

## KEEP THOSE BANNERS.

Keep those banners, gashed and gory—  
Keep them there to tell the story—  
—A. M. Folsom

## COOPERSTOWN, DAKOTA

### After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last!  
I wonder how far they have traveled now?  
They'll be very far when the night is past,  
And so would I, if I knew but how.  
How calm she was, with her saint-like face!  
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue.  
How careless I am with my mother's lace!  
Her hands are whiter and softer, too.  
They have gone to the city beyond the hills;  
They must never come back to this place  
again.  
I'm almost afraid to sit here so still;  
I wish it would thunder and lightning and  
rain.  
Oh, no! for some one may not be at rest;  
Some one, perhaps, is traveling to-night.  
I hope that the moon may shine instead,  
And heaven be stary and earth all bright.  
It is only one summer that she's been here;  
It has been my home for seventeen years!  
And seventeen summers of happy bloom  
Fall dead to-night in a rain of tears.  
It is dark, all dark in the midnight shades;  
Father in heaven, may I have rest?  
One hour of rest for this aching head?  
For this throbbing heart in my weary  
breast?  
I loved him more than she understands;  
For him I prayed for my soul in truth;  
For him I knelt with lifted hands  
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.  
I loved, and I love—I love him still—  
More than father, mother, or life—  
My hope of hope was to bear his name,  
My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

## DOC.

### A Simple Tale of Backwoods Life.

When Doc first came to live with us  
it was in the early spring. He was a  
pitiful-looking boy. He was a little,  
puffy-looking chap, with a pale face,  
small, bony arms, and short, weakly-  
looking legs, and rather sickly-looking,  
frizzled up, straw-colored hair on  
his head. There was no personal  
beauty about Doc's face and figure,  
and yet he was not unusually hard-  
favored. He was commonplace. Only  
that and nothing more. Only a pea  
in a pod where a dozen peas of similar  
appearance reposed. Only a little  
wire-grass boy, with not one redeem-  
ing feature about him except his eyes.  
They were only remarkable for the pa-  
thetic expression that lingered there.  
What little light that ever flashed from  
them was of that sorrowful cast that  
one observes lingering on the western  
horizon after a day's rain has closed  
in a humid sunset.

Doc lost his mother. That was the  
tie that bound us to him. She was a  
commonplace wire-grass woman, but  
in her uncultured soul dwelt the same  
traits of maternal love and cherishing  
tenderness that are supposed to illu-  
minate the high-born souls of those grand  
dames whose white hands have never  
battled against a hard and evil fate  
for the simple necessities of prolong-  
ing existence. She had nourished and  
cherished her little boy, as only a fond  
mother can nourish and cherish a weak  
and fragile child. Ever on the watch,  
she had stood between him and all the  
wild streams of adversity that raged  
about their humble log cabin in the  
desolate barrens.

When she died Doc took it to heart  
to a greater extent than any of us  
thought possible. He had been such a  
puny, peevish, pettish sort of a boy  
that we thought that only his selfish-  
ness could suffer. We were mistaken.  
Doc was older than his age.

Well I remember how mother used  
to toast the crispest bits of brown  
cornbread, softened with the fresh,  
sweet butter, and how she used to put  
in a big lump of that brown mush  
sugar in his coffee, so as to induce the  
little fellow to eat.

"You know his ma is dead," she  
used to say, "and we must try to keep  
him from missing her in every way we  
can."

And we were learning. We were  
being taught the grandest lesson in  
human lore—the creed of unselfish-  
ness.

We could not get him to join us very  
often in any play. He was too weak.  
But when the afternoon sun shone  
through the rifts in the great pine forest  
he would creep out on the sunny  
side with us and we would adjust our  
sports to his strength. Sometimes he  
would look up from his play, and, with  
his eyes full of tears, he would ex-  
claim: "My ma is dead! I can't never  
see her no more!" Then he would sob  
and moan as if his little heart would  
break, and I am not ashamed to say  
we would cry too. "Might not the  
good Lord take our dear mother, too?"  
we asked ourselves.

Ah! my sainted mother! Thy love-  
lighted brown eyes have been closed  
to earthly scenes for many summers.  
They closed your poor, toil-worn  
hands above your cold, still heart a  
long, long time ago, and the tall pines  
have shed from their drooping  
boughs the purest distilled dews of  
heaven above your lonely grave; and  
yet in my dreams I see that face often  
and again, and I never accomplish a  
good deed or am guilty of a bad one  
but what yours is the first name that  
flashes through my intellect. A man  
may have 10,000 friends, even two  
well-beloved wives, but never but one  
mother. Blessed be that holy name  
above all earthly treasures most sacred  
and longest cherished.

As the spring days grew warmer and  
the timid wood violets peeped forth on  
banks where the sun lingered longest,  
our protege grew more robust. There  
was even a faint tinge of blood in his  
pallid cheek after a short walk about  
the plantation.  
Deeper green grew the woodlands.  
The rugged pines even touched them-  
selves up with a few gay tufts of a  
softer tint, and from their queer bloss-  
oms fell showers of gold dust that

bloody angle—at Spottsylvania. He  
tells an interesting story of the capture  
and of his subsequent meeting with  
Gen. Hancock on the battlefield. "I

ant with gay hues and redolent with  
delicate perfume. Birds sang among  
the bursting buds on the crab-apple  
tree, and the blue arch of heaven was  
gilded with the fine gold of the life-giv-  
ing sunlight.

Our sports and pastimes would seem  
funny to you. We went fishing nights.  
It was only half a mile to the creek,  
and on a little bluff that overhung the  
dark waters we could build our camp-  
fires, and then cast our crude tackle  
in the gloomy eddies where the fire-  
light played in fitful waves of light and  
shadow. Doc did love to fish. We  
would dig in the trash heaps for muck-  
worms or skin the pine logs for saw-  
worms, and then we would carry his  
tackle for him, and walk slow, and  
help him across the sashes, and when  
he would catch a mudcat we would say  
it was a big, fine fellow.

Doc was not an unappreciative boy.  
He sang those queer, old-fashioned  
songs for us—songs which he had heard  
his mother sing. I have sat and lis-  
tened to his "Barbara Allen" as the  
echoes ran riot among the caves and  
jungles, till the big owl returned the  
challenge with a mocking fit of insane  
laughter.

The old song comes back to me with  
the quaint rhythm as I write:

He sent his servant to the town,  
Where Barb'ry was a dweller in,  
Sayin' you must go to me own master  
Ef your name be Barb'ry Allen.

Then there was another stanza that  
was very affecting indeed:

And as she walked adown the street  
The bells they were a-tollin',  
And every toll they seemed to say,  
Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen.

I know the old song would not attune  
well to a parlor organ, and I doubt if  
you could play it on a grand piano.  
But there was a pathos of the thing  
that stirred my youthful soul to its  
depths.

Blue-eyed spring began to grow  
plump, and finally developed into the  
maturer charms of summer. Summer,  
with the drone of the bumble-bee at  
noon, and lazy Lawrence dancing on  
the worm fences. Summer time, sweet  
summer time! The peaches ripened  
and reddened, and the corn silks be-  
gan to appear. Doc said if the first  
silk you saw was a red one you would  
be healthy and lucky the balance of  
the year. The first one he saw that  
summer was a red one.

And, O, the signs and sayings he  
taught us. He told us that if we saw  
the new moon in a clear sky it was  
lucky. He told us if we killed a toad  
our best cow would die. He told us  
that the knots in Old Beauty's mane  
when we went to feed her in the morn-  
ing—Old Beauty was our horse—were  
caused by the witches who rode her  
the night before, and used these knots  
for stirrups. Then he said when old  
Dominicker, my favorite hen, took a  
spell of crowing that—

"Whis'lin' women an' cokin' hens  
is apt to come to some bad end."

Sure enough, a blue darter hawk  
killed old Dominicker the very next  
Sunday.

Doc began to be stout and strong  
now. He looked on the faded jacket  
and little breeches he wore when he  
first came to our house in a sort of  
reminiscently pitying way, for his  
arms had grown more muscular, and  
his short legs had grown stouter, and  
Doc began to be a right good-looking  
boy, after all.

Autumn came with her sad eyes and  
sobbing winds. Autumn had a deeper  
significance than ever before, for there  
were portentous tidings wafted from  
afar on every breeze that wandered  
through the heavens. A big white  
comet blazed in the sky, and Doc said  
that meant war. Doc was a respecta-  
ble-looking lad, indeed, now. He was  
15 years old, but few would have be-  
lieved it. His eyes still had that far-  
away expression in them. He was  
older than his years.

That was a winter long to be re-  
membered. Gray uniforms were seen  
at the last yearly meeting, held in No-  
vember, and the preachers at that  
meeting spoke words that sounded  
harshly in our untutored ears. Young  
women hummed warlike airs, and were  
eager to catch the latest refrain.

I remember how the crimson deepened  
on Cousin Sue's brown cheek  
when she rattled off:

Huzza! Huzza! for the bonnie blue flag so  
dear,  
Huzza! for the sword and plume that South-  
ern soldiers wear!

At the first frolic the fiddler wore a  
red feather in his hat and played  
"Dixie."

Men talked and women sang, and  
the warm blood ran riot in the South-  
ern veins. "On to war," "O, Johnnie,  
aire you boum' to be a soldier?"

Your waist, it is too slender,  
Your hands, they are too small,  
And your cheeks too red and rosy,  
To face a cannon ball—  
And sing O—and sing O,  
Sure you will, my dear!

One wintry night the northern sky  
burst into a deep crimson, and we  
knew that the supernatural flame of  
aurora borealis was burning on the  
brow of heaven. Doc said that was  
the sign of war. Everything was the  
sign of war. We had noticed the omi-  
nous "W" on the back of the locusts in  
the early autumn. Captain Jack  
Rainey had muster every week, and  
the tramp, tramp, tramp of gathering  
squadrons shattered the slumberous  
depths of the barrens.

I knew that Doc had met Lucy Pax-  
ton at the frolic, and I knew that he  
had followed her every movement with  
a fascinated gaze. She was not grown  
up, but she was "most grown," they  
all said. She was 13, and the young  
men chose her for a partner when they  
played "all around the merry pole,"  
and Doc sat and watched her.

til evening, when as we (the colonel  
and I occupied the same tent, were  
about turning in, I told Colonel Vinton  
that if he would promise not to say any-

At a candy-pulling Doc pulled candy  
with her. The way of it was that they  
all played "lonesome," and they needed  
one more to be the "lonesome one,"  
and he was induced, much against his  
will, to join. His success emboldened  
him, and so the boy and the girl pulled  
candy, and both were so painfully  
conscious of their own youthfulness  
that they pulled in silence.

Lucy's brother John was nearly 18.  
He was a dutiful boy and his mother  
was a widow. He worked for her and  
for Lucy and they lived well.

Again spring gladdened the earth  
with her spirituelle beauty. But there  
was not as much boisterousness at the  
annual "log-rolling" as usual. In fact,  
there were very few log-rollers. Mothers  
and daughters and younger  
sons pulled the fallen trees together  
the best they could and burned them.  
Women in big sunbonnets, kept from  
flopping over their eyes by wooden  
"splints" inserted in the crown, grasped  
the plowhandles, while "tucking  
strings" girded about their waists kept  
the skirts from trailing in the dirt.  
Ah, they were made of superior mettle,  
these women of the barrens were.

That spring we had to work a great  
deal harder and had less time for fish-  
ing than before. Doc helped us. He  
was industrious, though still a weak-  
ling compared with other lads.

The first time I saw him twirl a  
strand of golden love vine over his  
head and cast it on the bushes I was  
amused. Doc told me that he had  
named it "Lucy Paxton," and if it  
grew he would know that she loved  
him, and if not he would be disap-  
pointed. He was getting too deep for  
our philosophy then.

A whole year rolled away, and on  
the next spring I saw that the love vine  
reappeared and grew on the bushes.  
Doc saw it too, and he was pleased—  
greatly pleased. He was not an ar-  
dent lover. He worshipped at a dis-  
tance. The young fellows who came  
home on furloughs were very gallant  
and deferential toward Lucy. This  
must have worried Doc, but he never  
gave any sign.

Then came that call for men; that  
plucking of the very flower of South-  
ern chivalry. O, remorseless war!

John Paxton was 18, and he must go  
to the war and leave his mother and  
Lucy to fight the harder battle at home.  
The "enrolling officer," that agent of  
war whose approach was dreaded so  
much, he told us that.

When he left Doc followed him out  
to the gate. After a short talk the  
officer departed after shaking Doc by  
the hand.

"I've learned somethin'," he said,  
with a radiant face, when he came  
back. "The enrolling officer says that  
John can stay at home if he can get a  
substitute. I'm gwine to be his sub-  
stitute."

Of course John Paxton did not want  
to agree to the proposition. It looked  
unmanly for him to stay and send a  
little fellow like Doc. But the latter  
argued, "I ain't got nobody to keef  
for, an' if I git hurt nobody'll be the  
loser. You've got Mis' Paxton and—  
and—Lucy," he stammered, "an' you  
ought to stay an' make the crap. Be-  
sides, I want to git to be a big Gen'l  
some time, maybe, an' then I'll—  
well, I want to go, anyhow, an' I'm  
gwine as your substitute." And he  
went.

Poor little Doc! Friend and play-  
mate of our childhood. His delicate  
form that had been so nourished and  
cherished by his doting mother—and  
our mother had loved him as one of  
her own—when they brought him  
home, wasted with privation and hard-  
ship, and the hectic fever burned on  
his cheeks, he looked very much like  
our little old Doc. It was springtime  
again then. There was a lull in the  
wild tempest of war. Bronzed and  
bearded our heroes came home.  
Bowed with defeat, tattered and torn,  
ragged veterans of a hundred battles.  
There were so many heroic deeds that  
the recital of daring achievements  
grew commonplace. They did not  
like to talk about it. Our Doc had  
been every inch a soldier. He had ac-  
quitted himself nobly. He was going  
to die, as so many stronger men had  
died, without a stain on his fair es-  
cutcheon. It was Lucy Paxton's hand  
that plucked the sweet bouquets which  
found their way to his feeble hands.  
It was her mother who sat with our  
mother and counted the pulse beats of  
our Doc as life was fading fast away.

One day he roused himself from his  
stupor, and with a light in his eyes I  
had never seen before, he asked me to  
go and see if the "love vine" had be-  
gun growing. I did as he requested,  
and found the golden threads entwined  
around the low gallberry bushes.

"Is it a-growing," he asked when I  
came in.  
"Yes; it is running everywhere," I  
answered.  
"I knowed it. That's a sure sign.  
I'm so glad—"

That was the last word he ever ut-  
tered.

Lucy Paxton is the noble wife of an  
honest farmer. She is a good woman,  
and she points out a little mound in  
the old graveyard to her children,  
when they go there meeting days, and  
they scrape away the green mold and  
the lichens, and spell out the letters  
on it. "D-O-C, Doc."—M. M. Folsom  
in Atlanta Constitution.

It is remarked by the St. Louis  
Globe-Democrat that the shoemaker's  
wife and the blacksmith's horse go un-  
shod, and the state that expects only  
its lawyers to make its laws is likely  
to be legally lacking.

## Value of Irish Land.

The other day a London auc-  
tioneer offered for sale what he

described as the magnificent resi-  
dence of the late Earl of Devonport.  
It is exactly 107 years since the first  
Sunday newspaper was published.

Sidney Woollett, the elocutionist, is  
said to have memorized more than  
three hundred thousand verses of  
poetry.

Baron Nordenskjold, the explorer,  
is meditating a Swedish Antarctic ex-  
pedition with the assistance of King  
Oscar.

Henry Richner, of Vail, Iowa,  
weighs 270 pounds, is seven feet four  
and three-fourths inches high, and is  
only twenty-two years old.

In 1866 20,000 barrels of rice were  
raised in this country, and in 1886  
425,000 barrels. South Carolina pro-  
duces more than any other state.

Millionaire Corcoran, who does more  
for Washington than all the other mil-  
lionaires lumped together, pays taxes  
on \$9,100,000 worth of property.

There is more or less money in En-  
glish politics for some people, Mr.  
Schnadhorst having just been present-  
ed with £10,000 in recognition of his  
services to the Liberal party.

Mrs. Magnusson, the Icelandic lady  
who is now lecturing in England on  
the habits and home-life of her com-  
patriots, claims that Leit Eriksson was  
the real discoverer of America.

The normal weight of the fashion-  
able dinner or reception dress is from  
thirty to forty-nine pounds, while the  
tailor-made dress varies from ten to  
nineteen pounds. And yet woman is  
called the weaker vessel.

The Montana Wool Grower estimates  
that there will be nearly a million  
sheep sheared in that territory this  
year, producing at least 8,000,000  
pounds of wool—1,000,000 pounds  
more than the product in 1886.

Gen. Charles P. Stone, the gallant  
Union officer and the engineer under  
whose supervision the Bartholdi statue  
was erected, who died recently in New  
York, left his family in straitened cir-  
cumstances, and an appeal is made to  
the public in their behalf.

Some of the dealers in fish in Wash-  
ington market, New York city, have  
bottles of cod-liver oil suspended in  
front of their stalls, and generally  
underneath in a tank a big live cod  
"gaping in horror, as if at the sight  
of the essence of some ancestor's  
liver."

Experiments having shown that guns  
have once more triumphed over armor,  
the governments of England, France,  
and Russia are actively laying in a  
supply of steel projectiles, of which  
great quantities have been ordered.  
Steel projectiles will pierce the thickest  
armor afloat.

Referring to the addition of bath-  
rooms to the luxuries of railroad  
travel, the Buffalo Commercial com-  
mends the improvement, but thinks  
"it might be very awkward, though,  
for a man in a collision or the upset-  
ting of a car to be caught in the usual  
bath-tub undress."

The Duke of Argyle, father of the  
Marquis of Lorne and Lord Colin  
Campbell, is a small man, with a big  
head and the face of a mud-carter.  
He has a mass of bushy white hair,  
his shirt is always frayed at the collar,  
he invariably wears a rusty frock coat,  
and trousers five inches too short.

In a book called "Courts of Europe,"  
recently published in Berlin, the  
author says that it is the Marquis of  
Lorne who flirts and not Louise. The  
story hitherto told presents the oppo-  
site view. The Berlin writer says  
Louise is consumed with jealousy be-  
cause of Lorne's attentions to other  
ladies.

James Blaikie, of St. Paul, has a  
very fine cat's-eye stone which was  
once the property of George II. of  
England. The ring came into the  
possession of Blaikie's family by legal  
process, together with a star and gar-  
ret set with the same stones, and at  
one time the property of the English  
monarch.

The famous Irish steeple-chaser Lib-  
erator, who won the Grand National  
in 1879, and who has started in the  
same race nearly every year since  
then, is now doing farm work. When  
geldings become unfit for racing their  
fall is a great one. In this country  
Checkmate, once a great racer, is used  
as one of an omnibus team, and Pa-  
role, the hero of two continents, is  
used as a saddle-horse.

Dan Rice, the once celebrated clown,  
who made and lost several large for-  
tunes in the circus ring, now lives in  
Cincinnati, old and poor, and depend-  
ent on the charity of friends for a liv-  
ing. Rice's first appearance in public  
was as a pugilist, and in 1828 the  
Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned  
to witness a boxing contest between  
George Kensett and Dan Rice.

Cocanut-growers say that each tree  
in a grove produces one nut a day, or  
365 in one year. Owing to the great  
height of the trees it is impossible to  
pick the nuts, and they are allowed to  
hang till they fall. The natives gather  
them up and carry them to the husk-  
ing-machines, where the nuts are strip-  
ped of their thick outside shells. A  
nut is most delicious just after it has  
dropped from the trees.

In renting houses at San Francisco,  
Cal., the rent charged is according to  
the number of rooms. Brokers say  
that a room should rent at \$5 and \$6  
per month. Thus a five room house  
should be \$25 or \$30, besides the value  
of bath-room and closet. Architects  
figure in the same way. They will  
contract to build a house for \$400 a  
room. This, of course, is for cheap

so troubled that she attracted the at-  
tention of the family by her peculiar  
behavior. On following her they found  
the cause. She had packed her little

being able to hide so well. He was  
walking in a field when a covey of  
birds was flushed. One alighted near  
him, and the moment it did so seized  
a dead oak leaf, crouched to the  
ground, and threw the leaf over its  
back, so that it was hidden completely  
from view. Mr. Ray said that he had  
to go and turn over the leaf before he  
could believe the evidence of his own  
eyes.

The Staunton, Va., *Vindicator* re-  
lates the case of a citizen of that place  
named Joshua Stover, who was re-  
cently sent to the penitentiary for six  
years by the Staunton hustlings court  
"for stealing a hot flat-iron from off a  
stove." It adds: "There would seem  
to be something radically wrong in a  
law that demands one-fifth of the  
average lifetime of a man for the  
larceny of a trifle, for which a boy  
would get off with a switching."

Mme. Caroline Popp has just com-  
pleted her fiftieth year as editress of  
the chief Liberal paper in Flanders—  
the *Journal de Bruges*. She entered  
upon her office the 4th of April, 1837,  
and has remained at the post (not  
without many difficulties) for the last  
fifty years. Thus her editorship is  
only seven years younger than the  
independence of Belgium as a State.  
Mme. Popp has earned some distinc-  
tion in her native land as a novelist  
and story-teller. Her "Nathalie" and  
her "Legends and Tales of Flanders"  
have been translated into German.

The South Australian *Register's* re-  
turns in connection with the wheat  
harvest in that colony show that the  
net increase of cultivated land is 20,-  
000 acres, the total area being 1,097,-  
000 acres, yielding 10,835,000 bushels,  
or 5 bushels 81 pounds per acre. After  
deducting 2,000,000 bushels for seed  
and 1,782,500 bushels for food the sur-  
plus for export is estimated at 7,103,-  
500 bushels, or 190,000 shipping tons.  
This is 115,000 tons more than last  
year's exports, but 130,000 tons less  
than in 1885. The two last seasons  
together did not yield as much as in  
1884 and 1885 by 50,000 tons. If each  
of the last two seasons had been equal  
to those of 1884 and 1885 the colony  
would have been richer by £4,500,000.

## Superstitions About Birds.

In France the handsome white owl  
with its plumage is accepted every-  
where as a forerunner of death. As  
if that were not enough to draw upon  
it the animadversion of all, this bird is  
often accused of sacrilege, for in Pro-  
vence and Languedoc it is charged  
with drinking the oil of the church  
lamps. In the south of Germany the  
crow bespeaks good luck, but in  
France anything but that if seen in  
the morning. The same with the mag-  
pie—ill-luck if it flies on your left; if,  
on the contrary, on your right, you  
may be assured that the day will be a  
fortunate one. In England the influ-  
ence of the appearance of this saucy  
bird upon current events is governed  
by the numbers in which he appears,  
and is thus summed up:

One for sorrow,  
Two for mirth,  
Three for a wedding,  
Four for a birth.

Among the negroes of the southern  
states the moaning dove means to save  
a man's soul. To kill one of these  
doves is a sign of death, but more  
frequently the death of a child. A  
buzzard or a crow upon the housetop  
is believed by these same people to be  
an invariable sign of death or disas-  
ter; a visit at the door from a rooster,  
the approaching visit of a friend; the  
notes of the screeching owl or "shiv-  
ering" owl, are a bad omen of many  
interpretations, while, if the common  
owl hoots on your right good luck will  
follow, but bad luck should he take up  
his position on your left side and hoot  
therefrom. The reputation of all  
night birds, great or small, is no bet-  
ter; but southern imagination has dis-  
covered a remedy for all their spells.  
It consists in throwing a pinch of salt  
into the fire as soon as the sound is  
heard.

If a chaffinch perches on your win-  
dow-sill, beware of treachery. It was  
the wren which aided Prometheus in  
stealing the sacred fire of knowledge  
from beneath Jove's throne in heaven.  
Accordingly, he who kills a wren will  
have his home destroyed. If you have  
money in your pocket when you hear  
the cuckoo for the first time, it is a  
good omen, and you will have your  
pockets well lined during the year; if,  
on the contrary, you have no money,  
cultivate your friends, for you will be  
in need of their assistance before long.  
The blackbird which crosses your road  
brings you good luck. No physician  
should fail to procure a bed of por-  
ridge feathers. A patient laid upon  
such a bed, no matter what his dis-  
ease, will never die of it, although he  
will not necessarily get well.—*St. Louis  
Republican.*

## What the Queen Wanted.

One of the first things Queen Victoria  
did on hearing that William IV. was  
dead and that she had succeeded to  
the throne was to call one of her  
mother's ladies-in-waiting. "Am I  
really queen?" asked the excited  
princess. "You are, indeed, madame,"  
replied the lady-in-waiting. "And I  
can do what I choose, by right?" con-  
tinued Victoria. "Certainly, your  
majesty." "Then get me a cup of green  
tea. Mamma never would let me have  
it; now I mean to know what harm it  
can do me." And the young queen  
drank three cups, had a violent fit of  
the shivers and has never liked tea  
since.—*The Argonaut.*