

"AUNTIE DOCTOR."

The Gave Up "Princess" to Become a Plain "Mrs." It was recently reported by cable that Prof. Dr. von Eschmarch and his wife had celebrated their silver wedding. Before she married the doctor plain Mrs. von Eschmarch was Princess Henrietta von Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg. The present empress of Germany comes from the same family as is her niece. Dr. Von Eschmarch had for 43 years past been director of the surgical clinic of the Kiel university, and his prominence in the scientific world is explained by the fact that he is one of the most successful surgeons of Germany to-day. In his clinical department alone he has performed more than 20,000 operations, which do not include his beneficent labor as consulting surgeon and chief of the military hospitals at Berlin during the wars of 1866 and 1870-71. His immense popularity throughout Germany is not only due to his ability as a surgeon, but to his thoroughly organizing the Society of the Red Cross in Germany.

Although 74 years old, he is physically in perfect health, and his almost youthful elasticity is quite surprising. He is a passionate hunter, and for several weeks every summer goes into the hunting reserves of the Bavarian frontier hunting for chamois and other mountain game.

As the wife of Prof. von Eschmarch Princess Henrietta has understood most admirably how to maintain her relations to the highest circles, and at the same time to make for herself an honored position among the friends and associates of her husband at Kiel. The empress of Germany calls her affectionately "Auntie Doctor."

THE SUSPENDER SIGN.

One Way of Telling That a Man Is Getting Old.

"There are many signs indicating that old age is coming on a man," remarked an aged gentleman to a Washington Star reporter, "but one of the surest is when he finds that his suspenders have a way of slipping off the shoulders. At first he thinks there is something wrong with the suspenders, and he tries to remedy it by tightening them up. For awhile this cures the trouble, but in a little while there is more slipping and he gets a new pair of suspenders. Even they slip off and make him feel uncomfortable. After awhile he discovers the trouble is not with the suspenders but with himself. As years roll on a man he gets more and more round shouldered, and unless he has his suspenders braced up by connecting them with a band behind the shoulders he cannot keep them up. I remember, some years ago, hearing two very prominent men speaking of the fact that they were getting old. One of them asked of the other, 'I found it out,' was the reply, 'as soon as I discovered that my suspenders would not stay up.' That has been my experience also," came from the questioner. Neither of the gentlemen referred to had yet reached his seventieth year, but they had both discovered they were growing old by the same incident in their lives.

I have never known it to fail. After a man reaches sixty his shoulders grow round steadily, and by the time he is seventy-five his shoulders have lost all their original size and formation."

SEASONABLE STUFF.

Did He Take the Stranger for a Slander?

It needed no experienced eye to determine that he was distinctively rural, says the Washington Star. There was hayseed in his hair, his boots bore the sign manual of the farms and he handled knife and fork with the vigorous skill of one accustomed to the daily use of shovel and hoe. After watching me season my meat with a judicious quantity of tobacco curiosities got the better of his bashfulness.

"Stranger, is that there stuff good to put on meat?" he inquired.

"Yes, indeed, if one likes seasoning," I replied.

He appeared satisfied with the information and proceeded to try the condiment.

With a reckless liberality, against which I should have warned him, he took the small bottle and shook out a quantity upon his plate. He cut off a large mouthful of meat, rolled it about in the red liquid until thoroughly saturated, popped it into his mouth and bolted it.

What followed may be safely left to the imagination.

When at last the power of speech returned to him he turned to me.

There was more of sorrow than anger in his mind; his face was innocent of frown or smile, and there was impressive compassion in the tone in which he said:

"Stranger, when yer time comes an' yer git ter the hot place, yer'll think you've struck a snow bank."

Lighthouse in a Church. A large-sized and perfect model of a lighthouse was built inside the parish church of St. Mary's, at Whitkirk, not far from Leeds. It was erected as the most fitting monument to the memory of the eminent civil engineer, John Smeaton, one of whose greatest works was the erection of the Eddystone lighthouse. The lighthouse is built within the chancel, and the rock on which it stands bears the inscription: "In memory of John Smeaton." When, in 1821, Abbott Simeon rebuilt the Norman tower, 170 feet high, Ely cathedral, in the form of an octagon, he crowned it with a lofty lantern, to guide travelers across the fens, needed especially when they were undrained, and under the restorations of this church this lantern has always been retained, and forms one of its most distinguishing features.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Est très répandue en Louisiane et dans tous les Etats du Sud. Sa publicité offre dans un commerce des avantages exceptionnels. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année : Edition quotidienne, \$12 00 ; Edition hebdomadaire, \$3 00 ; Edition du Dimanche, \$2 00.

PROUD OF HIS ENGLISH.

The Emperor of China Catches a Babe Pretender.

For some time past the emperor of China has been taking lessons in English, and likes to air his knowledge whenever he gets a chance. The other day Viceroy Liu, of Nanking, recommended to the throne a Taotai named Li, who boasts a "knowledge of foreign affairs," and his majesty at the audience asked the Taotai whether he knew any English. Having been recommended for his "knowledge," Li Taotai had to sustain his reputation, and so replied "Yes," forgetting apparently that his imperial master had studied English and was still studying the language, says the North China News.

Then came the attack. The unlucky Taotai was bombarded with "How do you do?" "Are you well?" "Thank you," "Sit down," "Have you been to England?" and the like, spoken with a rich Manchu brogue, in rapid succession. The poor Taotai was completely bewildered, of course, and instead of seeking for an escape by declaring in tones of respectful admiration his extreme wonder at the imperial eloquence, he began kowtowing on the polished marble floor. His majesty was so disgusted at this display of ignorance on the part of the audience-seeker that he roundly abused in Manchu the now trembling Taotai for daring to come before him "on a borrowed reputation." The unlucky Taotai was then almost driven from the audience-chamber, with the injunction "to keep an English book constantly under his nose for three years, at least, if he wished to succeed at all in that line!"

SCARE THE SONG BIRDS.

Bicycle Has Driven Away Everything But the Sparrows.

"Birds in the park?" said the old South Park policeman, "haw, not now. There used to be lots of them, building nests in every bush and singing on every tree, but nowadays there's nothing but sparrows. Sometimes there's a bird or two that tries to nest, but they don't stay long. The bicycles are too much trouble."

"You see, it's like this," he continued to his interested listener, says the Chicago Tribune. "Before the bicyclists got so numerous most of the people in the parks and boulevards stuck pretty well to the roads and walks, and were only around in the daytime. But since the bicyclists have brought us such crowds the whole place is entirely overrun with people, who find every shady spot, walk around every bush, and lean up against every tree. Especially they make night into day, and lucky, indeed, is the poor bird which can find a roosting place that is not disturbed by the presence of the omnipresent riders."

"The result of this, in my observation, has been the almost entire lack of the little songbirds that used to make the parks a pleasure to walk in during summer. There were orioles, thrushes, cat birds and robins in the larger trees, and quantities of yellow birds, flycatchers and warblers in the bushes. In the fall, when the leaves dropped, there could be counted nests in the bare limbs by the hundreds. Nowadays the few nests you see are principally sparrows'. Ugh!"

And the big policeman turned away disgustedly.

RIVALRY OF TWO TOWNS.

Duluth and Superior at War Over a Bridge.

A ten years' fight between Duluth, Minn., and Superior, Wis., two rival towns at the western end of Lake Superior, has found its way into the sentence.

Just now, says the Washington Post, these towns are distinct and separate. Between them flows a little arm of Lake Superior called by courtesy the St. Louis river, and it is as famous in the annals of the northwest as was the Rubicon in the time of Caesar. As long as that stream of water remains unbridged, just so long will Duluth remain Duluth and Superior be known as Superior. But in the dreadful days to come, when a bridge shall span the river, it is likely that Superior will be nothing but a suburb of Duluth. This makes the doughty residents of Superior lie awake at night, distressed with fearful dreams, while they stand on the shore of the dividing stream and hurl defiance to their all-encompassing rival.

The bill authorizing the bill passed congress some time ago, but now more time is asked, and some changes in the charter are suggested. The material furnished by Pennsylvania steel men is lying at the site of the bridge, and Senator Quay daily presses the enactment of the additional legislation, but Senator Vilas, representing the Superiorites, stands guard and objects, so that the bridge is literally suspended in midair.

Take Their Sorrows Cheerfully. The following appears in an appeal in the Church Times on behalf of a proposed mortuary chapel in the East End, London: "On the south side of the church we have a spare piece of ground, where we propose to build a light, cheerful mortuary chapel, large enough to contain three or four coffins at the same time." A committee of the West Bromwich town council have rewarded their cemetery superintendent for his long service by granting him a plot of ground in the corporation cemetery for his own private use.

Ancient Sanctuary. At Konjica, in Herzegovina, the discovery has been made of a sanctuary of Mithras, the first of which has come to light in the Balkan peninsula. In the middle of it is an altar of common stone, bearing on its larger surface two reliefs, which gives us an interesting specimen of the Roman imperial art in this remote province. The scenes represented are the bull going to the sacrifice on one side and the ritual banquet on the other.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

Anecdotes and Incidents Concerning a Powerful Texas Judge.

Texas is a big state and has a large population, including many men of great prominence, says Leslie's Weekly. But there is no man in that whole sovereignty with more resplendent glory than Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, who declares that he is the "law west of the Pecos." And he is. West of the Pecos river, in Texas, there are no limitations to Judge Bean's jurisdiction, and he does not, as has been hinted, let mere statutes, "as in such case made and provided," influence him to any great extent in his desire to make the punishment fit the crime. There is an anecdote told of him where he sat as coroner and held an inquest on the body of a man who had met a violent death by falling from the great railway bridge that spans the Pecos river. An examination showed that the man had a revolver and \$40 in cash in his pockets when he was killed. After swearing in a jury and looking over the effects of the dead man, Judge Bean said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there ain't no doubt how this man came to his death; that's all plain; but what I would like to know is why in the name of thunder he carried that gun. Now, gentlemen, it's again the law to carry a concealed and loaded gun in the state of Texas, and just because this gentleman took it into his head to get killed I don't mean to let him offend the peace and dignity of Texas. Fine him \$40." This is an example of Judge Bean's efficient administration. Some day his decisions will be published and then we will have for the first time a clear understanding of the law of the frontier.

STAR CUSTOMER'S JOKES.

A Too Trustful Cashier Nearly Wrecks a Restaurant.

One of the attractions of a certain Chestnut street cafe is a beautiful Angora cat, which is generally very mild-mannered and lady-like, says the Philadelphia Record. The cat passes most of her time sitting upon the cashier's desk. She was posing there one day recently when the star customer went up to the desk to pay for his noon-day meal.

"Did you ever tickle a cat's nose with a toothpick?" the patron asked of the cashier. "It has an awfully funny effect on the animal. Makes it sleepy." He had a toothpick in his hand, and, offering it to the cashier, said: "Take this and tickle the cat there with it."

The cashier took the little splinter of wood and passed the end of it over the nose of the drowsy Angora. The next instant purred a scream of anguish and leaped many feet into the air. With tail erect she clambered up the wall, jumped over the bar, overturned a number of glasses and bottles and finally disappeared through an open trap in the cellar, where for five minutes she seemed to be having a fit. The cashier was pallid with fear. He couldn't imagine what had happened and the star customer had suddenly disappeared. After awhile the cashier examined the toothpick and found that the end which had tickled the cat's nose had been generously daubed with tabasco sauce.

STUDY OF GENEALOGY.

Interest in Family History and Its Cause and Effect.

The recent growth and increase of societies in which eligibility to membership depends upon the deeds of ancestors rather than upon any personal qualifications of members has resulted in a great revival of the study of genealogy in this country. There are the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Society of Colonial Wars, Society of Mayflower Descendants, Holland society and others, organized and organizing. To become a member of any of these is record of the family history is required.

The New York Mail and Express, which is maintaining a weekly department devoted to queries for family records and replies thereto, claims the movement is much more than a society fad or passing fancy. It asserts that it leads to a proper respect for one's ancestors, creates a desire to emulate their work for the good of one's family and country, revives interest in American history and promotes patriotism, good citizenship and love of country. It concludes, therefore, that the movement is one to be commended, and that every person should compile and preserve a family record, which may be of greatest value to future generations, if not to themselves.

Ring Made of Diamonds.

A ring recently exhibited at Antwerp was the admiration of diamond cutters and merchants, because it was the first successful attempt to cut a ring out of a single stone. There are a great many difficulties in this method of cutting diamonds, as the stones have a certain cleavage and particular veins, all of which have to be carefully studied in order to prevent splitting just as success seems within reach. After several years' labor the feat has been accomplished by the patience and skill of M. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp. The ring is about six-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the Marlborough cabinet there is a ring cut out of one entire and perfect sapphire.

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Americans Dance Well.

Americans are the best dancers in the world, says Carl Marwig. The Russians come second and the Spaniards third. The French and Germans do not count. When Americans dance abroad every one else stops dancing to watch them. A leader of cotillions, Mr. Marwig believes, is born, not made. He must have a certain mental cleverness and quickness. His figures must be developed as the dance progresses. They must be simple, as well as attractive, and the man who is not a born cotillion leader will not make the dance a success.

Ancient Sanctuary.

At Konjica, in Herzegovina, the discovery has been made of a sanctuary of Mithras, the first of which has come to light in the Balkan peninsula. In the middle of it is an altar of common stone, bearing on its larger surface two reliefs, which gives us an interesting specimen of the Roman imperial art in this remote province. The scenes represented are the bull going to the sacrifice on one side and the ritual banquet on the other.

EATON'S.

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