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Our sales in this department have exceeded our fondest expectations and every model is smart, new and attractive.

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We are prepared to serve your needs with a variety of things for useful gifts.

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DOLLS

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Bring your little girl in, she will enjoy looking at them

Arlington L. Sparks,

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ROYAL MESSENGERS.

They Carry Other Things Besides Government Dispatches.

Very odd are some of the errands done by the royal messenger service in Great Britain. At an English seaport, for instance, a sealed packet which was being conveyed across the channel to Windsor in care of the British foreign office became accidentally unfastened in the custom house, and a quantity of cigars tumbled out. As the packet in question was invoiced as containing "important confidential government dispatches," no little amusement was caused. Nothing serious, however, came of the incident, for it is a recognized rule that "the king can do no wrong," and neither, therefore, can the king's messengers.

Besides, it is well understood that the service is maintained for other purposes than the nominal one. During the late Queen Victoria's reign these messengers used frequently to carry to the continent in sealed bags supposed to contain dispatches shirts and collars of a special make and pattern for one of the British ambassadors, hats and bonnets for her majesty's female relatives, all sorts of English knickknacks for the late Empress Frederick at Berlin and even barrels of native oysters for the embassies at Paris and Vienna.

For many years, moreover, it was the practice of the messengers to call each week on their way back to England at Brussels, where they received from the court kitchens a box of special biscuits of which Queen Victoria was very fond and which she believed nobody could make as well as the head pastry cook of King Leopold's kitchen. This box of biscuits was solemnly sealed up at the British legation with the official seal and then conveyed with infinite care to Windsor by way of Dover and London.—Chicago News.

THE LAKE SKIPPER.

How He Taught a Salt Water Veteran to Hustle.

There was a salt water captain who, for reasons of his own, accepted a berth as first mate in a big passenger steamer on the great lakes. He was a capable seafaring man, but he did not know what "hustle" meant until he went aboard at Buffalo. The lake skipper to whom he reported for duty remarked in the most casual manner:

"Just give her a coat of paint this morning, and, if the sun stays hot and she dries in good shape, give her a second coat this afternoon."

The salt water mate staggered in his tracks and made amazed protest. This was a 5,000 ton vessel, and giving her two coats of paint was several days' work by his reckoning. The lake skipper was a person of discernment, wherefore he had pity on his new mate and forbore to deal harshly with him, explaining with a tolerant grin:

"All right. I suppose you'll have to learn to move lively after snoozing around salt water all your life. You just pass that order along to the bos'n and tell him it's got to be done, and then you sit up and take notice."

The bos'n took the order calmly, as if it were in the day's work, and by nightfall the big steamer was spick and span with two coats of paint from her water line to her guard rail. The sailor from deep water had learned his first lesson in the ways of the great lakes during the navigation season, when the hard driven shipping must be forced to do twelve months' work in half a year. —Ralph D. Paine in Outing Magazine.

The Early Trusts.

Trusts were sometimes dealt with summarily in old England. For instance, the records of the Brewers' company show that "on Monday, July 30, 1422, Robert Chichele, the mayor of London, sent for the masters and twelve of the most worthy of our company to appear at the guildhall for selling dear ale. After much dispute about the price and quantity of malt, wherein Whityngtone, the late mayor, declared that the brewers had ridden into the country and forestalled the malt, to raise its price, they were convicted in the penalty of £20 ($100), which objecting to, the masters were ordered to be kept in prison in the chamberlain's custody until they should pay it or find security for the payment thereof."

Ancient and Modern Bathing.

Soap is really quite a new factor in the world's life. Most of our ancestors were filthy and dissembled the fact by the use of stifling perfumes. Washing one's hands, which was only done by the very best people, meant dipping the fingers in rose water and drying them on a napkin. Even the Romans of the decadence, who were probably cleaner as a community than any before or since, bathed in water and rubbed themselves with oil. It sounds nasty to us, but then so does, for example, Chinese music, which millions of human beings think delightful.

Jack Tar's Reply.

A sailor was brought before a magistrate for beating his wife, when the magistrate attempted to reach his heart by asking him if he did not know that his wife was the "weaker vessel."

"If she is, she ought not to carry so much sail," replied Jack.—London Tit-Bits.

Turn About.

Taggs—When will you learn that razors are not things to sharpen pencils with? Mrs. Taggs—Oh, just as soon as you've learned that hairpins are not things to clean pipes with.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A poor time to begin telling a funny story is just before dinner is announced.—Fort Smith Times.

THE DOOM OF VENICE

IT MAY BE TO LIE IN THE BOSOM OF THE ADRIATIC.

The Famous Bells of St. Mark's May Toll on Ocean's Depths Like Those of Old Port Royal—The Sunken Cities of the World.

It is believed by many that Venice is sinking into the Adriatic and that she gradually will disappear beneath the waters of the great lagoon from which her palace crowned islands arise. Other cities have gone that way before her, and ships now sail over spots which were once teeming with a populous life.

At the entrance to the harbor of Kingston, Jamaica, the original city of Port Royal lies fathoms deep beneath the blue and sunlit waters of the Caribbean sea. A narrow strip of land, on which are a small settlement and a fort, is all that is left of what was once the richest and wickedest town in the West Indies. It was the resort of pirates, who rested there from their depredations and made the city hideous with their revelry. But these pirates brought great stores of their loot to the city, and its commerce grew and flourished. Palaces and churches were built, a pirate often striving by a rich endowment of a church to square his accounts with heaven.

Throughout the greater part of the seventeenth century no town in the western world was so magnificent as to its buildings or so luxurious as to its habits as Port Royal. Then one day in 1692 the anger of the Lord shook the island of Jamaica, and the greater part of Port Royal sank beneath the sea, carrying with it hundreds of its inhabitants. Towers, churches, palaces and forts went down, many of them not tumbling in ruins by the shock, but sinking bodily beneath the waves.

On a bright day, sailing over the spot where Port Royal once stood, one can look far down through the clear water and see the remains of the city still standing there on the ocean bottom, with fishes swimming about among its towers and great tropical seaweeds waving from its sunken walls.

The negroes of Jamaica—and some white people, too—will tell you that before a storm the sunken bell of the great cathedral which went down with the city on that awful day in 1692 can be heard distinctly tolling below the waves, rung as a warning by the ghostly hands of the spirits of departed buccaneers which haunt the submarine city. People who do not believe in ghosts, but think they have heard the tolling of the bell, say the explanation is that when the city sunk the great bell of the cathedral was not thrown from its place, but still hangs as it originally did. The coming storm before it reaches Jamaica stirs up the waters of the Caribbean and sends in upon the shore deep waves, which roll through the sunken city and set the bell a-tolling.

Another sunken city of renown is Baiae, that splendid resort on the Italian coast where Nero and Caligula "reveled and drank deep." A straggling village and heaps of marble ruins still stand upon the shore and bear the name of Baiae, but the greater part of the city lies beneath the waters of the Mediterranean, and tourists from Naples go out there to gaze down into the waters and try to catch a glimpse of the submerged city.

The resort of all the wealthy nobles of Rome when Rome was mistress of the world, Baiae was a marvel of luxurious splendor. Palace after palace was built on the shore, and architects designed magnificent structures extending out into the sea.

When Rome decayed and the Goths ravaged Italy, Baiae was sacked by the invaders. Soon after the city began to sink. First the buildings which had their foundation in the water subsided beneath the waves, and then the sea made an attack on the land. Gradually the shore line receded, and the Mediterranean flowed through the streets where Hadrian had driven his imperial chariot and Horace had walked thinking of his next poem.

These promontories, crowned with grand towers and gorgeous palaces, were undermined and toppled into the deep until at last the major part of the splendid city was submerged. Its disappearance was not sudden, like that of Port Royal, and due to some convulsion of nature, but Baiae went down to its death gradually, as Venice is said to be going.

In Holland the subsidence of the land has brought it about that many towns once populous are now covered by the sea. The old Roman camp at Brittenburg, after sinking beneath the waves, emerged again in 1520, only to disappear, and its remains now lie in deep water opposite the town of Katwijk. The original Katwijk itself now is beneath the waters, as also are the original towns of Scheveningen, Domburg and Egmond. In fact, a succession of towns bearing these names is now at the bottom of the sea, for they repeatedly have been rebuilt farther inland as the land sunk and the waves come in to take possession.

The Goodwin sands, large and dangerous shoals off the southeast coast of England, were once above the water and formed a flourishing estate, the property of Earl Godwin. There was no city on the Godwin estate when it subsided beneath the sea, but several small villages went down to the deep when the tract of country gradually disappeared beneath the waters.

There are legends which may or may not be true of lost cities sunk at the bottom of Swiss lakes.—New York Mail.

Devotion is the flower that grows best on graves.—George Sand.

UNIFORM STEPS.

With Them Many Falls Downstairs Would Be Averted.

Falls on staircases are of rather common occurrence, especially in houses where the stairs are steep, dark or built with sharp turns. The frequent causes of serious falls have suggested that the likelihood of accident of this kind would be lessened considerably if all steps were built according to a standard of height and breadth.

A child's fall on the stairs is apt to be bad enough, and for an adult it may have serious consequences, but for an aged person the result is not unlikely to be fatal; hence it is held that the construction of staircases deserves more attention than is ordinarily paid to it.

The trouble is that stair climbing is not a natural method of progression for the human being. A child may learn to walk with ease, but it is a long time before it can ascend a stairway in an upright position without losing its balance. Stairs have been brought about by necessity, however, and the ordinary person has become so accustomed to them that he dashes up and down them without paying any more heed to his steps than if he were walking on a surface level. Motion becomes purely mechanical, without any effort of will, and the muscles of the leg automatically adjust themselves so as to lift the foot to the height of the steps on the stairway most frequently used. The stride unconsciously becomes adapted to a certain height in taking steps.

This unconscious estimate of height often is the cause of many falls. When a different stairway is used the foot is unaccustomed to the pitch, and hence a trip is likely to occur. On narrow and steep staircases there should be a hand rail on each side. The instinctive clutch following a stumble would mean the saving of many limbs and heads. But the surest way to obviate accidents would be to standardize all stairways, at least in the matter of height.—New York Press.

FENCING OUT RATTLERS.

A Precaution of Animals That Man Uses to Advantage.

Did you ever hear of a rattlesnake fence—not one made of rattlesnakes, of course not, but one made of prickly thorns to protect one from the rattlers and keep them away? That is what the Arizona campers build, and the only way to keep these deadly poisoners away is by building one of these fences of oktea, a shrub covered with thorns which grows on the desert.

As the tents have no doors and are not set much above the ground, it would appear easy for Mr. Rattler to effect an entrance. Imagine the sensation of crawling into bed some cold night to strike against the clammy skin of a snake, and this is just where Mr. Snake likes to snuggle, in among the warm blankets.

To avoid this men who work in the mines have found that a snake will not go near this oktea, and they have built closely knit fences around their tents, with little gates to go in and out, and beyond this the rattler will not penetrate. It was first the Indians of the desert who discovered this deadly shrub, and they got the secret from birds and animals, which, to protect their young, travel sometimes many miles back and forth, bringing the thorns with which to cover their little nests. Gophers and other small animals there cover their nests in this manner.

It is strange that in that country, so dry and forbidding, many things grow in exuberance, and especially noticeable are the great fields of Brown Eyed Susans, the yellow daisies with the brown centers. They grow so high and wild that you can step in a field and your head will just peep over the top of the nodding sea of bright eyed faces.—Los Angeles Times.

Boil It Down!

It is the short piece, be it letter or editorial, that catches the reader, and correspondents who wish their letters to be read should never extend them beyond a quarter of a column, and half that length is preferable. Condensation is an art, but it can be acquired with a little practice. Never try to see how long you can make your article, but how short. Use never a superfluous sentence or word. Be as brief as an intelligible statement of the case will allow and you will have ten readers where the long winded fellow will have one.—Richmond Dispatch.

Given Back.

Never say of anything, "I have lost it," but, "I have given it back." Is your child dead? It has been given back. Is your wife dead? She has been given back. Is your estate taken away? Well, and is not that likewise given back? "But he who took it away is a bad man." What is it to you by whose hands he who gave it has demanded it back again? While he allows you to possess it, take care of it, but as of something not your own, as travelers do of an inn.—Epictetus.

High Life In Gotham.

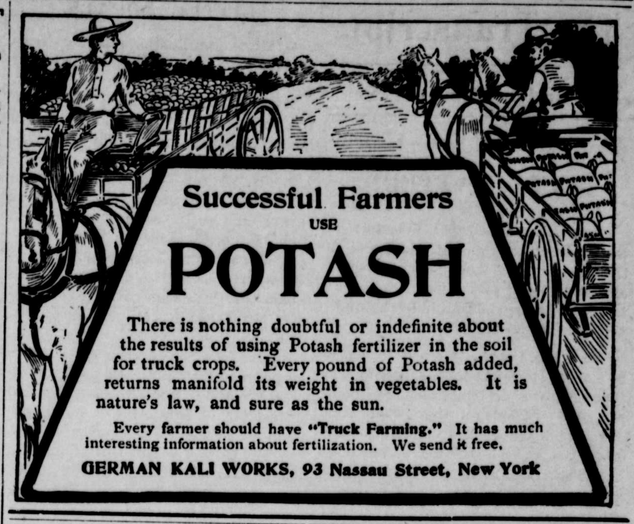
"The way them New York folks act is dreadful curious," said my aunt Betsy. "They dew say as Mrs. Demillion is at home on a horse. I'm glad she ain't one on whom I call, for I calculate I shouldn't know exactly how tew act."—Harper's Weekly.

The Last Course.

"Paw, when there's a big banquet, why do they always have spoiled cheese to wind it up with?"

"Because, my son, it makes you forget the earlier courses."—Chicago Trubune.

Bear the best humbly and the worst resignedly.—Homer.



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