

THE PICCANINNY AND THE CZAR.

Out on the hard-beaten summer road that ran by the out-skirts of Baltimore an admiring audience applauded the Terpsichorean efforts of Douglas Fairfax Jackson, whose black feet were slipping up and down in imitation of wooden shoes, shuffling back and forth over the earth, or raised high and jerkily in a mighty effort to buck. The admiring audience assisted gravely at the performance by patting time, and about a dozen sets of little black hands, enthusiastically working, attested the native negro talent.

An open victoria with a pair of haughty bays came sedately down the street and at a sign from the occupant halted, unobserved for a moment, on the outskirts. Miss Angela de Vere, as she was known on the bills, but Bridget Flannery in private life, crossed herself, languidly at first, and then leaned far over the edge of the carriage from the livery stable and watched. Douglas was at that moment performing his most difficult pas de seul which consisted in turning cart-wheels, each hand and foot facing the exact time and spot, and it gained her approval. She wrinkled her brows thoughtfully and would have spoken had not the cabin door at that moment been blocked by a portly figure who discovered the situation and shouted:

"You Douglas! Come in heah, you black little nigger! Whufor you stamp in' you feet out dar when I don told you to chop kindin'! Come in heah, I tells you!"

There was a panic that scattered the audience and the star as if by magic; but for a full minute the street was as bare as a board. Angela sat staring thoughtfully at the cabin. Then, to the surprise of the driver, she dismounted, passed through the gate and rapped at the door. From inside were coming loud squalls of admonishment and Aunt Mandy was instructing her young hopeful in the art of obedience. For a moment Angela hesitated. The time did not seem propitious. It seemed almost as reckless to enter at that moment as it would have been to invade a battlefield.

"You will fling your feet, will you? Take dat—and dat!" ejaculations were freely added by loud snapping noises and wows. Angela opened the door, twisted her head sideways so the magnificent hat could pass through the opening and discovered the second situation. Aunt Mandy was seated across a chair. Across her knees was stretched something that struggled and spraddled like a crab caught by the back. Moreover when Aunt Mandy administered corporeal punishment she believed in spanking bare flesh. There was a final yowl, and Aunt Mandy, somewhat heated and much confused, stood politely on her feet, bowing and apologetic, while Douglas Fairfax did two things at once, thus disproving the old axiom—wiped his eyes with one fist and dragged a lone "gallus" across his shoulder with the other. He was indignant, embarrassed and thankful for inter-vention, a confounding of emotions that worried his small head.

"That kid can dance some!" Miss De Vere remarked haughtily, by the way of overture. "I seen him out in the road. I'm an artist. Maybe you'd like to give him a job with me. Maybe I could use him some."

Aunt Mandy was puzzled. That word artist was beyond her ken. Miss Angela lacked nothing in intuition and hastened to explain. "Artist! Actress in the theater! Don't you come over? Well I'm a-goin' to put on a new act. I want two or three kids what can dance to go with me."

"Piccaninies?" Aunt Mandy queried, still puzzled.

"Yes, and I'd pay well."

"Pay money how didoes like dat?"

"Yes." And then began negotiations that were to last several days. Douglas Fairfax was not included in these, except surreptitiously when Angela slipped bright pieces of money in his hand and intimated that if he came with her he would not only get a chance to see the world, but that silver quarters almost grew on bushes where he would be taken. So potent were these arguments that he was in an agony of fear lest Aunt Mandy should refuse consent, in which event he had bravely decided to run away from home.

"Dat ar woman must sho' be weak in de haid," Aunt Mandy said on the day she bade a tearful good-bye to Douglas Fairfax and saw him drive away, newly clad in a knickerbocker suit with a Lord Fauntleroy collar accentuating the shine of his face. "Ef she kin make foah dolahs a week off'n my Doug she's got to git up a heap earlier in de mawnin' than I evah did an' use somethin' stronger'n a lath on him to make him behave himself!"

By a tedious process of training requiring some few weeks Douglas Fairfax was made ready for his theatrical career. It was his duty, at a given signal, to caper gaily on the stage accompanied by two other piccaninies and sing a chorus of the song in which Miss De Vere was popular, and then cuff and shuffle his feet across the boards. But Douglas was seized with stage fright, and while the other two worked fast and furiously he halted in the middle of the stage where the spot light picked out his agonized face and caused him to blink so rapidly that he had the appearance of making the most marvelous goo-goo eyes ever before introduced to a public. And he found himself the hit of the show, doo-ved through his very fright in his appearance in the first chorus to make goo-goo eyes and dance between wiles.

The piccaninies were, without realizing it, the saving clause for the lady who had been regarded as a trifle passe but who was now reaping enormous salaries for her "New and Novel Number" in which the three little blacks did most of the work to the delight of the audience. Perhaps the audience would have been just as delighted if Miss Angela had not sung at all; but the fame of her piccaninies was such that they were willing to endure her singing for a glimpse of her assistants in the chorus. Now and then a cruel manager suggested this to Miss Angela and usually got hit with the nearest handy missile for his pains. The lady had a temper which did not yield as readily as a steel spring, although far more ready to bounce. It was smooth as honey in the immediate vicinity of Baltimore, and her treatment of her small assistants was even paternal in those attacks of homesickness which made one

or the other cling tearfully to her skirts and tell her they reckoned they "dun gwine home now." But as distance intervened her discipline, became a trifle more rigid. Then came a spell in New York when she was more than kindly and benevolent and silver quarters were common. She even condescended to take them shopping for sweetmeats, and twice they went to the ball game. So it was not difficult for her to gain their consent for the season "abroad." Her remittances had been regular to their respective parents who therefore gave their ready consent.

And thus, after due legal formalities, they went curiously aboard the big steamer ship that was to carry them to the conquest of foreign fields. On board ship she was too much occupied in endeavoring to charm a Western cattle millionaire, making his first trip across, to bestow much attention on the piccaninies. They roved at will, danced at all hours and were popular with every one from the fore-castle to the bridge, and from the saloon cabins to the steerage. But the cattleman failed to give Angela his address when he boarded the train at the Liverpool docks, and Miss Angela's temper seemed to suffer in consequence.

It now became a common feature of the evening for Miss Angela to belie her adopted name if one of the boys missed a step on the stage. In all that glare Miss Angela, while smiling brightly as far as could be seen by the house, would mutter, "You little devil you! You just wait till I get you in the dressing-room!" She had one great virtue, that of keeping her word. The minute they stepped inside the dressing-room a sound would be heard. "Slap! Bang! Take that, you dirty little nigger! And that! And that!"

She would strike with anything movable, from a hair brush to the heel of a shoe, and if well worked up into a passion of temper would throw anything from a powder puff to a water bottle. Hence Douglas Fairfax and the other piccaninies early learned the art of adept dodging. They got so they could have dodged a streak of lightning as easily as a tram car and have accepted it as a part of the day's work. Miss Angela, however, had her soft spots, although she was a fierce disciplinarian, but there was always a divergence of tastes and opinions. She prided herself on keeping the boys dressed immaculately. The piccaninies couldn't participate in this enjoyment. They longed for the days of bare feet, the ragged, baggy pantaloons and the shirts which no amount of washing and scrubbing could harm. Hats or caps were a nuisance.

One day in a freak of generosity occasioned by a new and munificent contract Miss Angela decided they were good piccaninies and bought each of them a ring with a tiny diamond chip. She also told them they would shortly leave for Russia. The piccaninies had no objections. All places away from home looked alike to them. They announced their early departure in a matter of fact way to their fellow playmates and were given their first scare.

"Going to Russia, are you?" a larger boy said, in awe-stricken tones. "That's where they blow people up with bombs. The men over there always try to kill the king. Oh, I say! Suppose you were around when one of the bombs went off! Piff! Boom! Off to heaven! Eternity!"

Three dusky faces lengthened, and three sets of eyes rolled until the whites glistened rapidly. To add to this first scare they were duly told by the smiling consul who was explaining the mystery of passports to them that if they lost these while they were in Russia they could never get out. Maybe too they would be put in one of those dungeons where the sea lapped the outer walls and the prisoners were fed on nothing but salt food and never given a drop of water to drink until they went mad. The piccaninies were greatly worried when they left the consulate and did not recover from this until at the frontier a big Russian officer took the papers from Miss Angela and talked to them in broken English. They were the first piccaninies he had ever seen and they amused him. Gradually they stopped rolling their eyes and favored him with open faced grins. He pinched their ears and gave them a coo-ck each as he left to examine other passports. They decided Russia was not so bad after all.

By dint of the rigorous training he had undergone Douglas Fairfax had now become the nimblest footed piccaninny that ever startled European audiences. He had learned that any new step brought approval from Miss Angela and immunity from punishment. Time and again he had been stationed in the wings with orders to capture any new trick of the feet from other performers on the bill. And he had profited thereby. Without knowing it he had become the feature of the number. So it was that when he clattered his feet on the boards of the stage at Krestowsky Park Theater the Russian audience sat for a moment gasping and then rose en masse. He was a hit!

But the terrors of Russia had not been entirely dissipated from the imaginative minds of the three little blacks, and on their first day out-of-doors they dived and clung to one another a long time before daring to leave the doorstep. Their boarding house was back of the Peterbergsky Forter off the Kamenostrowski, and they braved the world and wandered around the base of those formidable walls where grim faced soldiers held their beat. The piccaninies stared at them with rolling eyes and parted lips and ventured farther afield. Several guardsmen watching the clock and waiting for the noon hour, as is the custom, to fire the big cannon spied them and grinned. The piccaninies were still holding hands and admiring a passing drosky when—"Boom!" the noon salute was fired. Panic-stricken, believing that some one had thrown a bomb and extremely anxious to get away from there, they broke holds and fled, fled madly in separate directions, each one running as fast and hard as his little legs would carry him and heedless of direction.

Douglas Fairfax ran until the sweat trickled into his eyes and his lungs were billows of flame roaring in his ears. Then a big officer reached out and caught him, wondering perhaps if this small, dark person were some new type of anarchist. Douglas struggled, kicked, scratched and bit until subdued. At last when quieted he was carried to a man who could speak English, and identified himself. When he was returned to the clutch of the worried Miss Angela his two team mates were already there.

Douglas was quite stiff and sore from the running and other punishment when he went on the stage that night, trying to look very happy, making goo-goo eyes at the blinding spot of light and dancing with every ounce of his body. He saw a



The Dietrics

MAGIC AND MUSIC. AT THE 1913 CRAUTAUQUA.

Of these two wonder-workers, Mr. Dietric takes the lead with magic. While he keeps his audience breaking into smiles at his witty comment, gay flags unfurl, angles of ribbons swirl about, baskets of flowers bloom out of the nowhere! The gorgeous and the mystifying is supreme! Sly balls, coins, handkerchiefs, defy to be traced. All the old hints at how things are done are no help at all in explaining the Dietrics, for every spectacular trick is a fresh one.

In the musical half of the entertainment, where Mrs. Dietric is star, the same variety and novelty of performance is found. How one small person can whistle, and play the piano, and sing, and recite, and jingle the tambourine all at once is hard to understand. For sheer genius with impersonations, for clever trickery, for the serious rendering of instrumental music, there is no one like her on the Crautauqua platform, east or west.

big, important looking man who appeared to over-awe the manager with whom he was talking, when he came off the stage.

"You are to go out to Tsarskoye-Selo tomorrow night after your turn," the manager said to Douglas, catching him by the arm as he endeavored to slip past. "A drosky will call and take you to the station."

(Continued next week.)

First United States Stocking Factory. The first United States stocking factory was set up at Cohoes, New York, in 1832. The machine for knitting was the invention of Lee, an Englishman, who took out a patent in 1839. The Lee machine was introduced in the Colonies during the Revolution, but a sharp Yankee improved on it, and set up the first factory at Cohoes.

William Penn's Sepulcher. It is in the Church of St. Mary Redcliff, in Bristol, that the remains of Sir William Penn, father of the proprietor of Pennsylvania, rest. A tablet to his memory has been on the walls of the edifice ever since Sir William's death. Above it are hung his armor, his sword and his flags.

His Labor Doubled. Kostrov, a Russian poet, labored for years translating Homer's "Iliad" into his language and the highest offer he received for it was \$35, which discouraged him so much that he threw the manuscript into the fire. Afterwards when he was famous in his own country he did the job all over again.

Was Welcome, All Right. "What reason have you to think that my campaign contribution was gratefully received?" asked Mr. Dustin Stax. "The fact," replied his secretary, "that the gentleman immediately came back for more."—Washington Star.

After the Battle. The Comedian—"From the sounds in your dressing room I judge that you girls had a hair-pulling time." The Rough Soubrette—"Not me. I poked her in the eye. It wouldn't hurt none to pull the hair she wears."—New York Globe.

Your Hands Experienced? A wide girdle at the waist is the latest fad, so that the top of the skirt will coincide with the bottom, and only an experienced hand will be able to tell which is the belt line and which is the hem.

Mary Broken Up. Mary dropped her eyes on the floor as Henry burst into the room. Her face lengthened rapidly, and she finally pierced him with a glance. As his laugh rose and fell, she dropped her jaw and her voice broke.—Judge.

Nothing Else to Do. "What are the wild waves saying, mother?" "I do not know, my child." "But why do they dance all day long?" "Well, my child, they cannot play bridge."—Kansas City Journal.

From Gay to Grave. After a good-looker reaches the age at which he ceases to be in demand as an usher at weddings, he falls easily into the role of pallbearer at funerals.—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Line of Work. "Sam, have you got a job now?" "Oh, yes, sah." "What are you doing, Sam?" "Why, I's gettin' my wife washin'."—Boss.

Keeps Bouquet Fresh. A nonspillable flower vase, to keep a corsage bouquet fresh while it is being worn, has been invented by a French woman.

FROM INDIA.

By One on Medical Duty in that Far Eastern Country. A Visit to Delhi and a Vivid Description of Audience Hall, the Throne of the Rajah.

Dear Home Folk:

DELHI, JUNE 20th. Well here we are in Delhi, almost two weeks earlier than our plans to leave for the plains, but two of my friends from Australia were coming on so I, rather than being left to travel alone later, decided to join them as far as Delhi. Traveling alone in India, by the way, is not a very pleasant way of journeying. In the first place, the Indian is so accustomed to consider all things in lump sums, that three or four are able to accomplish a sight-seeing trip for almost the same amount as it would ordinarily cost one person, and you are sure to see more, and have better service, making one glad to follow folks bent in the same direction.

The heat on the plains was not as great as we had expected to find it, but, on reaching Delhi, a distance of a nine hour's ride from Kalka, found the prophecy of "intense heat" would probably be realized. The station is large and well provided for one's comfort "while breaking the journey," as they say here, so we were able to freshen up a bit and start out to see the town, leaving our luggage with the faithful "ayah." The first place was the Fort; beautiful indeed and quite large enough to hold an entire city. It is built of red sand-stone, with two famous gateways. We drove through the Delhi gate into wonderfully kept grounds in which the palace is built.

The first thing to greet the eye is a huge red sand-stone building, Audience Hall. The stone of which the building was built is wonderfully carved, but the thing that attracts one's attention is the Throne in the center. It is a raised platform, possibly six feet or more high, above the floor, and directly in front is a marble table, upon which the petitioner is compelled to step in order to present his petition to the Rajah. This throne is the one replacing the wonderful "peacock" one which one hears so much about here. The present one is surrounded by an iron grating, but for two "annas" the care-taker will open a wee door and take one up a pair of steps into the throne proper, which is absolutely wonderful. All the side walls—back and ceiling—are formed of squares of inlay-work, representing birds of some kind. These squares are two feet high by one wide, and the birds are represented to be of the parrot coloring faithfully carried out in semi-precious stones (set in a sort of soft stucco and allowed to harden).

The small space between each square is filled in with a conventional design and is most gorgeous. But we leave the poor quaking audience and walking over a beautiful tiled marble platform, to a building of white marble, wonderfully carved on the outside, but even more gorgeous inside, being of inlay in the conventional design, carried out in every conceivable color, mostly of pure gold and precious stones, making a most gorgeous effect. To me it is not as pleasing as the one at Agra, which you remember, is done simply in black and white, but in this building there is a window overlooking an immense open space, from where the King used to witness the sports; also King George reviewed the Durbar. On the other side we were taken into the royal baths—the most beautiful things one could ever hope to see (of their kind). The baths are marble basins set into the floors and are as large as our ordinary bath room, and about two feet deep, having an opening at each corner through which the water enters. The approach is by deeply carved steps and the surrounding rooms are so gorgeous that one wonders why these people did not use their baths more assid-

ously than we are taught they really do. The post cards I send will give you but a scant idea of the beauty of it all, looking as we do from one beautiful room to another, in which huge and gorgeously carved fountains play and in which the decorations are so absolutely beyond the description of my pen that one simply stands in wonderment at the splendor. We turn aside only after a vain longing to refresh ourselves in the cooling waters of those sumptuous rooms, and are taken through a wonderfully beaten copper gate into a place 30x30 feet—the "Pearl Mosque," a place of prayer, entirely of marble; the floor of inlay black marble. All so simple, pure and exquisitely carried out in plain conventional design that one could only stand in awe at such great artistic effects. The portion of the room set aside for the Rajah's use reminded one more of the Agra palace than anything else we have seen so far.

Surely a religion that inspires such a beautiful house of worship can't be all bad. One comes away from it and stands looking across the green lawn waiting to awaken, feeling that surely it must all be a dream, for the crowds have melted into plain care takers and the silence only adds to the illusion. One comes to earth with a thud when a brown hand is extended and you are asked for "buk-shys"; putting two "annas" (one-fourth of a cent) into the "paw" and walking back across the lawn—since there are no "keep off the grass" signs. You get a few pictures and post-cards from the seller at the gate and, still dreaming, you are driven through the rest of the Fort out by the Lahore gate and are then surrounded by the noisy, screaming children of the city. The driver then takes you on to see the Juna Masjia, the greatest Mohammed place of worship in India. Built of sand-stone and raised by dozens of steps from the ground, it is most impressive. We were allowed to enter but our shoes were covered with felt slippers, which an attendant comes running to put on us at once, for this is sacred ground.

We went about seeing every thing there was to be seen, even to a hair of a Mohammed's beard, preserved in a glass box; an old leather shoe, big enough for two decent feet, kept in a bed of flowers; (the original copy of the Koran,) and other wonderful curios which I have already forgotten.

From this we go on to see the other sights of Delhi; not only those of ancient native life, but also those relating to the mutiny, Delhi being one of the centres for the worst atrocities committed at that time. The English church in which the side walls are full of tablets, memorials to the English soldiers who were killed and women and children butchered; but here, a cross on the top of a brass ball is seen, both full of holes, sticking together. They are said to have been between the besiegers and the besieged and although showing the effect of the firing, they stayed in their place on the top of the church, intact, but were later taken down to their present position at the side of the church.

The native "Chaudai chauk" (Silver-smith street) is one of the greatest in the world and it was here that I saw the carving in ivory, which again made me break all the commandments and wish for gold galore, but like the rest having to be satisfied with a few little trinkets. After another rest we finished the sight seeing for the day and although I was anxious to stop off to see the ancient city of Delhi, was glad enough to get aboard my car for Jhansi, on seeing my friends depart, and so will have the rest of it at another time.

The nine hour's run back to Jhansi was uneventful and on my arrival at the hospital I found I could have delayed my home coming for another fortnight, but am glad to have the long, tiresome, hot journey behind me, and the place here looks most attractive for we have had torrents of rain which has started every thing shooting out tiny baby leaves and making one happy to see the mossy greens of the different vegetables.

(Continued next week.)

Change of Life.

There are two great changes which come to women. The first is the change from girlhood to womanhood. The second marks the termination of the period allotted to maternity. During both these periods of change there is need of care. Almost always Nature needs some help in the re-adjustment of the physical functions. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives to Nature just the help she needs in these crises. It heals diseases of the delicate organs, nourishes the nerves, and increases physical vitality and vigor. It cures the aches and pains common at such times and induces a healthy condition of body, which gives a natural appetite and refreshing sleep. There is no alcohol in "Favorite Prescription," and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

—Souring swill destroys from 30 to 60 per cent. of the food value of the ration, and the hog when feeding upon clover should have something to correct acidity of the stomach, rather than a food to intensify it.

"Worth Everything" But costs nothing, is what one man has to say about Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This great work on hygiene and medicine, containing 1008 pages and 700 illustrations is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper covers, or 31 stamps in cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

—Have your Job Work done here.

Make Use of Scorched Timber.

The great forest fires which unfortunately occur almost every autumn leave vast quantities of "fire killed timber." This is now being used extensively for many purposes, being preferred in some cases to green timber. Fruit growers, for instance, are said to prefer it for packing boxes because it is almost odorless and does not impart an unnatural flavor to the fruit. Telephone poles and railway ties are also made to advantage from fire killed timber.

Truth About Domestic Duties.

There is absolutely nothing in domestic duties themselves, or in any form of manual labor that develops the mind or elevates and broadens the character. The idea that every woman needs practical instruction in housekeeping as a part of her education is as absurd as would be the claim that every man needs to be taught in school to plant corn or milk a cow.—Mary Leal Harkness.

Failing Appetite.

At breakfast in a country boarding house a girl of 12 got away with a dish of prunes, a bowl of cereal, three eggs, two muffins, three slices of bread, two glasses of milk and two cups of coffee. "Well, Mary," some one remarked, "you seem to have a good appetite." Regrettably the child answered, "Not very; 'tisn' nearly as good as it used to be."

He and Another Man.

A woman who owns a little brown rowboat, which when not in use is tied in a sheltered Cape Ann cove, responded to a knock at her cottage door the other day to find a very diminutive boy standing on the threshold. "Please, ma'am," lisped he, "can me an' another man have the loan of the brown skiff to go a-cod fishin'?"

On the Same Plane.

"I went into politics," said the serious woman, "so that when national topics come up I can understand what my husband is talking about." "And has your plan succeeded?" "To a certain extent. It has brought us into closer mental accord, for I find that he doesn't understand, either."

Origin of "Spinster."

"Spinster," as a term, owes its origin to the fact that in olden days the law did not permit a woman to marry until she had spun a complete set of linen. There was a particularly wholesome restraint about some of the old laws.

Well Answered.

"Now, my little maa," an English bishop once said to a bright young lassie. "I will give you an orange if you can tell me where God is." "My lord," was the unexpected answer, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not."

Wear Special Eyeglasses.

Small eyeglasses, fitting closely, and with flesh-colored nose pieces, are made for actors needing them but who, in deference to the parts they play, do not wish to wear the usualized lenses.

Money in Butterfly Farm.

An Englishman operating a butterfly farm is said to sell to museum and collectors upward of 50,000 specimens yearly. He obtains as high as \$50 for exceptionally fine ones, and his net income is said to be fully \$2,500.

Increased Comfort for Hog.

A hog's habit of scratching itself against a post has led to the invention of an automatic disinfector for animals, which are sprayed with a fluid as they rub against a supporting column.

Truth Eternal.

All errors have only a time; after a hundred millions of objections, subtleties, sophisms, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.—Ancient Maxim.

Ideal Teacher.

Blessed is the teacher who is not wasteful of words, who is not wasteful of time, who is not wasteful of opportunities, but who is wasteful of smiles.

Enormous Water Power Available.

Experts have estimated the water power available in the streams of the United States all the way from 31,040,000 to 56,146,000 horse power.

Cross as a Signature.

The cross was formerly a part of all signatures, made as an evidence of the subscriber's faith and not of inability to write, as it is now.

The Poet in the Mountains.

"How glorious this solitude! As far as the eye can reach—not a single critic!"—Jugend.

Per Cent of English-Speaking.

Just about ten per cent. of the world's inhabitants speak the English language.

Delicate Works of Watch.

Twenty-four separate operations enter into the construction of a watch.

Immense Museum Library.

The library of the British museum contains 1,000,000 volumes.