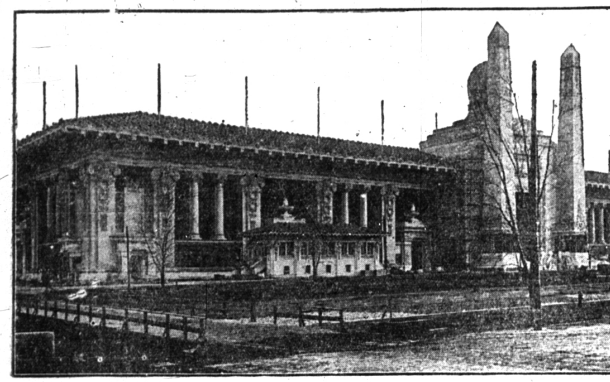
An Exposition of Modern Wonders

The World's Fair of 1904 Is the Greatest Educational Factor as Well as the Most Stupendous Entertainment that Was Ever Organized—No Words Can Describe Its Magnificence or Magnitude

Mr. E. E. Stevens, editor of the Minneapolis Union, visited the World's Fair at St. Louis a few days ago, and the following letter in the Union describes in part what his impressions were:

To Readers of "The Union":

I have been through the World's Fair grounds again to-day for the third time since coming to St. Louis last week, and every day the wonder within me grows. I had imagined from the descriptions that the management intended to eclipse anything ever before attempted, but I had no idea of the tremendous size, the magnificent designs, the splendid settings, and the artistic beauty of the buildings. I was somewhat prepared to see something of the ordinary, but my mind had by no means grasped the splendors which will be open to the visitors to the World's Fair this summer. Of course the grounds and the buildings at this time are in a chaotic state, and the weather was unpropitious for pleasant visiting, but even with these drawbacks, and with nothing but the bare and in many cases but partially finished buildings to be seen, the



Palace of Mines and Metallurgy.

Copyright, 1904, by Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

grounds are well worth traveling hundreds of miles to see, even as they are. This being the case, what will it be when everything is completed and when nature has combined with art to make this the fairest vision ever seen by mortal eyes.

It would be presumptuous on my part to attempt to give a description of the grounds or of the buildings, and when I attempt a description I am at a loss for words, and can only repeat, "Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful." The grounds are a natural beauty spot, and with the addition of the buildings, the statues, the fountains, the lagoon, the cascades, and all the cunning contrivances of art, the visit will be one which will never be forgotten, even if one should not go inside the buildings at all. And then the inside of the buildings—buildings covering acres and acres of ground, and stretching out for what seems to be interminable distances—when these are filled with the works of nature, of art, of science and of skill from every portion of the known world, who would be so foolish as to miss it?

I would make it compulsory upon every parent who can afford to do so, to send his children there, as they will never have an opportunity again to see anything approaching it, and they might travel all their lives and not see as much of the world as they will see here within the confines of this great Exposition. Every nation in the world will be represented, and a trip here will be a liberal education in itself. I certainly hope that every reader of "The Union" will take my advice and go to the Fair, even if they can spend but a few days there. It will be the event of a lifetime, and no one should deny themselves this much of the pleasures of the world, even if they have to deny themselves in some other direction. By all means make up your minds right now that you are going to the St. Louis World's Fair, and begin saving for that purpose right now, if necessary. And don't fail to give the boys and girls an opportunity to go. They should learn more here in a week than they will in school in a year.

I wish I could make this strong enough so that every reader of this paper would make up his mind to see the World's Fair, for I am sure every one who comes will agree with me that there was never anything to equal it and that the one who misses seeing it will never have another opportunity to see its equal.

Sincerely yours,

THE EDITOR.

HYMN OF THE WEST.

The Poet Stedman Has Written the World's Fair Hymn and It Has Been Set to Music.

Western folk will be charmed by the beautiful hymn written by Edmund Clarence Stedman upon the invitation of the World's Fair management. He calls it the "Hymn of the West," a title befitting so splendid a production. It has five stanzas, and Prof. John K. Paine of Harvard University, has written the music, which is no less grand. The first public rendering of this hymn will be on the opening day of the great exposition, Saturday, April 30, when a drilled chorus of 600 voices will sing it. Other musical compositions specially written upon invitation of the World's Fair management are a march by Frank Vanderstucken, director of the Cincinnati orchestra, and a waltz by Henry K. Hadley of New York. All are famous composers and their compositions have the originality and high merit expected for such a signal event. The several pieces will be played by the many bands in their musical programs during the Exposition, under the direction of the Bureau of Music.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Dozens of Unique Materials Used in the Creation of World's Fair Statuary.

Enduring marble and temporary staff, which have marked the statuary of past expositions, are not the only kinds at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, although more works of art carved from these materials are there exhibited than were ever collected at one place in the history of the world.

Many odd materials have been made up into artistic figures that eloquently proclaim the idea of the designer. Some of these unique statues are colossal in size and large sums of money were expended in their making.

Birmingham, Ala., has built a statue of Vulcan. It is 50 feet high, the base constructed of coal and coke and the statue cast in iron. It portrays Birmingham's importance as a manufacturing center. King Cotton is Mississippi's offering. Cotton is the material used, and the giant is as tall as Alabama's Vulcan. The Spirit of Utah is manifested in an artistic figure modeled from beeswax. Idaho presents the figure of a Coeur d'Alene miner cast from copper. Golden butter was used by a Minnesota artist as the appropriate material for a statue of John Stewart, the builder of the first creamery.

Louisiana presents two curiosities in sculpture—a figure of Mephistopheles in sulphur and Lot's wife carved from a block of rock salt. California shows the figure of an elephant built of almonds.

World's Fair Notes.

The exhibits will amount to twenty thousand carloads.

A machine will stamp the likeness of a World's Fair building on a penny for souvenir collectors.

The Inside Inn, a hotel on the World's Fair grounds under Exposition control, has 2,359 rooms.

AUTO RIDING IN WINTER.

Handles May Be Warmed by Electricity and Vehicle Made Comfortable.

Automobilists are not very enthusiastic in the winter season because of the discomforts that attend riding. The handles of the conveyances are extremely cold and the drivers suffer acutely when the mercury stands in the neighborhood of zero. It is only those who use the machine for business purposes who will stick to it in winter. It is not a difficult matter to wrap up the body warmly enough, and the face can be protected against the biting wind by the shielding devices which have been invented, but it is not so easy to protect the hands from the cold. In spite of the covering of gloves or mittens the fingers are liable to become numbed with the cold, a state of affairs especially dangerous to the driver of a high-speed car, who is compelled to be on the alert for emergencies and act instantly when they arise.

To meet this condition of affairs a New Jersey man has invented an electrically heated handle, which the chauffeur has only to grasp tightly in his hand to derive the benefits of the radiation from the interior. The construction is such that the heat is reflected outward from the conductor, the radiator filling the central space and being completely surrounded by the conductor wires. The cover is of non-conducting material and is perforated at frequent intervals to allow free radiation.

NOT NOW PINE TREE STATE.

All Such Timber Worth Cutting Has Disappeared Long Ago.

"Maine is only the pine tree state nowadays by tradition," says G. R. Danby of Bath, Me. "To-day pine is scarce in our state. All the trees worth cutting down have long since disappeared, as every hunter and fisherman in the north woods well knows. Even the spruce has about vanished from along our rivers and hillsides, and the lumberman of to-day often has to haul his cut for miles down the mountainside to the landing. Maine at present only holds its shipbuilding supremacy because the skilled shipwrights are still with us and because of the cheapness of construction.

"Only a few days ago a train load of masts for Maine ships were brought to us all the way from the state of Washington, 3,500 miles away, the freight charges on which were $1,800. This was a sad reminder that we no longer had timber of sufficient size left for masts. For frames we draw on the oak forests of Virginia, and the tops are apt to be of Nova Scotia spruce. Southern pine is used altogether for planking and ceiling and the deck planks come from Wisconsin and Michigan."—Washington Post.

A Question of Anesthetics.

Stuart Knott, president of the Kansas City Southern railway, was entertaining in his private car a Mr. Collins, a wealthy Galveston broker whose brains and money he hoped to interest in the development of the territory contiguous to Port Arthur, the southern terminus of the road. The weather was sickly hot. The air was tainted with the fumes of oil, and the broker was kept busy beating off mosquitos and mixing polite expressions of appreciation. Mr. Knott, after fully extolling Port Arthur's natural advantages as a port, a rice, oil, cotton and lumber center, said:

"Now, Mr. Collins, what would you take to locate here?"

"That, sir, is an open question," replied Mr. Collins, slapping at a herd of gallinippers. "I'm not sure whether I'd take cocaine or morphine."—New York Times.

"Lean as Pharaoh's Kine."

A good story of an old crofter who appeared before the commission to apply for a reduction of rent has just been told at a meeting in Glasgow. The number of cattle on the farm led Sheriff Brand to observe that surely the croft could not be in such a bad way as its owner would seek to show. "Och," replied the old fellow, "you should see the bit beasties." "What like are they?" queried the sheriff. "They're as lean, sir, as Pharaoh's kine." "How lean was that?" pawkily asked the sheriff, doubtless thinking that he had cornered the applicant. But had he? Not a bit. Like a flash came back the answer, "So lean, sir, that they could only be seen in a vision."—Yorkshire Post.

Reflection on the Milkman.

Wayne MacVeagh, the lawyer and diplomat, has on the outskirts of Philadelphia an admirable stock farm. One day last summer some poor children were permitted to go over this farm and when their inspection was done to each of them was given a glass of milk. The milk was excellent. It came, in fact, from a $2,000 cow. "Well, children, do you like it?" the farmer said when they had all drained their glasses. "Gee! Fine!" said one little fellow. Then, after a pause, he added, "I wisht our milkman kep' a cow."

One Year of Janet.

Jan-et was quite ill one day;
Feb-rile troubles came her way.
Mar-tyrlike she lay in bed;
Ap-roned nurses softly sped.
"May-be," said the leech, judicial,
"Jan-et could be beneficial."
Jul-eps, too, though freely tried,
Aug-ured ill, for Janet died.
Sep-ulchre was sadly made.
Oct-aves pealed and prayers were said.
Nov-lces with many a tear,
Dec-orated Janet's bier.

—London Globe.

Good Intentions Misunderstood.

Senator Foley, on his way up town several nights ago, dropped into a hotel and there discovered a friend who was considerably the worse for wear. In fact, the friend's condition was such that the senator thought it necessary for him to play the part of the Good Samaritan.

"Here," he said, "you've got to come home with me."

"Whazzamatter, Tom?" responded the man; "are you afraid to go home alone?"—New York Times.

The total number of available men capable of bearing arms in the United States is 10,853,396.

TICKLE GRASS

BY BYRON WILLIAMS

EXTRA!

Double Extra!!

FRONT PAGE IN RED, YELLOW AND GREEN, WITH WOOD TYPE FOUR INCHES HIGH.

The Beautiful Story of Imogene Constance Ingelfritz; or, How Hans Hogenblotz Won in an Unequal Battle for the Goods!

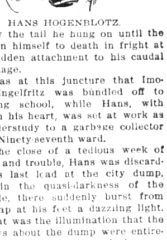
(A True Story.)

Imogene Constance Ingelfritz was the beautiful but haughty daughter of a Chicagoo alderman.

Hans Hogenblotz was only a poor boy with a stone bruise. His father was a human elevator on a brick building, merely carrying brick up a seven story ladder to a man at the top who did all the work. Hans' mother was a good woman, but because she ate custard with a fork, and didn't know which knife for the fish, she was refused the society entre and spent most of her time at home chasing underbreeches and lace-thingamajigs up and down a dilapidated old washboard.

But Hans, despite the bad and the custard, loved the proud Imogene. She was the Sylvia of his boyish dreams, the Hero of his Leander, the queen of his Arcady, and because Love hopes where Reason doth despair, he dared to picture her as his—all his—some week day in the glorious, untried future. And then—

One beautiful afternoon in autumn, when the chipmunks were busy in the hazel brush, and the low rumbling of the coal wagon was once more heard in the land, Hans saved Imogene's life. Catching a pursuing gentleman



HANS HOGENBLOTZ

cow by the tail he hung on until the bull ran himself to death in fright at this sudden attachment to his caudal appendage.

It was at this juncture that Imogene Ingelfritz was bundled off to boarding school, while Hans, with grief in his heart, was set at work as an understudy to a garbage collector in the Ninety-seventh ward.

At the close of a tedious week of travail and trouble, Hans was discarding his last load at the city dump, when in the quasi-darkness of the eventide, there suddenly burst from the heap at his feet a dazzling light. So great was the illumination that the shadows about the dump were enticed by dispelled, and over a block away could be seen the Widow Flanahan's cow stable looming up like a turreted castle in a stage tableau. Gasping with surprise, Hans glanced down at his feet!

Horrors! He could see the very bones through his great thick calf-skin shoes, and when he felt of the shoes in the scintillating light, the bones in his fingers were likewise visible.

But Hans was no coward, and grabbing up the huge lump of light, he put it in a garbage can and lashed his jaded horses to the nearest drug store.

As he appeared on the boulevard the electric lights became mere lightning bugs and the darkness was dispelled as if by magic. Great crowds of people, noting the fireworks, gathered about and clamored for an explanation. A horse doctor, passing that way, took one blinking look into the garbage can and shouted: "RADIUM!"

It was indeed so. And it weighed seven pounds. That night Hans locked his treasure in the henhouse and the hens, thinking a new day had arrived, got up and layed another egg, all round—er—that is, almost round!

The next day, however, Hans sold three-fifths of a pound of radium for $476,200,000.07½, and put the other six and a quarter pounds away for a rainy day.

The rest was easy. He bought some store clothes and a plug hat that squatted when he went to the theater, and called on my Lady Imogene. Being leap year, she met him with a half-Nelson, and they lived happily ever afterward!

Moral—Many a fortune has been carelessly thrown into the garbage.

A well known monthly magazine, illustrating what a great world this is, says a man lived in the next room to his wife and didn't know she had twins until he read it in the newspapers. It is presumed that he has since stopped his paper.

War is H—

Jap
Scrap.
Mercerite
Husky fight!

Too much pleasure clogs. Who will question the divine wisdom that gives us only enough sorrow to enhance our happiness?

Only the weak despair. The strong set their iron jaws and push forward, counting only the victories.

Conscience is too often the mere butler in a home of policy.

One may lose one's own sorrow helping another forget his.

Discontent is only ourselves undisciplined.

EIGHT YEARS OF TORTURE.

No suffering more keen than kidney suffering. Sick kidneys make bad blood; cause weak, stiff and aching backs; cause blind, sick and dizzy headaches, lack of appetite and loss of sleep; keep you all tired out and spoil digestion.

To have perfect health, you must cure the kidneys. Read how one man was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills after eight years of torture.

Henry Soule of Pultney St., Hammondsport, N. Y., says: "For eight years I suffered constant agony from kidney complaint. I endured the worst torture from gravel and the kidney secretions were excessive and contained sediment like brick dust. I had to get out of bed from ten to twenty times a night and the loss of sleep wore me out. Indigestion came on and the distress after eating was terrible. Doan's Kidney Pills effected a complete and lasting cure, and after the symptoms of kidney trouble were gone, my stomach began to work as it should. This lasting cure, especially in a case of my age, proves the great value of Doan's Kidney Pills more convincingly than could any words of mine."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold by all druggists; price 50 cents per box, or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Write for free trial.

A Christian does not have to have a big fortune to prove to God that he is grateful.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The man who points to the cross should never do it with a frown on his face.

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.

Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers. 5c. a package.

An eagle was captured with a lariat in the streets of Greeley, Col.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—WM. O. EADSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.—Confucius.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES cost but 10 cents per package.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

A remarkable industry of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that wonderful country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives in Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

Their First Sight of Snow.

Although Luzon is a tropical country, it sometimes gets cold enough there to make a sleeper crawl under a blanket, especially in the mountains. There is an official record of its having snowed in the province of Abra twenty years ago, although no white man saw it. The natives came to town and reported a swarm of white butterflies having descended from the sky and dissipated into the earth. Thus the Spaniards knew it had snowed.

For Tattooing Pigs.

Two prizes of $125 each have been offered by an agricultural society in Germany for a new pigment for tattooing black-eared pigs. The tattooing of white-eared pigs is well known and successful, but a dark color is useless for dark ears. An additional $25 is given for every year the tattoo lasts beyond the first year.

DOCTOR DID IT.

Put on 36 Pounds by Food.

Feed a physician back to health and he gains an experience that he can use to benefit others. For this reason Grape-Nuts food is daily recommended to patients by hundreds of physicians who have cured themselves of stomach trouble. One doctor says:

"Although a physician and trying to aid and assist my fellow beings to enjoy good health it must be admitted I formerly did not enjoy the best of health myself. In January, 1899, I only weighed 119 pounds. At this time I was living in the Ohio Valley and began to think I had about seen my best days. One day about 3 years ago I had an opportunity to try Grape-Nuts food for my breakfast. I liked it so well that I ate three teaspoonfuls three times a day and have regularly used it up to the present time, and I now weigh 155, a gain of 36 pounds and enjoy the best of health.

"Not only has Grape-Nuts made this wonderful change in me, but through it I have helped my friends, relatives and patients. The satisfying power of this food is simply wonderful.

"I have one patient who is a section hand on the C. & O. R. R., who eats nothing in the morning but four tablespoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and yet does his very hard work up to lunch time and enjoys the best of health and strength.

"I could name a great many cases like this and I still prescribe Grape-Nuts in my practice every day." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ask any physician about the scientific principles on which Grape-Nuts food is made. He'll tell you the principles are perfect.

Then a 10 days' trial proves that the principles are carried out in the food ("all the good of the grains so treated that anyone can digest it all") Shown in renewed physical strength and brain energy.

"There's a reason."

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

WESTERN CANADA HAS AN EXCELLENT CLIMATE.

The Saskatchewan Valley Very Highly Favored.

An interesting feature of Western Canada is its climate. Those who have made a study of it speak highly of it. The Canadian Government Agents are sending out an Atlas, and at the same time giving valuable information concerning railway rates, etc., to those interested in the country. As has been said, the climate is excellent. The elevation of this part of Canada is about 1,800 feet above the sea, about twice that of the average for Minnesota. It is a very desirable altitude. The country has a very equable climate taking the seasons through. The winters are bright and the summers are pleasantly warm. R. F. Stupart, director of the meteorological service for Canada, says:

"The salient features of the climate of the Canadian northwest territories are a clear, bracing atmosphere during the greater part of the year, and a medium rainfall and snowfall. The mean temperature for July at Winnipeg is 66, and Prince Albert 62. The former temperature is higher than at any part of England, and the latter is very similar to that found in many parts of the southern countries."

At Prince Albert the average daily maximum in July is 76 and the minimum 48. Owing to this high day temperature with much sunshine, the crops come to maturity quickly.

Moisture is ample in the Saskatchewan valley, being about 18 inches annually. It is notable that about 75 per cent of the moisture falls during the crop months. Thus, Western Canada gets as much moisture when it is needed and with several hours more sunshine daily than land further south gets during the growing season, it is not difficult to understand why crops mature quickly and yield bountifully.

Winter ends quickly, sowing is done during April and sometimes in March. Harvest comes in August, about the middle. Cyclones, blizzards, dust and sand storms are unknown.

What motive had the inventors of railroads in view? Locomotive.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

DEAF OR HARD-OF-HEARING PERSONS and lip reading simple, easy, practical; by mail; terms easy. Address Box 2018, Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 & $3 SHOES

W. L. Douglas shoes have by their excellent style, easy-fitting and superior wearing qualities, achieved the largest sale of any shoes in the world. They are just as good as those that cost you $4 to $5—the only difference is the price.

Sold Everywhere.

Look for name and price on bottom.

Douglas uses Corona Coltskin, which is everywhere conceded to be the finest Patent Leather yet produced. *Beware of Substitutes.* Shoes by mail, 25c extra. Write for Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

DOLLAR HUMOR CURE

From Pimples to Scrofula

From Infancy to Age

To those who have suffered long and hopelessly from Humors of the Blood, Skin, and Scalp, and who have lost faith in doctors, medicines, and all things human, CUTICURA Soap, Ointment, and Pills appeal with a force hardly to be realized. Every hope, every expectation awakened by them has been more than fulfilled. More great cures of Simple, Scrofulous, and Hereditary Humors are daily made by them than by all other Blood and Skin Remedies combined, a single set, costing but one dollar, being often sufficient to cure the most distressing cases when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent, Internal, Cuticura, Outward, and Cuticura Pills, Internal. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Humors," free. "Pimples, Blackheads, Chapped and Oily Skin," free. "Infant and Baby Humors," free.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

AMUSED MEN OF MONEY.

Conductor Forgot His Audience in His Earnestness.

What is known as "the millionaire's train," running from Morristown, N. J., to Hoboken, carries a number of men known to the world of finance. The conductor is David Sanderson, to whom his passengers, grateful for his uniform good nature and efficiency, have just presented a handsome watch and a purse of gold. They insisted on his making a speech and Sanderson did so, winding up in this way: "Some people wonder why it is I have had such great success in life; why I have had no trouble with nobody. Even the other conductors don't understand it and they often ask me how I get along with the drunks on my train, an' I just tell 'em——" From the millionaires that Sanderson's speech ended then and there.

Bimmelstein Not Interested.

On the car the other morning I happened to hang by the strap next to Bimmelstein's. Between hanging patrons of and granting pardons to my near neighbors, I managed to read a few paragraphs in my newspaper. One of them told of a remarkable find by a Nippur expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. It was nothing less than a well-preserved and thoroughly authenticated tailor's bill nearly 5,000 years old.

Since Bimmelstein himself is engaged in the clothing business, I thought he would be interested in this ancient relic, so I told him about it, but the story seemed to make no impression on him.

"Hang it, man," said I, "don't you understand? It's a tailor's bill almost 5,000 years old."

"Vell," he answered, "vot iss it good for? Dey can't collect it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Many Royal Visitors Coming.

If all promises are fulfilled, the United States will have royal visitors galore next summer. So far these have announced their intention to visit the land of the free: King Leopold of Belgium, King Menelek of Abyssinia, the crown prince of Germany, the crown prince of Sweden and the crown prince of China.

SERVED AS MESSENGER BOY.

Congressman Hardwick Mistaken for One of the House Pages.

Congressman Hardwick, the boyish-looking man from Georgia, has had the experience that has befallen other youthful statesmen. He was standing close to the speaker's desk one day when one of the reading clerks, mistaking him for a page said: "Run and bring me that paper that is lying on Gen Grosvenor's desk." Smiling at the clerk's error, the Georgian did as requested. Half an hour later the chair recognized "the gentleman from Georgia," and to the surprise and mortification of the reading clerk, Mr Hardwick, the beardless boy, who had performed messenger duty a short time previous, arose and delivered a long speech on the race problem in the south.

The Crinoline Is Coming.

The new skirts with their extreme fullness, especially toward the front, will be the mother of our old curse—crinoline. Nothing but the stiffened petticoat will throw into shape the wide skirts of the immediate future.

BEEF TEA NEW TO HIM.

Irishman Spoiled the Preparation by His Addition.

Orville and Wilbur Wright, the inventors of the most successful flying machine that has appeared thus far, live in Dayton, Ohio, where they conduct a bicycle factory.

An aged Irishman, a faithful employe of theirs for a number of years, was kept at home last month by illness. Orville Wright, a basket on his arm, visited the sick man one afternoon.

"Here John," he said, "are some dainties I have brought you. Here is some fruit; here is jelly; here is a tonic, fine for the aged, here is some superb beef tea."

"Beef tay, is it, sor?" said the old man. "Shure, an' it shud be good, that beef tay. 'Tis a dhrink Oi niver thried before. Oi thank ye, sor, for all ye've brought, but specially Oi thank ye for the foine beef tay."

In a week or two the Irishman was back at work. The day of his return, seeing him at his post, Mr. Wright asked him with a smile how he liked his beef tea.

"Shure, not a bit," said the old man, bluntly.

"Why," said Mr. Wright, "beef tea is delicious if you heat it and add a little salt and pepper."

"Well, sor, it may be good thot way," said John. "But I put milk and sugar to it."—Los Angeles Times.

KING AND THE BOTANIST.

How Latter Happened to Take Dinner With the Swedish Monarch.

M. Gaston Bonnier, a distinguished French botanist, while searching for rare plants some time ago near Stockholm was somewhat surprised to see another man, who was a stranger to him, engaged in the same work. He spoke to him, and the two compared notes until the hour for dinner arrived, when M. Bonnier said: "I must confess I'm hungry, and I propose that we go and look for dinner somewhere."

"Come home with me," said his companion. "Our dinner is ready now, and it will give me pleasure to introduce you to my wife."

The Frenchman accepted the invitation and, entering the city, they walked on until they reached the royal palace. "Surely we're not going to dine here," thought M. Bonnier, but he was mistaken, for, taking him by the arm, his companion led him through the palace and into the dining room, where he said to him kindly:

"I can promise you a first class dinner. Yes, I am Oscar, King of Sweden, but what does that matter? I am delighted to have made your acquaintance, and I only hope that you will enjoy yourself while you are with us."

Then he introduced him to the Queen and a few minutes later dinner was announced.

It is such kindly acts as this that have made King Oscar loved.