to Get Into Proper Circles.

Stiquette of Theater Parties and Other

Social Gatherings.

BECOMING ACQUAINTED IN A CITY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

through business. If a friend says to some

ladies that Tilden is a good fellow, Tilden will be sought out and invited. It is hardly

creditable to any young man to live in a

great city without knowing the best ladies'

ociety. He should seek to do so, and perhaps the simplest way would be for him to ask some friend to take him about and to in-

troduce him. Once introduced Tilden should be particular not to transcend the delicate outlines of social suffrance. He

must not immediately rush into an inti-

One Hour for a Call.

A call should never be too long. One hour is all that a woman of the world says should be granted to a caller. This rule is

carry a crush hat in his hand, and a cane if he likes. For a dinner party a white cravat

is indispensable; a man must wear it then. No jewelry of any kind is fashionable ex-

cepting rings. Men can hide their watch chains in evening dress. The hands should be especially cared for, the nails carefully cut and trimmed. No matter how big or

how red the hand is, the more masculine the

better. Women like men to look manly, as if they could drive, row, play ball, cricket, perhaps "handle the gloves."

Eti quette of a Theater Party. We will suppose that Tilden becomes

We will suppose that Tilden becomes sufficiently well acquainted to be asked to join a theater party. He must be punctual at the rendezvous, and take whatever partner the hostess may give him, but in the East he must not offer to send a carriage; that must come from the giver of the party. In this, Eastern and Western etiquette are at variance, as in certain cities west and another agentlement in expected to call in a

south a gentleman is expected to call in a carriage and take a young lady to a party. This would be ruin in Europe, nor is it al-lowed in Boston or New York.

If, however, Tilden wishes to give a thes-ter party, he must furnish everything. He first asks a lady to chaperon his party. He must arrange that all shall meet at his room

must arrange that all shall meet at his room or a friend's house. He must charter an omnibus or send carriages for the whole party; he must buy the tickets. He is then expected to invite his party to sup with him after the theater, making the feast as handsome as his means allow. This is a favorite and proper manner for a young man to return the civilities offered him. It is indispensable that he should have the mother.

pensable that he should have the mother of one of the young ladies present. The cus-

tom of sending such a party with only a very young chaperon has fallen properly into dis-

repute. Of course, if taken by a lady, she assumes the responsibility, and it is an understood thing that a leader of society can take a young man anywhere. She is his

Some Notes About Dress.

In the early evening a young man should wear the heavy, loosely-fitting English clothes now so fashionable, but for an after-

noon prome ads with a lady, or for a recep-tion, a frock coat tightly buttoned, gray pantalcons, a nest tie and plain gold pin is very good form. And this dress is allowed at a small dinner in the country or for a

Sunday tea.
If the men are off in the Adirondacks, if

flannel is the only wear, there is no dressing for dinner; but in a country house where

there are guests it is better to make a full

evening toilet, unless the hostess gives abso-lution. At any rate, there should be some change, clean linen, a fresh coat, fresh shoes, etc., etc., even in the quiet retire-

ment of one's own home. Neatness, frequent baths, much exercise in the open air, these are the admirable

customs of young gentlemen of the present

day. If every one of them, no matter how busy, how hard worked, could come home, take a warm bath and dress for dinner, it

would be an admirable plan. Indeed,

if all American men like all English men would show this attention to

their wives, society would be far more ele-

gant. A man always expects his wife to dress for him, why should be not dress for her? He is then ready for evening visits, operas, parties, theaters, wherever he may wish to go. No man should sit down to a 7 o'clock dinner, unless freshly dressed.

A Servant Along for a Drive.

gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be true, to be brave, to be

wise, and possessing all these qualities to exercise them in the most geptie manner? Ought a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband and honest father? Ought his life to be descent, his bills to be paid, his tastes to be high and elegant? Yes, a thousand times, ves!"

A young man on coming into a great

STRANSLATED FOR THE DISPATOR." Christma's father and mother were dead and were buried in the green valley near the cool spring. The little girl had planted wild roses and violets on their graves, and the sweet flowers seemed to tell of the beautiful land where the dear parents had gone, Because Christina mingled little with the village children and lived alone in her cottage near the forest, she was known as the Maid of the Forest, and led a very lopely life. But she was not unhappy, for the care of the house and garden kept her very busy,

and often travelers passing through the forest would pause to listen to her sweet One evening when Christins had gone, as was her custom, to the grave of her parents, there to think over the last words of coupsel they had said to her, she heard the rolling of wheels, and, looking in the direction whence the sound came, she saw the Queen's earriage approaching. In it sat the Princess, who, as soon as she saw Christina, ordered the carriage to stop, and running to the little girl cried: "Are you one of the fairies who live in this beautiful forest?"

"Oh, no," replied Christina, laughing, "I am only the Maid of the Forest, and live in a cetters near hy."

in a cottage near by."
"But do you live alone?" asked the Princess.
"Yes," answered Christina, "since my Christina could never please her.

ground. Fearing lest the little birds should die, I put the nest in an apple tree, and then took food and water to the poor mother and her crying children. A few days later, the old magpie flew into our cottage, and carried in her bill this stone, which she laid in my len. I know that it was a say when in my lap. I knew that it was a very valuuable gem, and have kept it carefully, hop-ing that some time I should find the owner, from whom the bird had stolen the stone." The Queen was so delighted over the re-covery of her opal that for several days she said nothing about the third task, and the Princess and Christina spent many happy hours together. One day the Queen called Christina to her, and said: "If you perform

Princess so dearly, that she thought it would be a great grief to be separated from her. The Queen said: "You must now serve eight days in the kitchen with the cook, and if you are idle or careless, you shall no longer remain in my house." Christina had always kept her own little eight days would soon fly away, and then she would always have a home in the palace, and be a sister to the kind Princess. But she had no idea of the trial which was in store for her. The cook was severe and cross, and scolded from morning until



parents died I have lived entirely alone." "Then come to the palace and you shall be my sister," said the Princess. Christina was willing to leave her lonely home and go with the beautiful Princess, who promised the little orphan that her

every wish should be granted. When they reached the palace the Princess said to the Queen: "Mother, I have found this beautiful little girl in the forest, and have brought her home to live with us. I have always longed for a sister, and now Chris-

stranger into her home. She said: haps this child is idle and wicked, and has come with you only to escape labor. To these words the Princess replied: "If you will only look into her fair face you will see that she is true and good." Then the Queen had Christina brought

before her.
"Why did you leave your home and come to the palace?" she asked,
"Because," answered Christina, bowing low, "your daughter seemed to want me, and I was very lonely in the forest."
When the Queen had looked into the

lovely face and had heard the sweet voice, her doubts almost vanished, but she said: "Since the Princess wishes it you may remain here, if you will perform three tasks which I shall appoint for you." Christian then inquired what the tasks

The Queen said: must bring the Fairy Queen to the palace I have often heard of her and now wish to talk with her." Christina laughed and replied: "Lady Queen, that is an easy task, and at the time

of the next full moon you shall see the Fairy Queen." A few minutes later when the great white moon rose round and clear, Christina stole from the palace, and hastened to the meadows near the forest where stood her entinge. Here were thousands and thous. ands of flowers, white, blue and red, and

dancing gaily among them were the miries, who were holding the festival which they had every full moon.
"Puck," said Christins to one little fellow who was greedily drinking honey from a flower cup, "where is your Queen?"

But instead of replying to her question Puck sang a gay song, in which he told of the frolics of the fairles. Christina soon saw that the little fellow was too busy enjoying himself to give any heed to her questions, so she continued her way through the meadow. How beautiful it was here. The golden-haired fairies danced and sang in the white moon-light, or sipped honey from the flowers, while others wove bright garlands with which to crown their Queen. Apart from the others, on a green hillock, sat the Fairy Queen, watching the gay scene before her. As she saw Christina approach, she said: "Dear Maid of the Forest, what brings you to our feast to-night?"

'I have come to ask a favor of von." was the reply, "the Queen of this land has said that if I perform the three tasks, which she will appoint for me, I may always live in the palace. The first task is that I shall take you to the Queen's home, as she wishes to see and talk with you." For your sake I shall go to the palace,"

said the Fairy Queen.

Then she ordered her pearl chariot, drawn by countless white doves, to be brought, and, illding Christina to seat herself theside her, the Fairy Queen drove to the palace. When they reached the gate the Fairy said: Now leave me Christina, and I shall

seek the Queen. The next morning the Queen said to Christina: "You have performed well the first task. The Fairy Queen has been to the palace, and I have talked with her. The second task is to find an opal, which, for several years, has been missing from my

It brought fortune and happlness to my family, and since its loss muc "I think, Lady Queen," said Christing, "that this task will be much easier than the

first. Was your gen like this?" And the little girl took from her pocket a large, beautiful opal, and handed it to the The Queen gazed for a moment at the stone, and then cried in astonishment: This is my opal, which has been lost so

many years. How did it come to be in your "Several years ago," said Christina, "when I was a very little girl, a magple built her nest in an old poplar, which stood before out cottage. One night during a storm, the tree blew down, and in the mor ing I found the magpie's nest on the

and the second s

the last task as well as the others you shall always live in my palace, and be a sister to my daughter, the Princess."

Christina was anxious to know what the last task would be; for she now loved the



AT THE GRAVES OF HER PARENTS.

The little girl was obliged to work so The little girl was obliged to work so hard, that when night came, her head ached, and she almost fell asleep before she lay down on the hard bed which had been given her. Christina began to fear that she must go away from the palace and leave her third task unfinished. One evening she stole to her parents' grave, thinking to rest there for a short time. The Fairy Queen came to her and said: "Maid of the Forest, have courage. The end of your trouble is

The little girl then fall salesp. She was came nearer and nearer, and a moment later the Queen, in her royal robe, was bending over the tired child and was saying: "Come, Christina, to the palace. The Princess is waiting to receive you, and hereafter I shall

be a mother to you."

Then, amid the waving of banners and flourishing of trumpets, they drove to the castle. From that time Christina was no longer called Maid of the Forest, but was known as the beautiful Princess Christina. PAYSIE.

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

Puzzles for the Little Folks That Will Keep Their Brains Busy for Most of the Week if They Solve Them Correctly-Home Amusements.

Address communications for this departmen F. R. CHADROURN, Lewiston, Maine. 1534 - FIVE SHARESPEAREAN CHARAC-



MINNIE SINGER. 1685.-TRANSPOSITIONS.

A Naturalist. A man of curious tastes is he; A man of curious tastes is no; Upon his board strange one you see. He two wild creatures skillfully, And drives them, harnessed with odd three. Such four may do for him, not me: I'd ratter run what risk may be In five, or electricity. Than tempt such "fierce seology."

"Irish Washerwoman." Now Phoebus takes up the bright one of steed — I mean that the sun has just two—but indeed At her wash-tub already stands three blooming daughter; She sings like a four, o'er the feam-crested And chews, as she sings, with a slight extra

quaver.
A piece of pine five, of pineapple flavor. And plunge in the six with a resolute dash.
So she cheerily works till the last piece is done:
Then she "draws the line somewhere," and
plus the clothes on.

m. Floriculture. Yes, the one is a beautiful flower, I know, And two very high in my garden, but O, How the weeds, like the three in the Bible, do My four of vexation are tempted to flow.
You foe, but just try it and then you will know.
M. C. S.

1535-CHARADE. The lotal is a fearless last—
Or he has need to be—
Because his dangers must be vact,
As records all agree.

It is his lot to set the prime,
When'er the signal calls;
And many a cold or stormy time
Unto his lot befalls.

And many a risk of life or limb He every season takes; He knows full well his chances slim,

1587-THE BILL OF PARE. ent the afternoon at a neighbor's and am sure she will forgive me if I tell what was on the table when we sat down to eak: 1. A receptacle for money. 2. Young animals. 2. An incentive.

An incentive.
Something expressive of certainty.
An assurance of cleanliness.
An American country.
A scheme to deceive.
Something denoting excellence. 1538-RIDDLE

I always was looked down upon Down trodden is my lot, Though I might be a paragon, Such worth avails me not, Whenever I am found amiss
I'm beaten like a sack;
And shaken for delinqueces

And I can no remonstrance make, But humbly at your feet I lie, and all the world forsake To make your home complete.

1589-ANAGRAM "Is a wonder to me How "men can e'er tip" To such a degree They are lost in whole's grip.

1540.-DIAMOND. 1. Pittsburg. 2. An earth-worm. 8. Harassed (Oa.) 4. A kind of basket. 5. Pertaining to company. 6. Explained amply. 7. Freed from impurities. 8. Conveyed. 9. Overthrown. 10. A color. 11. In the Dispatch. MESA.

1541-DECAPITATION. The Doctor is whole on attending Theatricals, dances and such: But he's not alone in objecting For others will venture as much. And some think it very improper, With whom we can't fully agree: They only came to this conclusion, The night after they had seen "She."

While see know but little of acting.
We think 'twas the kind of a play
That kept a man's hand in his pocket—
Kept both him and his lady away.
The tickets were only one dollar,
A poorer seat twenty-five less,
And if aught could affect a man's feelings,
'Twas the price of those tickets, we guess.

But we shall go on with our story And put all surmises aside: And put all surmises aside:
Our reporter was there in good seases
With paper and pencil supplied.
Soon up toward the stage, in a body.
A number of girls gently tripped:
"Twas seen, by their haughty appearant their usual escorts had "skipped."

The crowd, which was nearly collected, Was patiently waiting for "She:"
Was scanning the features of goers,
Watching out for the friends they might see.
At last at the door was a bustle—
And with wonder, which always attends,
All eyes for the moment glanced thither
To see only two of our friends.

Poor boys! they looked sore and distracted:
They sit in the very last row,
Just opposite our last small body,
Who, somehow, had seen fit to go.
Their eyes were soon seeking their ladies,
Who sat in the one dollar seats;
While they, poor, tormented, young wretche
Were sitting far back with "dead-beats."

Just how or why all this has happened. The boys are inclined not to say:
They kept up a series of sighing.
While waiting the end of the play.
And when "She" had bathed in the fire,
When the curtain fell no more to rise,
They both made a break for the exit,
That filled all their friends with surprise.

They said that the play was a finale, That "She" was a hideous sell: But why they had been in attendance They still seem inclined not to tell. Their views have been changed since that They ne'er will to the theaters go, You may form your ass private conclusion, We have formed ours correctly, we trow. H. U. BURGER.

1542-CURTAN MENT. The total is a modest flower, Fit for a maiden's virgin cower; Fit for the mead or rural scenes, But not for courtiers, kings and queens. Upon a second it would show
That its extraction was but low;
The glowing rose, or some such flower,
Much better shows 'mid pemp and power.
A. L.

1543-SYNCOPATION. I am an opinion, a firm belief, Five letters form my name; And, what is curious, I do read Back and forth the same,

New, if you deprive me of a letter, Of course there's an alteration. I new become a lodging place, A temporary habitation.

1526-Be not a baker if your head be of butter.

1528-1. Joy, life, life, joy. 2. Own, will, will, own. 8. Home, love, love, home. 4. Work, hand, hand, work. 5. Course, things, things, course. 6. Care, her, her, care. 7. Bay, do, do, say. 8. Ill, wed, wed, ill. 9. Chance, all, all, chance. 10. Claim, share, share, ciaim. 11. Rest, heart, heart, rest. 12. Well, fare, fare, well.

1527-Bail-or.

1528-Phineae Taylor Barnum.

1529-Point blank.

1530-Fiction.

1532—Breach, reach. 1533—Plain, plan.

THE LIQUOR COMMANDMENTS.

Rules of Conduct of the Tempera of Odessa, Russia. The Temperance Society of Odessa has

published in its Listok the following ten commandments: First-Thou shalt try to lead a sober life. Second-Thou shalt not treat thy fellows with spirituous drinks.

Third-Thou shalt not rent any part of thy house, thy store, or thy shop as a piace for the sale of spirituous drinks. Fourth-Thou shalt not trade in spirituous

drinks.

Firth—Thou shalt not engage in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors and wines Sixth-Thou shalt preach against drunknness.

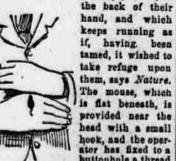
Seventh—Thou shalt persuade all thy friends and sequaintances to join the tem-Eighth-Thou shalt never repeat or cireulate an opinion in favor of the drinking of intoxicating beverages. Ninth—Thou shalt do all that is in thy

power to prevent others drinking intoxicating beverages.

Tenth-Thou shalt watch the doings of those who trade in spirituous drinks and promptly report to the authorities any of their actions by which they criminate them-

elves, before the law. THE RUNNING MOUSE.

How a Street Fakir Manages to Make a Toy Attractive. Street venders are often seen selling, at night, a little mouse which they place upon



any of these. It is a "work-a-day world" that we live in and the whole formation of our society betrays in Then dress plainly, simply and without display. Their servants dress better than they do, in a way, and yet nothing is so distinctive as the dress of geatlemen. It is as much a costume of nobility as if it were the velvet coat which Sir Walter Raleigh threw down before Queen Elizabeth. SOCIETY Mrs. Sherwood Tells Young Men How SHOULD DRESS AND DANCE WELL,

The Proper Form of a Note And it may not be inappropriate here to say a word or two sa to the minor morals. In addressing a note to a lady whom he does not know well, Tilden should use the third person as follows:

Mr. Tilden presents his compliments to Mrs. Montgomery, and begs to know if she and Miss Montgomery will honor him with their company at a theater party on the evening of April 8 at the Chestnut Street Theater. R. S. V. P. 117 South Market Place. This note should be sealed with wax, Im-

city, or into a new place where he is not pressed with the writer's cost of arms or some favorite device and delivered by a private messenger, who should wait for an answer. In addressing a letter to a gentleman the full title should be used: "Walter Tilden Fee!" known, should try to bring a few letters of introduction. If he can bring such a letter to any lady of good social position he has nothing further to do but deliver it, and if she takes him up and introduces him his social position is made. But this good fortune cannot be commanded always or often. Young men often pass through a lopely life in a great city, never finding the desired opportunity.

But to some it comes through a friendship on the cricket ground, at the clubs or ship on the cricket ground, at the clubs or six urged against us by foreigners that the

word and line, as if it were a pleasure. It is urged against us by foreigners that the manner of men toward women partakes of the freedom of the age, that they are not sufficiently respectful; but if careless in manner American men are the most chiv-alrons at hearship on the cricket ground, at the clubs or

Presentations in the Ball Room.

At a ball a young man can ask a friend to present him to a lady who is chaperoning a young girl, and through her he can be presented to the young girl. No man should, however, introduce another man without permission. If he is presented and asks the girl to dance, a short walk is permitted before he returns his partner to the side of the chaperone. But it is bad manners for the young couple to disappear for a long time. No man should go into a supper room alone, or help himself while ladies remain unhelped.

a good one for an evening visit. It is much better to have one's hostess wishing for a longer visit than to have her sigh that you "To get on in society" involves so much that can never be written down, that any manual is, of course, imperfect, for no one can predict who shall succeed and who shall should go. In a first visit a gentleman should always send in his card. After that should always send in his eard. After that he may dispense with that ceremony.

A gentleman for an evening visit should always be in evening dress, black cloth dress coat, vest and pantaloons, faultless linen and white cravat, silk stockings and polished low shoes. A black cravat is permissible, but it is not full dress. He should fail. Boid and arrogant people, "cheeky" people, succeed at first, modest ones in the long run. It is a melaneholy fact that the most objectionable persons do get into fashionable society. It is to be feared that the possession of wealth is more desired than the possession of any other attribute, that much is forgiven the rich man which would be rank heresy to the poor one.

False Alms in Society. We would not, however, advise Tilden to choose his friends from the worldly point, simply, either of fashion or wealth. He should try to find those who are well bred, good, true, honorable and generous. Wherever they are, such people are always good

In the ranks of society, however, we find sometimes the ideal gentleman. Society may not have produced so good a crop as it should have done, yet its false aims, its should have done, yet its false aims, its glittering friezes, have not yet dazzled all men out of the true, the ideal, breeding. There are many cubs, but there are some admirable crichtons—men who can think, read, study, work and still be fashionable. A man should go through the fierce fires of social competition and yet not be scorched. All men have not had that fine represents training which makes our new repressive training which makes our navy and army men such gentlemen. The breedand army men such gentlemen. The oreca-ing of the young men of fashion is not what their grandfathers would have called good. They sometimes have a severe and bored expression when ealled on to give up a selfish pleasure. One asks "where are their manners?"

The Heart Must Be Right.

Breeding, cultivation, manners, must start from the heart. They must be fostered and the dancing muster added on. The old saying that it takes three generations to saying that it takes three generations to make a gentleman, makes us ask how many does it take to unmake one. Some young said well born men seem to be undoing the work of the three generations, and to have inherited nothing of a great ancestor but his bad manners is a poor inheritance.

An American young man should have the best manners. He has had nothing to crush him; he is unacquainted with patroncrush him; he is unacquainted with patron-age, which in its way makes snobs, and no one loves a snob, least of all the man whom

And the word "gentleman" although one of the best in the language should not be used too much. Be a gentleman, but talk about a "man." And a man avoids display and cultivates simplicity, neatness and fit-ness of things, if he is both a man and a M. E. W. SHEBWOOD.

HANDY WITHOUT HANDS. A Little Girl of California Who Must Got

Along Without Arms. Chicago Herald.] Little Maryan Marcena is the daughter of a tinsmith who lives at Sausalito, Cal. She has seven brothers and sisters, has this strange little girl. Four brotners and three sisters; so she is never lonely. The older children go to school, but there is always a baby to keep her company, She never goes to school herself, though she is nearly 8 years old. There are a good many reasons why she stays at home from school. She could not hold her books very well if she

went, and she hates to think she



Getting Her Brother in Shape.

A Servant Along for a Drive.

If Tilden can afford to keep a tilbury or a dog cart and fine horses, so much the better for him. He can take a young girl to drive if her mamma consents, but a servant should sit behind. That is indispensable, and the livery, the whole arrangement, should be elegant. Tilden, if he would succeed, must not be flashy, and as true refinement comes from within let him read the poble description of Thackeray: "What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to be honest, to be gentle. cannot do everything quite as well as any one else. For the poor little thing has no arms. She has never had any. The thing that Maryan most delights in doing is to help her little brothers and sisters get ready for school. She is very quick and full of life, and she hurries around at a great rate, She makes them hurry, too. She washes their faces and combs their hair, and it they don't stand still she knows exactly how to give them a lively little box on the ear. How does she do it? Why, with her feet, of course. She laughs when people are astonished at that.

Maryan does not believe that hands are

one bit more useful or convenient than feet. Anyone who notices her for a while is usually a convert to her way of thinking,

toes and she throws it around her little brother's neck by a dextrous twist of her supple ankle. Then she dips her foot in supple ankie. Then she dips her toot in the water, and she rubs that youngster's face till it shines again. Then she sits back and looks at that round, little, red face, just ex-actly as an artist looks at his picture to see if he has achieved the correct effect. When the face is as new-looking and fresh as a brand-new tinpan Maryan gives a queer little satisfied sigh, and patters into the

Splash! goes the comb in the water. Swish! again and there's a parting. Swish! once more, and there's a beautiful parting.

"There, now," she says, cheerily; that is, if she doesn't say "There now," she means it. Surely she means it. And so the little brother knows, for he rises hastily and proceeds in a business manner to follow the fashion of boykind and get humply and dirty-faced as soon as he conveniently car.

WORDSWORTH'S SONG Came to the World From the Heart of the English Lake District.

THE RESORTS HE LOVED BEST.

Pen Picture of Rydal Hall With Its Trees and Musical Cascades.

DREAMING IN BEAUTIFUL BASDALE

GRASMERE, ENGLAND, May 1 .- Just as the present century was coming in Wordsworth, the then political extremist and budding poet, with his sister Dorothy-one of the grandest types of those women whose resistless sympathy and encouragement are of more benefit to the world than the blatant pretensions of all the female "ists" that ever were born, or ever will be born, into itreturned to the English lake region, the land of their birth, and it remained their home until their death.

I tramped over the fell from Keswick to Cockermouth, the ancient village in which, in 1777, the poet was born. The grand scenery of the region lies in every direction in endless change along the winding way. To the east, Helvellyn and Skiddaw, huge and dark, are continually presenting new forms of majesty and color, or hiding in mysterious beauty behind the fleeting veilings of tender passing clouds. One or another of the lakes, Derwentwater, Buttermere, Crummock Water, Ennerdale Water, Lowes Water or Bassenthwaits Water, is never absent from view, and from the height of lordly Grassmoor, as from the peaks of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, the entire lake district could again be surveyed and feasted upon.

A Dreamful and Songful Spot.

Cockermouth itself is but one of the many quaint old Cumbrian villages, which seem as ancient and mossy as the rocks out of which they were hewn. It is a sweet, dim, dreamful and songful old spot, for the Derwent river sweeps melodiously by, and the Cooker river, from which the village derives its name, is emptied into the Derwent at he village side. Wordsworth's father, John Wordsworth,

was an attorney here, and law agent to Sir James Lowther, afterward the Earl of Lousdale, who requited his services by forcibly borrowing the earnings of his lifetime, £5,000, which sum, years after the death of both the Earl and his victim, was returned to the Wordsworth family. The house is a long, two-storied, hipped-roof structure, standing at a corner of Main street and a standing at a corner of blain street and a recessed alley, and must have been regarded as a stately affair in its time. A tier of nine windows in the second and eight in the first story face the street, which is shut off by a massive stone wall with wide coping and monumental projections at regular intervals and at the corners. In the area between the street wall and the house are several pertly trimmed shade trees, and the ample garden in the rear extends to the banks of the lovely Derwent.

A Stone Dungeon for a School Hawkshead, where the lad Wordsworth passed his first years of school life, is in the most northern part of Lancaster, where that most northern part of Lancaster, where that shire pushes up into the the southern reach of the lake region. It lies midway between the queen of the English lakes, Windermere, and Coniston Water, near which may be found the home of John Buskin, and nestles prettily beside the beautiful Esthwaite Water. It is by far the most antique village of the lake country—

All angles, twists and crooks, With penthouses and gables over archways, wents and nooks, as Gibson oddly sang; while its yew trees, under which many of Wordsworth's earlier

seen. It is no more than a tiny stone dun-geon, with wide, low windows, a single broad, low door, and a whitewashed schoolroom interior, where a tall man would be in danger of bumping the ceiling beams with his head. The schoolboy, Wordsworth, cut his name into his desk, and the scarred old plank is accordingly prized as a precious relic. Every one will remember the good old dame, Anne Tyson, with whom Words-worth lived, and who was so much a mother

The snow white church upon the hill. made famous in the "Prelude," stands as then in a near field. Around it the sheep and lambs are grazing.

Life Went With the Handloom. But the old life went out of Hawkshead with the handlooms; you will never find a half score of worshipers at service within it; and the incumbency is so reduced that the village rector himself rings the chime of bells which calls the dim old folk that re-

is youthful haunts at Hawkshead. Scenically their surroundings would seem to prompt the same, equally with the more central lake region upon which his highest genius was expended. While all the lake region is, properly speaking, Wordsworth's land, the interest and feeling of the thoughtful traveler seem to parcel the district into two almost equally fascinating topograph-ical and literary divisions—the northern and southern; though both of these are cen-

where the poet remained until his death in 1850, having uninterruptedly lived within a three mile radius of where he now lies in Grasmere churchyard for upward of 50

the inclosures on either side huge beech trees and sycamores push tremendous arms across the walls and completely cover the way. It is as shadowy as twilight here. You will not have passed a score of rods up this high arched nature's siste until the sounds from the highway—the rumbling of the stages, the laughter of gay tourists, and even the notes of the coach horns—ar stilled. In summer the place is thronge with birds. Even these irreverent choristers seem as if subdued and ruminative here. In autumn your feet sink in feathery masses of pale golden leaves. It seems a long time

where the dark roadway seems to make a final circle over the brow of the hill to the left, you pause to listen. Something like low and healtant organ notes is murmuring in minor chords, while a gay and joyous treble plays in exultant tones above. And you remember. These are the voices of the two cascades of Rydal. Their songs were sung to one poet for 40 happy years. Where the Poet Lived.

A step farther, and the bright sunshine leaps along and through the tree tops, as if impatient to flood its effulgence upon one little spot. On that spot stands an 1vy-covered old house, two stories in height, with all manner of angles and patches; with huge chimneys and wondrous gables; with windows cut here and there at random, or nushed outward in howe and have: with pushed outward in bows and bays; with doors entering as though made for conven-ience and not appearance; and the whole with a general air of having been done at with a general air of having been done at different periods by various masters, each of whom labored leisurely in fond and whim-sical mood. In front is the tiniest of grass mounds, and wide steps of rough-hewn stone lead this way and that, as if to invisi-ble entrances; but as you see all—grass mound, steps, haif-disclosed terraces, and the mansion itself facing the south squarely —there was never a more winsome picture set in frame of laurel, yew, beech and fir; and never will you see another home where the very spirit of peace seems so embodied

the very spirit of peace seems so embodied in outward material things, giving rapt and radiant welcome to the endless threnodies of waters and throbbings of a loving sun.

This is Rydal Mount, the former home of Wordsworth. Rydal Water, to the north, and the loug, dreamful reach of Windermere can be seen from the grass mound in the little inclosure. From every upper window, mountain, valley and lake smile back from glorious perspective upon the beholder. With the poet's long, happy and fruitful life at Rydal every reader of English literature is familiar.

Haunts the Poet Loved. Haunts the Post Loved.

The vale of St. John, at the foot of Helvellyn, was a never-ending feast to him. He lingered times without number around Wythburn Church. Thirlmere, to which the city of Manchester has tunnelled for what will prove the finest water supply in the world, and against the consummation of which Mr. Ruskin, with more regard for selfish enjoyment of the lake region than the needs of hosts of human beings, fought long and bitterly, was an almost constant haunt. Here Wordsworth, in company with his wife and his sister Dorothy, almost daily came in summer. In the earlier days Coleridge would come over from Keswick Coleridge would come over from Reswick and meet the three triends from Grasmere. The ladies brought their sewing and lunch, and the two poets furnished the soul ambrosia. Commemorative of these golden hours the poets had their names cut upon the Rock of Names at Thirlmere, and it was to this rock that Wordsworth addressed

O thought of pain, That would impair it or profanel No fear of that; but the great walls Manester is building at the lower end of Thirtmere. to increase its depth, will cause merged. Some future Schlieman will

the apostrophe,

Brooding by Easdale Tarn.
On the way from Grasmere to Thirlmere a spot forming the northwestern boundary of Grasmere was undoubtedly Wordsworth's most frequented and passionately loved resort. This is Easdale. It is one of the most accessible though least visited places in the lake region. It runs far into the northern hills on the western side of Helm Crag. In its upper reach is a bittern haunted, shadowy tarn, which is discharged through the foaming Sour Milk Ghyll not a mile from the highway of Grasmere. Wordsworth loved to claim Esadale as all his own, and he was jealous of intrusion

here. When residing at Grasmere, a half hour's walk would enable him to penetrate its depths; and he so grew to the place that when he had removed to Rydal, three miles to the south, nearly every day, rain or shine, found him seeking the companionship of its tender solitudes. The loftiest passages of the "Excursion" were written here; and it

Two Kinds of Paralytics

St. Paul Ploncer-Press. 1 A lady in Bangor, Me., who has been a paralytic since 1879, has been restored to health by riding in an electric car. On several late night cars in this city partially paralyzed citizens have been seen riding, but it was never supposed they were out riding for their health.

More Than He Asked For

Detroit Free Press.] Mr. Topnoody-What is the difference between an idiot and a fool, my dear?

Mrs. T., (pleasantly)—I don't know; but if I made a guess I'd say an idiot wouldn't

ask such a question. SEASONABLE ADVICE.

How to Select a spring Medicine. SHORT EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE BY DR. S. B. HARTMAN.

A Pamphlet on Spring Diseases Sent Free.

Are you thinking of getting a spring med-icine? Do you feel those old symptoms which are so apt to come every spring and remind you that you need something to purify your blood or cleause your system or tone up your digestion and appetite? Now, if there was ever a time in your life when you needed to use good judgment it is right here and now. To begin with, you will see, after a moment's reflection, that no one medicine could be made that would be the proper remedy for all eases of spring affec-tions. It is, certainly, a matter of consider-able moment to you which of the many sarsaparillas, tonies and blood purifiers you need for your particular case. If you will carefully observe the following directions you will never be disappointed in finding a

prompt relief:
If your symptoms are general weakness roaring in the head, slight faintness, brown specks moving before the eyes, twiching of the eyelids, loss of appetite, sleeplessness, pulpitation and shortness of breath, a wornut, tired feeling from morning till night; if any or all of this group of symptons describe your case, Pe-ru-na is the spring medicine you need. There is no other med-icine that will so quickly and permanently relieve you. If you have had la gripp during the past winter and have not fully recovered your natural health and strength, Pe-ru-na is precisely what you ought to get at once. It will surely cure you in a short time.
Should your symptoms be dizziness,

coated tongue, sour stomach, bloating after meals, constipation, biliousness, pain in the back, scant, high-colored urine, heavy, drowsy feeling, then the remedy that will never fail to cure you is Man-a-lin. All of A Picture of Rydai Hall.

If you were wandering north on the main coach road from Windermere to Keswick, a steep, wide roadway turning to the right and east would attract your attention. From the inclosures on either aids hars beach ties.

If, however, your symptoms are eruptions

on the skin, salt rheum, pains in the joints (worse at night), chronic rheumatism, boils, rofuls, blood poisons of any kind, or an other mani estation of impure blood, the proper remedy for you to get is La-cu-pi-a. There is, positively, no use wasting your time taking other blood medicines, for La-cu-pl-a can be relied on as a quick, sure and positive cure in all blood diseases.

The above advice is exactly as it fell from

the lips of one of the most renowned practi-tioners and lecturers of medicine in this country, Dr. S. B. Hartman. If you think of getting a spring medicine you had better profit by the many years of experience and extensive observation of this celebrated au-

thority.

A pamphigt of lectures by Dr. Hartman on spring diseases, their cause and cure, sent free to any address by The Peruna Medicine Company of Columbus, O.

The Ceremony Consists in Public Accept Harper's Bazar.]

Among Kubus of Sumatra the tende passion is most prossically dealt with. Very simple indeed is the marriage ceremony. A Know youth, having settled in his own mind his choice, interviews the parents of the maiden, mentioning what he can offer in return. If late bargains with the itinerant trader have been gratifying, he may have in hand a koife, a spear, or some strips of gay cloth—possibly money, if he has acted as guide or burden bearer to travelers; there may also be dammar and beeswax, rare fruits and favorite animals tor food (a dainty snake or nimble lizard), all most acceptable in the eyes of the father and house-mother. Should this queer endowment fund be satisfactorily large, neighbors are called to-gether, who are seated with due formality under a tree. The father of the maiden then publicly aunounces his consent to the betrothal, shows the presents received from the young man, and expresses his pleasure,

WARRIAGE IN SUMATRA

ance of a Price.



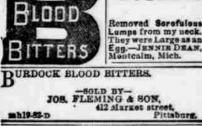
A Day. CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALI RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE

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ELECTRIC BELT





When I say ours I do not mean meral for a time and then have them return ag-redical cure. I have made the disease of LEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life

oon hang himself. hand, and which keeps running as if, having been tamed, it wished to take refuge upon them, says Nature.

The mouse, which is flat beneath, is provided near the head with a small hook, and the operator has fixed to a buttonhole a thread ten inches in length, the inches in length is left hand. On moving the hand away from the body, the mouse, which does not eith, seems to slide over the back of his left hand. On moving the hand, and at the moment it is about to fall on reaching the thumb, the right hand, passed beneath, arrives just in time to catch it near the little finger, whence, by the same movement as before, it seems to solore, and the solore, it seems to solore, and the solore it seems to solore, and the solore, it seems to solore, and the solore it seems to solore, and the solore, it seems to solore, and the solore, it seems to solore, and the solore, it seems to solore it solore. There is such a thing as an absurd success with little merit belind it. But we generally find that men have worked it were hard to solore it solored to solore it solored to solore it solored to so

right, the gentleman will exceed and the adventurer will fail. No such man lasts long. Give him rope enough and he will soon hang bimself. The Rules of Club Life.

Young men who come to a great city to live are sometimes led astray by the success of gaudy adventurers who do not fall within the lines of the above description, men who "get on" by means of enorms us impudence, self-assurance, audacity and plausible ways But if they have patience and hold to the right, the gentleman will exceed and the

little satisfied sigh, and patters into the next room as fast as she can—that's pretty fast, too, by the way. When she comes out she has something between her two first toes. That something is a comb. She hops up to her brother and then she sits down.

Swishl swiftl goes the little comb through the thick black hair of little brother. Splashl goes the comb in the water. Swishl again and there's a parting. Swishl once more, and there's a beautiful parting.

"There, now," she says, cheerliv; that is, if she doesn't say "There now," she means it. Surely she means it. And so the little brother knows, for he rises hastily and proceeds in a business manner to follow the

She just takes hold of a towel between her

to him during his boyhood's days at Hawks-head. Her cottage is still standing; and

main to this all but deserted shrine.

For some unaccountable reason, but little
of Wordsworth's poetical devotion was
given to his birth spot, Cockermouth, or to

Wordsworth first intended to build his home at Applethwaite, on How Gill, a lovely spot on the southern slope of Skid-daw, within sight of Southey's Greta Hall and Keswick, and within hearing of the chimes of old Crossthwaite church. The land was a gift to him from Sir George Beaumout, of Colerton, and still remains the property of his descendants. But on his permanent return to the lake region, he made the ancient village of Grasmere his home. This hamlet is on the main coach road, traversing from north to south the central and most beautiful portions of the lake district, and is but three miles from Rydal and five from Ambleside, which lie to the south. Here he resided for three years—first at Dove Cottage, afterward occupied by DeQuincy, and now forming a portion of the outbuildings of a busy inn; next in a roomier but less comfortable house at Allen Bank, and again in the parsonage of the ancient Grasmere church. In 1813 the Wordsworths moved to Rydal Mount,

years.