

### THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

She bears no crown upon her brow;  
She boasts no lineage royal;  
Her dower is to humanity  
A heart that's warm and loyal.  
The proud Republic's child is she,  
The sovereign People's daughter;  
Her winsomeness, her womanhood,  
Nature and Freedom taught her.

No herald cries before her path;  
No frowning guards attend her;  
Her gracious ways are harbingers,  
Her smile is her defender.  
Let Kingdoms pledge their regal dames,—  
God bless the People's daughter!  
Her winsomeness, her womanhood,  
Nature and Freedom taught her.

—EDNA DEAN PROCTOR, in The American Magazine.

### IN GIRLDOM.

My apology for the following sketch must be the request of a few friends to whom the events recorded in it were related in that bachelors' sanctum, a smoking room. I was told that in an age of travel and discovery I should not withhold my quota of fresh experience. "We have read," said they, "books on all manner of strange places—'Five Years Penal Servitude,' 'Cannibal Life and Character,' 'A Journey to the Moon'—and so forth; but who of happy bachelors ever got inside a girls' school, or, as it is known on brass door-plates, 'An Educational Establishment for Young Ladies'?" If any, they have never dared to tell the tale. Pick up your courage, man, and let the world know.

Yes, this page of life is still blank, and to fill it I am now endeavoring, by setting down with trembling pen my curious and thrilling adventures.

Some few years back I was spending part of my first long vacation at Oxbridge with some friends in Camshire. Just as my visit was terminating toward the end of July, I received a letter from home, asking me to bring back with me a sister, whose term at school in Skipperton, a town in the same county, ended about that time. In an evil hour I consented, and made my way to Skipperton. I got there on Saturday, expecting to go on in the course of the same day; but it was not so to be. Having left my luggage at this most perplexing of stations, I walked to the address, "Algebra Lodge," and found a fine old house of some size, fronted by a painfully trim gravel walk and meagre flower beds.

On the door being opened in answer to my ring, I was ushered by a particularly tidy maid into a sitting room of quite exceptional neatness. This excessive order everywhere made me feel nervous; I reflected that I had been travelling, saw that my clothes were dusty, fell my necktie awry, and shuddered at the thought of a possible smudge on my face. However, there was no time to put things ship-shape, for a rustling was heard, and in came mistress herself.

Now I had heard very bad accounts of Miss Spinney, for such was her name, from my sister and her friends. She was spiteful, cross as two sticks, would read letters, even opening them when marked "private" with a double dash, always confiscated nice novels, and was quite too dreadfully suspicious of "cousins" who might wish to call. Being, I venture to say, a man of some experience in these matters, I had heavily discounted these notes of character, putting "sensational" instead of "nice" before novels, and considering that letters marked "private," with a double dash, were probably quite as suspicious as the "cousins" from whom they might emanate. (How often does the word "cousin" cover a multitude of sins!) Still I was not prepared for so nice a person as Miss Spinney turned out to be. She had ringlets, indeed, but not of the rigid, black corkscrew description I had expected; hers were of a soft gray color; instead of being angular, she was decidedly round; instead of staring me out of countenance with hard, stony eyes, she beamed upon me most effusively through gold-rimmed spectacles.

After putting me thoroughly at my ease, she informed me very pleasantly that my sister could not possibly be ready to leave before the Monday. At this I was naturally aghast, but after a moments consideration replied that I could put up for the Sunday at the "Crown."

"The 'Crown,'" said the generous spinster, "no such thing! I can give you a spare room, and you will have all you want in my own part of the house, beside being near your sister."

Overcome by her warmth, I gave in at once, and accepted her offer. No sooner had I started on my way to the station to fetch my luggage than my heart misgave me—but it was too late the die was cast. Sadly I entered a cab and gloomier grew my thoughts as I again approached Algebra Lodge.

Just as the miserably horse drew up to the gate, the young ladies were returning from their afternoon's walk, two by two, in the approved style. I

stepped out and had to encounter the gaze of 20 pairs of eager eyes. This unnerved me that I offered the cabman a penny instead of a florin, which he held up to the gaze of the aforesaid eyes to complete my discomfiture. I do not know how I should have staggered into the house, had it not been for the assistance of my sister, having first disgusted me by a frantic and public embrace, and addressing me as "Pug!" Such, alas, was the name by which I was maligned at home—a name fitter for a dog than a man! However, I did manage to get in, and on being shown to a room cooled my face and feelings in a basin of water. Oh, why did I not mark that room? Suffice it to say that I did not, but descended carelessly to tea. A cozy meal, which I shared with Miss Spinney and my sister in a comfortable room known as the library.

After tea I proposed to take my sister for a drive, in order that I might see something of the country round. Leave was extended until 9, and a little pony trap was soon at the door. Now I am a little vain of my driving powers, and therefore was not sorry to see all available windows occupied by curious faces as we got in. I gently shook the reins, but the pony stood stockstill; I smartly touched him on the ear, in response to which he playfully kicked up his hind legs and flicked his tail. Again and again I repeated the dose, but with no more encouraging result. At last the knotted end of the lash caught him sharp on the nostril, and, stung with pain, he started forward with such a jerk that I lost my hat. After a severe struggle, he was hauled in, and my hat restored; but, altogether, I felt that the whole incident had been without dignity if not positively ridiculous, and my pleasure in the drive was utterly destroyed.

As soon as we got back, my sister was packed off somewhere or other, while I made my way to the library, where I found Miss Spinney and three of the teachers, one looking rather duenna like, the other two young and decidedly prepossessing, all gathered round the supper table. This enjoyable meal over, Miss Spinney, retired and left the four of us alone. We had got on excellently at supper after the first awkwardness had worn off, the duenna, in particular, thawing in the most surprising manner; and now she actually proposed a rubber. The rubber was a great fun; my partner had pretty blue eyes, and used them in the most charming way to signal messages, which kept me always on the qui vive to interpret and reply to. Sometimes our telegraphic glances were intercepted by the duenna on my left; the first time, I became preternaturally solemn, and was instantly absorbed in my hand, but looking out of the corner of my eye I thought I noticed an amused expression flit across her face, so my courage was restored, and henceforward our eyes were quite unblushingly bold. Indeed I, presently proposed to initiate the party into what I said was a simple household game called "poker." The proposal was received with acclamation.

"I have so often read of the game in Bret Hart's touching stories, and wondered what it was like," said the duenna.

They were apt pupils, or my enthusiasm for the game was contagious, and the bets that were made were quite shocking to see, as the poet of the game would have observed had he assisted at it now. It is true we were not playing for money—what then? Blue eyes knew as well as I did, or perhaps as the reader has divined. But all happiness must now leave off. They bade me good night one by one, blue-eyes last, and I will declare her hand pressed mine, or mine hers, longest and closest of all.

So I was left alone, and after mooning round the room for a few minutes, was about to follow their example, when my eye was caught by a shelf in a bookcase behind the door, filled with yellow covers. "Ah!" thought I, "here are the confessions." And so they were; a few French novels, dotted amongst a number of wild English sensational yellow-backs (I was horrified to find "Jane Eyre" represented by three copies; horrified, I mean, to find them confiscated) formed the choice collection. The bulk of them seemed mere sentimental twaddlings, but the picture on the cover of one roused my curiosity; it represented a gentleman lying dead on the floor of a room with a peaceful scowl on his face, and on either side of him the kneeling figure of a woman, one fair, the other dark, the fair one wringing her hands, the dark one calmly putting a little revolver into its case. This was the one I selected to take down and read. It turned out to be an exciting bigamy, and I read on until a neighboring clock warned me that 12 had come. I rose with a feeling of relief, for I knew that the bigamy was going to result in murder, and what had gone before was harrowing enough. Carefully I put out the lights and stepped into the passage, where I found my candle, but no matches! Creeping back into the library, I fumbled along the mantelpiece and over the tables, but no matches! Then, with a burglars' feeling, I stole along the passage to the kitchen; the door creaked dismally on an opening; I entered, and found the fire carefully raked out, and still no matches! The thought as to how on earth I was to find my room in the dark became almost unbearable; I

remembered that it was an end room, but as to which of the maze of passages it was in, and on which ideas my mind was an absolute blank.

At length I mustered up courage enough to begin the ascent of the stairs; they groaned at each step, so I took off my boots. When I got to the top I made a long pause to consider. Before me was a long passage which I certainly remembered, from it branched several small passages, one of which led to my room. But which of them? Alas, I had no idea. A happy thought struck me, to toss for it; but again I was thwarted; in the first place I should probably miss the coin and awaken somebody with the noise; in the second place, if I did catch it, I couldn't see it. So that was no use.

Desperation came to the rescue, and I grimly made up my mind to walk up the middle passage. I did so, and felt the two end doors with my finger tips in vain; who can feel painted numbers? I listened for the sound of breathing, to know which to avoid, but could hear none but my own. Suddenly, as often in such cases of extreme despair, the conviction came strong upon me that it was the left-hand door.

The thought, however, of mistake proved almost too strong for me; I pictured to myself the opening or locking of 20 doors, the awful figure of Miss Spinney in dressing-gown and night cap bearing down on me candle in hand, the trembling crowd of teachers (blue eyes among them) servants and pupils behind, myself the detected criminal with boots off! Neverless, I clenched my teeth, and grasping the handle tightly, turned it slowly and quietly. There was no sound, and in I stole. It must be my room. But what is that! A head on the pillow? Yes, by all that's sacred the wrong room!

How I got out of that room I never knew. A cold shudder came over me when I found myself outside, and I felt more inclined to remain standing in the passage until daylight than to go through any such ordeal again. But I got tired of standing, and a calmer reflection induced me to try the next passage. With a renewal of the horrid sensations I have described, I ventured, and to my unspeakable relief found myself in the right room at last. Hastily I sprang into bed, but courted sleep in vain, for my brain was in a whirl after the excitement of the last half hour.

In the morning, with shattered nerves, I came down to breakfast; unfortunately not to be reassured at once. Who could be comfortable with 20 pair of eyes to put one out, whose owners thoroughly enjoy the discomfiture they effect? Blue-eyes did her best for me, and saved me from feeling utterly miserable. A quarter to 11 saw the whole school defile two and two to church. I did not accompany them; the influence of fresh air in an orchard at the back of the house seemed more refreshing to my broken constitution. The midday dinner was almost as bad as the breakfast, the double line of eyes all down the table were riveted on me, and, consequently, mine on my plate—on my plate, save when they strayed to certain rosy fingers not far off, and upward to certain blue eyes of which alone they did not seem afraid. The afternoon brought a welcome change in my relations with the school; we all adjourned to the orchard before mentioned, and there under the cool shade of an apple tree, I examined each with its charming owner, some 20 albums. How fond they are of albums, those delightful girls of under 17! I asked blue-eyes to show me an album, but she said that pupil teachers never kept them, which I told her was a fib. Still she sat down and talked instead of showing me an album, and this was really pleasanter.

On leaving such good friends next day, I was, as is only natural, a little depressed; but my awful adventure of the wrong room still haunted me, and I felt safe at any rate when the gate of Algebra Lodge closed behind our cab.

There was much pleasure as well as pain in my experience of this unknown world of girlhood, short and slight though that experience was; but on looking back I have to thank my stars that things were not worse, that my departure was easy and dignified instead of being a midnight scramble.

So ends my story, as told to my friends of the smoking-room. I did not confide to tell them what I will now to you, my gentle reader. Two summers later my sister brought home for the holidays one of her teachers, whom she described as being "awfully jolly." It was blue-eyes! One evening I told her the whole story of my adventure that night. She laughed so much at my misfortunes that I grew angry and said that she had no sympathy. Then she pouted; then I kissed her, and then she promised to marry when I got a mastership or work at the bar. That is why I am working so hard now.—Belgravia.

Miss Winnifred Edgerton, on whom Columbia College felt constrained to bestow the degree of Ph. D. last year, is not one's idea of the traditional blue stocking or bookworm, at all. Young and perhaps with her round cheeks and fresh colors more girlish-looking than she is, she has been an attractive figure at many of the "evenings" of literary people this season.

### Breathing Through the Mouth.

Tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to the habit of good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting and standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest; and it is as hard for the lungs to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely bandaged hand to set a copy of clear, graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air, and for changing it to a suitable temperature for entering lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an injurious effect upon the lungs. A story is told of an Indian who had a personal encounter with a white man much his superior in size and strength, and who was asked afterward if he was not afraid. "Me never afraid of man who keeps mouth open," was the immediate reply. Indeed, breathing through the mouth gives a foolish and weak expression to the face, as you may see by watching any one asleep with the mouth open.

It may be noted that an anemic, or low, condition of the blood is seldom found where there is an established habit of full, deep breathing through the mouth closed.—[From "About Breathing" in St. Nicholas.

The Champion Oarsman of America, John Teele, writes: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil of inestimable value." All Champion Oarsmen use it. Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

### Mrs. Frank Leslie on Interviews.

"All through my trials," she continued, "the press has been with me. The reporters are always looking me up and saying, 'Mrs. Leslie, you are worth ten dollars to us any day. Won't you give us an interview? You in England, by the way, don't half appreciate the services of the interviewer. Mr. Oscar Wilde came into my office the day after he arrived in New York, and cried 'Mrs. Leslie, do you see what they are saying about me? I never did such a thing. I never said that.' 'What's the matter, Mr. Wilde?' I asked. 'Why, those horrible reporters. They swarmed on to the boat before I landed, and crowded round me, and—' 'And what did you do?' 'I turned my back upon them.' 'There you made a mistake, Mr. Wilde,' I said. 'If you come to America you must recognize the interviewer as a powerful institution. You represent to him so much capital. His business is to interview, the same as it is yours to lecture. If you don't speak to him he must earn his money all the same, and will write something which is certainly not likely to be complimentary.' With us," (she continued) "the best talent on the press is devoted to this branch of journalism. The interviewer is invariably a man of ability and education, but he is just inclined to be a little too personal at times. Women are the best interviewers."—[Mrs. Frank Leslie in Pall Mall Gazette.

### Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough—prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs;—therefore use the great anti-scrofulous, or blood-purifier and strength-restorer,—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send 10 cents in stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### Bad Luck in a Bet.

I met a gentleman recently who told me that he never made but one bet in his life, and although he won it yet the money brought him so much bad luck that he never repeated the offense. It was made on a Presidential election and he won \$800. He was away from home at the time and he invested the money in a handsome set of furniture for his wife. Their home was being improved and this set of furniture would be a pleasant surprise to her. The furniture was packed and shipped, but an accident happened to the boat and it was tied up six weeks in a hot port. When delivered it was so much damaged that after removing the handsome marble tops the furniture was sent to a cabinet shop for repairs. Shortly afterward the shop took fire and the furniture was burned. On his return home, after hearing of the loss of his furniture, he found that one of the workmen had let something fall on one of the marble slabs and broken it. He thought that he would finish the business, so he got a sledge-hammer and smashed the whole lot of marble. Hid only son, a boy 3 years of age, stood by to see the fun, but stumbled and fell on a sharp piece of marble, receiving a dangerous wound on his temple. He has grown to manhood, but will carry

to his grave an ugly scar.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### One Can't Know Everything.

In the face of the impossibility of learning anything about everything the civilized mind has wisely ceased to attempt it. For the first time it has become palpable to the reading public that general human knowledge has outgrown all individual capacity—that the future is to be specialization and that all specialization requires natural qualifications of a high order. There is a general recognition that in the remote future each of us must be content to learn only certain facts out of many millions of classes of facts; and for this change the newspaper is preparing mankind! The future will be something very different from the present—the world will be divided—like the republics of the ants—into various working classes, each pursuing studies the rest must ignore the methods of, while recognizing the results; but all these different pursuits must ever depend for their value upon each other as closely as the labors of the physician depend upon those of the chemist to day. Of general increase in knowledge we will only be able to judge by occasional encounter with facts, and then, perhaps only vaguely, as an ant may judge the nature of what it touches for the first time with its antennae. If the newspapers survive the popular book, it will certainly be a "survival of the fittest."—[New Orleans Times Democrat.

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