Faults of the New Woman but Reflections of the Past

The reactionaries who find fault with the new woman on general principles now permit her the amusement of learning to drink, smoke and swear. The charge has a horrid sound, and the friends of liberty who would defend the new woman at all hazards say that she does not do such things at all, or at any rate, not enough

It was formerly thought ill manners to refuse to take wine with gentlemen

to hurt her, and that there is no harm in them anyway.

It is not the purpose of this article to support either party. It is proposed merely to show that the new woman in these matters is in others is not quite so new as she is painted and that if a reactionary goes back far enough he will discover that there is nothing new under the sun.

As generation succeeds to generation each is gravely assured that "Times are not what they used to be," and as each new crop of grumblers develops they find the same time honored points to make of the woman of their day that women have departed from the excellences of their mothers to practice new and previously unheard of faults and follies, especially in the matter of dress.

However, the sin of "newfangledness of girls" is such a becoming one and so charmingly feminine withal that it is usually regarded with a certain kindly toleration.

Does the reactionary to-day find fault with the twenty-fifth century woman for learning to drink, swear and smoke because he considers these things inherently vicious? Probably not, but they are special masculine indulgences, a little unpleasant in some ways, and so quite unfeminine according to the nineteenth century notion of femininity which decreed that woman should be exquisite, delicate, gentle and altogether on a higher spiritual plane than man.

The watchword of feminine respectability was "Avoid the appearance of evil." To-day we replace it with "Bad is he who evil thinks," because we are all for broadness and toleration, and women would much rather be good fellows than angelic beings.

So much for the difference in the point of view, a thing to which reactionaries are proverbially blind. When those same captious souls tell you that neither your mother nor your grandmothers nor your great-grandmothers swore or smoked they speak truth. Not only would it have been very shocking to them to do either, but it was even considered insulting for a man to smoke or swear in their presence.

If we take a few backward steps into the eighteenth century, however, no such squeamishness is apparent. The stately patched and powdered dames of that era swore with all the easy unconsciousness of a man. Such little phrases as "My devil of a horse is as lame as a dog," and "Pray, now, who the devil would not be happy with a pretty place?" are frequently found in the familiar letters of fashionable women.

In Anglo-Saxon countries women with any pretentions to gentility did not smoke until these latter days, but surely snuff taking is almost the same thing in effect, and in the eighteenth century ladies took snuff, a habit which is now thought filthy and disgusting in the extreme.

The time was when smoking was vulgar and snuff taking the most fashionable and indispensable of follies for men with an accompaniment of courtly ceremonial. Women apparently dared to adopt the custom very much as they now smoke, some because they really liked it, other because it make them piquant. Hear what is written in the Spectator about the women who encroached upon this masculine prerogative:

One took snuff, the other smokes, both guilty of swearing.

"Mr. Spectator: I have writ to you three or four times, so desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women have lately fallen into of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of: Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; the pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt."

What is an innocent little cigarette smoked in a restaurant compared with such a display as this?

Perhaps the most curious revelations of all are to be found on the question of women's drinking. It is often said that the reason women are accused of drinking more than they used or ought to, is that they do not hesitate now to drink in restaurants and hotel dining rooms, a thing which they would formerly have shrunk from. This sounds so reasonable that a peep into an old book of etiquette is quite a shock.

Not so very old, either, for it was written in 1853 by the redoubtable Miss Leslie of Godey's Book fame. Our extract is from the rules for behavior at a hotel or boarding house table, and begins with the startling statement that "it was formerly considered ill manners to refuse to take wine with gentlemen."

It goes on to say that "Now that the fortunate increase of temperance has induced so many to abjure entirely the use of all liquors it is no longer an offence to decline these invitations, and if you are acquainted with or have been introduced to him, not else, you may comply with his civility and when both glasses are filled bow the head and taste the wine. It is not customary in America for a lady to empty her glass, or indeed at a hotel or boarding house to take wine with the same gentleman after the first day. Next time he asks politely refuse simply desiring him to excuse you, and if he is a true gentleman he will regard your refusal in its proper light and not persist. We have often at a public table regretted to see ladies in daily practice of taking wine with the same gentleman as often as invited. This daily practice is improper, indelicate and we will say mean, for wine is expensive and no lady should every day place herself under the same obligation to the same gentleman even for a single glass.

"On no consideration let any lady be persuaded to take two glasses of champagne. It is more than the head of an American female can bear."

Here's a state of things which few of us dreamed of! Perhaps we are not deteriorating so much after all.—New York Sun.

Biking in the Mountains.

"I once made a tour of Switzerland on my bicycle," said an artist. "It was a most interesting tour.

"In one canton, if you frightened a horse, the driver could compel you not only to dismount but to hide your machine as well. You would have to gather it up in your arms and run to the nearest bush or rock.

"On some of the long ascents horses towed French and German wheelmen up. A rope thirty or forty feet long would be attached to the horse's traces, and to this rope a half dozen tourists would fasten their machines. The horse would set off, the men would mount, and up the hill the procession would move slowly. Sometimes the horse stopped suddenly. Then everybody had to dismount. An odd sight."

Gov. McLane and the Bible.

Gov. John McLane of New Hampshire, like all Scotch people, is very religious. On a recent Sunday afternoon, while the family—the governor, Mrs. McLane, a son about 12 years old and Mrs. McLane's mother—were eating dinner, there was a very animated debate in regard to religion.

Gov. McLane is very liberal in his theological views, while his mother-in-law is very orthodox. After a sharp retort from her as to his interpretation of a biblical dogma, the governor said: "Mother, you know one side of the Bible only; but I pride myself on knowing both sides of it."

At this statement the governor's young son brought the discussion to an abrupt close, when he spoke up: "That's so, but it's the 'outside' pa knows best!"

As to Breathing.

Everything on, in and under the earth breathes—animals, minerals, vegetables, etc. The tides are caused by the breathing of the earth itself. This old globe must take two long breaths a day, each inspiration requiring six hours, and each expiration the same period of time. The wily Japanese got their notions of deep breathing from the tides. I merely assert that, because it seems reasonable. No one else ever dreamed of mentioning such a fool thing! If Mother Earth did not breathe she would in all probability "bust" and blow up. When she breathes too hard, as if in a panic or because of some geological excitement, she cracks the ground, and we have the earthquake. Her ordinary respiratory movement merely expands and contracts the water volume.

British Fisheries.

Eleven million hundredweight of fish, valued at £6,500,000, is the toll taken from the sea in British boats in 1901. The amount is greater and the value less than in the two or three previous years, and, in fact, the rule seems to be that the greater the catch the less is the value. The latest figures give an average price of nine and one-half pounds for a shilling as the value of the fish when it touches land.—London News.

Jap Designs on Australia.

Many Australians have an idea that Japan is looking covetously on their island-continent. Their suspicions were increased the other day by the discovery in the baggage of two Japanese, who were traveling in Australia as merchants, of a complete set of the secret plans of the Sydney fortifications.

Knew Duke of Wellington.

Mrs. Harvey, of Marvel, Isle of Wight, died recently. She was 100 years old and, it is said, knew the Duke of Wellington in London Mall.

Too Hot to Get Warm There.

During my experience as traveling agent for a certain railroad a was one day obliged to call on an agent whose station was located in the mountains in northern Vermont. It was a bitter cold day in February, and, although there was a roaring fire in the station, the building was so loose one had to almost sit on the stove to feel any warmth.

Soon after I arrived an old gentleman came in, and, walking to the stove, extended his hands, but it was so hot he was obliged to retreat a few steps, and after making several unsuccessful attempts to get near the fire he remarked: "It's so gol durned hot here I can't get warm."

Blind Barrister is Dead.

George Summers Griffiths, who was well known on Oxford circuit and in the criminal courts in London for many years as "the blind barrister," has just died. About twenty-five years ago he became totally blind from a gunshot wound, but bravely stuck to his profession, going to circuits regularly, led about by his clerk.

Sons Dislike Politics.

In recent years no political leader in New York state has had a son with a taste for politics. Senator Platt's son shows neither aptitude nor inclination for the game. Boss Tweed left no son, and Boss Kelly died childless, while Murphy, the present leader of Tammany, is in the same position. Richard Croker had three boys, but none of them cared for politics. Richard, the only remaining one, has not voted in years.

Shears with Every Paper.

The Cavalry Journal, which is the latest British military journal, and is edited by Gen. Baden-Powell, has its pages perforated, postage stamp fashion, on the inside line, so that if a reader wishes to save a page for reference or send it to a friend he can easily tear it out.

American Editor in London.

Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the London Express, is an American, having been born in Milwaukee. He learned his profession in Chicago and New York.

REVEAL DICKENS AS A LOVER

Series of Letters of the Great Novelist Recently Found.

The Tribune, the latest arrival among London daily newspapers, published for the first time a short series of letters by Charles Dickens, to which is rightly ascribed remarkable value. They reveal light on an episode to which there had formerly been no clew. It is known that, though Dickens' own married life concealed no serious trouble, yet it was not an affair of high romance. These letters show that while still bound in matrimony's bonds he was still capable of a deep and disinterested passion.

The young girl who was the object of Dickens' sentiment he introduced to an intimate friend, with the result that the friend and the girl married. The letters written to his friend indicate Dickens' feeling, which was none the less strong for being elevated under control.

"I swear," he writes of a letter announcing his friend's similar wooing mission, "that when I opened and read your letter this morning, I felt the blood go from my face to I don't know where, and my lips turn white."

The Tribune remarks that one of this group of three is still living. Though the publication of familiar names might add interest to the story of the letters, a reticent anonymity seems to be indicated. No letters could better bear to be judged on their own inherent merits. Though they deal with an attachment of a second and third person, they themselves are almost in the nature of love letters, the tenderness of which touch a tone of exhilaration.

TWICE CABLED ACROSS OCEAN.

Wanted to Get Important News from Cape Cod to Boston.

This problem of getting news back to the office worries a reporter more than anything else when he is sent out of town, says Everybody's Magazine. The ingenuity displayed is sometimes marvelous and frequently is expensive. Still it is not unusual for a reporter to send a message twice across the Atlantic in order to establish communication with a place eighty miles away.

Carberry did this when he covered the wreck of the Portland off Cape Cod in December, 1898. It was bitter work traveling up and down the coast in that zero weather, seeking to identify the bodies of those washed ashore, collecting facts about the last terrible hours; but the knowledge that one boat left for Boston at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and that all the wires were down gave Carberry and his associates their keenest anguish, for the important news had developed after that hour. If there was no direct wire to Boston there was a cable from Orleans, on the Cape Cod coast to Havre, France. Carberry sent a dispatch to Boston by way of France and New York, a distance of 6,000 miles, Orleans is eighty miles from Boston by railroad, and is not much more than half that distance as the crow flies.

Double Cause for Wonder.

John L. Sullivan described the other day a joke that he once played on Bob Fitzsimmons.

"When Fitz," he said, "was interested in farming, I told him that my cousin had a lot of fine Dorking roosters and I would send him one if he would care for it. Fitz said he would be delighted to add a Dorking rooster to his collection of chickens.

"So I got the Dorking, packed it in a basket, and then, for a joke, laid an egg beneath the bird on the soft straw.

"Fitz wrote to me the next day in great astonishment. He thanked me for the Dorking, which, though a rooster undoubtedly, and a fine one, too, had laid an egg on its way to him. Could I explain this phenomenon? Had I ever heard of such a thing before?

"I wrote back and said:

"The Dorking rooster, in laying an egg, so long regretted, broken all records. What makes this happening still more remarkable is that, if you examine the egg, you will find it to be a hard-boiled one."

Penseroso.

Soulless is all humanity to me
To-night. My keenest longing is to be
Alone, alone with God's gray earth that seems
Pulse of my pulse and consort of my dreams.

To-night my soul desires no fellowship,
Or fellow-being; crave I but to slip
Thro' space to space, till I find no more
can bind,
And I may quit for aye my fellowkind.

Let me but feel athwart my cheek the lash
Of whipping wind, but hear the forest
Adown the mountain steep, twere more
my pleasure
Than touch of human hand, than human
voice.

Let me but wander on the short night
stilled,
Drinking its darkness till my soul is filled,
The twinkling of the stars set on my hair,
My outstretched hands but grasping
empty air.

Let me but feel the pulse of Nature's song
Athrob on mine, let seas and thunders
roll
Over me! and let sands whirl; winds
waters beat;
For God's gray earth has no cheap counterfeit.

—Pauline Johnson, "The White Wampum."

Sensitive.

The pompous gentleman with the $1,000 watch fob was being piloted through the food show by his beautiful daughter. Suddenly one of the demonstrators halted them and said:

"I will now show you the process in which we make—"

The pompous gentleman started and looked as though he was about to run.

"Please don't say anything about serving processes," cautioned the daughter. "It always makes pa nervous. You see, he is a trust magnate."

Society Youth a Hard Worker.

Rhinelander Waldo, the young society man of New York, who occupies the post of deputy police commissioner, is disappointing his enemies by showing a capacity for hard work in his new post. He arrives at the office at 9 a. m., and sticks to his desk until 5. Then he makes an evening tour of the city to familiarize himself with the actual workings of the department.

CHOATE IN CHILDHOOD DAYS

It is stated of our late coruscating ambassador at the court of St. James, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, that when he was a little chap he and his sister had been forbidden by parental authority to go in swimming, or even to wade on the shore. Nevertheless, the pair succeeded in making way to the beach, and naturally were exposed to the devices of Satan.

"You might at least take off your shoes and stockings," suggested the tempter, well aware to what this would lead. "Nobody will see us," said the acquiescent "Joe" to his sister. "God will see us," was the reply. "But he won't tell," returned the sharp and precocious infant, who was already tasting the sweets of forensic victory. As no effective response served to suggest itself, transgression soon followed, and its results were finally emphasized by the plastic hand of their mother.

In one of his rambles the impending ambassador fell in with a little girl who was weeping bitterly. "What is the matter, Molly? Can I do anything for you?" was the sympathetic query. With many sobs came the reply: "My mamma has gone to heaven." "Perhaps she hasn't," was the comforting comment, which abruptly stopped the sobs and left the victim in a maze of thought.

Another experience revealed to our hero a cottage with a sunny garden all abloom and a piazza dominated by an elderly maiden of forbidding aspect. "May I have a few of those lovely flowers?" "No, no, little boy," came the churlish reply. "They are put there to look at, not to touch." "That's why you are put there, I suppose," said the quick and impenitent youth, as he scampered down the street.

"My child, my child, what dirty hands!" said the mother one day as he came in with hands that suggested a four paws' menagerie. "Go, and wash them at once." "Why, ma," was the aggrieved response, "I have washed them already. You must be getting color blind."

DACHSHUND A GOOD FIGHTER

The good-natured, philosophic German dachshund has always been regarded as more or less of a joke in this country. Even in the Fatherland he is a staple for jesting. His elongated body, his crooked legs, his anointed tail, his resemblance to a sausage—who could fail to make some sort of joke about a dachshund?

But the dachshund has a very serious side, and a work in life.

"Dachshund" means "badger-dog."

Now, the badger is an animal that, generally speaking, needs neither game laws nor sympathy, because he is able to take care of himself and fight his own battles. Naturalists place him as a link between the bear family and the weasels. He has about all the strenuous characteristics of both, with some of his own in addition.

Badger-baiting was formerly a barbarous rustic sport that drew trade to country inns and taverns. A badger was placed in a barrel and the man whose dog could bring him out got a prize. A single dog seldom did it. A full pack might—sometimes. The badger is a tremendous burrower, and the jolly dachshund of the jokes has been trained for centuries in Germany to go into his burrows like a ferret after rats and drive the badger out or fight him. In some German and Austrian cities there were formerly badger-baiting tourneys in which crack dachshunds entered a pit with an able-bodied badger and fought for points. It is said that such contests are still held in Vienna. For spirit, endurance and agility the dachshund has no peer in this work, and a bobbed pitted against a badger would probably find himself cutting a poor figure.

So, to make the jokes about the dachshund if you will, but give him credit for his prowess, and for that gentleness, characteristic also of the best bulldogs, that makes either an affectionate companion to man and a loyal playmate to children. Give the dachshund credit, too, for intelligence. He has it in large degree. Few dogs are keener, and probably his acumen is such that he even sees a good many of the dachshund jokes.

A FOOL THERE WAS

A food there was in an olden day—
And she feed it to the day I bare—
Who worshiped a morsel of pink white
clay.
And called it its charmer, his angel
dear.

And the "angel" blushed, as an angel can,
Provided its clay be of pink and white,
And all enough its being to move and
run
When the poor food called it his "heart's
delight"
But what would you have, when the fools
still find
Celestial molded of common clay?
Oh, say not to me that our Love is blind,
For ever he sees what no other may.

Now the pink-white "angel," with never
a sigh,
It heeded right well what the poor fool
said
And owned it a rapture to him to cling
And rest on his bosom its hollow head.
Oh, the brooks run down to the river
wide,
While the river flows with a kiss, half bliss,
And so do the fools on this mortal tide
Adoring clay, and call it a sweet it is!
And so it has been since Adam wooed Eve
With many a compliment, many a lie,
To the tune that she found that she loved to
believe
That she was an angel, though only
his wife.

Now when fool weds "angel," what would
you expect?
Ever and ever it runs this way:
Pieces of happiness marked "Collect,"
With never a cent in the till to pay.
Yet fool weds "angel" and angel
"knight,"
And "angel" and "knight" are a vision
pale,
From which they awake in the truth's
cold light,
To find that their stuff is of common
clay.
And thus it has been, and thus it shall be
Till Love, the dreamer, shall dream no
more;
We wake from the vision, the truth to
see—
But, oh, for the dream that was
"dreamed of yore!"

L'ENVOI.

Prince or Princess, whoever you be,
Here is a truth it is well to know
He is no knight of a high degree,
She is no angel of light, I trow.
She has no wings that she hides away,
He has no armor to face the foe;
Though each may prove that the other is
clay,
It will prove in the end that it is so.
And it's better to know the truth at first
Common the clay in your love upleam,
Than to wake from the vision your fancy
nursed
And bitterly mean, "It was all a
dream!"

—A. J. Waterhouse in San Francisco Call

SUNLIGHT AND THE HOUSE

Sunlight is nature's most healthy giving scavenger. A house without sunlight is unhealthy and unsafe for human occupancy and it is necessary for only a house some sunlight. But to have as much of it as possible. It is, of course, not feasible to admit the direct rays of the sun to every room of a house; the typical plan of all houses is square or rectangular, and at least one side of the house is entirely beyond the reach of the sun.

The other three sides, however, can receive more or less direct sunlight and the problem of the plan is thus reduced to arranging the various rooms so that the amount of sunlight is adjusted to their uses, and it must be sunlight, for mere light itself is not sufficient; the rays of the sun have curative and cleansing properties that nothing else has.

It is generally admitted that a southern exposure is the best for all houses and should be obtained wherever possible. It is immaterial whether the entrance is placed on this side or not, so long as the rooms most in use open onto the house.

In dwellings of average size the entrance from will also be the front on which any important room opens but in large country houses, the old distinction of a front and back to a house has disappeared and instead we have the entrance front and the garden front; the service and servants' quarters, so long regarded as characteristic of the "back" of a house, may be relegated to a side end or placed in a wing that abuts directly on the entrance front. In such cases it must be well screened, and its purpose thoroughly subordinated.—American Homes and Gardens.

BOY INSISTED ON PIANO

Some funny stories get mixed up with the pathetic ones in the annals of the charity workers of the city of New York. Dr. H. S. Oppenheimer, chairman of the Gramercy district committee of the charity organization, tells one of a family which applied for relief in his district. It was an Armenian family, with a father 60 years old, broken in health, unable to find work, or to do much if he got it. The mother was also incapable of earning much. Two boys under working age had been practically supporting the family, but the truant officer had sent them back to school. An Armenian boarder was giving up his entire wages to keep the family from starvation while they applied for relief.

But in its investigations the committee unexpectedly came across an older son, a good, steady boy, earning $10 a week. His wages, with the boarder's would have supported the family, but he had a fixed passion to become a musician, and was boarding with another family because they had a piano and would let him practice on it. He was perfectly tractable on all other points, but give up his music he would not. What reason his ambition and ruin his life? No. The committee cast about and secured from an interested person the use of a piano. The boy was told that he could have this in his home free of charge, provided he would turn his wages into the family exchequer. He consented.

"And now," says Dr. Oppenheimer, "there is nothing the matter with the family except that they don't get enough sleep, as the boy practices at the most unseemly hours."

BOOKS HAD DOUBLE USE

The following incident, illustrating the rough humor of the late "Luke" Poland, then a congressman from Vermont, was related to me a number of years ago by our family physician, says a writer in an eastern publication.

I had been ill a number of days with tonsilitis, and had reached the restless stage of convalescence, when the doctor called one morning and found me propped against the pillows and deeply interested in a paper-covered volume of the yellow variety. My mother attempted to apologize for the cheap character of my literature, but was interrupted by the doctor, who laughingly exclaimed: "Oh, let him read anything he wants to, if it will only keep him quiet."

"And, do you know," he continued, "I read some pretty cheap looking stuff myself, especially on a train. I hardly ever come home from a trip that I don't bring a cheap novel with me, and sometimes I am so ashamed of the blood and thunder stories that I tear off the covers before taking the books into the house.

"I remember once when going from Rutland to Burlington, Vt., I noticed Congressman Luke Poland sitting a few seats in front of me with a novel he had purchased of the train boy. At the next stop I left my seat, and, stopping beside him, said: "Good morning, Mr. Poland. I see you have my bad habit of reading cheap literature on the train."

"Yes," he replied, "I confess I do read some worthless trash on the train, but it passes the time, you know, and, besides, some d—— fool doesn't come and talk to you."

COULD NOT KEEP UP.

Broken Down, Like Many Another Woman, with Exhausting Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J., says: "I had kidney trouble in its most painful and severe form, and the torture I went through now seems to have been almost unbearable. I had backaches, pains in the side and loins, dizzy spells and hot, feverish headaches. There were bearing-down pains, and the kidney secretions passed too frequently and with a burning sensation. They showed sediment. I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors did not cure me I decided to try Dean's Kidney Pills, and with such success that my troubles were all gone after using eight boxes, and my strength, ambition and general health is fine."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Peanut a Root Plant.

The peanut is a root plant; that is, the buds, after blossoming, bend down, enter the earth and become the nuts. The nuts, therefore, are dug out of the earth like potatoes.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Uncle Eben.

"Once in a while," said Uncle Eben, "a reformer is made from a politician dat's done got discouraged 'bout getting a chance at de graft."—Washington Star.

Spring!

Time to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Take Garfield Tea, Nature's perfect laxative; it is the best blood purifier known. It cures sick headache, regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Send for sample. Garfield Tea Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

You will in vain search history for a great man who has not been influenced by a great woman.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

When a woman marries she slacks off, but when a man marries he tightens up.

USE THE FAMOUS

Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 5oz. package 5 cents. The Russ Company, South Bend, Ind.

Patriotism and Matrimony.

A French professor in Algiers who recently married a German lady, applied for a divorce the other day on the ground that his wife was suffering from an acute attack of patriotism. The honeymoon was scarcely over before she manifested virulent anti-French tendencies. A valuable French clock was removed to make room for a bust of Bismarck. The husband patiently bore these slights on his national honor, but when his wife persisted in playing a noisy piano composition entitled "The Siege of Paris," he applied to the court for redress without avail.

A Brutalizing Influence.

The telephone is having a brutalizing influence. The sensitive-minded man, who would shrink from saying a disagreeable thing in ordinary conversation, when talking through the telephone will speak his mind as bluntly and argue as roughly, as does an ordinary business man, and, finding the path of brutality less painful than he imagined, becomes as truculent when not talking on the telephone.—The Graphic.

Letters in Alphabets Vary.

The letters in the alphabets of the different nations vary in number. The Sandwich Islanders have twelve; the Burmese, eighteen; Italian, twenty; Bengali; twenty-one; German, Dutch and English, twenty-six each; Arabic, twenty-eight; Persian, thirty-two; Armenian, thirty-eight, and Russian, forty-one.

GRAND TO LIVE.

And the Last Laugh Is Always the Best.

"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman—"now I laugh to know there is.

"Since childhood I drank coffee as freely as any other member of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl, and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter, at the age of 38 I seemed to be on the verge of consumption. My friends greeted me with 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting.

"The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marvelled at the change and when they inquire what brought it about, I answer 'Postum Food Coffee, and nothing else in the world.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.