

Some Chinese Terms.

Yi Ho Chuan—Society commonly known as the "Boxers"—literally, righteousness, harmony and fists. Bow Wong Wui—Society for the Protection of the Emperor—the reform party. Tsung Li Yamen—The foreign office. Kwang Yu Wui—The young Emperor's chief advisor and the leader of the reform party. Liung Kai Chu—Second advisor of the Emperor and reform leader. Kwang Sul—The young Emperor. Fan Kwei—Foreign devil. Fu—A prefecture. Chihai—Governor-general, usually superintending two provinces. Chun Chi—The general council of State. Chung Tang—A grand secretary of State, of whom there are six. Futai—Governor of a province. Hul—A club or association. Hsiang—A village. Hsien—A district. Nei Ko—Grand secretary and imperial chancellor.

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Many a woman has her head turned by another woman's hat.

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People who fish for compliments are not the real thing.

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 cooking! No baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

It doesn't take an acrobatic bookkeeper to strike a trial balance.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The cream of a story is not to be obtained by skimming over it.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Work is sometimes a pretty good tonic for a run-down system.

Frey's Vermifuge is 60 years old. As the fears advance it becomes more and more popular.

By the Federal census of 1890 there were 32,000 Hungarians in the United States.

A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tutti Frutti was a blessing to his men while marching.

The melancholy thief always takes things seriously.

Uncle Sam's Hot Baths.

The Hot Springs of Arkansas are owned by the U. S. Government and have its endorsement for the cure of rheumatism, malaria, nervous troubles, chronic and functional ailments, and a score more of human ills. The climate of Hot Springs is cool and delightful in summer. 100 hotels for all classes. Write Bureau of Information, Hot Springs, for illustrated book giving full information. For reduced excursion tickets and particulars address Alex. S. Thwaitt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 118 Broadway, New York.

The watchmakers generally rejoice in bad times.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

It's natural for a man to kick when he has to foot the bill.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Chinese empire has only 317 miles of railroad.

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

The fellow who is always tight ought to be punctured.

One Woman's Letter

SAYS "I doctored with two of the best doctors in the city for two years and had no relief until I used the Pinkham remedies. "My trouble was ulceration of the uterus. I suffered terribly, could not sleep nights and thought sometimes that death would be such a relief. "To-day I am a well woman, able to do my own work, and have no pain. "I used four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three packages of Sanative Wash and cannot praise the medicines enough."—MRS. ELIZA THOMAS, 634 Pine St., Easton, Pa.

Mrs. Pinkham advises suffering women without charge. Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

If afflicted with eye trouble, use Thompson's Eye Water

WHEN ALL THE WORLD IS YOUNG, LAD.

When all the world is young, lad, And all the trees are green; And every goose a swan, lad, And every lass a queen; Then hey for boot and horse, lad, And round the world away; Young blood must have its course, lad, And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad, And all the wheels are brown; And all the sport is stale, lad, And all the wheels run down; Creep home and take your place there, The spent and maimed among; God grant you find one face there You loved when all was young.

HIS UNCLE'S CHOICE.

If there was anyone in the world that old Mr. Mortimer loved, it was his handsome nephew Harry, and if there was any one thing that was the desire of his heart above another, it was that his nephew should marry to suit him, and at least five years had been spent in the search for some one good enough in all respects for his boy.

He was rich, old Mr. Mortimer, and besides Harry there was no one in the world to come into possession of all the immense estates.

"And if you suit me, my boy, in the choice of a wife, you shall have every farthing I leave. If you'll marry to suit me, you and your wife shall live in luxury and elegance. If you don't—but you are no fool, Harry."

And until Harry Mortimer was 25 he thought it was the easiest thing in the world to keep in Uncle Jasper's good graces. And then, as the fates would have it, he fell in love with Miriam Langton—a lovely, blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl, with a complexion like a sun-ripened peach and lips so sweet for kissing.

But she was poor and obscure, and a veritable nobody so far as social position went. And of all things Harry knew his uncle most desired him to make a most magnificent match, which the handsome fellow's attractiveness of manner, and the Mortimer wealth to back him, made an easy matter.

Brave, bold and honest, Harry went at once to his uncle.

"Uncle Jasper, its come at last, I'm in love!"

"In love! In love with whom?" And for all there instantly came a thunderous look on Mr. Mortimer's forehead and eyes, Harry went grandly on:

"The sweetest girl, the prettiest little lady you ever saw. Uncle, she's lovely enough to captivate even you."

"Humph! I don't know that I'm so obstinate as to require any extra amount of attractiveness to please me. I'm not a—stick, not a rock, for all I never married. Who is she—this divinity of yours?"

"The sweetest name—Miriam Langton."

And Harry pronounced it tenderly and caressingly.

"Pretty enough name—but a name alone is not much! Who is she? Where does she live? What's she worth?"

And then Harry knew that the tug of war was at hand.

"Well, uncle, Miriam lives at the Hampton's. She's nursery governess, and she's poor as a church mouse, sir, and I'm in love with her."

Mr. Mortimer frowned.

"Then get out of love again just as soon as you can, for if you marry any other girl than the one I've picked out for you you know the consequences."

Harry looked at him.

"The girl you've picked out?"

"Just so—Miss Arabella Burr, worth a cool quarter of a million, and an orphan and a beauty. She is visiting from Liverpool now at the Browns'. Talk about your sweetness and your loveliness, Miss Arabella's the handsomest girl I ever laid eyes on, and I'm a judge, Harry. Something of the blonde, you know."

Harry shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir; but I had already made up my mind before I spoke to you. I know perfectly well what I resign for Miriam's sake; but, sir, I love her, and nothing would compensate me for the loss of her."

"Stuff and nonsense. At your age, too, when there's pretty faces to pick from everywhere. You are not going to be a fool, Harry—an ass. I was going to say, Put on your hat, and come up to Mrs. Brown's with me, and I'll convince you you can be mistaken in imagining there's but one pair of eyes in the world for you. I'll guarantee that one glance from Miss Arabella's eyes will settle you. I've seen her, you know, at a distance, and she's— Well, come and see for yourself."

Harry laughed as he took up his hat.

"Of course I'll go. I never could resist the temptation of looking at a pretty girl. But I tell you, it's no use, I'm going to marry my little Miriam."

And for all Mr. Mortimer's face became very flushed, and his eyes angry, and his forehead full of deep wrinkly frowns, he did not say much more upon the subject while they were walking down towards the avenue.

But Mrs. Brown was not at home when they arrived there, and Mr. Mortimer was forced to be content with simply leaving their cards.

"Unless you wish to see Miss Burr, sir. She is at home in the back parlor."

But Mr. Mortimer had not as yet had the great happiness of an introduction to Miss Burr, and so he was obliged to murmur something about "some other time," and "regrets and pleasures."

Nevertheless, as they passed the rosy-bay windows, where the lace curtains swayed to and fro in a soft,

perfumy breeze, Mr. Mortimer could not resist a glance into the precincts of the back parlor, and having looked, he nudged Harry's arm delightedly.

"There she is now! Take a good look at her! See her? Sitting by the back window, with her hair all crinkly and puffy. Ain't she a beauty? Did you ever see a finer turned shoulder in your life? Bless me! It makes me wish I was 20 years younger! Wouldn't I enter the lists and cut you out!"

But Harry made no answer. He stood staring at the lovely, graceful figure, with the golden hair lying loosely on the shoulders, and a tiny spray of blue hyacinths nestling among the daisy puffs.

"Is that Miss Burr? Are you sure it is she?"

"Am I fool or ain't I? I'm not purblind yet that I know of, if I am rising 70. Is it Miss Burr? Yes, it is—the girl I've picked out for you to make my niece."

They walked away together. Harry unusually quiet while Uncle Mortimer talked vigorously.

"Will you marry her—that's the question? Yes or no. Consider it well, Harry—a beautiful, ladylike, educated wife, with a fortune beside herself, my blessing and favor, and a luxurious, happy home, with no wish ungratified. Yachting, summer residence at the seaside, continental travel when you wish—everything, and that lovely girl for your own. Or—"

And the ominous silence was sufficient description for the reverse side of the picture. Then Harry laughed.

"If you wish me to marry that beautiful girl you showed me I'll do it. She has captivated me already."

And old Mr. Mortimer slapped Harry's shoulder heartily.

"Bless the boy! I knew he hadn't an idea what a darling she was. Now go ahead! Mrs. Brown and I have talked it over, and the lady herself is willing to meet you. All you've to do is an easy walkover. Tomorrow I'm off on a visit to the cape for three months. And when I come back I'd like to bring your bride a wedding present—eh, Harry?"

"It shall not be my fault, Uncle Mortimer."

And while Jasper Mortimer was chucking as he rode along in the train 24 hours later Mr. Harry was sitting in Mrs. Brown's back parlor on a gray and crimson satin sofa, with his arm around the waist of the beautiful girl his uncle had pointed out to him.

"I never was so surprised in all my life as when he insisted upon it that you were Miss Burr, my darling! Even now I can hardly realize that it is you, my own little dear, domesticated with Mrs. Brown as companion."

Miriam lifted her lovely face to her newly engaged lover.

"I hadn't been here two hours, Harry, when your cards were left, and Miss Burr had only gone out of the room a moment before. There really is a general resemblance between her and me, which accounts for the mistake your uncle made."

Harry kissed the red lips.

"And what a grand mistake it was Miriam! He ordered me to marry you, and I shall obey his orders—inside of three months, too. Oh, yes, you need not look so startled, because it must be as he says, and as I wish, my darling. We will take Miss Burr and Mrs. Brown into our confidence, shall we?"

And a grand secret they all found it—even pretty, insipid, good-natured Miss Burr, who was enchanted by the romantic turn things had taken.

So the weeks went on, and a few days before it was time for Mr. Mortimer to be home he received a letter from Harry stating that his one wish was accomplished—he had that morning been married to the young lady whom his uncle had chosen and shown him, and that he would welcome him in his own house on his return.

Mr. Mortimer found his house brilliantly lighted when he reached it, early in the dusk of an autumn evening, and in the exquisitely decorated drawing room Harry met him, with his beautiful bride on his arm, blushing, smiling, lovely as a picture.

Mr. Mortimer kissed her rapturously.

"My dear, I am very happy to see you here. Harry has done the most sensible thing he ever did. Welcome, my children! My dear, you will accept this as my gift to you!"

And he handed Miriam a check for thousand pounds, just as Mrs. Brown and a pretty, fair-haired girl in trailing black silk and diamonds swept into the room.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Mortimer. Allow me to present my niece, Miss Arabella Burr!"

And instead of returning Miss Burr's bow Uncle Jasper stared like one who is transfixed with amazement.

"Miss—who? Miss—who?"

"Miss Burr, my niece. You remember—"

"Then, who the dickens is this?" He waved his hand wildly toward Miriam.

Harry stepped forward.

"My wife, formerly Miss Miriam Langton, sir—the young lady you pointed out to me in Mrs. Brown's house and requested me to marry."

And Miriam sprang forward laying her lovely little hands on the old gentleman's sleeve, and lifting her eyes pleadingly to his face, looking so sweet, so enchanting, that even an anchorite would have felt his pulses stir at sight of her.

"Please forgive him, sir—please do! It was all my fault. I—I love him, and—"

Then he smiled down in Miriam's upturned pleading face.

"Well, my dear, you are pretty, and no mistake, and I'll be hanged if I wonder at Harry's imposition on me. Your fault? Bless your sweet face, give me a second kiss! There children, we'll all live together, eh, until Miriam—that's your name isn't it?—decides what she will do with her check."

And so Harry Mortimer and his fair bride were happy, and Uncle Jasper never tires of telling them always to "obey orders" even if it "breaks owners," which in this case—well, Miriam often wonders who owns her, Harry or old Uncle Jasper, so much does he love and depend upon her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

TEA AS AN ACTIVE POISON.

Its Characteristic Element Kills Cats and Rabbits in a Laboratory.

Tea tipping has become the fashionable dissipation. We have borrowed the habit from England. Over 89,000,000 pounds of tea is consumed each year in the United States, women with overtaxed nerves are the great consumers.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg declares that tea is an active poison—that its active principal, a substance called thein, which can be distilled from tea in a dry report, is fatal to life.

The thein in tea is about 6 per cent. of the total bulk. Experiments have proved that about one-eighth of a grain of it will kill a rabbit and 7 1/2 grains will kill a cat. In one pound of tea there is an ounce of poison—enough to kill 50 cats.

Ten grains of thein will make a man ill and a half ounce of tea contains from 10 to 16 grains.

Professor Lehmann, a German physician, gave several men from eight to 10 grains of thein each by way of experiment. None of them was able to work for two days.

There are tea drunkards. There have been cases of delirium tremens from tea drinking. By chewing tea leaves people can become thoroughly intoxicated.

The woman who is tired takes a cup of tea and is relieved of her weariness. But the sensation of weariness is a danger signal. Under the influence of a stimulant she does not know when she goes beyond the limits of safe exertion. Tea is a drug, not a food.

Not only does tea contain no nourishment, but it interferes with digestion. The craving for it is not natural—as is the desire for food. Taste must become vitiated by its habitual use before it becomes an apparent necessity. Children drink it for the cream and sugar, older people for the effect.

Every one knows that tea contains tannin. Add a little iron to tea and it becomes black. Tea made in an iron kettle is as black as ink. Even stirring a strong cup of tea with an iron spoon will make it turn black. The combination of the tannin of the tea with iron makes ink. Leather is made by soaking hides in a decoction of bark which contains tannin.

A man who eats a beefsteak and drinks a cup of tea starts a leather manufactory in his own stomach, for the tea, combining with the connective tissue of the steak, soon transforms it into strong leather.

To prove this, soak a piece of beefsteak in a cup of strong tea for half an hour. At the end of that time the steak will be so tough that it will be impossible to chew it.

Not only is tea a hindrance to the digestion of fats and albuminoids, but it prevents the digestion of starch. Saliva digests starch, and the tannin contained in tea hinders the production of saliva.

The 5 o'clock tea table has become a social evil. The prevalence of tea drinking is due to the fact that women are trying to do more than their strength will permit. When their energy is exhausted they turn to tea. But the habit is spreading among men.

If that were not the case the consumption of tea in this country would not amount to about \$9,000,000 per annum.—New York Journal.

A New Kind of Fly.

An astonished, but apparently satisfied spider was one upon which a gentleman recently made an experiment. The result of his investigations is told in Public Opinion:

While watching some spiders one day, it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He had a strong suspicion that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. Selecting a large, fat spider, that had long been feasting on flies, he sounded the fork and touched a thread of the spider's web.

The owner was at one edge of his web and the thread selected was on the other side. Over his wonderful telephone wires the buzzing sound was conveyed to the watching spider, but from his position he could not tell along which particular line the sound was traveling.

He ran to the centre of the web in hot haste, and felt all round until he touched the thread against the outer end of which the fork was sounding.

Then, taking another thread along with him, as a precautionary measure, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it.

At this point he found out his mistake. He retreated for a short distance, and stopped to survey this new buzzing creature which should have been a fly, but strangely unlike any insect he had ever seen. At length, apparently convinced that the object at the outer edge of his web was more suitable for amusement than for an article of diet, he got on it again and danced with pleasure. It was evident that the sound of the fork was music to him.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—This season the gown of cloth or silken stuff or voile may have its bodice made with a bolero of lace, over which, to properly incorporate the lace into the

without darts, and wateau back. It should be cut with a low, square neck that may be edged with lace or filled in entirely, as preferred. The sleeves should be loose puffs, reaching only to the elbow. A gown of this description made of black India silk can be worn all summer without becoming shabby, and no woman who has ever had one will allow a summer to pass without providing it.



A NEW BOLERO.

design, there are laid strappings of the material. The lace bolero of our sketch is just such an instance, and might be made of guipure, with the strappings either of the material of the skirt or of silk or of panne to match that material.

Dainty Costumes For Young Folks. A dainty little red lawn dotted with

Gown For a Young Girl. A pretty gown for a young girl is made of a rich red homespun. The skirt is made plain and stitched, and the short little spencer jacket shows the broad black satin folded belt, which is almost a bodice in itself, and a long black satin scarf is worn over a white blouse.

High Corset Girdles. High corset girdles are worn with shirt waists, and dimity gowns as well. Formed of rows of lace, and embroidered insertion running around, they are especially pretty for the flowered muslins.

A Touch of Fashion in Millinery. A summer shade hat has its own "inlet" of black velvet ribbon high up on the crown, as near as possible to the small flat top, and matching the velvet binding of the brim. The inlet gives point to the hat, and is quite broad to match the very broad binding of velvet on the brim. The monture is of heliotrope, shaded wondrously like the natural flower. It is arranged on the left side, reaching to the front. The flowers range from one black band at the brim to the "inlet" above.

Incrustations of Black Lace. The "dernier cri," as the French call it, is to have a garment decorated with incrustations of lace in which both black and white have part. One may beover the other, and usually the black is on top. Black lace used over glis-



FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

white is the fabric used for the charming frock on the left of the double-column illustration, from the Chicago Record. The gimp is of tuck muslin, the belt of white satin, and much lace is used in effective decoration.

The pretty Swiss gown on the central figure is black and white, with yoke of white net and broad lace straps to outline yoke. It has shaped ruffle and bands of lace above. The sash is of fine black net.

The modish little toilet to the right is of red and white China silk, having a yoke of fine needlework and deep bertha of lace. Belt and bands are of dark-red velvet, and the red straw bonnet is dressed with white satin ribbon and pompons of tulle.

A New Development. The so-called tucked flounce being introduced is by no means what is suggested by the name. Most people would fancy that the flounce is trimmed with one or more tucks arranged horizontally parallel with the hem. Instead of this, the new tucked skirt measures considerably less, about half at the top from what it measures at the bottom hem. The tucks are run up and down for about half the depth of the ounce. They occur at the top and end half way down. The tucks are introduced as a means of disposing of the excess fullness of the flounce, so as to make it swell and spread. It is a graceful scheme. You sometimes see a skirt tucked about the hips so that the fullness may be released below the waist and made a graceful skirt. The same idea has been adopted for the flounce. You would not desire to have more than one frock made this way, because there are other modes in fashions, besides the tucked flounce.

Summer Silks. The desirability of India and China silk for summer wear is not half understood. When one buys a good quality it wears excellently, and is cooler than any other fabric for either street or house gowns. Every woman who values comfort in summer should have an empire gown of India silk to get into when she enters the house hot and tired from walk or ride. The prettiest mode of making is the tight front,

tening white silk, such as a glace taffeta, is very fashionable, and some handsome costumes are built of these materials. More elegant than the entire lace dress is that encrusted with medallions of lace. It is more elaborate and, therefore, more costly.

A French Tailor-Made Model. This picture of an extremely smart tailor-made gown is presented to the fair readers to show its unusually stylish and effective treatment of machine stitching and applied bands of the same material. Another noticeable feature is the thoroughly French touch in its soft stock yoke and vest of silk muslin, in combination with its strictly tailor-made features of bands and stitching, so different from our English models of the severely plain tailor-made. The



A SMART TAILOR-MADE.

tout ensemble, however, is smart and novel in the extreme, whether strictly in accordance with our ideas of a tailor-made or not.