

and though there are nurses, of course they count for little, as it is his wife who does everything for the fallen chief. She is to him exactly what Mrs. Gladstone was to the great Liberal premier—the sole individual essential to his happiness in private life. When he is out of pain, she has the same unlimited power over him and she rules him by "canoodling" him into believing he has his own way. She has never posed as being a clever woman, but that is where her cleverness comes in, for this great statesman has a holy horror of all femininity which aches that cult.

Well, Mrs. Chamberlain has had her triumphs—no one more so—and she had the distinction of once snubbing, in a very ladylike way, Queen Victoria herself.

"You are not a bit like an American," said the queen.

"That is the very worst compliment you could possibly pay me," was the reply.

American women, Queen Victoria could not tolerate at any price. Like society of her time she used to say they were all the daughters of pork butchers whose fathers had suddenly made "piles."

Mrs. Chamberlain has had no ambition to shine socially. As a hostess she has been a dire failure. On a memorable occasion things were so badly managed at one of her parties that royalties who were invited never got beyond the hall, so great was the crush. The chancellor of the exchequer, as Chamberlain then was, behaved like a chamberlain when he heard what had happened; but the hostess in her quiet little way, remarked:

"Such a pity, dear; but it really could not be helped. Had they more courtesy and the presence of mind to have gone into one of the lower rooms and sent to me, I could easily have made way for them on the staircase!"

HIS LITTLE GIRL

The Duchess of Marlborough's father is over here on one of his brief visits. When he comes he always brings "the little girl," as he still calls the duchess, a check for £20,000 or £30,000, which, I may tell you, goes invariably into the bank to her personal deposit account. Of late she has taken to spending less money than any woman in her position in England. She recently made her will, and from what I know, if the duke survives her he will find himself a poor man, every farthing of her private money being left in trust to her two boys.

Her friends say the duchess is a wise woman not to fling away her money on society—the most thankless body under God's sun; but her enemies call her mean. She certainly has none of the lavish generosity of the usual American woman and lately she does not care a bit for popularity. Whether she will wake up again I cannot say, she used to be enormously ambitious and at one time moved heaven and earth to push Marlborough to the front. Last season everyone was remarking how indifferent she was to her looks and how few new frocks she had, I remember seeing her six times consecutively in the same gown at smart afternoon parties. It was an unbecoming shade of slate blue. Why, it was positively dowdy!

A DIAMOND NECKLACE

W. K. Vanderbilt has brought her the latest thing in jewels—a necklace of diamonds, with little ends made of rubies. It is supposed to have been made in New York, but I said it spent Paris when I saw it. In any case, it is decidedly effective and looks charming on that long swanlike neck of hers.

There will be seen in the English and Irish hunting fields this season the greatest number of Americans that ever followed British packs. They are coming from Boston, from Philadelphia, New York and elsewhere. Some, like Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge, who are from Philadelphia, are bringing their own horses. They intend to arrive with 20, I hear, so evidently they mean to go the pace. The majority of people prefer buying their hunters here as for one reason they understand their work in our fields better than foreign horses. Moreover, stables in England are built quite differently from those in America which I believe I am correct in stating have wood floors while ours are of stone, a fact which proves

very trying for the American horse, which consequently often develops rheumatism.

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps (the latter is a daughter of the Graces of Battle abbey) erstwhile of New York, are to pitch their tent at Leamington, a center of the great hunting country. Melton will find many Americans among its guests, notably Mr. Craig Wadsworth, though his stay will be brief, for he is due back in America before the hunting season is at its height.

LADY MARY.

NO CASE OF PNEUMONIA ON RECORD

We do not know of a single instance where a cough could result in pneumonia or consumption when Foley's Honey and Tar had been taken. It cures coughs and colds perfectly, so do not take chances with some unknown preparation which may contain opiates, which cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any substitute offered. For sale by J. H. Hill Drug Co.

TELLS QUEER GHOST STORIES.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

gesting the six-worded Anglo-Saxon saying, "Do as you'd be done by." Swings and seesaws, quits, bows, skittles, archery, amateur photography and the splendors of polarized light from which stretch down every Monday afternoon a speak-pipe 12 feet long, and up 'his the boys and girls say from the village green the texts of Holy Scriptures taught in Sunday school. A large notice board underneath the middle eighth window of the summer house is fixed to the garden wall and sets forth in bold type the rules. Here is a copy of the notice:

CHILDREN'S SPEAK-PIPE.

Boys and girls speaking up this pipe the sayings and texts taught by the venerable Archdeacon Colley (Dio. Natal) rector of Stockton, Warwickshire, will, as a first reward, have rolled down to them, in an orange or an apple, a penny on holding their hands by the mouthpieces of the pipe, up which they speak. And when 12 sayings have been said, each speaker, showing by good behavior that what has been learned has been overtaught in daily life, will have one shilling and know how much more than pen, pencil or pounds shall further follow the doing of what the wisdom spoken through the speaking-pipe teaches should be done.

Archdeacon Colley has raised the question of spiritualism at several church conferences, but has always been howled down. At last year's great conference, however, he achieved a victory, for he then delivered his now famous address on spiritualism and actual manifestations, his opening sentence being, "Do you think I have come here to damn my soul by telling lies for your amusement?" A thunder of negatives was the answer, and after the address he was honored with a special vote of thanks.

Seven months ago J. N. Maskelyne, the famous conjurer of Egyptian hall, attacked some assertion made by Archdeacon Colley as to psychic workings and one particular manifestation. He boasted that he as a professional illusionist could produce the same effects on the stage of his famous entertainment hall, whereupon Archdeacon Colley offered to give Mr. Maskelyne \$5,000 if he could do as he claimed. The challenge was promptly accepted. The archdeacon deposited the money in the Leamington bank. For several months Mr. Maskelyne worked to perfect his illusion. He has just produced it. His theater is crowded to the doors at every per-



PLANS BLIND COLONY.

Mrs. Frances Fearn, an American woman, whose husband, now dead, for some years was connected with the diplomatic service, will come to America in January to interest influential persons in the establishment of a colony for the blind. Mrs. Fearn now is the guest of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylvia), with whom she spent the past summer, and is to bring over plans, pictures and stereopticon views of a similar colony which some time ago was organized and still is maintained by the queen.

A number of prominent men and women in New York and other cities already are interested in the project and Mrs. Fearn will probably obtain the support of the president and Mrs. Roosevelt.

He has publicly laid claim to the \$5,000. But Archdeacon Colley in turn claims that the terms of the challenge, in the matter of a committee of investigation, have not been carried out, and that the illusion is by no means the proper and successful one. For days the fighting has gone on, gathering in vehemence. Spiritualists are in sympathy with the archdeacon. The public generally, and, strange to say, the church in the person of a majority of the ministers of the gospel, approve of Maskelyne's side of the question.

Pamphlets have been printed and circulated on both sides. The result has been an action at law for libel against Maskelyne and a threatened lawsuit against Archdeacon Colley to recover the \$5,000 claimed to have been fairly won.

CHARLES OGDENS.

SLUGGISH LIVER A FOE TO AMBITITION.

You can not accomplish very much if your liver is inactive as you feel dull, your eyes are heavy and slight exertion exhausts you. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup stimulates the liver and bowels and makes you feel bright and active. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and very pleasant to take. Orino is more effective than pills or ordinary cathartics. Refuse substitutes. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co.

CHALLENGE FROM ENGLISH WOMAN.

(Continued from page seventeen.)

her car was the only one without nonskid wheels. Going round one sharp bend her car began skidding. Miss Levitt, though the crowd frantically shrieked to her to jump, held tight to her steering wheel and stayed in her seat. Yet her outside wheels went one inch from the edge of the road and after the edge of that road there was nothing but a sheer precipice 400 feet deep. At the last 35 miles an hour—it was a standing start—one of the straps on the bonnet broke and the wind got under the big steel envelope and blew it back. Miss Levitt put the brakes on—slowly at first, and then jammed them down hard.

The car was stopped just as the last screw gave way and the bonnet flew back. If it had gone back while at the furious pace of 35 miles the hour, the heavy steel covering would either have crushed to death the woman driver or else cut her head off.

WONDERFUL SENSATIONS.

I asked Miss Levitt what her sensations were in going at his awful pace.

"Wonderful," she answered. "One can hardly describe one's sensations. There is a feeling of flying through space. I never think of the danger. That sort of thing won't do you any good. It is omnipresent. The slightest touch of the hand and the car is off the ground and usually fatal. But I am a good gambler and always willing to take the chance. In going that pace, the hardest thing is to keep in the car. Half the time the wheels don't touch the ground at all and when they do touch you must be prepared to take the shock and lurch or else out you will go. It is far harder work to sit in a car than to ride a galloping horse over the ground in a steeplechase. When I made the records I was in the car alone. I prefer it."

Miss Levitt told me that she made up for the fearful excitement of automobile racing by quietly going fishing. She is a splendid rod fisher, and trout-fishing is her favorite. As it takes wonderful nerve to play poker, her favorite game, well, Miss Levitt has proved a star at the American national card game. She is also an expert at roulette and has a most wonderful secret system with which she is going this winter to attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo. She will take with her "Dodo," a tiny black Pomeranian dog. "Dodo" was the property of Mlle. Marie Cornelle and was given to Miss Levitt in Paris three or four years ago. There is a very strict law against admitting dogs into England. So "Dodo" was smuggled. He was first drugged and then packed in some waste in the rear pair box of an automobile which came through without much examination. "Dodo" went to sleep in Paris and came safely out of his trance in London. He goes everywhere with his mistress and Miss Levitt declares he has traveled more miles in an automobile than any other dog in the world.

TELEGRAPH OPERATOR WHO ROSE TO BE KING.

Special Correspondence.

PARIS, Nov. 14.—There is at present in the city a monarch who at one period of his career was a telegraphist. The story of his advancement reads like romance. Mademba is the name of this sovereign. He is of dusky hue, and hails from the vicinity of the Niger. He owes his royal rank of king of Sousoung to Gen. Archinard. When he arrived at man's estate he entered the postal service.

With his rifle in hand he constructed the telegraph lines during a period of revolt in 1880-1. In 1887, when Gen. Gallieni was appointed governor of the forces of the French Sudan, Mademba was made a diplomatic agent, and commanded the auxiliary cavalry troops in the expedition organized against a rebel chief. In 1891 the French Sudan was still in revolt, the rebels plaguing and burning everywhere. The district of Sousoung was particularly devastated.

When the rebellion came to an end Gen. Archinard remembered the exertions of the telegraphist. He considered that his conception of morality and authority ought to be applied to the natives. And so it came about that Mademba was made king of Sousoung, the name of the town that had been burnt by the rebels. He was given as subjects, 500 prisoners of war, bandits all, who were not worth the cord necessary for hanging them.

Once invested with royalty, Mademba set to work to make these black ruffians industrious cultivators. Soon prosperity returned to the district. The rebels and thieves speedily became

HORRIBLE SUFFERINGS BY POLITICAL EXILES.

Special Correspondence.

S. PETERSBURG, Nov. 14.—Siberian journals are full of the horrible suffering which the political exiles undergo in Tobolsk, Irkutsk, and other sections of that desolate land. During the last eleven

months, as many as 35,000 people have been sent thither. About 2,000 have escaped, but the rest remain to endure a living death. They are sent to the marshes where nothing grows but a rank grass, and where no trade or craft can enable them to earn enough to prolong their miserable existence. The Russian government allows them exactly two and a half cents per day. The money sent by their friends rarely reaches them, being "intercepted" by the czar's officials. In summer they keep body and soul together with fish caught in the rivers and coarse rye bread. In winter fish is worth its weight in gold and bread unheard of. Then they eat the grass from the frozen marshes. Little wonder that scurvy, cholera and typhus rage among them. This is not the worst, for they are obliged to live in the mud huts of the native Ostiaks, infested with that Siberian scourge, leprosy. It is not surprising that these exiles, most of them delicately reared men and women, envy their more fortunate comrades who have perished on the stocks of Russian fortresses for their political opinions and have thus escaped this certain but slow death known as "perpetual exile." They have no hope for anything better and cannot even find a solace for their sufferings in work—for there is none to be done in this frozen wilderness.

In spite of the heavy death rate, their numbers are steadily increasing, for every week brings out fresh victims. In fact, the numbers of political exiles have increased to such an extent that the Russian government has decided to run special "exile" trains daily from St. Petersburg to Siberia. The trains carry only political prisoners, who are herded together like cattle in un-warmed wagons. They run at the speed of the so-called "postal" or "Goslar" trains.

and yet, in spite of these terrible sufferings, men and women in Russia are bent upon fighting for freedom. Within the last few weeks, 5,000 pounds of dynamite, 400,000 bullets and 4,000 rifles have been found by the police, secreted in private houses in Moscow, St. Petersburg and other large towns. The Siberian prisons and Siberian marshes have been so crowded with political prisoners as at the present time.

thrifty workers in cultivating cotton and fathers of families. For the rest, Mademba is a loyal friend to France. In 1898, on the proposition of Gen. Treninian, he was made a chevalier of the legion of honor and thanked for his services he had rendered to the country of his adoption.

NOW IN THE WORKHOUSE.

The aged woman herewith pictured, now an inmate of a workhouse near London has a very sad history. Thirty-five years ago, then known as Miss



Lennox Grey, she was one of the most beautiful and popular stage celebrities in Great Britain. At that time Miss Grey was the rival of Emily Soldene, the opera bouffe queen, and public opinion was divided as to their merits.

EXCEPTIONAL RUSSIAN PEASANT

The peculiarity about the Russian peasant herewith pictured is that he knows how to read. In the present disturbed condition of the empire a



peasant who can read is regarded by the authorities with more or less suspicion. The country is being flooded with revolutionary papers and pamphlets.

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BRING THE CHILDREN TO SEE THE TOYS

TOYLAND AND DOLLDOM—the city of dolls—will be formally opened Monday morning at Z. C. M. I. The beautiful dolls and toys of every description will be the delight of the little ones. Our collection of toys is larger this year than ever before, and the assortment has been very carefully selected. Entertaining games for the pleasure hours of old and young will be found in great variety. Come and bring the children with you.

