Sam Stackpole's Adventure

"You never heard tell of my merlasses candy adventure, did you Sam?" said Stackpole to me one day, when I called at his house to take the census of his family.

I shook my head and he proceeded:

"I speculate it was raythur a wonderful affair, and if Sally there would tell it, you would appreciate it, certain. I was courting Sally at the time and was in love up to my eyes. But her old daddy was opposed to me out and out. And he was a stupendous man — the crossest, ugliest old man that ever wore spectacles; and I've often wondered how Sally could be such a charming little creature, with such a crusty old fellow for a father. She was a bonum magnum gal, sure, at that time; a little faded now, you see; but that is to be expected. Beauty is but knee deep, but ugliness goes to the bone.

Well, one day I went to town and bought a whole heap of fancy doings, ribbons, beads, goose-grease for the hair, etcetre and so forth. I was determined to coax her up; and putting my purchases snugly in a bundle, I locomoted towards her daddy's house, true as a rifle.

It was rather late when I arriv', and old Scraggs was bilin' some merlasses candy for Sally to peddle next day — there being a show — Sally and her mother having retired.

The first thing I done, however, arter enterin, and old Scraggs had stared at me a few, was to set right down in a pot of hot merlasses he'd put on a cheer to cool, which, made me jump and howl amazin'. Ginger bread! how it burnt! but as he didn't see the accident, I squatted on Sally's bandbox which contained her Sunday bonnet — not noticing—and went to rubbing like sixty-six.

Well, arter I'n sot there a spell, groaning for myself, and wondering how much damage I had done, the old man gave me another such terrific look, and said:

"Sam Stackpole, what have you come here after, say?"

"Mr. Scraggs," says I, not daring to stir for fear he would discover my predicament, "I have come to you on very important business. (Oh, how that merlasses smarted!! And if you'll just keep your ebenezer down about five minutes, I will endeavor to inform you with that degree of accuracy that I'm so preiminently and conspicuously developed."

"The old fellow didn't understand that ar powerful language, and in course he did not say nothin.

"Perhaps," says I, "you've noticed that I have been paying numerous attention to your daughter, and am gratified to state with infinite poplarity. Now ef you will give Sally to me, I will vote for you for reeve, and leave my country if you ain't elected."

Well, arter I'd delivered myself in that are benevelent style, what do you think that codger's reply was? Why, instead of saying, "Take Sally, and welcome," he actually pointed to the door, and told me to scatter. I vow, I got out of patience, then, sure, and didn't care what occurred—if Sally's bonnet was smashed.

"Mr. Scraggs," sez I, "I should be very happy to oblige you, but the fact is, I sat right down here, and can't leave nohow, unless you cut a hole in my trousers."

When the old man seed how I was stuck fast as I sot, he just catched up the whole pot of hot candy off the fire and emptied it all over my head and shoulders, true as I'm alive, Jehu! how the stuff made me cavort and holler! But I was so mad that I grabbled a great bog and let him have it, biff! right between the eyes.

"There, take that," sez I, "you old flap-eared piece of deformity," and then I started for the door, direct. I just got it open, ready to dart, when old Mrs. Scraggs burst into a loud laugh, and Sally spoke for the first time.

"Sam Stackpole," sez she, "hold! My bandbox and your pantaloons are annexed."

"Jerusalem," sez I, and I leaped. I must have been awful skeered, for I landed at least twenty feet outside the house and run like a prairie fire. I never looked behind me until next mornin,' and when I did the kiver of the band box was sticken fast to my trousers.

That was my merlasses candy edventure, Squire, and right hot work it was. But I married Sally at last. The old man gin in arter a while, and now you can reckon up the family in your sincus as soon as you please.

BUNCH OF APHORISMS.

Charity uncovers a multitude of sinners.

Some men impress us as being too good to be true.

A frieze on the wall is worth two colds in the head.

A man of mettle must be one who has plenty of brass.

When aerial navigation comes we'll be all up in the air about it.

The longer you keep a secret the less important it seems to tell it.

"Now I realize that riches take unto themselves wings," mused the married man as he noticed the plumage on his wife's hat.

GENEROUS FOES.

Story of Mrs. Delarey and Lord Methuen.

The wife of the gallant Boer soldier, General Delarey, unlike some of her compatriots, is a woman first and a partizan afterward. Her gentleness and good humor appear most agreeably in a story of a particular foe, Lord Methuen, which she tells in the simple narrative of her trials and wanderings during the Anglo-Boer war.

Mrs. Delarey met Lord Methuen twice, the first time after he entered Lichtenberg, when her horses had been commandeered, and she went in person to protest to the general.

"What can I do for you ?" he asked.

"For me you cannot do much," she replied, "for as far as my cattle are concerned I have lost nearly everything. I have still two horses left, and one of these belonged to my son, who is dead, and I hope you will not take it away from me."

General Methuen put out his hand and the Boer woman took it. "Your son's horse shall not be taken from you," he said.

The next time Mrs. Delarey saw Lord Methuen was when he was lying wounded and a prisoner in Delarey's laager.

"I went into his tent," she says. "There lay the great, strong man, wounded above the knee, right through the bone, and I pitied him."

When Mrs. Delarey had come in, Lord Methuen begged her to forgive him for all the annoyance he had caused her, and he asked her if she had suffered much discomfort from "all that running away."

"No," she replied, "it all went much better than I had expected. I did not have to do my best to escape from falling into your hands !"

"Oh," said he, "I have done my best to catch you !"

And so they "chaffed" each other. But it was a difficult position for both, so Mrs. Delarey asked him if his leg was hurting him much.

"No, not very much," said he.

"It won't be a good thing for us," said she, "if your leg gets cured so quickly. Then you will come and shoot us again !"

Lord Methuen laughed. "No," said he, "I am going away. I shall not shoot at you any more."

"I had a fat chicken killed," says Mrs. Delarey, "and I took some biscuits and sent them with the chicken to the wounded lord. People kept asking how it was possible that I could be kind to such a man.

"I said that so far I had never learned to hate any one, and that therefore I could still do good to my adversary ; as when God gave me grace and strength to prove to my enemy that in spite of all the desolation and destruction he had wrought, there still remained something over for me."

KING SETS STYLE IN PARIS.

His Visit to Longchamps Revelation to Frenchmen.

The King of England has invaded Paris and set the style for the arbiter of style for all the world. It was carrying coals to Newcastle with a vengeance, but the men of Paris seemed to like it.

During his visit to Paris King Edward went to many places, but at none of them was it so easy to study him as at the races at Longchamps. There he walked about where all could see and observe.

This is the impression he made upon one who saw him: "A better dressed man I never saw. One might have taken him for a smartly dressed member of the Jockey club, as well as for the King of England. I have seen the Czar, the German Emperor, the Kings of Belgium and Sweden, and many other royal personages with the reputation for good dressing, but never any one with the 'chic,' as the French say, of the former Prince of Wales; and, while His Majesty is portly, he actually looked jaunty at Longchamps, with his well turned up silk hat, tilted just a suspicion over his right eye, a mere nothing, but just enough to give him a debonair look, just the thing at the races.

"All the members of the Jockey club quickly imitated the tilt, and a fashion in wearing a silk hat has been set.

The King's overcoat was a marvel of tailor' skill, a dark mixed cloth with a velvet collar and jaunty velvet cuffs, rolling back from the wrists and slit up in Louis XIII. fashion. The form was the new sack model, and all overcoats now shown have velvet cuffs, shaped like His Majesty's, exceedingly dressy in effect.

"His tie was another revelation of dark blue faille, with a tiny turquoise blue enamel pin stuck through it and contrasted strongly in elegance with good President Loubet's stiff black cravat, and they tell me there has been a positive boom in blue ties and enamel pins.

"As for His Majesty's gloves, they have been widely copied. They were of yellow glace kid, with heavy black silk stitching ornamenting the backs, and whole glove factories have remained open all night adding black stitching to yellow gloves.

"Another fad the King has started, or, rather, revived, is the carrying of a gold headed cane, which was conspicuous at the races, the only occasion when His Majesty appeared as an ordinary man, desirous to make a good impression by his smart clothes."

BRITISH ROYAL CHILDREN

THE GRANDCHILDREN OF KING EDWARD.

They Are Charming, Unassuming Childlike Youngsters—Are Full of Fun.

Being a royal child "isn't all it's cracked up to be." In fairy stories, the prince has everything his own way. He can commandeer all the plum jam he wants just on the strength of his being prince.

In real life, it is slightly different. The children of the house royal of England—the first children of the world, so far as rank and estate go —are very ordinary folk. It is a very polite fiction to assume they have everything their own way, writes a London correspondent.

At the outset, let one thing be made plain : The children of the present Prince of Wales, grandchildren of King Edward, are charming, unassuming, childlike youngsters, who put on as little "side" in connection with their manner of living as it is possible to imagine. They have no more use for ceremony and geegaws than Tom Sawyer had for a tuxedo.

One of the causes of King Edward's widespread popularity in England is his great affection for his grandchildren. It is a phase of his character which every one admires, and which makes him lovable in the eyes of the people. He is always making his grandchildren happy in some delightfully unexpected way. Not long ago, he presented Prince Edward with one of the finest of bicycles, and the boy almost forgot, for the nonce, to ride his many fine ponies.

The first day Prince Edward went cycling, he nearly rode himself to death, and had to be reprimanded for his imprudence.

KEPT AWAY FROM SCHOOL.

Up to this time the royal children have had very little schooling, as the principle of modern education requires that children should be first assured perfect physical health before the brain is developed.

Play, pure and simple, has filled up the lives of these little royalties; and they have got playing down pretty fine. Every visitor to Sandringham, Portsmouth and London who is the least acquainted with the royal children knows that they are full of fun, and their capacity for being entertained is remarkable.

The only education received so far by the younger children—Princess Mary, Prince Albert and Prince Henry of Wales—is of the kindergarten kind. At each royal palace visited by the children there is a nursery fitted up with instructive elementary maps and designs. Toys used by the royal children are of the "useful" variety.

Of course, Prince Edward—who will be 10 years old on June 23 next—has already begun his education proper. He was taught his alphabet by old Admiral Keppel, an intimate personal friend of the King, who has been for many years the "guide, philosopher and friend" of the royal children. In fact, he taught all the royal children how to walk.

PRINCE EDWARD THE STAR.

The children now principally in the public eye are, of course, those of the Prince and Princess of Wales. They are known as the royal children proper ; although the children of the present Duchess of Fife—the King's eldest daughter—are popularly considered members of the royal family.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have entirely of recent years abrogated the title of royalty, being content with the rank of Peers. Their children, Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff are not addressed as "Your Royal Highnesses." One would think that the King's own daughter would of all people, be entitled to all the circumstance and pomp of royalty ; but such is not the case, owing to a private arrangement between the royal family themselves. The children of the Duchess of Fife are classed merely as the children of peers or lords.

Nevertheless, any account of royal children in which those of the Duke and Duchess of Fife were omitted would be peculiarly incomplete. Ladies Alexandra and Maud Duff are among the most popular of "Little Royalties," and these is never a palace juvenile function in which they do not participate, and, frequently, carry off the honors.

Though little Prince Edward, son of the Prince of Wales, has attracted most public attention so far, the other children of the Prince of Wales are extremely interesting. Princess Mary—or, to give her her full title, Princess Victoria Alexandra Alice Mary—was 7 years old April 25, and a more lively, mischievious little busybody it is impossible to find anywhere. She has always been a great companion of her brothers, and her very quick wit and clever head for games have made her a popular favorite among all the children of her "set."

ALL CHILDREN DRILL.

Last year the royal children took a very great interest in military exercises, and not the least interested was Princess Mary, despite the fact that her brothers gravely informed her that "women didn't go soldiering properly." She knows all the drill regulations, and, on fine afternoons, puts her brothers through true military discipline, to the delight of visitors to the palace grounds.

Usually the drills are conducted under the supervision of some officer who knows something of child-life ; but, not infrequently, the services of some man servant about the palace are required. The royal children are strictly forbidden to take any servant away from his or her regular duty to "play" ; but these are not the kind of children to fail to find plenty of help in their games.

The expressioo "Your Royal Highness" is not used in addressing any of the children of royalty. They are merely spoken to as "Prince," with the given name. They have been taught to be considerate and kindly to those around them, and never to use any expressions or adopt any mannerisms inconsistent with the uses of polite society. They know the meaning of the word "please" better than most other children, although their rank and title would permit them to dispense with such formality.

Probably the favorite of the royal children at present is little Prince Henry. He is very "cute," and his sayings and doings afford no end of amusement, to the royal circle. The baby born to the Prince of Wales a few months ago is, of course, much talked of ; but, as yet, is not known to the public.

Prince Edward, now considered a "big boy," is very fond of the society of his grandparents, the King and Queen. He travels much with them, and when "on tour" takes the keenest interest in all his surroundings. He makes Queen Alexandra take him all over the ship when he is at sea anywhere, and, with the ordinary boy's love for machinery insists on inspecting the "engines" of all boats on which they chance to be.

When he is in the carriage driving with the King, Prince Edward always gravely returns the salutes of the multitude ; doubtless imagining that he, too, is sharing in the demonstration.

Not long ago he was attending a function at Birmingham at which he was required to plant a tree. Inadvertently, he placed some of the loose earth that should have gone around the roots of the tree upon the shoes of the mayor of Birmingham. Looking up, with a quick smile, he said to the King :

"Look, I've planted the mayor."

Everybody laughed heartily, and the King told the story wherever he went.

FIGHT LIKE OTHER BOYS.

Prince Edward is a fine horseback rider ; and most of his time is spent out of doors. He enjoys cricket, tennis and football—on a miniature scale—and is one of the healthiest children imaginable.

Prince Albert of Wales, one year younger than Prince Edward, is somewhat jealous of the older child; though this jealousy is never in a mean spirit.

The two princes have had one or two pretty hard "set-to" fights, concerning which the King has been rather inclined to let them settle their own difficulties. Not long ago, there was a rough-and-tumble "scrap" between the two princes in the stable yard of Sandringham.

Queen Alexandra was for separating them at once and punishing both ; but the King insisted on their being left alone. Half an hour afterwards, both princes were the best of friends—far better companions than they would have been had they been permitted to cherish their resentful feelings under punishment in separate rooms of the palace.

The place in England where the little princes like most to be is Sandringham palace. This is the country home of royalty. Here the children have a great number of pets to take care of—birds and animals—and each child old enough to know anything about agriculture is given a little patch of ground whereon are planted various flowers.

MUST BE CONSIDERED.

Altogether the little princes have a very enjoyable, childlike, simple sort of time. They have, of course, personal servants ; but these servants do only such things for the children as the little ones are incapable of doing themselves.

The royal children are brought up with the idea of shifting more or less for themselves. Prince Edward always dresses himself in the mornings, and goes to bed by himself at night ; while Prince Albert is equally proficient in the manly art of self help. Possibly, Princess Mary gets the largest share of personal attention ; but even she is kindly and considerate to those around her, and only oversteps the bounds of princessship when she is playing some prank on her companions.

The royal "kids"—to use an expressive term which seems to fit the case—are very much like other youngsters. Both Prince Edward and Prince Albert are pretty good in a "scrap," and if any one tries to impose on them simply because he thinks they are "not up to much," said adversary usually finds his hands full.

Taking everything into consideration, the children of English royalty are to be congratulated. They are not spoiled or pampered. They are true "out-and-out" children, in every sense of the world. And they know what "fun" is with a big "F."

FACTS ABOUT LONDON.

A child is born every three minutes and a death is registered every five minutes. Daily a million persons travel on the underground railways, 7,000 hansoms, 14,000 cabs and 7,000 tram cars. Four thousand postmen deliver 10,000,000 letters weekly, walking a distance equal to twice the circumference of the globe. Sixty thousand letters are written a day, consuming thirty gallons of ink. Ten thousand miles of overhead telegraph wires almost shut out the smoky canopy which spreads above the same London streets, and the number of telegraph messages received in London last year was over 6,000,000. Ninety million gallons of water are consumed daily.

WORTH IT.

Mrs. H.—"Mrs. Catterson dressed extremely well, doesn't she?"

Mr. H.—"Yes; but she keeps her husband worried to death all the time."

Mrs. H. (admiringly) — "Well, it's worth it!"

COLLINGWOOD IS WITH THE REST

REMARKABLE CURE OF A CITIZEN BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Valentine Fisher's Terrible Sciatic Pains Speedily Vanished Before the Great Kidney Remedy.

Collingwood, May 25.—(Special)—Every city, town and village in Canada is reporting remarkable cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and Collingwood is not behind the rest. There are scores of people here who have used the great Kidney Remedy and who are not slow to tell of the splendid results. Valentine Fisher, well known in the town and surrounding country, is one of them.

"I was troubled with Kidney Disease for thirteen years," Mr. Fisher says in telling of his cure. "It developed into Sciatica which located in my side so that I could not walk without a cane. I had to use hypodermic injections of morphrine to ease the pain.

"I tried different medical men and medicines with no good results till I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Three boxes effected a perfect cure. I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who are suffering from Rheumatism or any other form of Kidney Disease."

Jim Dumps' young wife while yet
a bride
Some biscuits made with greatest pride.
Jim looked with fear upon the food,
But to a bride one can't be rude.
"Let's eat 'Force' first, dear, 'tis my whim,"
It saved the life of "Sunny Jim."

"Force"

The Ready-to-Serve Cereal

when in doubt, eat it.

All "Sunny Jims" Now.

"In our household 'Force' is as familiar and welcome as 'Sunny Jim,' and that's saying a good deal, for we are all 'Sunny Jims' now.
"R. L. STONE."

W—G