

What Do the Children Drink?
Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Poverty is the grindstone that sharpens a man's wits.

Visit to the Glorious Mountains of North Carolina.

Now is the time to go to Asheville, Tryon, Hendersonville and Pinehurst, N. C., to escape the disagreeable March weather easily reached from New York, via the Southern Railway on perfectly equipped vestibuled trains. These resorts are attracting attention all over the country, and are visited daily by a large number of tourists and health seekers. The Southern Railway has tickets on sale at greatly reduced rates. Write for descriptive booklet of Winter Homes in the South, giving prices of board, etc., to Alex. S. Thwaites, Eastern Pass. Agt., 116 Broadway, New York.

It's an ill wind that blows the doctor good.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! No baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

▲ A state lunch in China usually consists of 14 dishes.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves's signature is on each box. 25c.

Like nearly all Natal rivers, the Tugelo is not navigable.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

When a fellow falls in love he rises in his own estimation.

Spring Humors of the Blood

Come to a certain percentage of all the people. Probably 75 per cent. of these people are cured every year by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we hope by this advertisement to get the other 25 per cent. to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has made more people well, effected more wonderful cures than any other medicine in the world. Its strength as a blood purifier is demonstrated by its marvelous cures of

- Scrofula
- Salt Rheum
- Scald Head
- Bolls, Pimples
- All kinds of Humors
- Psoriasis
- Blood Poisoning
- Rheumatism
- Catarrh
- Malaria, Etc.

All of which are prevalent at this season. You need Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will do you wonderful good.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup
The best remedy for children and adults. Cures all coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, asthma, grippe, bronchitis and laryngitis. Price 50c.

Getting Lost Abroad.

"The greatest trouble I had while abroad," said a man that had returned from Europe a few days ago, "was in getting from one place to another. I went to the station to go to Naples, but when I spoke of Naples the station man looked puzzled. He insisted there was no such city. I went into the geographical location of the city, and he looked relieved. 'Oh, you mean Noppallee,' he said, placing the accent on the first syllable. I went to Noppallee."

"When I asked to go to Florence, I had the same experience. After going through the same performance I went to Flo-ren-chie, with the accent on the 'ren.'"

"I thought I would never get to Brussels, and when I was about ready to give up and go to some other place, the station master started me to Brussels."—Indianapolis Press.

Backaches of Women

are wearying beyond description and they indicate real trouble somewhere.

Efforts to bear the dull pain are heroic, but they do not overcome it and the backaches continue until the cause is removed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

does this more certainly than any other medicine. It has been doing it for thirty years. It is a woman's medicine for woman's ills. It has done much for the health of American women. Read the grateful letters from women constantly appearing in this paper.

Mrs. Pinkham counsels women free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

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NATURE'S MIRACLE.

He who loves not a noble tree
No fellowship may claim from me.

Deep in the earth its great roots spread,
But heaven's own blue surrounds its head.

It holds the joy of summer morn,
The strength of winter's wildest born.

God's birds find shelter in its arms,
Secure from everything that harms.

It bows when south winds wander past,
But boasts unharmed the fiercest blast.

'Tis Nature's miracle to me,
Her fairest work—a noble tree.

—NINETTE M. LOWATER, in the New York Sun.

MOLLY'S DRESS.

BY MIRA L. COBBE.

Molly was determined to go to the party, and yet she knew she would be the worst-dressed girl in the room. Her frocks were shabby, and none of them more so than the one she would be forced to wear if she accepted Frank Gillman's invitation. With a deep sigh she rose from the bed where she had been lying thinking the whole matter over, and turned towards the tiny closet where all her dresses hung. Reaching into its musty recesses, Molly drew forth a much bedabbled gray dress and looked at it sadly.

When the preceding summer it had served as a best gown, and in that capacity did enough service to have been placed upon the retired list, but Molly was not as considerate as that. With considerable ingenuity she had transformed the coat blouse into a low-cut evening waist, and the long sleeves into pretty little puffs. Around the neck she had draped a little cheap chiffon, and above it her soft white neck had emerged like a lily. Now, however, the dress was creased and stained and the chiffon rumpled. She might as well have thrown it away, but that would not cover the stains or a great tear in the skirt. All the other girls were going to have new dresses, but that was something beyond her scanty purse.

"Oh, dear," she sighed again, tossing the dress aside and sinking back on the bed, "if I were a girl in a story book I'd have some convenient garment to go to and there I'd find a handsome piano cover, or a lamp mat or a bedspread, or something equally useful, out of which I'd rig up a dress that would make all the other girls turn green with envy. As I am just Molly Prentiss, a clerk on five dollars a week I can't have a new dress, oh, dear! oh, dear!"

And poor Molly buried her pretty face in her hands and sobbed bitterly. She was only 20, and it was so hard to deny herself all the things of her age most love. At last she roused herself, and sitting down wrote a courteous refusal to Frank Gillman's invitation, although her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could scarcely write the address. Not waiting for fear she would change her mind, Molly caught up a shawl, and, throwing it around her, rushed out to the nearest letter box and dropped the letter in. As she saw it disappear she caught her breath, and would have given worlds to have recalled it, but it was too late, and she returned to her room very much depressed in spirits.

A boarding house is not the most cheerful place in the world, and Molly thought hers had never seemed so gloomy as it did that evening, and when she went to bed at last she sobbed herself to sleep.

The party upon which she had set her heart was not a great social event, but to her it was of vast importance. It was merely a dance given by the young men in the store where she was employed, and Frank Gillman was the floor walker of Molly's department. For some time she had noticed that he had paid her special attention, overlooking little things she said and did, but it was not until she had read his note, which was awaiting her when she reached home the preceding night, that she realized that he regarded her with any special favor.

When she took up her position behind the counter and tied her black apron about her waist, Molly saw that Frank's eyes were fixed upon her face, which still bore the traces of her weeping, and she tried to smile at him, but her eyes filled with tears. The young man noticed her emotion, but was too busy to go over and inquire into the cause of it for several hours. When he did so she had recovered her self-possession and merely laughed away his inquiries. When Frank received her little note, however, he began to understand that something was worrying her and he resolved to discover the cause of her depression. During the days which followed, however, Molly avoided him constantly, and he felt that he must have offended her in some manner or other, when he overheard a little conversation between another girl and her which enlightened him wonderfully. It was the day of the party, and all the girls were chattering about it upon every opportunity.

"Say, Molly," whispered one of the girls to Molly, as the two were sorting out some of their stock towards the close of the day, "what are you going to wear tonight?"

"I'm not going," Molly replied, with a little catch in her voice.

"Not going? Come, now, that's too bad. Didn't you get a bid?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go?" was the astonished question.

"Because I have no fit dress," Molly replied, the tears standing in her eyes. "I won't go in debt for anything, and you know I have nothing except what I earn, since my brother died last winter."

"Oh, that's too bad," returned her companion, carelessly, turning away to wait upon a customer and Molly continued her work, unaware that Frank had been listening to her little confession. A few moments later she was waiting upon a disagreeable customer, and he was calling to the cash girls to hurry, yet he managed to give her a tender, bright smile as he passed, that lifted the heavy cloud which was hanging over her, and she started for home with an almost light heart. As she was hurrying along the street she heard some one call her name and, looking around, saw Frank. Her cheek flushed, and she looked as though she would have liked to have run from him. He gave her another tender look, saying, as he took her hand and drew it through his arm—

"Why didn't you tell me your reason for not accepting my invitation?"

"Because," Molly began, and then hesitated.

"I know what it was. I heard you telling Nelly this afternoon," Frank continued, looking down at her blushing face.

"Oh, gracious!" Molly said, half crying. "I wouldn't have had you know it for anything."

"And why not?"

"Because I wouldn't," Molly returned, striving to draw her hand away from his arm.

"You are silly," Frank said, with considerable energy. "Is there any disgrace in being poor? It is a good deal more to your credit that you weren't willing to make your landlady wait for her money so you could have a new dress, than if you had cheated her. I'd sooner starve myself than do as most the fellows do—go into debt as deeply as they can; so you see I admire just that quality in you."

"Well, it's the right thing to do," Molly replied, softly.

"Indeed it is, and now I want you to do me a favor, will you?"

"Of course."

"I want you to go home and put on whatever dress you have, no matter what it is, and I'll bring you some roses and we'll go to that party. No matter what your dress is, you will be the prettiest girl there, to me at least. Will you?"

To her surprise Molly said yes, and hurried along, her heart beating so hard she could hear it.

Without waiting for any dinner she rushed up to her room and again took out the despised dress. At night perhaps it wouldn't look so awfully bad, she thought, as she shook it out and began to sponge the stains, and by the time she had pressed it with a hot iron she begged from the cook, if it really was improved. Removing the soiled chiffon she replaced it with a little lace, cheap and somewhat torn, but clean, and when she added a bow of ribbon to hide the mended place in the skirt Molly felt that it looked almost like a new dress. She had scarcely finished dressing when Frank arrived, and putting on her wraps she ran down to meet him, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. No one was in the hall as she came down, and Frank bent and kissed the face which had become so dear to him, saying as he did so—

"You know that I love you, don't you?" and Molly could only look her answer.

after making a dab or two at her eyes, continued her work, unaware that Frank had been listening to her little confession. A few moments later she was waiting upon a disagreeable customer, and he was calling to the cash girls to hurry, yet he managed to give her a tender, bright smile as he passed, that lifted the heavy cloud which was hanging over her, and she started for home with an almost light heart. As she was hurrying along the street she heard some one call her name and, looking around, saw Frank. Her cheek flushed, and she looked as though she would have liked to have run from him. He gave her another tender look, saying, as he took her hand and drew it through his arm—

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"You know that I love you, don't you?" and Molly could only look her answer.

When they reached the hall where the dance was to be held, Frank gave her a large bunch of flowers he had been carrying and led her at the door of the dressing-room. A few moments later he called for her and started when he saw what a transformation happiness and a dozen roses had wrought. She had pinned a great cluster of them in the torn lace, hiding all deficiencies of the trimming, while one of them nestled in her soft brown hair. Her cheeks glowed like companion roses, and her eyes were like stars. He said nothing, but Molly knew by his admiring look that he would not be ashamed and she felt satisfied.

After spending the most enjoyable evening of her life, Molly said, as she and Frank were walking to the street cars—

"I've had the best time I ever had."

"Have you dear?" Frank returned, pressing her arm to his side. "Are you willing to make me the happiest man in the world?" and his voice trembled as he looked down at the little figure.

"How?" Molly whispered, without looking up.

"By promising to marry me," he returned, and Molly's answer must have satisfied him, for he said as they parted on the steps of the boarding house—

"Now mind, Molly, this dress must be kept. We'll put it under glass and keep it in the parlor, won't we, dearest?" and Molly answered, as she unlocked the door—

"Yes, we'll keep it, for it showed me that you care for me and not for my clothes."

On Choosing a Country House.

"I would say to any one who is thoroughly in earnest about a country home—make it yourself. Xenophon, who lived in a time when Greeks were Greeks, advised people in search of a country place to buy of a slatterly and careless farmer, since in that event they might be sure of seeing the worst, and of making their labor and care work the largest results. Cato, on the other hand, who represented an effeminate and scheming race, advised the purchase of a country home from a good farmer and judicious house builder, so that the buyer might be sure of nice culture and equipments—possibly at a bargain. It illustrates, I think, rather finely an essential difference of the two races and ages—the Greek earnest to make his own brain tell, and the Latin eager to make as much as he could out of the brains of other people. I must say I like the Greek view best."—Arthur Reed Kimball, in Scribner's.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

A House Orchid.

One of the most popular orchids grown for cut-flower purposes is Cypripedium insignis; and it is also valuable as a house plant, though possibly seldom so grown. Its spikes of solitary flowers on stiff stems make it the most convenient orchid to have about a house; and the lasting quality of the flowers—from four to six weeks each—makes the plant equal to many that produce more flowers, but individually last but a short time. The quaint "ladies slipper" flowers open a brownish yellow in color, turning quite yellow with age. When growing and blooming, an abundance of water is welcomed, provided the drainage be perfect. They are usually grown in pots, packed with moss or peat. During the summer, they may be kept barely moist and partly shaded.—McLean's Monthly.

A Dry Summer.

This past season has shown to many farmers who scarcely need to have waited until now to learn the lesson, the importance of making preparation each year for a season when the grass in the pasture will be short, cows shrink in their milk, calves and young stock grow smaller, and in both ways a loss will be occasioned that cannot be made up by good feeding afterward. When the price of milk and butter was the highest they had the least to sell. Those who had ensilage in the silo or green fodder to cut and feed out were fattening their pocket-books, while the man whose forehead did not come until afterward was growing poorer. It is as necessary for the farmer to prepare for a dry, hot summer as for a cold winter, for both are sure to come every year, even though they sometimes are a little delayed beyond the scheduled time.

Look to the Cols.

The farmer who will closely watch his colts at this season of the year and see that all their wants are satisfied will make money by it. Water should be supplied several times a day and always before feeding. By frequent watering they will not drink so much cold water at a time, which is sometimes attended with serious results. See that they have a variety of food and at regular hours, for they know when meal time comes as well as people do. Oats and wheat bran and good clover hay make the best feed for young stock, as they supply muscle and bone growing material.

See that they are not exposed to rainstorms—but that in dry weather they have a run in the paddocks and fields. Have warm beds for them to lie upon when they sleep—for they need refreshing sleep like all animals. Keep them growing. Not a day should pass without some growth, or what has been fed to them has been wasted. To get value out of the feed one must get weight, growth, size, and if colts are well fed and treated every day's feed will increase their value.—Rocky Mountain Husbandman.

Worn Files and Scrap Iron.

Save your cross-cut files, the three-cornered ones, after you have worn them out. Old cross-cut files make excellent rake teeth for a garden rake. It takes only eight of them to fill the rake head, setting them in two inches apart, which is a good distance to have them. They will serve you longer, and almost as efficiently, this way, as at first. And, in fact, all rods, bolts, plow points, and scrap iron of every sort should be saved and laid away in a convenient place for them, ready for use, when anything of the sort is wanted about the farm. Almost everything may be utilized in some way.

Old horseshoes make good books for hitching posts, and a wornout ax stuck into a block of wood serves well for a miniature anvil whereon to clinch nails, rivets and such like work. Another ax, fastened securely, edge up, is convenient for clipping wire, nails, old hoops, etc. Besides, since the late rise in iron goods, old scrap iron is in demand, and can be sold to advantage. Gather up the scrap iron about the farm and lay it away. You will see chances to utilize it sooner or later.

Growing Winter Cucumbers.

Sow the seed for raising the plants in some warm place, and as soon as they are well up, transplant into 6-inch flower pots, bury the pots in the soil of the greenhouse up to the rim and keep well watered with water not too cold. It takes about five or six weeks to raise good plants from seed. After the house had been prepared and properly warmed up, set the plants over a trench 15 inches deep, nearly filled with fresh horse manure, 3-1-2 feet apart, one in a pot or hill. This was about April 1. In the fall and winter, when they make less vine, two plants to the hill is better, and at this time they may be set only 3 feet apart. Now, having strung out our plants, we run a high temperature, 100 degrees mid-day heat will not harm them for the first two or three days, reducing the temperature to 80 degrees or so at night. After they are well started, a mid-day temperature of 90 degrees is sufficient. Water freely and now watch closely for lice.

As soon as the plants begin to run, we put up trellises, using galvanized wire fastened to the supports with small staples; placing the wires 8 or 10 inches apart from near the ground to near the top of the house. We tie them to the lower wire loosely, so as not to girdle and kill the vines, using the same material as in bunching vegetables. They should be kept tied up as fast as the shoots get big enough. Pruning should be carefully attended

to. When the sun runs high and hot it is easy to scorch the ends of vines. When I have found, from any cause, plants lacking the vigor and the healthy growth of their neighbors, I have applied a small quantity of nitrate of soda, not more than two table-spoonfuls to a hill.—New England Homestead.

Benefits of the Dairy to the Soil.

Professor W. C. Latta of Purdue experiment station, read a paper at an Indiana dairymen's meeting in which he said that the persistent growing and selling of hay and grain without making returns to the soil must sooner or later result in failures. It is necessary to concentrate the products that leave the farm. Butter, cheese, cream and milk are among the most highly concentrated products that leave the farm. A ton of butter, representing many tons of hay, takes from the farm only one-tenth the fertility that one ton of hay does. Comparing the losses in soil fertility on a 100-acre dairy farm as against the losses where the entire crops are removed, we have the following result: Assuming that a 100-acre farm, subjected to a five year rotation, viz: 20 acres of corn, oats and wheat, and 40 acres of hay and pasture, would raise 1000 bushels of corn, 40 tons of stalks, 800 bushels of oats, 500 bushels of wheat, 20 tons of straw, and that the meadows and pasture would yield two tons of hay or its equivalent in grass per acre, a little calculating shows that the total amount of feed grown and the amount of milk and butter that could be produced from these foods is about as follows: Total food stuffs, 200 tons; total milk, 164 1-4 tons; total butter, 6 1-2 tons. Fertilizing ingredients: Food stuffs, 5804 pounds nitrogen, 5877 pounds potash, 2114 pounds phosphoric acid; milk, 184 pounds nitrogen, 61 pounds potash, 66 pounds phosphoric acid; butter, 18 1-2 pounds nitrogen. Cash value of fertilizing ingredients: Food stuffs, \$1429.24; milk, \$379.26; butter, \$2.94. These figures are believed to be approximately correct, and they speak volumes.

Trimming the Orchard.

The late winter is probably the best time in the year for the trimming of the orchard. It is most certainly the best time in the year for the farmer if his convenience is taken into consideration. There is comparatively a lull in his work at that time and he can give his trees the time necessary to trimming them in the right way.

Trimming a tree is one thing that cannot be done in a hurry. A man can easily cut off a branch, but he cannot grow one. He must cut off only the branches that require cutting to benefit the tree, being careful to cut none that will leave the trunk of the tree exposed to the hot sun and wind of summer, or one that will detract from the symmetry of the trees. No two trees are of the same exact shape and each one must be studied individually before touching with pruning knife or saw. This takes time.

So many things must be taken into consideration that no set rules can be given in regard to trimming trees. Where there are heavy winds during the seasons when the trees are full of leaves and laden with fruit, the limbs should be kept trimmed so that not too great a weight should be borne by the main stems. For the same reason the limbs should be closer to the ground. In an exposed position the tree should be rather heavier upon the south side, and when young should be inclined a little in that direction. This will tend to balance the heavy south winds and also furnish a shade for the trunk of the tree during the hot months of the year.

Too great care cannot be taken in healing the stubs of the cut limbs. Many a fine tree is ruined by the checking of this stub. Waters will run into the crack thus formed and the wood surrounding will begin to decay. This will in a very short time reach the heart of the limb, weakening it. The life of the whole branch, if not the tree itself, is but the question of a year or so. Its doom is inevitable.

It should be borne in mind that the trimming business can easily be overdone. It is far easier to cut a tree than to grow one. Think well before putting the knife to a branch, and if you are in doubt as to whether you should cut it or not—don't. Be sure you are right and then proceed, but better to let nature have her own way than to ruin a tree by over pruning. One can see and judge of the importance of the limbs and branches while there is no screen of leaves to interfere with seeing all of them in their relative position to each other and the tree. For that reason, if no other, winter is a good season for trimming the orchard.—J. L. Irwin, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Poultry Notes.

Exterminate the rats before the young chicks are out. A tablespoonful of salt should be added to the morning wash for laying hens.

Do not put over 10 or 11 eggs under a sitting hen at this season of the year.

Do not let the young chicks get chilled. For the first week at least they should be kept where the temperature never goes below 80.

Those hens intended for this season's breeders should be separated from the flock and confined in yards where special care may be given.

Do not cross pure-bred poultry.

There is nothing to be gained, a breed can be found in its purity that will fill any one requirement and none will fill every one.

Steam wagons are to be employed in hauling borax in Oregon.

JENNIE CREEK'S INVITATION.

An Indiana Girl Bidden to the Paris Fair as a Guest of the Legion of Honor.

Miss Jennie Creek of Millgrove, Ind., who is the youngest member of the National Humane society of France, has been invited to attend the Paris exposition this year at the expense of the Legion of Honor.

Miss Jennie is an orphan and still lives with her foster parents in sight of the spot where her heroic act averted a wreck which would have cost the lives of a good many people. It was the afternoon of Sept. 10, 1893, that Jennie, then but 11 years old, was playing along the ledges and ravine of her uncle's farm. She came to the Panhandle railroad and to her great surprise found the railroad bridge which spanned the deep gulch at this point almost burned away. It had taken fire from the burning grass which had been set on fire by a red-hot cinder from a passing engine. In the distance she heard the World's fair train coming. There was no time to summon help, and as the train drew nearer a happy thought passed to her mind. Trembling with fright, she tore off her red petticoat, and, standing in the centre of the track, waved it valiantly above her head. Engineer Frank Williamson, who had charge of the train, reversed his engine and stopped on the brink of the flaming bridge.

The story of the little girl reached the passengers, who picked her up and carried her through the coaches and showed their appreciation by presenting her with no small purse. Among the passengers were many from France, returning home after a visit to the World's fair. When they reached their native country the Society of