PASTIMES

On a celd, barren island, in the Arctic sea, where the skies were alwas gray and dull, and no sweet spring flowers ever gladdened the eyes of the inhabitants of that dreary region, there stood on the summit of a high hill a stately, old castle, in which lived Count Frederick with his wife and two children, a son and a daughter. The Countess had not always lived in the sea, where the skies were alway gray and dull, and no sweet spring flowers ever gladdened the eyes of the inhabitants of that dreary region, there stood on the sum-mit of a high hill a stately, old castle, in which lived Count Frederick with his wife and two children, a son and a daughter. The Countess had not always lived in the frozen North. Her girlhood home had been in snuny Italy, with its blue skies and balmy air. But on account of her great love for her husband, she left the beautiful land of sunshine and flowers and made her home in the lonely island. But the cold climate was too severe for her tender nature, and when little Helga was but 8 years old and her brother Victor only 10, the kind, loving mother died, leaving her children to the care of an old nurse, for the father spent

most of his time cruising on the sea. For Helga, as for her mother, the gray skies and cold winds had no charms. But the little giri's fair face and kind ways caused her to be loved by all who knew her, and she was everywhere known as the Flower of the Island. Helga used to wander along the rocky coast, and dream of the sunny lands of which her mother had told her, and she wished that she might only once see the beautiful flowers and breathe the warm air. Victor said: "I shall soon be old enough and strong enough to go with father on the ship, and then I shall go to Italy, and see the beautiful land where mother lived." "And will you take me with you?" Helga

"Of course, little sister, you shall go," replied Victor, "I would not leave the Flower of the Island here alone." But a few years later, when the Count

years," said the Count. "During that voyage, when I first took Victor away with me,

our ship was wrecked, and your brother, with many others, was lost. I then returned to my home, only to find my dear daughter, the Flower of the Island, gone, no one knew where. Since then I have lived with a few servants in the castle, and every day
I have spent many hours on the shore,
hoping to hear some news from my child.
But now that I have found you, I shall forget all sorrow, and our home shall be bright

and happy again."

"Alas, dear father," said Helga, "I have promised never to leave the fairies. But come, I shall show you the beautiful land, and the Fairy Queen is so kind that I am sure she will allow you to remain with me, and we shall always be happy." Helga then led her father to the entrance

of Fairyland. She pressed her hands against the rock, but the gate did not open. She then beat the hard stone until her delicate hands were sore and bruised. Still the gate remained closed, and Helga was shut out of Femanied closed, and Heiga was shut out of Fairyland. But the Count was too greatly pleased over finding his daughter to long for any other joy, and he carried his treas-ure to his lonely home. Very many times each day Helga went to the rock, where she hoped to find the Fairy, who, she knew, would forgive her disobedi-

ence, and would allow both her father and herself to dwell in the beautiful land of sunshine and flowers. But not until several years later, when the good Count had been buried beside his dear wife, did the Fairy reappear took his son away with him in the ship, the little girl, in spite of her entreaties, was left on the island with her nurse. Helga to Helga. She then took the Count's daughter again into Fairyland, and the beautiful Flower of the Island was never



HELGA COULD DIMLY SEE A FIGURE ON THE CLIFF.

had gone to the shore to see the ship set afterward seen on the shore of that cold, sall, and so great was her disappointment that she paid little heed to the loving words of her father and brother, who promised to return soon, and bring with them rich gifts. After watching the vessel until she was no longer able to recognize Victor or the Count, the lonely child, weeping bitter tears turned her steps toward the castle. "Helga," said a voice near by, "why are

Helen looked about in astonishment; but her eyes were so blinded by tears that she could see no one. The question was re-peated, and this time the little girl saw standing before her a beautiful creature, arrayed in shining white garments.

"You are surprised to see me and hear me call you by name," said the stranger, while a kindly smile played over her lovely face, but I have known you for a long time, and also knew your mother. I have heard your wish to leave this cold, dreary island ad I have come to show you a land more beautiful even than Italy. My kingdom is nor far away. I have command over all the fairies of the North. Will you go with

Helga, trustingly, gave her hand to the fairy, and with her ascended the rough coast. When they reached the cliff, the Fairy pressed her hand against the rock, and later Helga was in a land more a moment later Heiga was in a beautiful than any of which she had ever dreemed. There were the sunny blue dreemed. There were the sunny blue skies, the sweet, bright flowers and the soft, werm sir. There, too, the birds sang merrily in the trees, and crystal fountains sparkled and shone in the sunlight. When be little girl had feasted her eyes on the eauties around her, and had gently touched the flowers and grass, she said: "Kind Pairy, I thank you many, many times for sight of your beautiful land, and now, when the island seems dreary and cold, I an tidak of your bright, sunny garden and

lorget the gloom about me. Why can you not stay with me?" asked the Pairy, "then your life would be all sun-

"When my father and brother return, replied Helga, "they would find the castle very lonely without me." "At least stay until your father returns,"

said the Fairy.

Helga's eyes brightened at the thought, and she gladly accepted the kind invitation.

Every day was filled with pleasure. Fairy-land was so wonderful to the little girl, whose whole life had been spent on the frozen island, and was it any wonder that with such attention as was shown to her that she was at last persuaded to think that her father and brother would soon grow ac-customed to her absence, and that she would be happier in fairyland? So the time glided away, constantly bringing new joys, until finally all thought of returning to the

After Helga had been away from her home for several years, it happened that the Fairy must visit her other realms across the She bade Helga a loving farewell, and, after promising to return in seven days, she left her in command of the kingdom; but de-manded that she would not pass through the gate of rock. Helga greatly enjoyed being Fairy Queen. Her little subjects were very attentive, and the seven days passed rapidly away. But when the eighth, ninth, tenth, and even eleventh days had gone, and still the Fairy did not appear, Helga became very auxious, and feared lest some accident had befallen her friend. On the evening of the twelfile day the little girl could no long-

er endure the anxiety.
"I must go," she said, "and see if her little boat is not coming over the waves. Surely the Fairy will forgive me if I dischev her

Helga pressed her hands against th rocky gate, and was once more on the bleak island. The sun had just set, and twilight was fast spreading over the shore. On a cliff, overhauging the water, Helga could

SOME ENIGMATICAL NUTS.

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

Address communications for this department to E. R. CHADBOURN, Lewistown, Maine. 1544-CONUNDRUM.



What puzzle is this couple likely to catch? D. M. H.

1545-RIDDLES.

My sails are spread to catch the breeze, And yet I skim no lakes nor seas; The wind blows high, the wind blows low. And I move with it, swift or slow, Yet fixed I stand on solid land. Yet fixed I stand, on solid land, Just where I first was built and planned.

Present and past are in my name, To many lands extend my fame; Young children hall me with acclaim, Their sires and grandsires did the same. trange ups and downs my patrons claim: 'bey rise without a breath of blame; own, down they sink, and feel no shame Yet there's no malice in my frame, And pleasure is my only aim.

Ye common plodders of the race, Behold me in such lofty place; Unwearied though your efforts be, You all may rise, but not like me. Yet though I stand at such a height, I am but frugile, weak and slight. Prisoned by bonds I cannot break, and that is well for my own sake. And that is well for my own sake; For if I once should burst my thrall, Sudden and sure would be my fall.

1546-CURTAILMENT. The total-bees upon the leas
Must dread to hear the one,
Whose merry tune, in latest June, Proclaims their feast is done

How brightly glance, in swift advance, The gleaning blades of steel; How many a nest their eager quest Does ruthlessly reveal!

And then, anon, is played upon
Their blades a merry tune,
By sharpening one, which says that done
Is search of bees here soon.
BITTER SWEET.

1517-MISS FLORA M'FLIMSY'S SPRING TOILET. She had a stylish bonnet, but as she had worn it one season she had it made over, using only the original material, and it became "to cite." She had part of a dress rade over, and that part became assemblies. She rearranged an old shoulder garment, and it was a step. Some soft materials for the neck were made over, and then pertained to music. She had a dress made over, because she was tired of it, and it became tiresome. She gave her little sister some coverings for the feet to make over for herself, but after she had done it, it proved that there was only one covering for the foot. She cut off the end of a wrap, and rearranged the remainder, and it was then something in which to bathe.

1548-NUMERICAL A woman with an all is one Whom all right-minded persons shun. She will 8, 2, 6, 5 and 4

6, 1, 9 or the merest youth Serves for a listener, in sooth 'Tis 3, 7 vain, indifference' You show, to hints like that she's dense

The woman with a pet complete Is one I do not care to meet.

My first, to speak phonetical, Lives sometimes in a hive; Or, if you'd have it literal, 'Tis to exist, or live. My next, if for the noun you seek,

1549-CHARADE.

Is numbers all complete;
Or, if the verb you would prefer,
It is to place or seat. The whole will show another verb, And means to quite surround, As soldiers sometimes trap the foe Upon the battle ground.

BITTER SWEET.

1550-A WARNING. A small boy went to a menagerie without an escort, and the strange sights and sounds affected him so much that he lost his head completely, and then became a public newspaper announcement, as the hurry scurry business men of America call it "for short." One of the animals found the head the boy had lost, and he (the animal) became so turned about and confused that he made first a loud noise, then a jump, and at last looked very white and sick.

Moral: Small boys should not go to such places without some one to look after them.

MRS. E.

1551-DECAPITATION. A parent's second is complete,
A childish sin to awe;
And guilty eyes refuse to meet
The one whose word is law.

Let justice be with mercy blent, Then love shall cast out fear; And hearts be loth, by real intent, To wound the honored dear. BITTER SWEET.

1552-ANAGRAM. "Lineage goes" as pedigree, Race, descent, or progeny. Let us hope that in our line Right may gain and wrong decline. GREGORY GALE.

1553-TRANSPOSITION. "What do you read, my lord!"-Hamlet.

The paper, mirror of the one
For every land beneath the sun,
And some more distant still;
With two on subjects old and new,
Seasoned with salt and spices due,
And dished with nicest skill.

The "leader" lifts its arm to three
Evils of high and low degree,
And crushes them all like four;
In five such thoughts and words of might
As needs must thrill the dullest wight,
And bid him "sleep no more."
M. C. S.

SOLVING IN APRIL. Prize Winners-1. Lottie Hughes, Apollo, Pa. 2. Oliver Twist, Pittsburg, Pa. 3. Alice

Ramett, Pittsburg, Pa.

Roll of Honor-Matilda Chambordon, Nettle
Fording Geo. C. Allen, Henry Leavitt, M. K.
K., C. U. Rious, Esther T. Nelson, Mary M.
Hanratt, C. H. Simmons, Inez B. St. Clair,
Rebecca H. Nicholls, I. Don't No, Fred A.
Hines, Olive A. Klein, Allegheny, Emma
Sproull, John Dougherty, Parker Manson, I.
C. Phinney. Sproun. C. Phinney. ANSWERS. 1534.—Desdemona, Paroles, Fallstaff, Dogberry, Hamlet. 1555.—1. Meats, tames, mates, teams, steam Aster, rates, tares, siren, resin, rinse. 3.
Aster, rates, tares, tears, stare.
1896.—B. ke-man.
1837.—Supper: 1. Purse. 2. Pups. 3. Spur.
4. Sure. 5. Pure. 6. Peru. 7. Ruse. 8. Super.

Upper. 1538.—A carpet.

CHAMPION CRACKER EATER. A Man Stows Away Eight in Less Than Five

Thomas Garvy, of East St. Louis bet George Cass that he couldn't eat six soda crakers in five minutes, without drinking any water. The bet provided Cass was not to drink within five minutes of "go," or within five minutes after the last cracker disappeared with a horrible, crunching sound. minutes before starting Cass cleared his throat with several glasses cleared his throat with several glasses of assorted beverages, and eyed the soda crackers, which never looked so large to him before, with a critical eye, and then declared he

When time was called he started at the crakers with a terrible earnestness, and instead of eating six crackers, Cass devoured eight crackers in four minutes and 40 secseconds, and never dropped a crumb. After accomplishing the feat and pocketing \$100, he again wet his throat, in which operation he was joined by those who had witnessed the proceedings. Cass now declares himself the champion soda cracker eater of Illinois.

THE PICKPOCKET IS BORN. He Must Have Long, Flexible Fingers and

Moist at the Ends. A man must have the physical endowment to be a pickpocket, just as a man must have a certain mental endowment to be a poet, says a noted criminal in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The lining of the pocket must be taken hold of about an inch from the top on the inside. It must be drawn up the top on the inside. It must be drawn up easily and quickly at the same time. Not more than half a dozen movements of the fingers should be necessary to get the lining out far enough. With the lining, of course, will come the pockethook, and this should never be touched by the fingers until it is almost ready to drop into the hand of the

Some experts never touch the book until it is in the hand. Now, the fingers to do this should be slender; not necessarily long, but thin and flexible, and the best pickpockets are those whose finger ends are naturally moist.

PROFESSIONAL TEA TASTER.

He Must Not Smoke or Indulge in Spices Foods and Should Be Regular.

The german is a dance of an infinite variety, and to lead it requires a man of head. One such leader, who constructs new figures, becomes a power in society. The waltz, galop, redown and polka step can all be utilized in it. There is a slow walk in the quadrille figure, a stately march, the bows and curtsies of the old minuet, and above all, the tour de valse, which is the means of locomotion from place to place. The changeful exirencies of the various figures. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] A professional tea taster is called in, and such a man is the only reliable judge. It is by no means an easy matter to become a good tea taster. A man must not only have an intimate knowledge of all varieties, but change greetings, dance with each other, change their geographical position many must keep his palate in the most delicate Smoking is absolutely procondition. Smoking is absolutely pro-hibited, and a taster must follow a very evolutions. A pretty figure is "La Corbeille l'Annean et la fleur." The first couple performs a tour de valse, after which the gentleman

hibited, and a taster must follow a very strict regimen, especially avoiding everything like highly spiced foods.

The least irregularity in diet is at once felt in loss of delicacy of taste and scent, and even a slight cold will render a man temporarily unfit for service. A tea taster must live more simply than an anchorite if he hopes to attain eminence in his profession. When a man knows what is required to be a good judge of tea, he is inclined to treat with a great degree of incredulity any amateur opinions. tell in loss of delicacy of taste and scent, and even a slight cold will render a man temporarily unfit for service. A tea taster must live more simply than an anchorite if he hopes to attain eminence in his profession. When a man knows what is required to be a good judge of tea, he is inclined to treat with a great degree of incredulity any amateur opinions.

BOB INGERSOLL'S BALD HEAD.

It Calls Out a Gift and a VIIE Pun From Two of His Friends.

New York Morning Journal.]

Colonel Bob Ingersoll had something of a joke played upon him on his last birthday. The genial lawyer is not noted for the density of hair upon his massive head, and this hirsute deficiency was the theme of the fun.

Two friends sent him a handsome silver comb in remembrance of the day, and attached to the gift was a card bearing this message: "We send you this knowing that you will never part with it."

Tell figure. The first couple performs a tour de valse, after which the gentleman presents the lady with a basket containing a ring and a flower, then resumes his seat. The lady presents the ring to one gentleman, the flower to another, and the basket to the third. The gentleman to whom she presents the ring to one gentleman, the flower to another, and the basket in his hand and dances alone.

The kaleidoscope is one of the pretiest figures. The four couples perform a tour de valse, after which the gentleman to whom she presents the lady with a basket containing a ring and a flower, then resumes his seat.

The lady presents the ring to one gentleman, the flower to another, and the basket to the third. The gentleman hoo whom she presents the ring to one gentleman, the flower to another, and the basket to the third. The gentleman hoo do not error the lady who presents the ring a ring and a flower, then resumes his seat.

The lady presents the ring to one of the basket to the third. The gentleman hoo receives the flower dances with the lady who presents the ring a ring and a flower, then can the lady with a basket containing a ring and a flowe

LADIES.

Becoming Exercises in Horseback.

Riding, Boating and Dancing.

STEPS OF OUR GRANDPARENTS.

With All Their Grace and Dignified Activ-

ity, Coming In Again.

SOME PRETTY FIGURES AND FAVORS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice, stole in and ont
As if they feared the light,
But O' she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.
Sie John Luckling.

The London Times says the present sea-

son has seen "driving jump to a great height of favor among fashionable women."

It is a curious expression, but enlightens us as to the liberty which even so great an au-

thority takes with our common language.

There is no doubt of the fact that the pony

phaeton and the pair of ponies are becoming

a great necessity to an energetic woman.

The "little poney and the Ralli cart" as a

ladies' pastime is a familiar figure at New-

know how to drive well ought ever to drive,

for they not only endanger their own lives but a dozen lives beside.

No form of recreation is so useful and so

becoming as horseback exercise. No En-

glishwoman looks so well as when "turned

out" for out-of-door exercise. And our American women who buy their habits and

hats in London, are getting to have the same "chic." Indeed, so immensely super-

ior is the London habit considered, that the French circus women who ride in the Bois,

making so great a sensation, go over to Lon-don to have their habits made, and thus re-

turn the compliment which English ladies pay to Paris, in having all their dinner gowns and tea gowns made there.

Perhaps disliking this sort of copy, the

been a favorite on the continent at water-

easier for the head. Still, in case of a fall it does not save the head like a hard mascu-line hat. We have not yet, as a nation, taken to cycling for women, but many

Englishwomen go all over the globe on a tricycle. A husband and his wife are often

seen on a bicycle near London; and women who lead sedentary lives, in offices and schools, make much of their afternoon thus.

Boating Beautifies the Figure.

oping a good figure, and to "manage a

of walking. One must put in something like an attraction or a duty to rouse our

a great influence over that nervous distress

which our climate produces with its over-

But if girls do not like to walk, they all

like to dance, and it is not intended as a

pun when we mention that "a great jump" has been made back to the old-fashioned

dancing in which freedom of movement is allowed. Those who saw Mary Anderson's

tried to go and dance like her, and to see Ellen Terry's spring in the pretty Olivia teaches one how entirely beautiful is this strong command of one's muscles. From

the German cotillon back to the Virginia

reel, is indeed a bound. Our grandfathers

knew how to dance. We are fast getting back to them. The earliest dancing mas-

ters were Frenchmen, and our ancestors

were taught to "pirouette" as did Vestris when he was so obliging as to say, after a royal command: "The house of Vestris has

galop has, during the long languor of the dance, alone held its own, in the matter of jollity. The glide waltz, the redowa, the stately minuet, give only the slow and graceful motions. The galop has always been a great favorite with the

Swedes, Danes and Russians, while the redown reminds one of the graceful Viennese

who dance it so well. The mazourka danced

to wild Polish music is a poetical and active

The Old German Cotillon.

Hungarian music is another reason why dancing has become a "hop, skip and a bound" without losing dignity or grace. Activity need not be vulgar. The German

cotillon, born many years ago in Vienna to

meet the requirements of court etiquette, i

still the fashionable dance with which the

ball closes. Its favors, beginning with flowers and ribbons and bits of tinsel, have

now ripened into fans, bracelets, gold scarf pins and pencil cases and many things more

expensive. Favors may cost \$5,000 for a ashionable ball, or "dance," as they say in

The german is a dance of an infinite va-

changeful exigencies of the various figures

times. Indeed no army goes through more

A Basket, a Ring and a Flower.

ead the 40 or 50, or the 200, to meet, ex-

The introduction of Hungarian bands and

affair.

London.

The

always danced for that of Bourbon.'

natchless grace in the "Winter's Tale," all

Dancing the Old Dances Again.

Recreation on Horsebac

croise and turn at corners with right hands, then dechasse and turn partners with left hands. Valse generale with vis a vis. A Pretty and Popular Figure.

"Le Cavalier Trompe" is another favorite figure. Five or six couples form a tour de valse. They afterward place themselves in ranks of two, one couple behind the other. The lady of the first gentleman leaves him and seeks a gentleman of another column. While this is going on the first gentleman must not look behind him. The first lady and the gentleman whom she has selected separate and advance on tip-toe on each side of the column in order to deceive the gentleman at the head and endeavor to join each other for a waltz. If the first gentleman is fortunate enough to seize his lady he leads off in a waltz; if not he must remain at his post until he is able to take a lady. The last gentleman remaining dances with the last lady.

A very pretty figure and easily gotten up is called Les Drapeaus. Five or six duplicate sets of small flags of national or fancy devices must be in readiness. The leader takes a flag of each pattern—his lady the duplicates. They perform a tour de valse. duplicates. They perform a tour de valse. The conductor then presents his flags to five or six ladies, his partner presenting hers to the gentlemen. The gentlemen then seek the ladies having the duplicates and with them perform the tour de valse, waving the flags as they dance. To give a german in a private house a lady has all the furniture removed from her parlors, the floor covered with a crash over the carpet and a set of folding chairs for the couples to sit in. The folding chairs for the couples to sit in. The carpet and crash are very bad. It is bette have a bare wooden floor, if possible.

port in the season, at a thousand country The Roof Is an Introduction. places, and at the seaside, in New York's It is considered that all taking part in Central Park and all through the West and rerman are introduced to one another, and on no condition whatever must a lady so It has been much more the custom for long as she remains in the german refuse to speak or to dance with any gentleman whom ladies in the West and South to drive themshe may chance to receive as a partner. Every American should learn that he can selves than for those at the North; consequently they drive better. Only those who

speak to anyone whom he meets at a friend's house. The roof is an introduction and for the purpose of making his hostess comforta-ble the guest should at dinner party and ble the guest should at dinner party and dance speak to his next neighbor.

The laws of the german are so strict and to many so tiresome occasionally that a good many parties have adjourned it, and merely dance the round dances, the lancers and quadrilles, winding up with Sir Roger de Coverly or Virginia reel. The leader of the german must have a comprehensive glance, a quick ear and eye and a great be-lief in himself. General Edward Ferrero,

who made a good general, declared that he owed all his success in war to his training as a dancing master. With all other qualities, the leader of the german must have tact. It is no easy matter to get 200 people into all sorts of combinations and mazes and then to get them out again, to offend no-body and to produce that elegant kaleido-scope called the german. A Technical Term Explained.

English women are becoming careless of their appearing on horseback, and are com-ing out in a straw hat, a "covert coat" and a cotton skirt. The soft felt hat has long The term tour de valse is used technically, meaning that the couple or couples performing it will execute the round dance designated by the leader once round the room. Should the room be small, they aske a second tour. After the introductory tour de valse care must be taken by those wh perform it not to select ladies and gentlemen from each other, but from among those who are seated. When the leader claps his hands to warn those who are prolonging the valse, they must immediately cease danc-

Boating needs to be cultivated in The favors for the german are often fans, and this time-honored, historic article grows America. It is a superb exercise for develin beauty and expense every day. Ribbons are very much used, being called "les rubans." Six ribbons about a yard in length and of various colors are attached to one end of a stick about punt, has become a common accomplishment for the riverside girls. Ladies have regattas on the Thames. Golf has yet to be introduced among us, to rival lawn tennis, archery and ball. Fencing, which many actresses must learn, is a very admirable process for developing the figure. The young Princesses of Wales are adepts in this. It requires an outfit of a dainty tunio 24 inches in length; also a duplicate set of ribbons attached to another stick must be in readiness. The first couple perform a tour de valse and then separate. The gentleman takes one set of ribbons and stops succesto the knees, a fencing jacket of soft leather with tight sleeves, gauntlet gloves, sively in front of the ladies whom he desires to select to take part in the figures. Each of these ladies rises and takes hold of the loose end of a ribbon. The first lady takes the other set of ribbons, bringing forward a mask, a pair of foils, and costs about \$15. American women as a rule are not fond six gentlemen in the same manner. The first couple conduct the lady and gentleman delicate girls to walk. They will not do it for their health alone. Gymnastic teachtoward each other and each gentleman dances with the lady holding the ribbon duplicate of his own. The first gentleman ing is, however, giving our girls more strength, and it would be well if in every family of daughters there were some calisdances with his own partner. thenic training, to develop the muscles,

teach a girl to swim is almost a duty, and these splendid physical exercises will have lier in the center of the dining-room," we read, "depended 20 scarfs of gros grain rib-bon, each 3½ yards long and nine inches wide, heavily fringed and richly adorned at both ends with paintings of flowers and foliage. These scarfs were so arranged that an end of each came down to the place one of the ladies was to occupy at the table, and care was taken in their selection to have colors harmonizing with the lady's dress and complexion."

The Cotillon Dinner.

These cotillon dinners have been a pretty fashion for two or three winters to enable four or five young hostesses to give each a dinner, the whole four to meet with their guests at one house for a small german after the dinner, each hostess comparing her list with that of her neighbor so that there should be no confusion. It is believed that this device was the invention of the incomparable Mr. McAllister, to whom society owes a great deal. The fashionable society like the german, must have a leader—some one who will take trouble and think out these elaborate details. Nowhere in Europe is so much pains taken about this sort of

adornment as here.

The menus of these cotillion dinners are often water-color paintings worthy of preservation. Sometimes a scene from one of Shakespeare's plays, sometimes a copy of some famous French pictures, in either case giving something delightfully artistic. For a supper after a dance or during the dishes are placed on the table, and it is served en buffet; but for a set down supper, served at little tables, or large ones, the service will be exactly like a dinner, except that there is no soup or fish. Oysters on the half-shell and bouillon in cups, represent these two courses, sweathreads and green peas, cotellettes a la financiere, and some sort of game in season, such as reed birds in autumn, canvassback ducks, veni-son and woodcock, salads of every descrip-are served in order. Ices and fruit follow. Cheese is not in order. A large centerpiece of flowers is placed in the middle of the table. Champagne, iced, is poured from the beginning to the end; and old-fashioned people put sherry and Madeira on in handsome decanters. A slice of pate de foie gras with tomato salad is indispensable. M. E. W. Sherwood.

GETTING RID OF SMOKE. A Platinum Wire Over a Gas Jet Will Clear

Up a Room. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] It is not generally known that platinum at a white heat will consume any quantity of tobacco smoke and keep the atmospher perfectly clear. Lamps with a ring of platinum over the flame are used for the purpose in the East, but a piece of platinum wire suspended over a gas jet is much cheaper, and really does its work better.

and really does its work better.

No one knows exactly the process whereby the air is cleared, as it invariably is, but an easier way to avoid annoyance to ladies or non-smokers could hardly be imagined. Heated platinum, however, only clears the air, and does not purify it, and hence it will not enable the sensitive man to breathe freely in the vicinity of cigarette smokers.

Jay Gould told an intimate friend not long ago that Chicago is the worst city in the world for a poor man to live in.
"In the first place," said Mr. Gould, "it costs so much to live in Chicago that it isn't worth it. Now the undertakers have raised the price of funerals and it costs a poor man so much to die that he can't afford it."

What's in a Name.

Maurice Barrymore has a big, ferocious looking dog who exists easily and lazily under the questionable name of "Fish." When asked the reason of christening such a fine-looking animal in such a curious fashion, Mr. Barrymore said: "Oh, he don't and wont bite."

HAUNTS OF THE POET

So Beautiful That the Most Gifted Pen Fails to Describe.

IN THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT. Nature Has Produced a Little Realm of Perpetual Delight.

GREAT MINDS THAT REVELLED THERE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

AMBLESIDE, ENGLAND, May 8 .- A German writer has truly said: "There can be no guide to a lover of nature but that love itself." No pen painter who has ever lived or will ever live, has limned or can ever depict in a page or a book the beauties of the English lake region. There never has been printed an adequate guide, and even were the best one that could be made provided, the traveler who comes here to see with eyes and heart would suffer greater from its insufficiency than find delight in its expo-This is true because, in the first place, no

one with pen or brash can produce on a single page or canvas a single picture com-prising manifold expression. It would be a numan impossibility to comprehend in any series of descriptions or paintings the myriad distinct and glowing scenes which the region furnishes. And, even could this be done, then there would still be lacking be done, then there would still be lacking all those glorious promptings to emotional enjoyment from associative interest which the beholder of the actual scene can never have interpreted to him by another. In many years' almost continuous travel in Europe I have never come upon any other place which so satisfied in endless variety of change and mood every feedly of vision and mind: faculty of vision and mind; every pure activity of thought and memory; every tender capability of heart and soul. Word Painting Is Inadequate.

You could make a great volume full of You could make a great volume full of glorious paintings, winsome descriptions, exquisite incidents, memories almost as comprehensive as the wide domain of English literature, and sweet with tender philosophizings; and then but have barely hinted at the majestic book of nature and reminiscence which lies open for the enjoyment of all who come. The village of Bowness is one of the quaintest and sweetest add ness is one of the quaintest and sweetest old nests in England. It is a dreamful maze of inextricable streets whose houses are al-most wholly covered with roses and ivy. The east window of its square-towered little church is one of the oldest in England, having been taken from that once most magnificent of all of England's ancient monastic edifices, Furzess Abbey. The place is hid-den beneath gigantic trees on the eastern shore of the queen of the English lakes,

Climb Brant Fell behind it. The lake, immediately beneath to the west, sketching from the lower Furness Fells, in Lancashire, to Ambleside in Westmoreland, forms a liquid valley of blue, set with numberless emerald islets, its mountain shores merging emerald islets, its mountain shores merging into purple depths at the far north, where grim Helvellyn lifts its curved crest beyond the sublime isolation af mighty Helm Crag. The ocean blue of Morecambe Bay glints beyond the puce sands of Lancaster to the south. Esthwaite and Coniston Water glimsouth. mer among the western fells, and Hard Knot and Coniston Old Man form mighty sentinels in the background in the direction of the Irish sea.

Wave on Wave of Somber Fir.

It is a sublime spectacle. But along with it is the ever welcome element of soft and tender beauty. The lower masses of larch nearest the water's edge are like gigantic pillows of emerald. These merge in grace-ful lines into the more somber fir, which, hank on bank and wave on wave shove rol upward in noble undulations, often to the very crests of lofty mountains; while half-seen cottages peeping from mountain sides, gray old chapels nestling in patches of sunlight, splendid halls and manor houses perched upon lower promontories, and countless pleasure craft specking the waters of Windermere, and to the exultation of an exalting solitude that happy consciousness of certain, if isolate, nearness

Feast as you may at nature's lavish board, the undertones are ever heard. Over yon-der by Coniston Water, gray and scowling John Ruskin, a prisoner in his own home, lovely Brantwood, presses his pale face against the window-panes and stares with strangely-lighted eyes at the wondrous world without, but knows it not, for mad phantasms possess his darkened mind. You can see 100 dales and glens which Wordsworth loved and haunted. Near Brantwood is Tent Lodge, where Lord Tennyson once lived, dreamed and wrote. Near, gentle Gerald Massey wooed those pensive spirits with whom he so wholly lived, and in whose actual though impalpable presence he so undeniably believed.

Great Intellects at Recreation. Then a sturdier lot appear. Just below Then a sturdier lot appear. Just below Bowness to the left, Storrs Hall is seen. It was here that in 1825 such giants as the statesman Canning, the philosopher, novelist and poet, "Christopher North" (Prof. Wilson), the laureate of England and bard of the lakes, Wordsworth, and Scotland's greatest romancer, Sir Walter Scott, met and held high mental carnival, while disporting like a beyy of school boys, and terminated like a bevy of school boys, and terminated the illustrious occasion by a brilliant regatta on Windermere in charge of Wilson as "Admiral of the Lakes." It would have been worth a year of ordinary namby-pamby life to have sat silent among them and listened during those rare and radiant days. Windermere, but a continuation of Bow ness, is modern. The London and Northwestern Railway penetrates to this point. In the place of Bowness, which is now left in dreamftl quiet, it has become the southern metropolis of the region; just as Keswick, to which you can come by rail from the northeast, is the northern me-tropolis. The situation of Windermere is entrancing. It is stately in splendid inns and surrounding country seats, similar to the grand mansions along the Hudson. The place, with its modern suggestions and countless arriving and departing coach-loads of tourists, siaks out of sight beneath the giant forest trees, when you have climbed to the summit of Orrest Head, where the prospect is still grander than that from Brant Fell, behind Bowness; for you are nearer the head of the vale of Windermere, broadest expanses.

The Plot of Robert Elsmere.

But near as this is to the steam whistle But near as this is to the steam whistle and coach-horn, the undertones are even here. From Orrest Head, the haunts of every poet or prose writer of the region, save those of Coleridge and Shelley about Keswick, are again visible. Windermere with its glorious foreground of foliage is seen in its entire length. Range after range of lake mountains rise beyond it to the west. The valley of Ambleside lays like a halfdefined glen of purple to the north, darkening at its edges, changing to livid green along the higher ranges, the crags of Helm, Fairfield and Nab Scar forming great peaks of sun-kissed splendor above. A mass of mountain tops and misty passes lie to-ward Ullswater in the northeast. Along the ridges toward the Yorkshire moors, one purple furrow shows where was hid the plot of "Robert Elsmere," in Longsleddale.

Besides, here are the woods and waters of Elleray. No Cumbrian home ever held a bigger frame, a greater heart or a loftier and tenderer soul than the mansion of Elleray. The place is now just as it was when

and tenderer soul than the mansion of Elleray. The place is now just as it was when it was "Christopher North's" earthly paradise, with "several roofs shelving away there in the luster of loveliest lichens, each roof with its own assortment of doves and pigeons preening their pinions in the morning pleasaunce;" and the giant sycamore, of which Prof. Wilson himself said, "not even in the days of the Druids could there have been such another

tree," still shelters Elleray with its mighty

A Picturesque Old Water Mill. But six miles to the north of the village of Windermere, lies Ambleside, more ancient, in that it was bnee an important Roman station, than any other village of the lake region. Like Bowness, the entire place is hidden in masses of foliage and bloom. Numberless tiny mountain streams tumble through it, and one turns the wheel of the quaintest and most picturesque water mill in England. Here in a few moments' walk one comes to the famous Stock Chvill Forces. in England. Here in a few moments' walk one comes to the famous Stock Ghyll Force; and to the east and higher still rises the huge ridge of Wansfell, with "its visionary majestics of light," as Wordsworth sang. From its summit grander prospects meet the eye than at Bowness or Windermere.

Yet with all, the entrancing excursions among the scenic glories roundabout, more pilgrims come to Ambleside because one

pilgrims come to Ambieside because one woman gave its name to the whole world. That woman was Harriet Martineau. "Skeptie" some called her. She held that she had passed the boundaries of skepticism and dwelt in a life of absolute faith. No one need grieve for her "views," when they

resulted in so grand and diligent a life. No woman ever lived who accomplished more

woman ever lived who accomplished more actual literary labor, or in that labor did more for the world's progress and humanity at large. Her old home "The Knoll" is not a stone's throw from the highway, but is so imbedded in foliage as to be invisible from it. Just a few steps through a massive gateway, over a drive shadowy from laurel, hawthorn, beeches and holly, brings you to a sunny terrace affame with flowers; and then facing about, the outlines of the house are gradually traced through masses of ivy pushing to the very eaves. The gray old Westmoreland stone can only here and there be seen. The large bay windows are half hidden by jasmine, climbing roses and passion flowers. And the huge chimneys and gables hint of the houses of Elizabeth's time. The older villagers say the light of Ambleside went out when they bore Harriet Martineau's body to its grave in the old cemetery at Birmingham. But it seems to me her good and But it seems to me her good and kindly face must still be shining there with the blossoms from those great bay windows. Just before you reached Ambleside you could turn aside a few steps from the highway and see in Dove Nest, the former home of Mrs. Hemans. Immediately opposite The Knoll, where lived Miss Martineau, though hidden by the majestic traces which line the hands of the estic trees which line the banks of the Rothay river is another fine old mansion, Fox Howe, where the great Dr. Arnold passed the happiest hours of his life. Then to the right of the highway, not a mile from The Knoll, is Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home described in the preceding article. In

The Custom of Rushbearing. It is in this church, dedicated to Saint

the sweet old village of Grasmere you will find the tombs of Wordsworth and Hartley

Coleridge, in the graveyard of Grasme

Oswald, so old that British antiquarians cannot fix its origin, that the curious and ancient custom of "Rushbearing" has been continued from the mists of antiquity to he present time. Traces of rushbearing may be met in some other northern localties. It has been revived at Ambleside. But this is the one sacred edifice in all Eu-rope where the custom has been continu-ous from time immemorial. In very ancient times rushbearing seems to have formed a portion of the Feast of Dedication, and the portion of the Feast of Dedication, and the processional bearing of rushes for the renewal of floors, whose place they often wholly supplied, was attended with much pomp and ceremony. Many of the remote early English churches had no other floors than the bare earth, with now and then a line of rude flags along the aisles, and this heads of St. Cowald's was provided with a church of St. Oswald's was provided with a complete floor only as late as 1840. Up to that time the small rushes which grow upon the fells, provincially known as "sieves," were gathered and brought to the church from Langdale in carts. Tall poles, often large holly boughs, were provided for the "bearings." These, curiously decorated with crosses, harps, wreaths and frequently with paper-flower serpents twining around them, were carried about the village, often followed by four maidens with a flower-bordered sheet filled with the sacred rushes. When the rushes were all strewn in the church, usually on Saturday afternoon, "Jimmy Dawson," the fiddler of Grove Cottage, struck up a "Rushbearing March of unknown antiquity. He headed a pro-cession forming at the village bridge. After this had threaded all the streets and wynds of Grasmere, it returned to the old church, where the wardens, after an ancient usage, presented each of the bearers with twopens

worth of gingerbread, paid for out of the church collections.

The rushbearing of Grasmere now occurs on Saturday in the second week of August. The procession, still moving forward to the strains of "Jimmy Dawson's March," follows St. Oswald's banner; and, scattering flowers and rushes, proceeds around the en-tire village. Rushbearing hymns and a hymn to St. Oswald are sung. Games for children are provided in the rectory field. Wrestling, "putting the stone," running and leaping are indulged in by countryside champions. Rushbearing hymns are chanted at the church gate. A choral evensong is sung at 7 o'clock, and old-time distribution of gingerbread, dancing and other rural festivities are continued until midnight. EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

LETTERS HARD TO FIND.

Two Initials of Designer Morgan Hidden or

the Silver Dollar. It is generally believed that the letter 'M." to be seen on the neck of Liberty on the face of the silver dollar, means "Mint" and is proof of its genuineness. The Phil-adelphia Record says this is not true, but that the "M" stands for Morgan, George T. Morgan, who is the originator of the de-

Upon the same side there is another "M," also the initial of the designer. This is to be found in the waving locks of the fair goddess, and it is so cleverly concealed in the lines of the design that it can only be seen after a long scrutiny. A prominent Mint official, in speaking of this other in-itial, said that he had had it shown to him scores of times, but never could find it un-

MUST HAVE THEIR QUOTA OF HEADS. Lovers of Borneo Not Accepted Until They

Have Killed So Many Men. When the Very Rev. Thomas Jackso went to the Island of Borneo among the head hunters the people had a habit of collecting the heads of their enemies. The women all demanded warrior husbands, and where the encroaching mountain walls are the ability of a warrior was judged by the highest, and the noble lake itself makes the number of heads he had gathered. When a man proposed marriage to a woman she in-variably asked: "How many heads have

> If he did not have enough to suit her she would tell him to go and not to return until he had half a dozen or a dozen more. The priests have made a little headway toward discouraging this custom, but it is still a custom.

MOLTKE'S OPINION OF STANLEY. Thought the Explorer a Vagrant Soldier

Out for the Hard Cash. Prof. Joest tells me that he had a conversation with Moltke about the African exploration some time ago, says a Berlin correspondent of THE DISPATCH. "He asked me many questions about Stanley,"

asked me many questions about Stanley," said the Professor, and he concluded by bluntly demanding, "He is one of these marauders, is he not—one of the type of the vagrant soldier of the middle ages who would do anything for money?"

Moltke, however, on the other hand, described Major Wissmann as a "most deserving young dog." The veteran added, with emphasis, "He treats those black devils as they ought to be treated. It would not do to play with them. Tight crayats and not to play with them. Tight cravats, and not Bibles, are wanted there."

Lots of Stray Clothing.

This is the time when people take off their overcoats and wraps and feel so warm

Warrant my remedy to cure the wond others have failed in no reason for no cure. Send at onte for a treatine and my infallible remedy. Give Express a my infallible remedy. Give Express a my infallible remedy. Give Express a my infallible remedy.

19 that they forget them and leave them in stores, halls and street cars. It may seem queer to think of a man getting out of a street car and leaving his overcoat, but the conductors say this is frequently done.

REPORTED HIS OWN SUICIDE.

Prussian Sofdier's Statement to the Captain of the Guards. The Prussian soldier is so strict in all

natters affecting his military service that he

seems to carry his discipline to the grave with him. A Captain in the Guards re-ceived the other day a curious letter from one of his men, written in the most formal and official manner, which made the following curious announcement:

I have the honor to report most dutifully that I have committed suicide by shooting myself with the rifle provided for my use by the grace of His Majesty. The three females serving in the house of my master, Captain X—, have driven me to commit this act. I trust that His Majesty's uniform will not be spoiled on account of this, my last act of insubordination. Then follows the name of the unfortunate

soldier and his military description, written with the most scrupulous exactitude.

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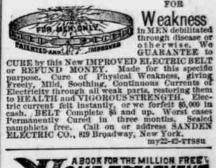
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