

DAYS LOST AND WON.

"If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, our word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count that day well spent.
" But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by eye or ray;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act most small,
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost."

HIS FIRST WIFE.

Cynthia regarded the flashing little
circlet with evident delight. It was
one of many that sparkled on her deli-
cate white hand, but it bore a signifi-
cance beyond the others. It meant the
clipping of butterfly wings; the waning
of the homage due to a beautiful and
marriageable heiress, and which, though
often made the subject of scornful wit,
was ever accepted and acceptable; it
meant the ratification of a sweet and
binding contract with the chosen one—the
man to whom wealth was no ob-
ject, and rank no allurements, and, for
that reason, it dazzled eyes familiar
with the radiance of gems.
The fingers that had just bestowed
the gift still clasped hers with tender
pressure, and, for the first time, she
noticed their single ornament—an oddly
shaped gold ring, that found fault in
her fastidious eyes.
" Why do you wear this?" she asked,
with a curl of the lip.
" Because I value it," replied her lover,
secretly resenting the little sneer.
Her curiosity was roused. Though
she felt that for some reason he would
prefer not to talk about it, she per-
sisted.
" Did you buy it?"
" No; it was given to me."
" By a friend?"
" By the best friend I ever had."

upward glance that swayed his waver-
ing heart, but the golden token on his
finger pressed him under her clinging
hand, and he shook his head.
" No, dear, such a vow is not to be
lightly broken. I must earnestly con-
sider your request. I wish you had
asked me anything but this," he went
on, wistfully, seeking sympathy in her
soft, dark eyes.
But Cynthia's tenderness had vanished.
She drew back, piqued, ill at ease, in
her suppliant attitude; an ominous
frown darkening her fair forehead as
she turned away.
" As you will," she said, coldly.
Memories that Cynthia's presence had
chased for many months crowded vividly
into the widower's mind as he strolled
on, heedless of din or traffic or the di-
rection to be pursued. Her words of
anger and opposition had invested the
ring he had almost grown to regard
with the unthinking gaze of custom
with new and startling significance. It
simply riveted him to the past. He
might discard it, still holding its pur-
pose in his heart; but the thought was
a base one; he knew that his dead wife
would have borne such a vow to the
gates of Heaven, and that no sacrifice
would have abated the strength and
endurance of the love which he dared
not weigh with Cynthia's impulsive
passion. He had hardly dwelt on it
since she had been taken from him—at
first because it meant hopeless heart-
ache, latterly because it seemed disloyal
to his betrothed; but now, at this turn-
ing point, he realized his loss afresh
and wondered that the remembrance
had faded over so little in the radiance
of Cynthia's smiles.
Yet allegiance to the beloved dead
meant the facing of the old homeless
life, the return of that morbid depres-
sion which Cynthia's infectious gaiety
and pretty, petulant ways alone had
power to dispel.
He had walked on, dreaming, far be-
yond his original destination—the cosy
set of rooms presided over by his faithful
valet. Suddenly he stopped, with an
involuntary exclamation, for he stood
at the very threshold of his old home.
What impulse led him his unconscious
footsteps along the often traversed road
he knew not, or how he came to look
upon the house he had shunned since
the day of mourning. But having come,
he was glad, for the wrench of parting
was not the present pain; he was able
to recall the grim old mansion's joyful,
as well as sorrowful, associations. For
the first time since his bereavement he
felt the desire and strength to seek the
room within that had been hers, unal-
tered, as she had left it, till Cynthia,
resolute in her banishment of rivaling
recollections, should carelessly scatter
and rearrange.
The old housekeeper, started from her
lethargy of idle caretaking, answered his
summons with clumsy alacrity, and
soon he stood at the bedside where
some years ago he had flung himself in
an agony of grief and sobbed out a last
farewell.
A melancholy light struggled through
the curtained window, revealing the
dainty, familiar furniture; the knick-
knacks they had purchased together in
odd corners of the world; the pictures
she had chosen; her favorite chair; the
couch on which she had lain to please
him, with a thought of recovery. He
saw through a mist of tears, for a gnaw-
ing hunger had crept into his heart in
the chill and utter loneliness of the room
once brightened by her dear presence.
How happy they had been! There was
no death for such a love as theirs. It
walked and throbbed in him again in
this room, where she had breathed out
her blameless life, and all that had come
between them seemed to him like a dream.
Cynthia was right; he must always
be making useless comparisons, for some-
thing must ever be wanting in his life
—something that never could be re-
placed.
His brimming eyes sought the spot
where the coffin rested. He could see
her now, lying there, as he had looked
for the last time, white and serene, her
folded hands full of flowers; the eyes
that had reflected his loving gaze pitifully
sealed; a strange smile on the lips
that often met his in yielding sweet-
ness. Ah! if he might hear that low
and gentle voice again; if he might pil-
low that weary, golden head on his
bosom, and, asking forgiveness for a
heating fancy, repeat his vow with all
the fervor of the past!
He sat down, hiding his face in his
hands. With the reopening of this un-
healed wound came a revulsion of feel-
ing, reproach for the self sought forget-
fulness his want of fortitude had made
desirable, remorse for the shrinking
from pain that made him swerve from
so dear a memory, and for the wrong he
did Cynthia in clinging to it.
But he hesitated no longer. The silent
hour of retrospect had brought him
very near to his first love, and with the
bitter ache of longing came a strange
sense of security and rest.
Unchanged she awaited him, fair and
lovely as he had known her, this dear
angel, speaking through the silence of
Heaven, to hold him to his vow.
For Cynthia he had no fears. That
she had been able to make their engage-
ment condition on this breach of trust
led him to hope its dissolution would
cause her little suffering.
A parting pang assailed him as he
 penned the brief message of farewell, a
dread of the creeping, gloomy years be-
yond which his brightest hope beckoned,
but he lifted the talisman that wedded
him to his dead bride, pressing it
softly to his lips, and the shadow fled.
Cynthia crushed the note in her hand.
She was hurt; she was indignant; she
was scornful; a hundred sensations,
mingled with no thoughts of surrender,
struggled for mastery in her breast.
But the faint, unconfessed regret that
struggled beneath the angry tumult, the
feeling that lies so deep in some souls,
that only agony may wring it forth, the
deadened wailing of love that will not
be stilled—these were among the bitter-
est tears she shed.—Hilda Newman, in
Madame.

MANY ROYAL WIDOWS

THERE ARE FOUR IN THE ENGLISH
ROYAL FAMILY ALONE.
Victoria is First in Importance. Empress
Eugenie and the Widows Left by the
Tragedies of Austria and Mexico. Two
Queens Regent.
It is just a thought astonishing to
reckon the number of royal widows,
regnant or unregnant, now more or
less in public view. First, of course,
comes Her Majesty Victoria, Empress
of India, Queen of England, Scotland,
and Ireland. Next to her one must
rank her eldest child, Victoria, Empress
Dowager of Prussia, more commonly
known as Empress Frederick. Then,
in the same family circle, there are the
Duchess of Albany, born Princess of
Waldeck-Pyrmont, and widow of the
English Queen's youngest son, and the
lately bereaved Princess of Battenberg,
who is to be the Duchess of Kent in
her own right.
Upon the Continent there are a pair
of widowed queens regent—Christine of
Spain and Emma of Holland. Both
have won golden opinions from those
they govern, no less than from impar-
tial onlookers. Queen Emma is, by the
way, sister to the Duchess of Albany,
who is said to have been the first
choice of the gray old reprobate, King
William of Holland. She refused him,
but her sister threw herself into the
breach, inspired doubtless by the knowl-
edge that reigning sovereigns, even
though somewhat battered and worn
for wear, were not likely to come often
a-wooing in starveling if princely house-
holds. So they were married, and there
is a little Queen of Holland to cheat the
anticipations of the house of Cumber-
land.
But none of the queens or empresses
can put out of court Dagmar, some-
times of Denmark, now the widowed
Czarina, Marie Feodorovna. It must
have gone hard with her, in spite of the
splendors the change implied, to give
over her Spanish name, which means
"day-dawn," for an appellation so com-
mon. Feodorovna means, by the way,
"daughter of Theodore," as does Paul-
ovna "daughter of Paul." The termi-
nation "ovna" or "ovna" has in all
cases that significance in Russian
names, just as the suffix "vitch" means
always "son of"; thus Alexandrovitch
is "the son of Alexander."
Austrian royalty has two widows out-
right, between whom it is hard to say
which has the more tragic story. All
the world still remembers the tragedy
of Meyerling—how the Crown Prince
Rudolph shot himself, and the beautiful
Marie Vectera, leaving his wife, Ste-
phanie of Belgium, by no means dis-
consolate, as the pair had been on the
point of judicial separation. Still the
shock and shadow of it all for a time
overwhelmed her. But she has no con-
tinuing sorrow such as has driven to
madness Carlotta, once Empress of
Mexico, who missed seeing her husband,
Maximilian, shot only because she had
gone to Europe asking for help for him,
where no help was. Yet it is a ques-
tion if, in spite of all, she is not less
unhappy than her sister, the Empress
Elizabeth of Austria, who has been for
long years widowed in all but name.
Besides Empress Eugenie, widowed,
childless, a widowed shadow of her
beautiful self, France has a Duchess of
Orleans, whom the Legitimists rank as
Queen Dowager—not to mention the
wife of her murdered President, Car-
not. And there is more than a Gallic
trace in the youngest of royal widows,
the Bonaparte Princess, who married
her uncle, the Duke D'Aosta, and since
his death has set the Italian court wild
with her freaks.
LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
She May Possibly Regain Her Citizenship
by Marrying William Waldorf Astor.
Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly
Miss Jennie Jerome, of New York, and
widow of the immortal English states-
man, by the Leeds Mercury is reported
to be engaged to marry William Wal-
dorf Astor.
Lady Randolph was married to the
second son of the Duke of Marlborough
in 1874. She is a woman of remarkable
beauty, who has gained a very promi-
nent position in London society. She
has taken great interest in English poli-
tics, and was of great assistance to her



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.
husband in his Parliamentary career.
Lord Randolph Churchill died a little
over a year ago, leaving two sons, the
elder of whom is an officer in the Eng-
lish army.
William Waldorf Astor was born in
1853, and was graduated at Columbia
Law School. He was a State Senator
in 1880, and was appointed United States
Minister to Italy by President Arthur.
He married Miss Paul, of Philadelphia.
She died in December, 1894, at Cleo-
den, the beautiful seat of the Grosvenors
on the River Thames, which Mrs.
Astor had purchased from the Duke of
Westminster.
Mr. Astor owns the Pall Mall Gazette,
which is a strong supporter of the Tory
party in England.

ABORIGINAL INTOXICANTS.

Alcoholic Stimulants in Use Among the
American Indians.
It is a remarkable fact that up to the
time of the coming of the whites the
North American Indians generally had
no knowledge of intoxicants. As for
tobacco, they did not smoke it as we do,
apparently, but merely for ceremonial
purposes.
Going southward into Mexico in
those days, however, the traveler might
have found alcoholic stimulants in com-
mon use. Even at the present time the
natives in that part of the world make
an odd sort of beer out of corn. They
wet a woolen blanket, lay it in the sun,
and spread whole grains of maize upon
it. The grains germinate, sprouting
and sending out rootlets through the
texture of the blanket, which is kept
moist.
They are then parched and ground to
a coarse meal. To this meal a little
yeast, made by chewing some corn and
allowing it to ferment, is added. Then
the stuff is mixed with water, and put
away in jars. Fermentation follows,
and as it diminishes, the liquor becomes
as clear as yellow amber, in which con-
dition it is drunk. It is quite intoxicat-
ing.
Several varieties of grasses, herbs and
flowers, the roots of sundry plants, the
juices of the sugar cane and aloe, and
even beets, are used by various tribes
and peoples as a basis of drinks. In ear-
lier times spruce trees, fir trees, birch
trees and ash trees were tapped for their
sap, which was fermented to make
stimulating beverages.
The willow, poplar, sycamore and
walnut are said to yield palatable drinks.
The Japanese obtain intoxicating bev-
erages from plums and from the flow-
ers of the motherwort and peach. The
Chinese actually produce an alcoholic
drink from nuttans.
The Abnaki Indians of New England
used to manufacture a kind of liquor
from the tops of fir trees, which they
boiled and put into casks with molasses.
The contents of the casks were allowed
to ferment for a little more than three
days.
The Eskimaux were entirely unac-
quainted with the art of getting drunk
until they came into contact with the
whites.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A chief will never allow an omelet
pan to be washed. The pan should be
wiped with pieces of paper until clean,
and then rubbed with a dry cloth and
kept in a warm place. If the pan is
treated in this way the omelets are not
so apt to stick or burn.
White slippers may be cleaned with
equal parts of powdered alum and full-
er's earth. Apply to the slippers with a
dry brush and rub them until clean.
For place kid slippers use gasoline, and
apply it with a flannel cloth.
Meat and fowls may be made more
tender if, when they are boiling a tea-
spoonful of vinegar be added to the
water.
The addition of a little salt to sweet
foods helps to bring out the flavor, and
acid things are improved by the addi-
tion of a little sugar.
If the batter for Yorkshire puddings,
fritters, or batter cakes is made several
hours before it is wanted, the flour will
have a chance to swell and render the
batter much lighter.
Kerosene oil may be entirely removed
from light carpets, rugs or woollen goods
by covering the oil spot thickly with
buckwheat and letting it remain twelve
hours; then brushing it off and apply-
ing fresh flour until the oil has disap-
peared.
A polish for shirt bosoms is made by
melting together one ounce of white
wax and two ounces of spermaceti.
Heat gently and turn into a clean shallow
pan. When cold break into pieces about
the size of a chestnut and put in a
box until required. When making
boiled starch add a piece of the wax.
When ironing first smooth the bosom
very carefully, then place a clean cloth
over it and iron lightly; remove the
cloth, and with a clean, smooth, hot
iron rub it rapidly; when about dry
take a cloth wrung dry in cold water
and pass lightly over the bosom, follow-
ing with the hot iron immediately.

NAPOLEON'S GOLDEN SHOWERS.

His Generals Received Enormous Incomes
by His Favor.
The marshals were showered with
gold. Bessier had 1,000,000; Ney, Davout,
Soult and Beresier 600,000 each;
Massena, Angereau, Bernadotte, Mor-
tier and Victor 400,000 apiece, and the
rest 200,000. But even this was not-
ing to what some of them secured later
by holding several offices at the same
time.
At one time Bessier had a yearly in-
come of 1,355,000 francs; Davout 910,000;
Ney of 728,000; Massena of 683,000.
The ministers were able to secure
salaries averaging about 200,000 francs,
and ambassadors had incomes corre-
sponding to their dignity. Caulain-
court, the ablest of them all, had 800,000
francs at St. Petersburg wherewith
to support the imperial state of France.
It is interesting to note from Napoleon's
letters that he had occasionally to ad-
monish some of these gentlemen to make
use of their titles.—Century Magazine.
Very Cheap Labor.
Of all countries of the world, save
China, labor is probably cheapest in
India, where the wages of the laboring
classes average something like three
and a half pence a day. A fairly skill-
ful journeyman can earn about twelve
shillings a month, and a good mechanic
about sixteen shillings, or twice the pay
of a native soldier.
For a Tennyson Memorial.
The subscription for the beacon
which is to be erected on Freshwater
Down, Isle of Wight, as a memorial to
Lord Tennyson, now amount to \$4,750,
of which \$1,300 came from the United
States. The sum in hand is sufficient
for the work.

THE DESERT PEARL.

THE BISKRA OASIS IS THE KEY TO
THE SAHARA DESERT.
The Little Oasis Has 150,000 Trees and a
Fertile River. Its Oriental Town
Hall, Fine Casino and Poetic Arabian
Names.
The Biskra oasis, with its 150,000
trees, is only about two miles long, and
extends in half a dozen little villages by
the Oued stream. The Arabs, in their
poetic phraseology, style it variously
the "Desert Queen," the "Queen of the
Oases," and the "Pearl of the Desert."
Seen after two days' journey through
barren, treeless wastes, with its waving
palms and brilliant verdure, it is a slight
difficult to rival. Biskra has several
fine buildings, of which the town hall,
built in the Oriental style, with gleam-
ing cupola and a forest of dainty pil-
lars, is the gem. It cost \$8,000, and is
cheap at that figure, but, of course, labor
here is had for a song.
The Oued Biskra flows through the
oasis, and causes much of its prosperity.
The chief industry is date raising, and
nearly all the inhabitants own a little
plot of ground devoted to this purpose,
and generally their only source of reve-
nue. Biskra owes much to the Com-
pagnie de l'Oued el R'irh, who bored
artesian wells and laid out vast date
plantations. They also erected a fine
Casino, and constructed a tramway to
the celebrated Hamman Salamine, about
six miles distant—springs well known
to the Romans, whence Biskra was
called Ad Piscinam. In consideration
of all these benefits the company was
granted various privileges. They are
to enjoy for ninety-nine years the profits
arising from the springs and from 300
acres of land, besides a large town plot.
Biskra is practically the "key to the
Sahara," and hence ever since the
French entered, in 1844, has been an
important military station. The lover
of Orientalism will find it here in a
much purer form than in semi Euro-
peanized Algiers, and can also enjoy an
almost perfect climate. The district,
however, is not rainless, as is often sup-
posed; on the contrary, in winter there
is a fair share of rain, though not so
much as in Algiers, where this is the
weak point in the climate. Like Al-
giers, it is beautifully mild, there is no
snow, and for the majority of the win-
ter there is brilliant sunshine and a
very even temperature. In the summer,
however, it is almost uninhabitable.
No one dreams of staying there
unless military or other duty compels
them. The heat is intense, the water
noxious, and snakes and scorpions
abound, whose bite often proves deadly
in an hour. The country at this period
is subject to plagues of grasshoppers,
the ruin of all verdure and pro-
duce. A very annoying malady called
"clou de Biskra," Biskra pimple, pre-
vails, which is said to resist most treat-
ment except change of air.

THE TRAMP'S MISTAKE.

He Ignorantly Tackled Buffalo's Strong
Man.
Buffalo has a professional strong man,
named Bert Bartram, who is a genial
sort of a giant, tipping the scales at
210 pounds, while, as is the case with
Sandow, his appearance does not give
the idea of unusual strength to the cas-
ual observer. Bartram was on his way
home late last Monday night, and had
reached a secluded thoroughfare along
his route when a big and burly tramp
suddenly stepped from behind a tree
and demanded money.
" I haven't a cent," said Bartram.
The tramp took Bartram by the shoulder.
" Now, see here, young feller," he be-
gan, "you just—"
He didn't get any further. Bartram
took the other by both elbows and tossed
him up in the air. Then he stood him
on his head and then turned him over
his knee and spanked him, afterward
tossing him over a seven-foot board
fence into a vacant lot. The tramp did
not follow Bartram as he proceeded on
his homeward way.
A Play Robber Killed.
A dispatch from Marion, Ohio, pub-
lished recently, contained the following
story:
Orlando Deweiss was out walking
with a young lady last night. While
passing a dark place he was stopped by
a man, who ordered him to throw up
his hands. Deweiss responded by pull-
ing a revolver and firing at the sup-
posed highwayman. The ball struck
the man, and he fell to the ground.
When he was picked up Deweiss was
dumfounded and horrorstricken to
find the injured man to be his chum,
Verge Everly. Everly, in a spirit of
fun, had sought to scare Deweiss by
playing highwayman. The bullet
struck Everly in the breast. He cannot
recover.

An Old People's Club.

Lexington, Ky., has an old people's
club, of which the youngest member is
eighty nine years old. There are three
members ninety years old, one ninety-
one, two ninety-three, and two ninety-
four. The club meets at the house of
one of the members each week for
pleasure and mutual improvement.
Preparing His Weapon.
" Going to shave, Sam?"
" No, sah; dance."—Judge.
THOUGHT 'T WAS CONSIDERABLE.



She—The sleighing isn't much, is it?
He—Isn't much! It's a dollar and a
half an hour.

KING MENELEK'S QUEEN.

She Horses the King and is a Vindictive
Queen.
In a letter on affairs in Abyssinia the
Rome correspondent of the Paris Figaro
gives the description of King Menelek's
helpmate:
" Queen Taiton was spoken of recently
as wanting to lead her troops to the re-
sault of Makalle. 'Taiton' means light,
or sunlight. She is descended from an
ancient and noble family, originally
from Samien. She is well formed, with
regular features, except for a little de-
fect of mouth, which she endeavors to
conceal when she speaks. Her skin is a
clear brown. Her eyes are black, large
and expressive. Her feet are small, and
her hands are aristocratic, just as are
her manners in general.
She dresses in the Ethiopian fashion,
with a great deal of taste and elegance.
She wears on her neck, her wrists, and
around her ankles, ornaments of gold,
artificially worked. According to cir-
cumstances, the expression of her eye is
benevolent or scornful or fiendish. She
belongs to that class of woman with
whom it is well to be on good terms.
Woe to him who becomes her enemy or
doesn't know how to appreciate her pro-
tection. Even the King himself would
not risk the defense of a friend against
the resentment or vengeance of this
proud and stubborn woman.
Wearing all the outside appearance of
a weak and submissive creature, she
knows how to impose her will, and when
she wishes to obtain anything, she works
for it with passion. She would spend
days, months, and even years, in the
pursuit of her object, and she always
gains her point. She is thoroughly ac-
quainted with all the state secrets, and
insists upon knowing everything that the King
does and everything that he writes. She
gives counsel and dictates imper-
tant letters.
The Queen's pride and her mania for
meddling with everything have made
numerous enemies for her, and she
might be an object of pity if the king
should die before her; because in that
event she would be in danger of being
stoned to death. She knows this very
well, and, as a precautionary measure,
she has accumulated much riches in the
country of Godjam, where she intends
to take refuge in case she becomes a
widow.
THEY ARE HARD TO STOP.
Tremendous Momentum of the Great
Ocean Steamships.
The motion of a steamship on a calm
sea is so smooth and steady that one
hardly realizes the tremendous momen-
tum of the vessel under her feet. A
collision, even after the engines have
been slowed down, gives a startling
revelation of the energy of motion. The
time required to arrest the motion of a
ship and bring it to a standstill can be
accurately determined by calculations.
These calculations have been recently
made for several well known ships.
To stop the Etruria, whose displace-
ment is 9,650 tons, horse power 14,321,
and speed 20.18 knots an hour, two min-
utes and forty-seven seconds are re-
quired, and during the process of stop-
ping the ship will forge ahead 2,464 feet,
or nearly one-half a mile. The United
States cruiser Columbia, with a dis-
placement of 7,350 tons, 17,991 horse
power, and a speed of 22.8 knots, can be
stopped in two minutes and fifteen sec-
onds, and within a space of 2,147 feet.

Good Story of Thaddeus Stevens.

Congressman Brocius of Pennsylvania
tells this story of Thaddeus Stevens, ac-
cording to the Washington Post:
" Stevens was championing some bill
in Congress which aroused the opposi-
tion of the combined Southern members.
He made a brilliant speech in favor of
it, and equally brilliant speeches were
made on the other side, and the upshot
of it was that Stevens was outvoted
after a very bitter and passionate partisan
debate.
Stevens was still boiling with disap-
pointment and bitterness when Tombs
of Georgia, in a taunting way, asked him:
" Well, Stevens, how do you feel over
your defeat?"
" Feel," snapped back Stevens, " feel?
I feel like the poor man at the rich
man's gate, who was licked by the
dogs."
Bullets that Don't Hurt.
Steel coated rifle bullets for the new
muzzle loading guns cause very little pain,
says Dr. Delorme, surgeon-in-chief of
the French army. During the riots in
Fournies one man was wounded so badly
as to be paralyzed, but did not sus-
pect that he had been shot until he saw
blood stains on his clothing; one shot
through the leg only felt a slight shiver;
another, shot through the arm, felt his
elbow twitch and closed his fist mechani-
cally. At short range, 100 to 150 yards
the bullets are apt to explode and to do
serious mischief.
In a Prohibition Land.
" Yes," admitted the wayfarer, " there
was lots of ague in that country. They
voted Prohibition, you know, and peo-
ple got in the way of shaking for the
drinks."
Nothing was heard for the space of
several minutes save a dull, booming
noise, which might have proceeded from
the explosion of a distant mortar, or
from the impact of a bung starter upon
a devoted head.—Detroit Tribune.
Eugenie's White Pearl Case.
What has become of the white pearls
of the Empress Eugenie, sold at the
close of the Franco-Prussian war, had
never been made known. The value of
these was some \$60,000, and they were
gathered together in a beautiful neck-
lace that frequently graced the neck of
that unfortunate Queen.
What Mrs. Lease Thinks.
Mrs. Lease, the Western agitator,
says she thinks the time is ripe for gen-
eral reformation. She asserts that there
are many things of to-day suggesting
the sixteenth century that should be
done away with.