

LONDON GOSSIP BY LADY MARY.

(Continued from page 10, 1904.)

were intensified by the non-appearance of the duchess at either Tanderagee or Kilmore recently after her arrival in Ireland had been publicly announced. This started the report that she was bent on evading service of writs and dodging her creditors. In consequence some of the most insistent of them applied at the high courts in Dublin for a substitution of service order by which writs served on the Kilmore agent will legally amount to the same thing as if they were served on the duke or the duchess personally. Meanwhile the friends of the duchess are laughing over the unpleasant publicity which her zeal for business methods has brought upon her.

MYSTERIOUS DIAMOND PIN.

When an American appreciates a thing he does not hesitate to say so, and when his appreciation takes the form of diamond pins given without revealing his identity, and to a young Englishman who had merely played the piano for his own and his companions' amusement, it is enough to prompt a host of musical young Englishmen to take passage to America, and morning, noon and night ding away at every piano at every hotel throughout the country. For no other reason than that he had unconsciously given pleasure to some American by his performance on the piano, a talented young Englishman received a costly diamond pin which he has just brought back with him. As a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers he was one of the party invited by their American brethren to take a tour through the United States, paying on route a visit to the St. Louis exhibition. Not one of them is ever likely to forget the joys of the trip, for in every city they were feted; special trains took them from one place to another, while delightful social invitations awaited them at every turn. At a Chicago hotel, where they stopped, they got up an impromptu concert after dinner, to which the young Englishman of this story contributed some of Chopin's nocturnes. Next morning they arrived at a small package addressed to himself, and on opening it he discovered to his astonishment that it contained a fine diamond pin. He felt sure that it had reached him through some innocent mistake, and he was about to return it to the charge of the manager of the hotel, to discover the owner, when he was called up on the telephone by some unknown American who asked if he had received the "little gift."

This looked like a solution of the mystery, and the Englishman explained that he had been puzzled by its receipt, and thought it could not be intended for him. "Yes, it is for you," said the voice through the telephone. Then came the words: "Your playing last evening gave me so much pleasure that I should feel flattered by your courtesy in accepting this trifle as a mark of my appreciation."

On being asked if he might know who was the sender of the anonymous gift, the American said he would rather not give his name, and that it really did not matter, and wishing the young Englishman unbounded success in his profession and all sorts of happiness in life rang off the phone.

ECCENTRIC "FLAG WAGGER."

There is an eccentric American in London society well-known in high official circles, who is quickly earning for himself the title of "flag-wagger." The ignorance and lethargy displayed in London with regard to the meaning of flags which are flown over all sorts of buildings is certainly not now noticed for the first time, but it has been left to this energetic American to reveal the story of the flag to a sense of its duty. Flags which are wrongly made and which consequently have no meaning, he abhors, and if he saw a Dutch flag hoisted to the top of a pole, under the evident impression that it was a French tricolor he would not scruple to get out of his carriage and ask the owner if he knew what he was about.

But what was begun casually is now becoming his chief business in life, and he has found a far better vantage ground for viewing these ill-arranged banners than when craning his neck out of the windows of a brougham. This is from the top of a penny omnibus, and wet mornings or fine he still mounts this platform in order to take notes and if the post cards he sends to offenders have had the desired results. At the chief office of a well-known dairy, which has depots all over the city, he continually saw the flag flying at half mast, so he calmly wrote this missive to the proprietor:

"Dear Sir—Having brought up my 19 children on your milk I had begun to have confidence in its virtues, but your flag at half mast day after day now assures me that it is the milk of a cow whose customers are of at least daily occurrence, and I have to thank you for your delicate means of warning others as well as myself not to take unnecessary risks."

The next morning he saw a puzzled expression on the face of the manager of the firm, and noted that the flag was flying from its proper height.

Another flag that seemed to pass its extended at half mast was the fluttering ornament of one of the biggest life insurance offices in London, and prompted him to head his card of protest with:

"Gruesome! Gruesome! Gruesome!!!"

TITLED NURSE.

The sins of the smart set continue to furnish an agreeable theme for pungent philippics and pulpity denunciations, but one hears little of the titled

Women's Sympathy

Is proverbial. Salt Lake City Women no Exception.

How much we owe to the sympathetic side of womankind. When others suffer they cheerfully lend a helping hand. They tell you the means which brought relief to them that you may profit by their experience. Read the testimony given here by a Salt Lake City woman.

Mrs. H. Haynes, wife of H. Haynes, retired, residence 215½ South State St., says: "For twelve of thirteen years I knew that my kidneys were not in the best of shape and after an attack of the grip in the winter of 1901 my surmising proved to be true for the sharp pain across my loins became so pronounced that I could neither stoop nor straighten after stooping without suffering. I noticed that my head aches very severely and that when in the violent stage dimness of vision occurred. I tried everything in my power to check the cause and spent lots of money for physicians' treatment, but all my endeavors were futile. I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills and went to the F. J. Hill Drug Co.'s store for a box. To say that the treatment surprised me is putting it very mildly. Relief came in a few days and a short time afterwards the last attack stopped."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

women in London who revolting against the empty frivolity of fashionable life devote themselves to useful vocations and missions of mercy. In entering the children's hospital, in Great Ormond street to be trained as a nurse, Lady Marjorie Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Buchan, is merely following the example of several feminine members of the aristocracy. Lady Maud Keith-Palmer was graduated as a trained hospital nurse at St. Bartholomew's. At the same institution Miss Campbell, daughter of Sir John Campbell, underwent a similar rigorous training, and is now the matron of a convalescent home. The daughter of Admiral Sir John Dalrymple also obtained her nursing diploma there. Lady Hermine Blackwood, now one of the most zealous workers at the Queen Victoria Institute for Nurses, went through a four years' course at the London hospital, the biggest institution of the kind and the most exacting with respect to nurses in the city. On its nursing staff at the present time are several women known simply as Nurses. This or sister That, who bear exalted Mayfair names. Lady Urrica Duncombe, accounted one of the most beautiful women in England, whose marriage was recently recorded in this correspondence, had previously become a full-fledged trained nurse. Titled nurses at these big hospitals are shown no more consideration than any others. At the children's hospital, Lady Marjorie Erskine is plain Nurse Erskine. She has to rise at 5 o'clock every morning and her dainty hands have to take their turn at scrubbing out the wards. "Tis only noble to be good," says Tennyson, but the hospital nurse has to learn how to be good for something at a very hard school where coronets don't count.

LADY MARY.

MRS. PALMER'S QUEST OF A LONDON HOUSE.

Special Correspondence.
LONDON Dec. 1.—"As soon as Christmas is over," said a prominent real estate agent to the writer yesterday, "we expect to be kept busy finding town houses for the number of Americans who are coming over to swell the Transatlantic colonies in Mayfair and Belgrave."

Mrs. Potter Palmer, it seems, has commissioned not one but three of the most fashionable of the West End real estate firms to secure her a house. It is said that her object in doing this is to create competition among the agents so that she may obtain the best value for her money. She has already established a reputation for being one of the shrewdest business women outside the Duchesse of Roxburghe, who has had any dealings with these agents. She will not have a house already furnished; the furniture, she says, hides many defects; she will insist upon having every nook and corner examined by her own experts in building, construction and sanitation. The scheme of decoration in the house she has already seen is not up to the standard of her tastes and requirements. They are all too tinsel, she says; she wants art combined with solidity. One firm of agents thinks that she must have a house specially built before she can be accommodated. When she has found the house she means to have it principally in the Parisian style. The heating apparatus in the principal London mansions she does not like at all. She will have the American system installed if she can get her landlord to agree. The general impression is that she cannot get a "season" house on her terms and that in the end she will be obliged to have a permanent residence if she means to put up in Mayfair or Belgrave.

Another American lady who means to get up a London establishment is Mrs. Bradley Martin, Jr. She and her husband are looking out for a house in the neighborhood of Chesham Road, but at the moment it is doubtful whether anything is likely to be vacant to suit them in this quarter. They mean to make a stir in London society next year, and much of the entertaining that has hitherto devolved on her mother-in-law will be taken over by the young bride. It is feared that the English climate will not suit her and that she must perform spend much of her time between New York and Paris. She makes no secret of the fact that she likes England, but she experienced one or two fogs in London during visits which she had paid before her marriage that caused her to form prejudices which it will take sometime to remove.

SHARP PRACTISE.

Miss Christine Tingling of Liverpool has come to America for the odd purpose of teaching public speaking to American women.

A bright young reporter interviewed Miss Tingling the other day. He hoped that she would say ridiculous and absurd things about her mission here—things that would work into a funny story—but she talked very sensibly. She perceived at once that the reporter desired to make game of her, and she called his line of questioning sharp practise.

"Sharp practise, though," she said, "is a game at which two can play, and they who try it usually meet their match."

Then smiling, she told the reporter an appropriate story: "A farmer," she began, "went to an agricultural fair with \$500 in his pocket. As he lived a distance, during the progress of the fair he was obliged to put up at an inn. On the evening of his arrival he deposited his \$500 with the innkeeper. 'Keep this for me,' he said, 'until I ask for it.'"

"But when, some days later, he came to depart, the innkeeper knew nothing about his money."

"There must be some mistake," the rogue said. "You didn't leave any \$500 with me."

"And so, willy nilly, the poor farmer had to go away empty-handed. Nothing he could say or do would compel the landlord to return the money to him."

"The former called on a lawyer for redress."

"Sharp practise," said the lawyer, after he had heard the man's story. "Well, sharp practise must be met with sharp practise. I'll tell you what I want you to do. When I am tired and nervous a pill soothes me."

"Cured without danger of disagreeable after-effects; cured quickly; cured without unnatural action on liver, stomach, or other internal organs."

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills please the women, and the children take them because they are easy to take and soothe all their sufferings.

"For years I had spells of sick headache, at times suffering untold agony. I could not endure any excitement. Going to church, and even visiting, brought on these terrible headaches. I tried numerous remedies without relief until I tried Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, and they have cured me. When I feel symptoms of sick headache I take a pill and ward off the attack. When I am tired and nervous a pill soothes me."

MRS. SARAH WATKINSON, Blairtown, Pa. Price, 25c a box. Never sold in bulk.

WELSH COLLIER AS A REVIVALIST.

(Continued from page 10, 1904.)

men among whom he was earning his daily bread. He is 36 years old, of middle height, fair-haired, and with light blue eyes that no one could correctly characterize as expressive. Apart from his religious work he displays none of those extraordinary psychological qualities which invest him with such wonderful powers in the pulpit. In private life he is utterly lacking in personal magnetism. He is shy, nervous, awkward, and his speech is far from fluent. On meeting him for the first time one inevitably falls to wondering as to the secret of his tremendous influence as an evangelist.

His own story of it is far more interesting than any theory that may be advanced to account for it. In the collieries he pondered much over the problems of life as presented by those among whom his lot had been cast, and came to the conclusion that religion alone—Christian religion—could make happiness and blessedness compatible with grinding toil. He saved what he could from his wages that he might enter a Nonconformist college and study for the ministry. He had been there only a few weeks when something happened.

"I was baptized of the Spirit there," he told a visitor. "Afterwards I sent me a message. 'Go home for a week,' it commanded. So I obeyed. At my home another message was given me. It told me to go forth with three women. Their names were even mentioned. I communicated the message to them. They obeyed. Two others followed."

THE MANIFESTATION.

"How was this baptism of the Spirit manifested?" he was asked. "God seized hold of me. He pressed me down to the earth. I felt the weight of His hand upon me, for my face was purple. My mother had the same experience when she was converted. She fell to the ground so that people thought she was ill. I have surrendered my life to the keeping of the Spirit. I go where it summons me. Even now I am waiting the Master's bidding. Ah, it is a grand life. I am happy, so happy that I cannot think on it. I never. God has made me strong. He has given me courage. I could face millions."

The sincerity of his faith in all this is beyond question. Fired with the sense of a divine mission miraculously communicated when he addresses himself to the fulfillment of it all his awkwardness, shyness and self-restraint vanish. In the pulpit he is absolutely devoid of self-consciousness. His face glows with the enthusiasm that consumes him. He takes no thought of what he is to say, he will tell you, and yet he is never at a loss for a phrase. He holds his congregation for hours. In some strange fashion he imparts to them the same frenzy that possesses him. As he speaks men and women bury their faces in their hands and sob aloud. When he pauses others jump to their feet and put forth their petitions, or stories of marvelous conversion and contrition. It may be that some rough, unkempt toiler, who has never spoken a word in public before, will pray and exhort with a fluency and fervor that knows no check until exhaustion overpowers him.

HOLDS GREAT INFLUENCE.

And yet this untutored preacher, whose influence over his auditors exceeds that of the most gifted divines, is in no sense an orator, even in what might be termed his most inspired moments. There is no method in his addresses. Printed verbatim they would make poor reading. But they move his hearers as people are never stirred by the most renowned of pulpit orators. He differs from all revivalists the writer has ever heard of in the way he reveals the joy and happiness his faith has brought him. He smiles when he prays; he gives way to bursts of laughter when he exhorts. His religion is full of mirth. Perhaps this may account in some measure for the wonderful influence he exercises. For most of those composing his audience this life is hard and sordid and they must feel it is worth something to obtain such happiness as he has found. But it is precisely this "little comfort" over which many Welsh ministers shake their heads in grave disapproval. With their religion is a solemn business, and laughter in church or chapel appears hardly less a desecration than an oath. Mirth with them is associated

with theaters, music halls and such unsoddy places. They don't know what to make of the collier preacher's use of it. But the common people at least have no such misgivings. The collier preacher has taken them by storm and his success among them is assured. They want a religion that will give them a lively sense of happiness in this world as well as assurance of it in the

next, and it is that Evans Roberts sends to them.

MIN STOPPED WORK.

At many factories men have stopped work to hold prayer meetings and proprietors complain that this leads to a serious loss of money. When the "hooter" was sounded at a big tinplate works, the other morning, the men all dropped their tools and for three-quarters

of an hour they held a prayer meeting while the machinery stood idle. They prayed for the manager, too. He would rather have had the money lost while they were praying than their prayers.

"If a man wishes to commune with his Maker," he said, "he should do so in the solitude of his bedchamber, or in his church or chapel. A large works

is the wrong place. If this thing goes on we shall have to do something to put a stop to it."

It is understood that when the collier preacher finishes his mission he will resume his studies for the ministry. It has been suggested that the theological professors might learn much more of him than he can possibly learn of them.

Walker's Store



NEWS EXTRAORDINARY

Entire Stock of WOOL SHIRT WAISTS—Entire Stock of SEPARATE SKIRTS at Exceptional Sacrifice Prices—1,000 WAISTS—500 SKIRTS.



ITS AN ill wind that doesn't blow good to somebody. Full one-third of regular price has blown off our WAISTS and more off our SKIRTS to your advantage. We wanted a broad and comprehensive stock. We got it, but to our undoing. You'll find every kind of Waist, every kind of Skirt the season knows. Fabrics in the Waists, are Flannels and Wools, not including Brilliantines of which we have only a limited lot in the Skirts—Voies, Etamines, Serges, Worsteds, Broadcloths. The first and greatest Waist and Skirt Sale of the year, Monday and week.

SKIRTS.

Group of fifty skirts, \$2.50 up to \$15, go at HALF PRICE.
All \$2.50 Skirts for \$2.34
All \$4.00 Skirts for \$2.67
All \$5.00 Skirts for \$3.34
All \$7.50 Skirts for \$5.00
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All \$15.00 Skirts for \$10.00
All \$20.00 Skirts for \$13.34
All \$25.00 Skirts for \$16.67
All \$30.00 Skirts for \$20.00

WAISTS.

\$2.25 Waists for \$1.50
\$2.50 Waists for \$1.67
\$3.00 Waists for \$2.00
\$3.50 Waists for \$2.34
\$4.00 Waists for \$3.67
\$4.50 Waists for \$3.00
\$5.00 Waists for \$3.34
\$5.50 Waists for \$3.67
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For \$5 buy fine new Kimonas and House Gowns THAT WERE \$8.00 TO \$12.50

The greatest \$5 worth you ever had. The collection consists of seventy-five charming style wrappers and short or long kimonas. Any one of them a pretty gift if you like. Kimonas and sacques are made of different light color silks, prettily trimmed with laces and ribbons. Wrappers made of cashmere—pink, blue, old rose; lined waist and skirt, trimmings of fancy braids. Regular prices were \$8 up to \$12.50; choice while the lot lasts—\$5.

Pay Very Little for the Very Best of Shoes
\$3.45 FOR \$4.00 TO \$6.00 WOMEN'S SHOES—\$1.45 FOR \$2.50 MISSES' SHOES—95c FOR INFANT'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

No winter weather. A big stock of winter shoes. Not a very comforting condition for the store man. Price is lowered enough to better the matter. Should take away every shoe offered long before the week's end. Over thirty different styles of women's shoes to choose from. All the new leathers, all the style lasts, all heel styles, all the sizes complete. Wright & Peter's finest. Sell at \$4 up to \$6 a pair, reduced to—\$3.45. One hundred pairs of misses' shoes—patent colt, welt soles, button styles; very dressy. \$2.50 shoes until sold—\$1.45. Infant's and children's shoes, sizes 2 to 8, \$1.25 and \$1.50 values—95c.

Boys' and Girls' Store has a Splendid Under-Price Offering

COATS, DRESSES, SUITS, TAMS

A splendid lot of misses suits that are large enough, too, and suitable for small women. Sizes run 12 up to 18 years. Made of fancy mixture cloths, some plain colors, well tailored in Norfolk style. Regular prices have been until now \$15 and \$16; lowered to—\$7.

Children's coats, full length, made of ladies cloth and heavily interlined; cape collars; nicely trimmed. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Were \$2.50 and \$2.75, until gone—\$1.95. Boys' sailor suits, made of heavy serge and cheviot, red and navy blue colors mostly, but a few fancy mixture cloths; sizes 3 to 6 years. Excellent little suits reduced because of stock adjusting time's approach. The \$6 and \$6.50 for—\$3.95. The \$7.50 and \$8 for—\$4.95.

Angora wool Tam O'Shanter's that were formerly \$1 and \$1.25 each, now—50c.

Walker Brothers Dry Goods Co.

Ladies Only. It Is Women Who Need Most Relief From Little Irritating Pains and Aches.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are for women.

Woman's delicate nervous organism tingles to the least jarring influence, and some ache or pain is the result.

The remedy is at hand—

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

They act most marvelously on woman's nervous organism, and relieve and cure the pains to which she is a martyr. Headaches, neuralgic pains, monthly pains, and all kinds of pains disappear, as if a gentle hand had lightly soothed them away. Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the head, Toothache, Backache are all cured by these "Little Comforters." Cured without danger of disagreeable after-effects; cured quickly; cured without unnatural action on liver, stomach, or other internal organs.

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FREE Write to us for Free Trial Package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, the New Scientific Remedy for Pain, Headache, Neuralgia, etc. Our Specialist will diagnose your case, tell you what is wrong, and how to right it. Write to Dr. J. C. Miles, M.D., ELKHART, IND.



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