RICHEST GOLD DIGGINGS IN THE WORLD.

Feminine Financiering.

of the world we have often had eppor-

tunity to acknowledge, says the Hono-

That women are the best financiers

Nome City, Alaska, Where Men Have Been Digging the Valuable Stuff Out of the Beach.

Reports of rich findings of gold at | could not enjoy civilization, the great Cape Nome, Alaska, have been of un- comfort we miss. When you see strong usual interest in and around Boston, men sit down and cry and then get because among the residents of Nome drunk for the lack of a home, you un-City are a number of men whose derstand how much it is missed." homes are in or near Boston, says a writer in the New England Home Mag-

Nome City is on Norton sound, about 250 miles northwest of the mouth of the Yukon river. There are a number of rich claims along the creeks a short distance inland, but the most remarkable phase of Nome City mining is the beach digging. Gold is found in rich quantities in the sand which lines

Gold in the Beach.

For miles to the west of Cape Nome the beach runs straight away in strip of tide land, varying from forty to sixty feet in width between high and low water mark, extending up to the "tundra" or black alluvial soil, which is from three to five feet higher than the beach proper.

All of this tundra and all the territory along the creeks and rivers east and west for thirty or forty miles and back into the mountains for ten or twelve miles had been staked, but on the long strip of tide lands no man had a better claim than another, or could have, under the tide-land laws, and here the grand army of gold seekers camped and in very short order had converted the barren strand into a site of tremendous and enthusiastic industry. At the same time business of all kinds began to respond to the boom from the beach, and the usual collection of gambling hells, saloons and dance halls went into operation. A few weeks ago it was estimated that 1,000 or 1,200 miners were at work on the beach, extending west for twenty

Newton Man at Home.

shall we not be a very ugly race in a few more generations? Let us try to cheer up and be gay. This is not such a bad world after all. We are not all of us starving to death or in danger of being eaten by plutocratic octopuses .-New York Journal.

TESTAMENT FOR AN EMPRESS. China's Sovereign Has the Costliest Copy

Ever Printed. From Leslie's Weekly: The poorest can now buy the new testament in English for a nickel and yet-strange contrast!-perhaps the most sumptuous copy of the new testament in existence is that splendid edition de luxe presented to the dowager empress of



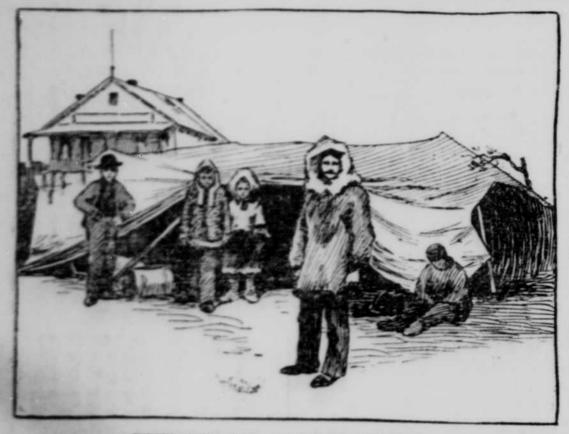
BEACH COMBING AT NOME CITY. Photograph of the novel method of digging gold at Nome City.-Sent from Alaska by a Newton Man.

lulu Independent. We have seen them | China on the occasion of her sixtieth

at the auction sales when they made | birthday, the presentation having been a 'bargain" by buying an article they made in due form by the British and miles. All these work with rockers, had no use for whatever, and we have American ministers. The book is a and they occupy just as much territory seen them haggling over the price of royal quarto volume, 2x10x13 inches to the man or group as can work it. cheap calico for a reduction in price of in size and was manufactured by the one cent a yard, and then triumphant- Presbyterian press and Canton silverbit of beach to pan out \$10 to \$15 an ly carry their purchase to a fashion- smiths. It has silver covers, embossed at his elbow. hour, but, of course, the space is soon able dressmaker and paying her \$10 with bamboo and bird designs, and is exhausted and the lucky digger must for making a 'morning" dress. This printed on the finest paper with the morning we could not help smiling largest type, and with a border of gold while watching a lady credited with encircling each page. It was encased round blue eyes fixed upon him. Albert J. Lowe of Newton Highlands possessing good business sense, buying in a solid silver casket, ornamented is one of the lucky miners who has "Chinese birds" on board a mail with symbolical designs, the whole profited by the find at Nome City. With steamer, haggling over the price of the weighing 101/2 pounds, and upon the cover of the casket there is a gold plate which relates that the book is ing of the whole garrison of Fort the gift of the Christian women in Curzon. China. Not long after the presentation of this magnificent volume the eunuchs were sent from the palace to the bookstore to ask for a common copy, so that the empress and her ladies might compare the two texts. Surely the circulation of such a book is one of the wonders of the world! 'Age cannot wither, nor custom stale, its infinite variety."

The Czarina and Her Children.

No royal children are surrounded by such imposing ceremonial or regarded with such superstitious interest and reverence as are the three infant daughters of the emperor and empress of Russia. The fact that a son and vain is not allowed to militate the smallest degree against the care lavished on the baby grand duchesses, allaw, they can never hope to succeed inquiring stare. their father on the imperial throne. After the birth of Grand Duchess Olga, the eldest, the empress wrote a touching letter in which she said: "Everyone except ourselves seems disappointed that baby was not a boy. For us is simply a gift from God." The czarina prefers that her children's nurses should be English or Scotch. Besides nominally they have twenty such attendants each, drawn from various Russian provinces. Immense sums are lavished on the dainty lace trimmed and embroidered garments of the What is the matter with the people czar's daughters and the magnificence in our streets? Do you notice how of their surroundings is medieval in gloomy all their faces are? Should barbaric splendor. Everything in the



PREPARED FOR A LASKAN WINTER. Boston and Newton men, who are spending the winter in Nome City, a richer gold section than the Klondike.

five other men from Boston and vicin- | birds and beating down the seller of ity, he left home for Alaska in Febru- seven fine specimens by fifty cents of ary, 1898. He visited Dawson City and the original price. In the meantime Forty Mile creek, both famous mining her hack was waiting, and the driver sections, but was better pleased with "charging." She made her bargain, Nome City. Mr. Lowe evidently finds however, saved fifty cents on the birds time to indulge in politics, for he is and paid the hackman one dollar for City.

Some extracts from a letter which he has written tell of life in Nome City more graphically than any of the published reports from that section. He wrote: "This is probably the

last letter I can write to you before the winter shuts us in from the outside world, and perhaps until next June, unless some mail goes out over the ice, which I think doubtful, as it must be carried hundreds of miles by dogs, and that is very uncertain around the Behring sea.

Typhoid Fever Pientiful. "A great deal of sickness prevails, and in nearly every case it is typhoid fever caused by sleeping on the wet ground and living on beans. We have built a good hospital. In the first two days four men died in it. Ten have been buried and a number sent on stretchers on board the steamers. Our police department selected some of the oughs and shipped them out of the section, Capt. Jarvis taking them on the revenue cutter Bear. Here are some of the prices we pay: Coal, \$126 a ton; lumber, \$250 to \$300 a thousand; four, \$15 per cut; all canned goods, 75 cents a can; sugar, 25 cents a pound. It is hard to buy anything at those prices. No coal or lumber can be bought. Cigars and drinks are 50 cents each; beer, \$2 a bottle; whisliy, \$5." Mr. Lowe says the gold deposit about Nome is more general than in

near Nome before spring. Pienty of Opportunity.

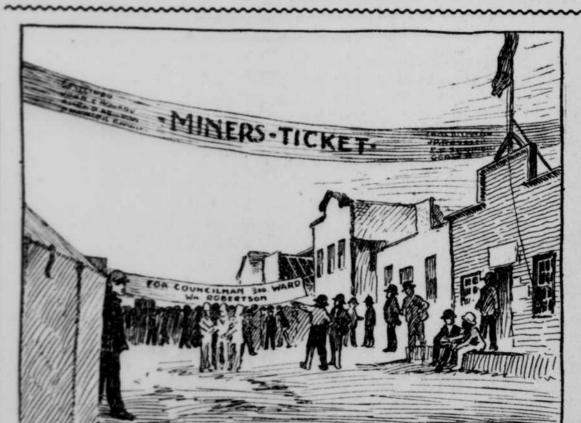
irgs at Nome "for big companies to son." Such laughter as one hears is would be called into requisition. work large pieces of ground by buying usually aroused by the quotation of up the claims which would be hard for a single owner to work.

"I feel fully warranted in prophesying that this country is going to be the greatest mining country in the United States, if not in the world. It is different from the Klondike country. where the gold is deep and spotted. In this country the deposit is very general, and, so far as known, very rich.

"We have two serious drawbacks. The citratic conditions cannot be stows upon us. What is the matter "And what else did God make?" The regarding him with a none too friendovercome. If we had the wood so plentifo; in the upper river country France, in Germany, in Italy. There looked around hopelessly till he noticed the poor man could live here as cheap is even a little in England. Why his brother, then his face brightened said Corporal MacBean humbly and and easy as in Massachusetts and al- should this nation be so gloomy? Do "He made Bill, too, I guess," he and ponderously. "I was not aware that "It is a bit chilly, missie, isn't it?" they need they think they need more tah ob de gospel. Musical rooster—All ways make good wages. Of course he we live too fast, work too hard? What swered, triumphantly.

now a common councilman of Nome waiting. That is female financiering.

Are We a Gloomy Nation?



ELECTION DAY IN NOME CITY. Showing the main street in the new beem city of Alaska, where the gold is dug from the beach.

some more or less stupid joke, or more frequently by a misfortune that has befallen a fellow creature. If a man slips on a corner, falls or bumps his head, that becomes for the time being a cheerful corner in New York. But we don't seem to be able to find any little blessings which Providence be-

the Klondike country. He thinks seyeral new town sites will be opened up you see a man or woman smiling or | imperial nurseries is of gold or silver, laughing on a New York sidewalk you and the richest furs, quilted silks and would probably say to yourself: "I velvets are used where in other royal Mr. Lowe says there are great open- wonder what is wrong with that per- nurseries quite ordinary materials

Made Bill Too.

A small boy from the slums had beer brought into the mission school, and for a couple of Sundays he had been instructed in the rudiments. On the third Sunday he brought with him his brother William. To test his memory like a shot. Then he saluted and cause for cheerfulness in bright sun- the teacher began to go over the pre. blushed down to his heels, for there light, or blue skies, or any of the other vious lessons. "Who made you?" she stood Miss Janet Sloane, in all the asked. "God," he replied, promptly glory of her white-stringed bonnet, with us? There is plenty of gayety in | youngster studied for a moment and ly look in her fine eyes.

THE LUCKIEST MAN.

"Ho, you beggars, why don't you! raise a row an' give us a chance o' fightin' and' glory, an' maybe promo-

Corporal MacBean shook his fist savagely at the colossal barrier of mountain peaks that barred the horizon, rummaged among his pockets for his tobacco and pipe, and sat himself down to smoke furiously and to think upon the incomparable beauty of Miss Janet Sloane.

Indirectly Miss Sloane was the cause of the remarks with which my story opens, remarks addressed not to the mountains, but to the swarthy, turbulent throat-cutting crew who inonce in a way, peace upon the northwestern border of India, and Corporal MacBean was thirsting for war and promotion-all for the sake of the bright eyes of Miss Janet Sloane, the daughter and heiress of Sergt. Sloane of the Sappers.

So it happened that many gallant sergeants and privates without number, and even a sergeant-major, who possessed house property at home in distant Woolwich, were all sighing more or less for the love of Janet

But Miss Sloane encouraged none of them, but smiled impartially upon them all, protesting all the time that she couldn't a-bear soldiers.

And even to the most hardened and callous warrior a smile from Janet was an experience not easily to be

Corporal MacBean was not a recent victim of Janet's wonderful smile. Over six months had elapsed since he had first fallen under the influence of that fatal smile, and, unlike most of his fellow-victims, he had not recovered.

On this particular afternoon he could find no refuge in day dreams, for that very morning he had seen Janet smile with divine sweetness upon the sergeant-major, and the thought of that smile, and of the legendary house property at Woolwich, rankled

In this inventory he was ungrateful enough to forget a very important item in his claims upon the attention of "'Allo, Beano!" cried a little voice

Corporal MacBean turned, and the careworn puckers in his bronzed face smoothed out as his gaze met two

This was the forgotten item-Miss Victoria Donelly, daughter and sole heiress of Capt. Donelly, the special charge of Miss Sloane, and the darl-

Miss Victoria was just three and a half years old, and was already beginning to develop the faculty of observation to an abnormal extent. She knew every man in the garrison pretty well by name-even the Ghoorkas, whose names were beyond all pronun-

She was very much attached to "Beano," as she called Corporal Mac-Bean, in accordance with the traditions of the garrison, and Beano shared in the popular adoration ac-

corded to this frail, motherless baby. Beano was always good for a game of horses, and once in harness would toss his head and paw the ground and curvet more nimbly than any real polo pony. Furthermore, he could heir has been so eagerly awaited in dress rag dolls better than any other man in the garrison, the regimental tailors not excepted.

"Good afternoon, missie," replied though, according to present Russian | Corporal MacBean in answer to a long,

"Private Doolan got the toothache," announced Chubby solemnly. "Has he, missie?" replied the cor-

"Yeth," lisped Chubby, with importance. "I heard the doctor pull it out there is no question of sex; our child in the 'othpital juth now. Private Doolan did 'oller!"

"Did he, missie?" inquired Corporal MacBean absently.

He was wondering where Janet Sloane could be, for her little charge had evidently given her the slip during their afternoon walk round the cantonments.

"I don't think Private Dooln'th a very brave man," continued Chubby, judicially.

"Why not, missie?" asked the cor-

"You wouldn't holler if you had a tooth out, I know. Nurth said you wouldn't, because you are too brave," added Chubby emphatically. "Did she, though?"

Corporal MacBean sat up with sudden interest.

"When did she say that, missie?" he added, his face growing pale under "When Private Doolan said, 'Yow,

would 'oller like that." "Did she, though, now!" said Corporal MacBean with animation. "D'you know what I am going to make for

yow, yow!' And I asked her if you

you, missie?" "A wockin'-'orse?" inquired Miss Victoria affably, as she squatted down comfortably by his side.

"Better than that. A whole bloomin' Noah's ark, full of lions an' tigers an' camels an' cows an' jackals. An' then there'll be Shem, 'Am and Jacob, in green hats an yellow breeches--

"An' red coaths!" interposed Chubby breathlessly. "Of courth they'd have red coaths if they were in the service. Then there'd be yabbith-" "Of course there'd be rabbits, mis-

sie, with long ears-" of-leading that child away when I'm looking for her everywhere, thinking that some o' those gun-stealing heathens from over the border had gone and got hold of her! It's ashamed o' ye I am. Misther Corporal MacBean!" interrupted a clear voice from the crest of the rampart.

Corporal MacBean sprang to his feet

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sloane," you were in any anxiety about Miss said the corporal, as he wrapped her than they have.

Victoria, or I would have brought her in his jacket and carried her to his to you at once. I was just telling horse. missie that I was going to make her a

"A nice Noah's ark you'd make!" replied Miss Janet with scorn. "I wonder you don't try and improve your mind, instead of loafing about, reading a lot of trashy novels, and putting ideas into that child's head!" The rank injustice of this charge

reduced Corporal MacBean to the dumb silence of utter astonishment. "You are unkind, nurth," piped Chubby's little voice. "An' you told me that Corporal MacBean was so brave an' good only just now when

Private Doolan hollered." "Hold your tongue, miss, and come along o' me at once!" cried Miss Sloane, blushing furiously and seizing habited them, for there was, for Chubby's arms. "Don't I keep telling you that no good'll come of you always talking to a parcel o' nasty common soldiers, learning their bad manners very good afternoon, Corporal Mac-Bean," she added. "And I'll trouble you not to go asking sneaking ques-Miss Sloane was certainly a very tions of a poor little innocent child about people who don't want to have anything to do with the likes of you! A corporal, indeed!"

Janet snorted indignantly as she disappeared down the other slope of the rampart. And Corporal MacBean sat down again in despair, for he did not understand women. One thing, he decided, he must distinguish himself scon that he might have an opportunity of asking Miss Sloane to share his lot as a sergeant.

The opportunity came a few nights afterward. A half hour or so before dawn three shots rang out. Then a sentry was found lying curled up on the ground, with a long Afghan knife through his shoulder.

"More rifles stolen!" suggested those who came running up. The garrison of Fort Curzon were well accustomed to night visits from the wellgreased and slippery rifle thieves from

But the word soon passed that something more precious than rifles had gone this time.

Chubby was missing. Then it was remembered how vengeance deep and dire had been sworn against Capt. Donnelly, in that he had procured expatriation to the Andaman islands for the last pair of rifle thieves who had been captured within the confines of Fort Curzon.

The bugles blared out the "boot and



SALUTED AND BLUSHED.

scream from Janet that cut through his heart like a knife. A red mist shut across his eyes, and he rode like a madman toward the mountains ahead, losing all sense of time in the beat of the wildly galloping hoofs. The best horse in the garrison was

The dawn broke in a swimming mist of blue-gray. Then the distant mountain tops grew pink, and Capt. Mac-Bean rode on with his eyes fixed on a cloud of dust a mile ahead.

There were four of them. One, two three, four, he counted. Then he remembered that he was unarmed.

A rocky defile opened around him as he drew steadily up to the group of horsemen that galloped wildly ahead of him. One of them turned in his saddle, and a shot came whistling back. Then they all drew rein, and a corporal's heart beat thick and fast as struments is a matter of astonishment. he saw a white patch drop from the saddle bow of the leader.

It was Chubby, unharmed; for she ran a little way, then paused, and

perched herself on a small bowlder. gether, while four rifles were leveled he was upon them. One horse rolled over before his as he crashed into the grip the beard and the jaw of the man he had marked. There was a sharp jerk. His knees tightened on the saddle with a grip that twisted the muscles of his thighs to writhing knots of him, and saw that his right fist gripped | 73 the piano and 45 the violin. a handful of dark hair. He reigned his horse upon his haunches and turned again. Two men lay on the ground very still, and a small voice cried from a neighboring bowlder: "Go

it, Beano!" The other two men had dismounted and were crouching behind a bowlder. which quickly sent forth two jets of flame, seemingly emptying MacBean's saddle. He had fallen on the body of one of the men who lay so still, and his enemies arose as they saw his body twitch. Corporal MacBean was simulating the last agonies of death as he slipped one of the scattered car-"Like some other donkeys I know tridges into the breech of his fallen foe's rifle. Two knives snicked out of their sheaths as his adversaries ran toward him. Then the corporal, cuddung his rifle between his knees, Bisley fashion, sighted and fired. The rigat-nand man toppled and fell, while the other doubled and ran just 300 yards before the pursuing bullet took him between the shoulder blades, so that his soul went out in one great the fairy Queen."

Then he ran and picked up the little white figure that danced excitedly on broad chest in a paroxysm of relief. I saw you coming," admitted Chubby, past week."-Detroit Free Press. "but I didn't 'oller. What makes you

shake so, Beano? Are you cold, too?"

"What's the matter with those naughty men?" added Chubby.

"They've gone to sleep." "Yes, missie; they're very tired through being up so early," answered the corporal, grimly. "Now you go to sleep, too, while we ride back and find

"Why do you keep on kissing Beano?" asked Chubby of Janet, ever so long after they had found her.-London Answer.

IRVING'S WAY WITH CALLERS. Story of a Man Whom He Scared Near-

ly to Death. first and only time I ever met Sir Henry Irving," said an actor to the Chattanooga Times man. "It was in New York, during his first visit of '96, and and their impidence? I wish you a I was anxious to ask him about a young relative of mine who was then a member of his London Lyceum company. A mutual friend scribbled a line of introduction on a card, which I sent up at his hotel directly after he returned from a matinee performance. I was shown to his apartments, and found him seated by a table with his chin on his hand. He murmured some sort of greeting, motioned me to a chair and fixed me with his eyes, which, as you know, are extraordinarily somber and piercing. His eyebrows, moreover, are the most remarkable I ever saw in my life. They are enormous, jet black thatches, and in moments of concentration the outer ends go up and the inner ends go down, giving his face a Mephistophelean expression that is absolutely hypnotic. I was nervous to begin with, because I have always regarded Irving with almost superstitious reverence, and when I began my little tale those terrible eyebrows bent down on me like an incubus. The more I tried to be brief and clear the worse I wobbled, and all the while Irving's strange scrutiny was growing fiercer and more intense. He said not a word, but those deep, glowing eyes of his seemed to bore me through like two augers, and before I reached the point of my errand I lost my head entirely and jumped up to beat an ignomiuious retreat. "Stay!" he exclaimed imperiously, and for over a minute he continued to glare at me in absolute | thorized, for hundreds of years; and silence. Then suddenly he smiled and | the foreign promoter must, as his scribbled something on a piece of pa- initial step, give his adherence thereto. saddle." Corporal MacBean heard a per. 'You will pardon me,' he said, The method of procedure of the adsuavely. 'I was trying to recall a name | vance agent is to make the acquaintand have just remembered it. May I | ance of the mandarins of Pekin; securtrouble you to repeat what you have ing here and there an ally and a been saying?' At that I realized that | friend. Then, at some favorable mohe hadn't been seeing me at all and I | ment, he lays his project before the gasped with relief. Then I went over proper department of the government: my request. He listened attentively, relying on the support of his friends and gave me the information I de- to secure it favorable consideration. sired. It turned out to be a charming | One of the greatest concessions reinterview. I don't think he ever cently signed in China enriched in its dreamed what a bad quarter hour I put | negotiations numberless officials. The

Hindoo Idol Fulfilled the Legend.

Mystics will be interested in the discovery that Mme. Carnot, the widow | the outlay on this head by the concesof the assassinated president of France. in her will, has left a request to her children to rid themselves of a certain Hindoo idol which was in her possession. This idol-a little one, of stone curiously carved, as are most of these objects-was presented to Carnot by a learned friend on his return from India. Carnot then was merely minister of finance, and did not expect to attain the presidency. The friend warned Carnot that the legend connected with the igol was that it assured supreme owner would die a violent death by the to conjure death by giving it away. Interested by this story, Mme. Carnot accepted the little fetich with pleasure. M. Carnot attained the presidency, and Mme. Carnot wrote at the time to the the fetich." Carnot died by the knife.

Musical Statistics. To those who are studying the times the phenomenal increase in the number of women who are playing the violin, the 'cello, the double bass, clarinet, cornet, horn and other wind in-Fifteen years ago the piano was the first study of nearly half the students of music: now it is the first study of only one-third, while the number of those studying the violin has increased The horse beneath him thundered more than four-fold. Fifteen years ago on. He saw the horsemen draw to- the male students numbered nearly a quarter of the total, while today they at his breast. A spurt of flame, a have decreased to a little more than a sharp whistling about his ears, and sixth. A writer in the London Spectator, who has examined the figures of the entries of the Royal Academy of group and felt his outstretched hand | Music for 1884 and 1899, has found the following curious results: In 1884, out of a total of 173 entries (131 female redhot iron. He heard a crash behind female and 38 male), 94 chose singing,

Schoolboy Essays.

Among a number of amusing schoolboys' essays contributed to Cassel's Saturday Journal is the following by a youthful essayist, aged "Kruger and Kannerbulism is one. He is a man of blud. Mr. Chamberling has wrote to him sayin come out and fite or else give up the blud of the English you have took. he is a boardutchman and a wickid heethin, lord Kitchener has been sent for his goary blud and to bring back his scanderlus head ded or alive." By another juvenile writer Tennyson is thus summarized: "Tenyson wrote butifull poims with long hair and studid so much that he sed mother will you call me airly dear. his most greatest poim is called the idoll King. he was made a lord think I've seed better. Storekeeperbut he was a good man and wrote Nancy Jane Bosworth, there ain't no many hoads. he luved our queen so better calico than that on airth! I much that he made a poim to her calld know-for I have traveled! I have

Well Erformed.

the bowlder, straining her to his about this girl?" Manager of employment agency-"Well, I ought to. She "I was fwightened a little bit until has been in my own family for the

When men have more money than to be fear'd ob me, fowl; I's er minis-

WITH "PALM OIL."

Some Inside Points on How Chinese Concessions Are Secured.

The usual procedure in securing Chi-

nese concessions is somewhat as follows: There first comes to Peking the advance agent, the typical concession hunter, to look over the ground and find out what China has to give away that can be taken up by a public company and secure the support of the share-buying public abroad. Sometimes he is sent as the representative of a group of capitalists who have a definite idea of what they wish to secure, and in such cases he is furnished with formidable letters of credit, to supply the very necessary sinews of this financial war. Sometimes he "I was scared half out of my wits the comes unsupported, and, having "hooked" some conditional grant, posts hot-footed to London or New York to see what can be done with it. Occasionally promoters are of a different class entirely; namely, the agents of foreign governments, trying, under the cloak of private enterprise. to advance a political design in some of the empire in which these governments seek a predominating influence, says Charles Denby in the Forum. Experience has proved that these advance agents need not be gentlemen of the highest education or refinement, but they do need to be endowed with a certain instinct for diplomacy in its lower forms, and they must be, above all, shrewd and persistent, of indomitable perseverance, and with a faculty for making friends. Scruples as to methods are with them superfluous, but a willingness and an ability in the application of "palm oil" are indispensable. They must, also, be men of their word toward those who work with them. What they promise to those who aid in the negotiation of their contracts they must faithfully fulfill; because while Chinese business integrity does not rise in the Quixotic height of refusing to enter into corrupt contracts, it expects scrupulous exactitude in their execution. The promise of the promoter to his Chinese aiders and abettors in social circles becomes a debt of honor, payment of which is, or should be, absolutely sure. On such terms as these have offices in China been secured. promotions obtained, enterprises auwriter himself saw a promissory note for \$35,000 payable to a small official upon formation of a certain company. This was but one palm "greased," and sionaire must have amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars. For the consolation of future promoters it must be added that methods are now much simplified; such liberal "squeezes" being no longer necessary.

TO GUARD QUEEN VICTORIA.

Horses of Royal Stable Taught Not to Fear Automobiles. Few lives in this world are watched with such care as Queen Victoria's. power to its owner and also that the | and those of the members of the royal family. This is an old saying, but it knife. It had belonged to the dynasty | is particularly true in the case of what of the kings of Khadjurao, and the last | might be called automobilism, which rajah, having arrived at power by its | as yet is only a hobby in England. Still means, and fearing the dagger, sought | steps have just been taken to protect her majesty from any danger while driving through the use of automobiles. All the horses in the royal stable have been drilled in the presence of an automobile. The horses in the friend in India that it was "all due to | three stable yards at Windsor were first led and then driven around a stationary car. Then the car was propelled around the horses. Finally the car was moved between the horses in a dangerous way as they stood near each other. The automobilist finally made the car as objectionable as possible. The horses were very amenable, as they had already been schooled to such noises as the playing of bands, the noise of cannon and railroad trains and the cheering of crowds. The best bred horses proved to be the least sensitive to the novelty, a pure bred Arab stallion showing the least concern of all.-New York Sun.

Priceless Volume.

About four years ago a London blacksmith noticed on a second-hand bookstall a very old book priced at 2 cents. He bought it, and after attempting to read it, threw it aside and soon forgot it. One of his lodgers and 42 male), 83 chose the piano as happening to see the book recently. their first study, 72 singing and 10 the and, noticing that it was dated 1450. violin. In 1872, out of 220 entries, (182 asked permission to show it to the British museum authorities. A day or two later the blacksmith was requested to call, and the secretary, to his surprise, asked him what he would take for the book. In some slight confusion the man said, "What will you give?" "Will \$250 suit you?" was the answer of the secretary. The blacksmith was so dumfounded that the secretary thought he was ridiculing his offer, and thereupon immediately increased it to \$500, which was at once accepted. Sooner than have lost the book, however, which was the first book that Gutenberg ever printed, and, therefore almost priceless, the museum authorities would have paid almost any sum that had been asked .-Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Globe Trotter.

Customer (Backhampstead, Ct.)-Wal, I don't know about that calico: I been to Springfield, I have been to Hartford, and I have been to New Haven! In fact, Nancy Jane Bos-Patron-"Are you sure you know all worth, I have traveled this wide world over! So you can safely take my judgment 'bout that callco!-Puck,

> No Difference. Parson Featherflew-Yo' doan' need coons look alike to me.-Judge,