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size and location to suit purchasers. An opportunity is presented to acquire building sites which must soon rapidly increase in value. Apply to
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NEPTUNE'S FEAST.

[Festo quid potius die.—Horace.]

What shall we do, my Lyde, say,
To celebrate this festal day?
See, the sun wheels to his decline!
Haste, then; 'tis time to broach the wine!
Our oldest wine shall quit its rest,
For Neptune's feast demands the best.

Neptune, the green haired nymphs among,
We'll praise in antiphonal song;
Your lyre shall themes divide between
Latona and the huntress queen.

Then in a song we'll celebrate
The praise of her who keeps her state
At Cnidos and the Cyclades,
Which gleam afar across the seas
And oftimes chooseth to repair
To Paphos' sweet, pellucid air
When through the blue is borne afar
By snow white swans her glittering car.

And, last, to Night we will rehearse
A holy, high and solemn verse.
—"Poems From Horace, Catullus and Sappho and Other Poets," by Edward George Harman.

TALE OF A TIARA.

"My dearest Hermione" looked up from her morning correspondence. Her air was one of profound abstraction, and she commenced to sugar my coffee with quite uncalled for generosity.

"It is altogether too bad," she exclaimed as I rescued the cup with the fifth lump suspended above it. She took no notice even when the sugar flopped into the marmalade, and her forehead was puckered into a frown.

"What is it?" I said, sitting down and settling my paper afresh.

"Oh, here is a letter from May Vere. She has just had a present from her father-in-law, a diamond tiara, and she says"—this rather doubtfully—"that it is quite the best of the whole lot. She will wear it first at the duchess' reception. That makes the sixth tiara in the family, doesn't it?" (Mrs. Mark Vere is my wife's cousin).

"I suppose so—if you say so."

I was frankly more interested for the moment in the money market column than in May Vere's latest present. There followed a longish pause. Hermione rattled the teaspoons and made much of the cat. Then her voice came to me across the table decorations with just a touch of fretfulness:

"Jack!"

"U'm!"

"I should look so nice in a tiara, Jack."

I tossed the paper on to an armchair. Although we have been married three years that particular inflection in my wife's tones never fails to arouse my curiosity, and—well, something else.

"If I were only rich enough"—I began recklessly. You see, I knew I wasn't.

"Oh, Jack, I didn't mean that. I am not so mean as to reproach you. We have really everything that is necessary. A tiara can be done without. I couldn't bear to have anything but a very expensive one, and May won't look anything but plain in hers, however beautiful it is. But still—well, what I meant was that it seems almost a misfortune that I should look so nice in one—as having one is out of the question."

"I don't see that," I said. "I would rather have you as you are."

"May is generally acknowledged as plain"—

"I wasn't comparing you with her. It would be absurd."

"Would it?" smiled Hermione. And I am not yet proof against Hermione's smiles. So in sport I suggested something to her which had occurred to me—just as a joke, and nothing more. That she would act on it I never dreamed of for a moment. Yet Hermione still declares all that followed was entirely my fault, and that but for me she would not have to suffer the prolonged ignominy of being the only girl out of seven married cousins unable to boast a diamond tiara among her possessions.

We had several engagements the week of the duchess' reception, but that was the first and was very generally considered the most important. I also happened to be very busy just then. I rather expected a bad quarter of an hour when I told Hermione how absolutely impossible it would be for me to do more than just look in at quite a late hour, but, as is often the case where she is concerned, my anticipations were not fulfilled.

She smiled at me very sweetly, said she could find plenty of people to go with and that I need not worry on her account, and I fancied I detected signs of relief in her expression, which may have been the reason why I made my way to the reception rather earlier than I originally intended.

The duchess who was giving it had scattered her invitations broadcast, as is within the rights of a duchess. The spacious rooms were extremely crowded. It was some time before I caught sight of my wife, but not long before I heard of her, for Mrs. Jack Voyce—Voyce is my name—appeared to be creating quite an unusual sensation even for her. "And have you seen pretty Mrs. Voyce?" "And have you heard her tale of the tiara?" "What fun she is, isn't she?" seemed the principal topic of conversation.

More than one man patted me on the back and congratulated me anew. I felt myself, generally speaking, quite as lucky as they thought me, for I admire her, too, but I could not help wondering how they would have liked participating in my present anxiety on her behalf.

"Hermione just doesn't mind what she does," a candid girl friend had said to me before our marriage, and once or twice I have been forced to agree with her, for if my suspicions were correct and this tale apparently so widespread were to reach the ears of my most unnecessarily particular uncle, Lord Curran, who I knew to be present, having seen him, what would be the unfortunate result I failed to imagine.

Lord Curran is best described as one of the old school. His ideas about women Hermione calls "peculiar to say the least of it." They certainly are not of the present day, but date back to the times when women occupied themselves with barbarous triumphs in woodwork and doing as they were told, and especially in avoiding anything approaching to notoriety. Just as I went over this afresh in my mind my venerable uncle approached me with that peculiarly beaming smile of his which always foretells disaster.

"Pretty woman, your wife, Master John," said he. "A little lacking in reticence, eh—eh?" And just then Hermione came along, and I had to run the risk of distorting my features for life in my efforts to signal to her not to join us. Fortunately my uncle's sight is not as good as it used to be. But though I did my best at smoothing things over—my wife even going to the unusual length of doing as I desired and keeping out of the way—it was very evident that our stiff backed old Tory relative was seriously annoyed and that he meant to take his own time about coming round, for my suspicions were correct, and that wife of mine had been mad enough to include Lord Curran among the many to whom she had told her tale.

"What in the world were you frowning about like that?" was her greeting to me. "Really, if you are going to practice for a contortionist, don't you think you might choose a more suitable time and place?"

Then she laughed at the men about her. "Here," said she, "is a poor fellow who has not heard my tale of the tiara. Shall I tell him?"

"I don't want to hear—I can guess"—

"Come, Voyce, don't be sulky," said my brother-in-law. "It has been an immense success—the success of what would otherwise have been a very dull evening. Upon my word it was a bright idea."

"It was Jack's idea"—

"This is past a joke"—

"Oh, of course," interrupted Hermione, "we shouldn't have expected you to have the nerve to carry it out. Oh, Jack, don't go—I want to tell you"—

But I thought of what I had to tell her—by Lord Curran's orders—and I went. In the midst of my justifiable aggravation I could not help being sorry for her probable disappointment—my pretty Hermione; could not help admiring her afresh for her happy recklessness or prevent myself envying for that one occasion the fellows who had enjoyed her tale unrestrained by personal considerations.

When we were alone at home again, these feelings were still mine. Hermione faced me. The electric light lit up her gleaming neck and arms. Her dress was white. Her fluffy golden hair was surmounted by an exceedingly beautiful diamond tiara.

"The horrid old man," she kept repeating.

"Why did you tell him?"

"Teddie bet me a turquoise dagger that I wouldn't, so of course I had to. I didn't think he would really mind. No one else did. And, besides, every one was talking about it. He would have found out." She paused and then continued: "You said, 'Why don't you hire one for the week?'"

"I never meant it."

"You said it, though, and put it into my mind."

"So it is my fault that Lord Curran considers you so full of resource as to have no need of the tiara he had ordered for you and will now save for the next bride?"

"Of course I shall always say so. Oh, she does. But"—here she came close to me—"I—it has reminded me of something. Do you remember when we were first engaged promising to buy me one as soon as ever you could afford it? I would rather have one from you than, oh, a dozen from your crabby old uncle, and even wait for it, so you need not make any more fuss, need you?"

What happened then any one may guess.

"In your heart of hearts, Jack, darling," finished Hermione, "you are not sorry any more?"

"But that is almost too much to say. My wife's tiara is still to be bought, and they are not cheap things by any means.—Madame.

Nautical Ingenuity.

A striking instance of nautical ingenuity and fraternity is furnished by a writer in the London Telegraph:

A sailor from her majesty's ship Ganges arrived in one of the side streets of Walworth, in search of a shipmate passing a half holiday with his parents, who had recently moved to that neighborhood.

He had lost the address his friend had given him and proceeded to ask policemen, postmen and shopkeepers if they knew where a sailor boy from her majesty's fleet lived. None of them could give the desired information, and the dwellers in private houses, whom he summoned by knocks at the door, were equally devoid of knowledge on the subject.

The gallant tar was somewhat nonplused, but at length he met a vender of paper decorations for Christmas. These hawkers always carry a long tin trumpet through which they announce their wares to the public. The sailor gave the man a penny for the use of the instrument for one minute, and then sounded with all his force the Ganges dinner call, adding, "If that doesn't bring out Joseph, then he ain't in this locality, that's all."

Sure enough, in less than half a minute a window was raised 50 yards farther down the street, a nautical looking head appeared at the aperture, and from strong, healthy lungs came the cheering response: "Ship ahoy! Full speed, and here you are! Why, the grog's been a-waitin for you this half hour."

Thus the two friends found each other through a bugle call on a tin trumpet and spent a jolly holiday together.

Strategy.

When you are going from one room to another to light gas, always carry two matches. If you carry but one, it will go out. If you carry two, it won't.

In the olden days men were physically, at least, worthy of the admiration of women. It is a great big something for a woman to feel that her husband is truly a capable and intrepid protector. It is a comfort for her to feel that he has the physical stamina and courage to defend her through all the vicissitudes of life.

Nowadays there is not much to admire about the average man from a physical standpoint. He may be a moral and a mental giant, but the flesh of ill-health is weak, and he is probably a physical coward. It is not in nature for a sickly man to be a brave man. His spirit may be willing but his body is weak. That is the man's own fault. Any man can be healthy who will pay a little common sense attention to his health when he has it, and when he gets a little out of sorts, take the right remedy. Many of the diseases that afflict mankind are traceable directly to indigestion, torpidity of the liver and impurities in the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the greatest medicine for disorders of this nature. It strengthens a weak stomach, corrects all disorders of the digestion, gives edge to the appetite, invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood and tones up and invigorates the nerves. It searches out disease germs, kills them and carries them out of the system. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and nerve-tonic and restorative. It makes strong, healthy men out of weak, sickly invalids. Medicine dealers sell it and no honest dealer will urge a substitute upon you.

"I have been taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets' and must say that they have worked wonders in my case," writes Mr. L. L. Pack, (Box 175) of Hinton, Summers Co., W. Va. "I feel like a new person, in fact I think I am well, but will take one more bottle to make sure the cure is permanent. I cannot speak too highly of the 'Discovery.' I can eat anything now without misery in my stomach. I have gained some eight or ten pounds, weighing as heavy as I did three years ago.

"The medicine certainly worked like a charm on me, but when I first began to take it I felt a little worse for a few days, had pains through my body and bones, but all this left me after taking the medicines four or five days."

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHE IS THE FRIEND OF THE POOR CHILDREN OF PARIS.

The Work Wives Should Do—Finding Her Sphere—Woman Is Like an Ostrich—She Rounds Up Hoboes—Heroine of "Ivanhoe."

If one were to ask any of the unhappy children of Paris who had the Dreyfus case revised, they would probably answer, "Mlle. Lucie Faure."

Why? Oh, because Mlle. Lucie does everything that is good, so the little children think. She lives at the presidential palace and is a great lady, they know, but, better than that, she is their friend.

And Mlle. Lucie has taken the most passionate interest in the case of the exiled Dreyfus. President Faure has had to listen to many an impassioned appeal from his lovely girl, as in her warm hearted French way she begged that he would look into this man's life.

In Mlle. Lucie Mme. Dreyfus had her very good friend. The wife's agony and despair were thorns in the side of the president's daughter.

The daughter of the president is powerful. She is not a pretty society girl,

MLLE. LUCIE FAURE.

with ravishing French gowns and charming manners, but her shrewd intellect is depended upon often by her father.

The mother is domestic, I believe, cares little for society and is quite willing to let the father and daughter "coufab" together most of the time.

No matter what the political question is, Mlle. Lucie is interested in it and gets her father's views and those of his ministry whom she knows.

But where sorrow and agony are concerned there mademoiselle becomes the pleader if she is convinced injustice or half heartedness has been the trouble.

She is proud of her family, proud of her father, proud of the republic. The story is told of her that she was walking through the street one day, her carriage following, when a street gamin, noticing her strict tailor gown and severe hat, said, "A bas les Anglais." She turned quickly and said, "Vive la republique!"

The gamin doffed his hat as he saw her face and said, "Vive Mlle. Lucie!"

So it is the children love her. They know her because she has founded the Fraternal League of the Children of France. The aim is to succor abandoned, neglected children. Wherever a child needs anything, there Mlle. Lucie wishes to be.

She founded the club at the presidential palace, her father helping her out with the organization of it.

It is entirely democratic. Any one may become a member by filing an application to her and paying the small fee of 2 francs, or 40 cents in our money.

Each member acts as a scout. Whenever is seen, or heard of, a child that is starving or beaten or homeless or ill, without doctor or nourishment, that member reports to headquarters. The league provides shelter. Matrons and doctors are there to give every help.

These members go into the hospitals for the incurables and orphan asylums and institutions to find the needs of children. Some have medicine and beds while their little souls are starving in institutions. The thing which they need to develop them isn't there.

"I want to make children happy as well as care for them," is the motto of the league, as Mlle. Faure phrased it.

No wonder the children love her, and not only into their lives, but into her own, is she bringing happiness and sunlight and joy.

Good acts always reflect happiness back on the donor, and it is a lesson to the frivolous that she, this leading young woman of Paris, with beauty and charm and wealth, is able not only to be a social leader, but to go down into the dark ways of life and drag out into the sunlight the unfortunate ones.

Surely, it is as the gamin says, "Vive Mlle. Lucie!"—Anne Rittenhouse in Philadelphia Press.

The Work Wives Should Do.

"Should wives work?" Yes, every woman should work. How? That depends. Every woman should, according to my opinion, devote a certain portion of time every day, say a couple of hours, to doing the unselfish work of the world. If all women could and would do this, matters would be evened up a little, and some of the women in the world, wives and otherwise, would not have to overwork so terribly, while other women and wives have nothing at all to do.

How is this to be arranged? I really do not know. I am far from having discovered any means by which the present economic wrongs and mistakes may be righted. I only know they exist. For myself, excepting in the way of clearing the way for my husband's altruistic labors and efforts and in looking after the ways of my household, I have done no outside work. The particular work of being or trying to be a helpmate to my husband, a mother to my children, a friend to those who need one, if possible, has always been more than sufficient to me, and I have always felt satisfied with it.

But then the financial question which drives so many wives to outer work has never troubled me. While none of the funds of the household have been technically mine, mine by right of specific earning, they have all been mine in the real meaning of the term, and I have never been questioned concerning my disposition of them. So this reason for considering the question of "Should wives work?"—to work outside their own homes—has never come to me.

For the rest, I believe the time is coming, must come for the world's good, when every woman will be an independent factor in the home economics. So I suppose all wives will have to work, but whether by doing as I am doing or in the outside world I really don't know. Every woman should do her fair share of the world's work, at home or somewhere else, and it seems to me that so long as she does that it doesn't matter where or how she does it. As a matter of fact, most wives do work and work hard. Just how and where they work is a secondary consideration, as I view the matter. Personally I find plenty of occupation in my own home.—Mrs. Bayard Holmes in Chicago Chronicle.

Finding Her Sphere.

When it is said that a poet is born, not made, it is meant, of course, that he will pursue instinctively and irresponsibly, in spite of seemingly adverse circumstances, the lines requisite for a poet's development, and so one often sees the ultimate triumph of special fitness exemplified in other callings of life.

The career of Mrs. Mary Holme Peck of Denver is a case in point. Two years ago this young woman came to New York for the purpose of studying art, having in mind some practical thought, either illustrating or designing. She studied six months in the private studio of Edgar M. Ward and subsequently entered the Academy of Design. Later she was led to take up stenography, thinking to teach it in the schools, but after spending nine months upon this study she found to her cost that she had been taught a system of use only in Brooklyn schools, in which unhappily no vacancies existed. She was reduced to the need of teaching private pupils, and at the same time took up the study of [illegible] ject she had always liked, but thought it waste of time to study.

Here she seemed to have found her proper sphere. Working, however, through the most unfavorable conditions and every conceivable hardship, she did a year's work at Pratt's and a few days ago received an appointment in the Manual Training High school of Denver. For this school she has nothing but the highest praise. "No better school of its kind exists in this country," she writes enthusiastically to a friend, and again, "I consider myself highly favored in being appointed here and started in last week a happy woman, confident of my success as a teacher of sewing, because of my perfect training and natural ability for that branch of work."—New York Tribune.

Woman Like an Ostrich.

"There is no other animal in creation so much like the ostrich as woman," said the woman beautiful, who considers she knows a great deal upon the subject of all women's appearance. "There is not one woman in 100 who knows how she looks from tip to toe, and consequently there are not many women who are immaculate and in apple pie order from tip to toe. The average woman has one looking glass, the one on her bureau, and from that she gets an idea of her appearance, and it is not much of an idea. There are ten chances to one that the bureau is not where a good light falls upon the woman who is looking in the mirror, and she sees herself in it as a beautiful creature without a blemish. She doesn't take a side view or a back view of her head, and goes out in blissful unconsciousness that every one will not see her as she has seen herself. That is where the ostrich trait comes in. A long mirror and a large hand glass, which enables her to get a good rear view, ought to be a necessity to every well dressed woman, and it should always be placed in the strongest light possible. That will make her groan as the years go by, but it will also make her careful, and what the mirror tells her she will be more apt to keep from other people.

"Then that side view is where most women deceive themselves. If they take it, they take only a careful view of one side. Now, every woman has one bad side to her face, or one side that is less attractive than the other. Usually it is the right side. On that side the hair does not fall as prettily and the effect altogether is not as good. That side needs petting and coaxing and continual care. The woman who cares for her appearance ought to be careful of all these things."—New York Times.

She Rounds Up Hoboes.

Mrs. S. J. Atwood calls herself the "Hobo Hustler of the West," and there is possibly no other woman in the world who holds a similar position.

Her business is to gather up all the idle laborers she can find and put them to work on the Union Pacific Railroad in Colorado, Wyoming and other western sections. She has been employed by the Union Pacific in this capacity for the last 12 years, and the company finds her services indispensable.

Mrs. Atwood arrived in Kansas City on Friday, and Saturday she left with 50 men for Wyoming. Most of the men were negroes. Several of them had the appearance of typical hoboes. Mrs. Atwood has been in the business so long that she says she can tell by looking at a man whether or not he will make a good hand. When she sees one who suits her taste, she approaches him without hesitation and asks him how he would like the position she has to offer. It only requires the work of about a minute for the terms to be arranged, and the man is escorted to some corner where others she has engaged have been congregated.

Mrs. Atwood has no place she calls her home, but she usually makes Denver her headquarters. Most of her time is spent between Denver and Portland, Or.

The "Hobo Hustler" is a little woman about 30 years of age. She has short curly hair that is as black as night. She walks with an agile step and always has a pleasing smile for even the toughest hobo.—Kansas City World.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Heroine of "Ivanhoe."

Rebecca Gratz, founder of the Foster Jewish home in Philadelphia, whose portrait was unveiled in that institution recently, was the original of Sir Walter Scott's famous heroine Rebecca in his novel of "Ivanhoe." It was Washington Irving who told Scott all about Rebecca Gratz, of her many charms, personal and intellectual, and of her fine character. Out of these conversations Sir Walter built up his grand heroine in "Ivanhoe"—a heroine who has been known and admired by millions who never heard of the original. Miss Gratz was loved by a youth belonging to one of the best families in the Quaker City, but although she loved him in return she sacrificed herself to her religion and refused to marry him. Matilda Hoffman, the love of Irving's life, was Miss Gratz's dearest friend.

The beautiful Jewess was the daughter of Michael Gratz, an Austrian who settled in Philadelphia in 1750 and engaged in the Indian trade. After the Revolution he acquired large landed interests in many parts of the country. Among these was the Mammoth cave in Kentucky. His daughter was born in 1781 and lived to be 88 years old. Henry Clay paid her marked attention. One of her aunts married Dr. Nicholas Schuyler and was never forgiven by her family. Miss Gratz was very charitable and founded many institutions, among them the Foster home. She was beautiful and highly cultured in every way. The recently unveiled portrait was painted by Thomas Sully and copied by Miss Wilhelmine Loos.—Chicago Times Herald.

Have a Herb Garden.

The "sweet herbs" are sage, savory, marjoram, thyme and bay. If you live [illegible] have your own herb bed. You don't know how much nicer the herbs will be than anything you can buy. Plant from the seed, keep the bed well weeded and watered and cut when in flower. Tie in bundles and dry, then sift them as you need. If you cannot have an herb bed and grow them yourself, buy at the market the whole dried herbs rather than any preparation of ground herbs. You will get more strength from them and better results of seasoning. As for parsley, which you want in soups, in made over dishes, in dishes prepared a la lyonnaise and also for a garnish, it makes one of the prettiest and most decorative window plants. Its fine foliage, its beautiful green, its thick, thrifty growth, make it as desirable for a window garden as for a table decoration or a flavor in food. It is easily grown, and the leaves which are plucked are soon renewed. If you have a sunny south window in kitchen or dining room, by all means set the parsley growing.—Sallie Joy White in Woman's Home Companion.

High Work For Low Pay.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the young American astronomer who is trying to convince the authorities in Paris that there is nothing improper about the study of Venus, Saturn and the other celestial orbs as a branch of feminine learning, has been put at the head of the bureau of measurements, a newly created department of the Paris observatory, and with five or six women as assistants is engaged on a huge photographic chart of the heavens and on a new stellar catalogue. She works six hours a day (or night) and is paid the modest compensation of $14 a month.—Boston Woman's Journal.

A Traveling Convenience.

A correspondence bag is the latest convenience for the woman who takes trips from home and delights in sending letters from every stopping place. It is admirably compact, and while roomy enough to hold a goodly quantity of loose letters and stray papers is not too clumsy to carry in the hand or to tuck into the top of a dress suit case or portmanteau. It is furnished with pens, ink and blotting paper, but its chief virtue is the space for odds and ends. In morocco or crocodile skin, these bags are very attractive belongings.—Housewife.

Mrs. E. C. Atwood is manager of the Atlantic gold mine in Clear Creek county, Colo. She was a member of the international mining congress which met recently in Salt Lake and is now cooperating with the secretary, Mr. W. D. Johnson, in the establishing of a mining bureau.

Many of the newest gowns fasten in the back. This is hardly a convenient style for women who are not blessed with maids, but it is very becoming. The princess gown owes its charm to this arrangement.

Mrs. Cora Henner, chief of the women detectives at the World's fair, is to have charge of a similar department at the Paris exposition. She will take 100 assistants with her.

Baroness de Hirsch has donated $300,000 for the building of a home in New York for working girls and will allow $12,000 annually for running expenses.

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