

# THE QUEEN AND THE SWITCH TENDER.

[From the French of Francois Coppée.]

Her Majesty the Queen of Bohemia—there is always a kingdom of Bohemia for the convenience of story-tellers—was travelling most modestly and strictly incognito under the name of the Countess of the Seven Castles and accompanied only by old Baroness de Gerolstein, lady of the bedchamber, and Gen. Horschwitz, her gentleman usher. In spite of the hot stones at her feet and the furs which were piled around her the queen felt cold and, tired of her novel and the General's continued knitting—for the old soldier was an expert with wool—she rubbed impatiently at the frosty window to see what was happening outside.

It was a sudden and irresistible caprice which had started her majesty, in the very middle of the winter, on a trip to Paris to see her mother, when she had only seven months to the spring, when her mother would have joined her at home. The queen was accustomed to consult only her immediate wishes, and regardless of the thermometer being 10 degrees below zero she had ordered her dress from her seamstress and her warm seat by the fire and summoned the general, to his despair, for he was obliged to leave a magnificent affair which he was leaving for his daughter and take only a modest pair of stockings to beguile the weariness of the journey.

The travelling had been hard, for all Europe was covered with snow, but at last they were reaching their destination. They had had a hasty supper at Macon, and now, although the hot bottles were scarcely warm and outside the fog flakes were falling like the rain, they were in the city of Paris, where the old lady would perform a little special devotion and the white-haired soldiers would repair to a certain shop of wools and yards where she could match shades to perfection.

The queen, however, was not so content. Feverish and shivering beneath her wonderful cap of blue fur, her head with its wealth of straw-colored hair tumbling from beneath her dark hat, resting on her arm, she was staring ahead into the blackness of the night, listening wearily to the rattling and grinding of wheels on the rails. In memory she was living over her short life, the poor little queen, and she felt that no one was so unhappy as she.

Her thoughts were fixed first to the time when she had a little Princess, short and plump, with red hands, playing with her twin sister, the sister whom she loved so dearly and who resembled her so closely that they had always been obliged to wear different colored ribbons to distinguish them. This was before the insurrection had overturned the throne of her parents, and she had loved the calm, peaceful atmosphere of the little Count of Olmutz, where etiquette was tempered with good-natured fellowship.

This was during the days of her father's reign, good King Louis V, whose court it had been to walk unscouted across the royal park, dressed in his court clothes, to the little Chinese pavilion, covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, where he drank his cup of afternoon coffee with his sister and watched the river, like a necklace of gleaming silver at the foot of autumn colored hills.

What! Will we have to spend an hour here in this weather? Why, the water-bottles are stone cold!"

"But what can we do, sir? They have telegraphed to Fontenay for a snow-plough. But, as I said, we won't move from here for an hour."

The man disappeared with his lantern. "Gracious! Such a thing is abominable! Your Majesty will certainly take cold," complained the baroness, shivering. "I am chilled through now," replied the queen.

The general understood that the moment had come to be heroic. Wrapping his coat tightly around him, he jumped from the compartment, landing in a drift of snow to his knees, and once more stepped to him in a whisper.

"But I couldn't do anything if it was the Grand Mogul himself," replied the guard. "Still, I think the switch tender lives somewhere near, and he ought to have a fire, if the lady wouldn't mind walking a step or two up the embankment. A second lantern approached.

"Go and see if the switch tender has a fire in his house."



RESEMBLANCE ENOUGH. Mr. Sinclair (who has just been knocked down)—Whatfo' yo' do dat? Mr. Plunkot—Yo done ben a' tol' les about me. Mr. S.—Taint so! Dat's mah' tin' braver Rufus. Mr. P.—Well, yo' look 'nough lak him to desorbe a' likin' anyhow.

HOW TO TELL A MAD DOG. Symptoms of Rabies Described by an Expert.

At the quarterly meeting of the Massachusetts Association of Board of Health recently at Hotel Brunswick Dr. Langdon Frothingham of the Harvard Medical School presented a paper on rabies. He said in part: "I believe that Aristotle was the first observer who left to the world a careful description of rabies. This was 400 years before the Christian era. There are people to-day who deny its existence. There is, perhaps, no disease so surrounded by myth and superstition. Rabies is acute infection which may affect all animals, and even birds. I know of no warm-blooded animal which is naturally immune, but it is most common in dogs. The saliva of this animal carries the infection and it is, therefore, transmitted by his bite. It is a bitter, but without provocation and without discrimination. There is no other animal with so many objectionable habits, that is permitted such unbridled liberty. He walks about unmuzzled, unrestrained and unaccompanied, and often 'unlicensed and unlicensed.'"

The symptoms of rabies in a dog are manifold. The first that is noticeable is a marked change in the natural temperament of the animal; the lively amiable dog may become snarling and morose; the unaffectionate may become fawning and demonstrative; the noisy, silent; the silent, noisy. There is apt to be fixed restlessness, moving about without fixed purpose, hiding in secluded spots, starting suddenly, listless, unresponsive to the most enticing following phantom objects. A depraved appetite is usually present; the animal not only licks stones, metals and other cold objects, but he chews and swallows all sorts of foreign objects, sticks, stones, straw, paper, glass, nails, etc. Any such symptoms as these should be looked upon with suspicion in infected districts, and strict immediate isolation and quarantine.

The symptoms then assume a more or less definite character, which are helpless; there is no desire, and "dumb" rabies. These terms explain themselves in the furious form the dog tends to roam and bite everything that comes in its path more especially dogs and other animals. He bites without provocation, snarling and growling, and goes on to the next object, until the attack is returned. He may run for miles. Not uncommonly the dog acts as if endeavoring to remove a bone or other foreign body from his throat. The dumb or paralytic symptoms are usually first observed about the mouth. The lower jaw hangs partly open, limp and helpless; there is no desire and probably no ability to bite. One can never forget the truly pitiful face, the hind legs, and advancing forward the animal's head, protruding and twitching in a few days. The symptoms in other animals are similar to those in the dog.

Bites upon the hands, face or other exposed parts of the body are more likely to result disastrous than those inflicted through the clothing. A free flow of blood from a bite must be looked upon as a safeguard against infection.

WIVES SELL HUSBANDS. Many Instances in Which Women Have Disposed of Their Spouses. During the recent hearing of a case at Paddington Police Court, Sydney, New South Wales, it transpired that the plaintiff had a husband, against whom she had no proceeding for using threatening language to a lady to whom she had given an agreement, to let her husband, for a certain period, to take any proceedings against her or join her in any proceedings in any court of law or equity.

the man was ultimately knocked down to a comely, if mature, widow, with whom he left the matter, evidently on the best of terms, and the publisher's transaction with the country similar.

AS THE CHINESE SEE IT. This is a translation of a circular issued in Shanghai in connection with the Chinese boycott on American goods: The affairs of the year is fragrant with the fragrance of the plum tree flower. On the western side of the world there is a great calamity.

The second month is beautiful with the beauty of the flower of the red apricot. The men of China who went forth to labor suffered many hardships. We successfully opened many mines of silver and gold. For the American people we built and completed all the roads where rails are of iron.

The fifth month is the month in which the flower of pomegranates flourishes. As for the men of the labor union of America they carried out the scheme of injustice they had planned; on their coasts they built prisons of wood. In them they confined us, the natives of China.

Let us assemble together and discuss its details. It is best not to use American goods. To oppose America is our safest course. The tenth month is the month when beautiful flowers become green. We advise you men and women, and children of China, if you want to eat your rice in the future in peace to attend to realize the importance of this movement.

Swiss Curate's Appeal to a Bride. A romantic scene took place at the altar of the little church of Clario, a village in the Canton of Tessin, writes our Geneva correspondent.

I am a doctor, and the son of a doctor, who has practiced medicine for sixty-two years, and is still practicing.

The value of the podalvria lies in its tendency to equalize circulation, not to mention the little matter of sanitation, and the efficiency of the hope lies largely in the fact that they are simple.

Most of the work of doctors in the past has been to treat symptoms, the difference between a disease and a symptom being something the average man does not even yet know.

PIGMY PEAKS OF PAMIR. People and Animals Diminutive—Dwarfs of the Amazon.

The pigmy at present in England are quite compared with those of the tribes of natives who inhabit the wild, desolate and almost unknown Pamir plateau to the northwest of the Hindu Kush range of mountains in Central Asia.

Another race of dwarfs, discovered by J. D. Sullivan, on one of the tributaries of the Amazon, are the most remarkable chiefly for their ugliness. Their stomach, which is distended in the back as well as in front, is out of all proportion to their slender arms and legs.

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