher worked was not to blame. Collars could not be sold cheaply and "hands" paid highly. Cheap collars were demanded—and supplied, flesh and blood being even cheaper than collars.

"Biby" returned from the country, and remained the youngest of the family, for the mother bore a dead child, and went down to the gates of death herself. She rose to work too soon and had to go into the hospital with inflammation of the lungs and rheumatism.

She came out at the beginning of the winter, and Miss Carvoso, who was going abroad, gave her a beautiful outfit of warm clothing. The doctor had stated that the patient must wear flannel. She was grateful, and went home to her husband and "Biby." Work was very bad that winter, and the inhabitants of Paradise street pawned most of their worldly possessions.

Who Has that Money.

A Probable Answer Found to this Important Question.

We desire to know if you have found out Who Has That Money? Last month we stated, from official records, that the farmers of the United States, owing to a shrinkage in prices, received \$500,000,000 less for their grain, tobacco and cotton crops last year than in 1892.

This is a very large sum to lose in one year, but it does not represent the shrinkage in the price of their live stock, fruits, potatoes and other vegetables, butter and cheese, poultry and eggs, which amounted to nearly as much more. Therefore, having had no satisfactory answer to our former inquiry, we again ask, Who Has That Money?

Since 1873 the value of farms in the State of New York shrank one-half, entailing a loss to the farmers of many hundreds of millions of dollars. In the other Middle States, in New England and the central West a similar shrinkage, if not so great, has taken place. We want to know, also Who Has That Money?

Will no one give a correct answer to this question? The leading organ of the London money getters of our town recently attempted to do this and informed the public that nobody has it, that while the farmers have lost, no one has taken it, no one now owns it. How's that? We supposed there was at all times just about the same volume of money in the world; now that money was earned by the farmer and supplied to him, yet he has it not; therefore, where is it? Who has that money?

It is a principal of physics that nature abhors a vacuum; yet all that money is gone and nobody knows where. This is very strange! O, yes, Western competition has reduced the prices of farm products in the East and brought down farm values! Then that money must be in the hands of our Western brethren. They must be very rich indeed. But are they?

We requested the worthy candidates to look around among their neighbors and see if it could be found there. They all said not. It is not lodged among the citizens, mechanics and hired men all in vain. Not one can tell who has that money? Now the farmer wouldn't mind the loss so much if he were sure that he would not be required to contribute a like portion of the fruits of his enterprise and toil to the present party to the same unknown party or parties; but they really do not feel able to contribute. Medicine is no use. The mother went home and sat watching the child; her face expressed very little, but her heart was filled with the desire to "keep 'Biby'."

After a while she hit upon a notable device for keeping her, and put it into execution. Miss Carvoso returned home two days later, and visited her district. She met the parish doctor issuing from the Thorpe's house.

"Oh, the poor things!" she cried, stopping. "are they ill again?" "There's not a ha'porth o' health in the whole district," said the doctor, bluntly. "But, by Jove, this is a case of suicide."

Queer Facts About Li Hung Chang.

His family name is Li. He is a self-made man. He is 74 years old. He owns his own railroad. He is the richest man in the world. His inquisitiveness is his strongest characteristic.

For lunch he eats two chickens preserved in vinegar. His valet sleeps at his door every night. He has had more than one stroke of apoplexy. He is a great lover of the national beverage—tea. His food is prepared by his own servants in the Chinese fashion.

Lord Li the Envoy's son is his right-hand man of business. When Li graduated, he stood at the head of a class of 15,000. He does not drink intoxicants, but always serves champagne to his guests. He believes in plenty of vegetables and thinks foreigners eat too much meat. His dinner consists of sixteen courses, not counting tea and cakes in the end.

He has more than a thousand personal servants in his various places. He is of pure Chinese extraction, having no mixture of Manchu blood. His palace in his capital city Tientsin contains hundreds of rooms. His favorite dish is roast duck with kidney beans, after which he eats fresh pork with jam.

He has 10,000 miles of telegraph, connecting his offices with various parts of the empire. He is the greatest Li that ever lived, but his family name is properly pronounced Lee. The last Lady Li, like most Chinese wives, was the treasurer and book-keeper of her husband's household. Li has both an English and a Chinese physician with him.

The former administers electric baths to the face. Though an old man Li is full of vitality, with the fresh mental and physical vigor of a man of 50. When General Grant visited China during the tour of the world he was elaborately entertained by Li. Li owns steamships, mines and other properties and has recently been establishing cotton factories in China.

SOMETHING OF HIS POWER. The bullet fired by the Japanese fanatic at Li is still in his face and was recently photographed by the X rays. He has in his suite Chinamen who speak every language and everything printed abroad in Chinese is translated for his use. As Viceroy of China, Li has more than 35,000,000 people under him, and over these he has the power of life and death.

He stands six feet one inch in his stockings and the boots which he wears have soles of wood about an inch thick. The famous yellow jacket is of the finest satin, and is embroidered on the breast with back with double dragons in a circle. Li uses a Chinese water pipe with a long stem and a silver bowl as big as your fist into which the smoke passes through scented water.

He is the first Ambassador whom China has sent to Europe, and other representatives of the Empire have been Ministers. His present suite numbers forty persons. When he negotiated the treaty of Peace with Japan his suite numbered 135. On his travels Li is accompanied by his coffin, which is an elaborate and beautiful piece of work and cost \$5,000. It was made ten years ago from a single mahogany trunk.

The Moki Indians' Snake-Dance.

At a signal from the leader, Kopell, they entered the plaza in single file, on a rapid walk, and after circling the plaza, ranged themselves in a slightly curved line before the tent of cottonwood boughs in which the snakes were placed, and on each side of which the fifteen Antelope priests stood in line singing a wild and guttural chant.

A wilder hum arose, a portentous, guttural, snarling sound, which passed soon to a strong, manly, marching chant, full of sudden, deep-falling, stern cadences. Then Kopell, the Snake-chief, and the one second to him joined arms and danced slowly down before the kist. They stopped and when they rose Kopell held in his mouth a snake. His companion placed his left arm over the Snake-chief's shoulders, and together they turned, circling to the left.

The snake hung quietly from the Snake-priest's mouth. It was held at about nine inches from the head. Behind him walked the third man, the snake-gatherer. They passed with a quick, strong step, one might almost say with a lunge, in time to the singing.

Immediately behind came another group the snake-carrier holding an entire snake in his mouth, the head protruding about an inch. These two were followed by a third man, the snake-gatherer; and soon the entire line of thirty-three Snake-priests had broken into eleven groups and were circling the plaza, one man in each group carrying from one to three snakes in his mouth. The singing continued, stern and swift like a strong stream, and although at times the dancers lost step to the music, in general they may be said to have retained throughout all the rush of movement a tolerable accuracy of rhythm.

A group of women stood near and threw sacred mud upon them as they passed. They kept far from contact, I observed. The excitement of the spectators increased. I pushed close to the circle of dancing priests to study their faces. One man passed with an enormous bull snake in his mouth. Its tail hung down to his knee. Each snake-carrier danced with his eyes closed and his chin thrust forward. The reasons for this were obvious. The little snakes were the most vicious, and struck repeatedly at the eyes and cheeks of the priests.

The man went by with two large rattlesnakes in his mouth. Another held a rattlesnake and two larger bull snakes between his lips; and a third priest, to silence all question of his superiority, crowded into his mouth four snakes! The gatherer who followed him held in the fingers of his left hand six or eight snakes, strung like pieces of rope. In fact, they all handled the snakes precisely as if they were skeins of yarn, with the single exception of the moment when they snatched them from the ground.

Once or twice there was a brief struggle between the snake-gatherers and the fallen snake. In every case which I observed the snake-gatherer brushed the snake with the fingers of his snake-whip until he uncoiled and straightened out to run. After the gatherer picked him up he was as helpless as if dead.

As the dance went on, the excitement grew. The clink of metal fringes and the patter of rattles filled the air. The snakes dashed into the crowd, shouts and screams and laughter rose, but the wary snake-dancers in every case caught the snake before it passed out of reach. In one or two instances when a rattlesnake ran toward the women with their basket plaques of meal, they broke into wild screams and ran. Evidently they feared the rattlesnakes quite as much as any of the white snakes. At last, so deep was my interest to see all sense of hearing. They all made like figures in a dream.

During all this time, whatever the outcries among the spectators, whatever the screams or laughter among the women with the meal, the Snake-priests, intent and grave, showed no trace whatever of excitement. It is absurd to speak of hypnotism or frenzy of any kind. They were in the slightest degree moved either by fear or laughter, or even to the point of being hastened or retarded by the presence of the white man. They had a religious duty to perform, and they were carrying it forward, intent, masterful, solemn and perfectly silent. Incredible, thrilling, savage and dangerous as it appeared to us, to them it was a world-old religious ceremonial.—From Harper's Weekly.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Lydia Bradley, of Peoria, Ill., who has already given that city a hospital, a Home for Aged Women, a church and a park of 145 acres, has declared her intention of immediately erecting a Polytechnic Institute, which, with its endowments and appurtenances, will represent a cost of \$1,000,000.

Poppy and geranium red are the newest colors, and black hats trimmed with white or black velvet and gauze poppies are the latest Parisian importations. Notwithstanding this, hats in general are by no means unpopular, nor are they likely to be except for a short space. Fickle as Dame Fashion is, she always returns to her old loves.

The lip-biting habit will mar the prettiest face ever turned out of Nature's workshop. All the cold cream, lip salves, and glycerine lotions introduced upon the toilet will not remedy the parched, cracked appearance due to a continual lip-biting process. Not until the habit is entirely broken off is there any hope of a change. Girls frequently drift into this ugly practice through a foolish vanity that prompts them to "wear their dimples" all the time others bite their lips from nervousness, and sometimes if a girl has pale, colorless lips she will try to vivify them by an occasional pressure with her teeth. After a time, however, she nibbles away unconsciously, and by-and-by her mouth loses its pretty curves, becomes rough and puffy looking, and all the charm of her face is gone.

A perfect skin one sees very seldom these days, yet every year there is an improvement. To have a pretty complexion—which is never very white but a soft, bloomy pink—a true clear olive we all admire so much in daughters of the South. The liver and kidneys are the safety valves of the system; if either are not doing their work regularly and perfectly go immediately to your physician and have the matter attended to, excepting you also know the wonderful benefits of Cascara Sagrada for the liver, and plenty of lemonade with a tiny pinch of soda for the kidneys, which often do more effective work in a few days than pellets and pills galore. After your internal machinery is going on quite as it should you are ready to wage a desperate and victorious war on those ills to which your poor face is heir.

If you have those unsightly blemishes called pimples, remember there are two causes for them, to wit: blood insufficiently nourished, or you may be indulging in too rich a menu. The former needs a tonic, while the latter troubles demand a heroic cutting down of your diet—confine yourself to plain, nourishing food. Eat rich gravies, condiments, soups, pastry and edibles that tax the digestive apparatus too severely. Ordinary pimples are caused frequently by sheer poverty of the tissues and uncleanness. A dab of soap on a rag, a hasty scrub and a quick wipe with a rough towel is a poor makeshift for cleaning the face, but I have not space for "Donts." Shall I tell you what to do? Take a fine cream (not cold cream or vaseline. I beseech you, since they are superfluous hair-growers), but a specially prepared cream of lovely ingredients purely vegetable, rub a little of it into every pore of the face and neck, let it remain a moment, then take a soft linen rag and remove it.

Now behold the state of that linen. It is positive proof of the efficacy of fine oils to search out the impurities on the surface. Repeat the operation until no more dirt comes off. Then take another soft rag, with a pure soap and water as hot as can be endured, and wash thoroughly every inch of surface. Now wait a few moments. Then give a thorough rinsing with cold water as cold as can be borne not to shock. In this water a few drops of benzoin should always be poured, to act as a tonic. Remember, never immediately use very cold water after the hot—wait a few seconds. Then close the pores quickly. Apropos of soap—one of the most important things exacted of beauty-seekers is the quality of soap they use upon their bodies. Volumes might be written of the terrible blemishes caused by cheap (?) soaps. The greatest of all dermatologists, Erasmus Wilson, says in one of his works, "None but dermatologists have anything like an adequate idea of the enormous harm done by the impure soaps vendible in the market."

The writer has been in communication with many skin specialists who all agree with the above, one physician going so far as to affirm that soap fit to use cannot be made under a quarter of a dollar per small cake. This may be a little "faddish," still one must really be as wise as a serpent in looking for a soap that it has not a vestige of animal fat therein. My own way of testing soap was given me by a famous chemist. Scrape a little of your soap in a saucer, wet it with salt water, put it in the hot sun, and if in four hours there is no rank odor (such as a meaty smell) you may use it if you like—for it is then pure. Soap is a daily necessity, and it is far better economy to pay high prices for it than have doctor's bills of ten times the amount for skin diseases which a vile soap will surely insidiously breed.

After the skin is clear rub into it as much "skin food" as it will absorb. This is generally a preparation of lanoline, so called because it really is a food for the starving cuticle, which is almost dead literally for something to nourish it. Use the lanoline every night and cleanse as above next morning. Believe me there is every reason to hope your pimples will flee before the goddess of reason. If they do not, be quite certain that there is grave danger and lose no time in seeing a qualified dermatologist, who has added much experience to more than a few years. A dermatologist is not a mere tinker of the complexion, but one who knows the technique of his business to the utmost detail. Now, my summer girl, you who will spend your weeks by the sea, you should actually be ashamed to come home with a blemish—of the face—excepting a little sunburn, which is only a temporary matter, or freckles which "overdays" can be taken away, but I mean a pasty, ugly rough skin that makes you a most unlovely sight.

Learn how to breathe. Every morning of your life open your bed room window wide, and take twenty deep inhalations of the closed air, hold the salty ozone in the air passages as long as you can, then slowly exhale with mouth open. This sends the blood leaping in a revived way through the proper channels and is wonderfully beautifying for face and figure. Repeat the same every night faithfully. If you are a manly girl I am very sorry still, you get tired of it in a year or so. Meanwhile take care of your beauty. Take that awful cut-throat collar off this summer; that is exactly why your face is so rough and yellow.

—Vincent Ray, a Chippewa Indian, who died the other day in Superior, Wis., left an estate of \$75,000.

Salvation Cavalry.

A Squadron Soon to Leave Baltimore for the South.

Before the month of August has passed there will leave Baltimore a company of women who will travel on horseback through the Southern States, having for their object the saving of souls.

They are Salvation Army ladies, says the Baltimore Herald, and their corps will be the first cavalry brigade of the arms in this part of the country. It will be under the command of Staff Captain Blanche B. Cox, who is in charge of the local forces at present. This will be the second expedition of the kind that Captain Cox has headed.

Last autumn she took out a brigade in the West, which swept over Colorado, gathering sinners at every cross-roads. She may be seen any evening leading the meetings at the army's headquarters, in the old First M. E. Church, Charles and Fayette streets. She is a slight, graceful, pretty woman, with big, serious eyes and crisp, bronze-colored hair. She originated the idea of the cavalry and bicycle brigade, and is enthusiastic when she talks of the work that she hopes to accomplish in the south. The brigade will consist of a number of women mounted on horses and an ambulance wagon, accompanied by several women on wheels. They will wear the regular army dress, which is adaptable for riding or wheeling. The ambulance wagon will carry tents and supplies. One man will accompany the brigade to do the rough work. Meetings will be held by the roadside along the route, and in the principal villages a longer stay will be made. Our distinguished visitor, Lord Charles Russell, lord chief justice of England, who is now visiting in New York, is said to draw a salary of \$220,000, in addition in point of fact it is probably less. It could be a great deal less and still furnish a striking contrast to the underpay of some of our own judges.—New York Advertiser.

Our esteemed contemporary neglects to take account of what "some of our judges" get on the side from corporations and trusts whose servants they are. It has been noted that "some of our judges" become millionaires, on salaries ranging from \$4,000 to \$10,000 per year.

The funeral of a workingman in Japan costs 83 cents unless the family wishes to have it especially fine, when it will cost as much as \$1.25. The price of a coffin is 20 cents, and the rate of cremation is from 40 to 75 cents. Refreshments figure up from 11 to 25 cents.