

Playhouses of the Past

An interesting picture of the stage of our forefathers was drawn by Sir Henry Irving during an address delivered in Bath, England, at the unveiling of a memorial tablet to James Quin. After his retirement in 1751, Quin lived in Bath for fifteen years. He had been an actor for more than thirty-five years. For more than half that period he had held his own against all competitors until the advent of David Garrick, who reformed the stilted style of declamation then in vogue.

"Theatrical audiences in those days," said Mr. Irving, "must have been rather 'fearful wildfowl,' and often exacting more when they were pleased than when they were angry. There was always a danger that they would tear up the benches, or that some of them would rush upon the stage and deliver a general assault and battery. On one occasion, when Rich was attacked by a drunken nobleman, Quin saved his life by some vigorous swordplay.

"The actor's vocation then was full of stirring variety. Quin was a man of the readiest wit, and he is said to have employed it successfully in tell-

ing stories to an audience to keep them from rioting when the play was waiting for some royal personage, who had forgotten the time. Horace Walpole tells us that Quin, when pressed to play the part of the Ghost in 'Hamlet'—a part he considered beneath him—would make no answer but, 'I won't catch cold behind.' 'The Ghost,' says Walpole, 'is always ridiculously dressed, with a morsel of armor before and only a "block" waistcoat and breech behind.'

"The story how Quin befriended James Thomson, whom he found in prison for a debt of £70, is a worthy illustration of the actor's character. He ordered supper and claret—a good deal of claret—and when the bottle was going round he said with grim humor, 'It is time we should balance accounts.'

"The unfortunate poet, who was already alarmed at this burly visitor, took him for another creditor.

"Mr. Thomson," said Quin, 'the pleasure I have had—in reading your works—I cannot estimate—at less than £100—and I insist on now—acquitting the debt.' And then he put down the money and walked out without another word."

Broke the Riding Record

"You people who came here since the railroads were built have an idea that we used to have a bad time of it in getting about Washington territory," said the old-timer the other day. "That's where you are wrong. Distances were no greater than they are now. True, we didn't always go so fast as you do now, but we made speed that would astonish you.

"I remember one trip an old friend of mine made, a big gentleman from Kittitas county, afterward the owner of considerable property in Seattle. His divorced wife was living here, and she took it into her head to go after him through the courts for nonpayment of alimony. There were a number of reasons why he shouldn't pay, but he didn't care to stay here and argue it out with the courts, so getting a tip on what was doing he decided to go back to the cattle in Kittitas.

"About 6 o'clock one evening, ac-

companied by his horse wrangler, who happened to be here with him, he struck out horseback for Ellensburg. The two rode all night—it was in mid-summer and at the full of the moon—and the next morning they ate breakfast in Ellensburg—110 miles away. And they didn't think it was much of a ride at that.

"At that time nearly all the Indians on the reservation had a half-breed or at least one pretty good horse in his riding string. This particular young half-breed had an extra good one, and he was selected to carry the dispatches, being a reliable and faithful fellow. Well, he rode through to Walla Walla in ten hours, a distance of 120 miles, and during the ride he never slowed down from a gallop. That was in mid-summer, and if you ever have been in that Snake river region at this season of the year you can imagine that was some riding."—Seattle Post-Intelligence.

Captured School of Fish

One day in November several years ago the good people living on the Massachusetts bay shore at the end of Cape Cod were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement by the arrival of an immense school of blackfish which were on the flats chasing bait, as the small fish they feed on are called, and gradually working inshore. The news spread like wildfire; village stores were hastily closed, schoolboys deserted school rooms, and even women flocked to the shore. The flats along the coast make out from half a mile and a half practically level and almost dry at low tide, where at high tide is four to eight feet of water. No school of blackfish so large as this had ever been heard of. And by good luck the tide was ebbing.

Hastily the boats were launched, each taking a half a dozen men and boys, those not rowing being armed with sticks and pieces of board. In

a quarter of an hour they were in position, in half circle and to leeward of the fish.

"Close in row," came from the "commander," "and make all the noise you can." And they did, fairly turning the water with boards and sticks. The thousands of squid and herring on which the blackfish were feeding assisted in this movement by getting into shoal water as far as possible so that the blackfish could not follow them. The result was inevitable, the fast ebbing tide soon began to leave the big fish in such shoal water that it was difficult for the larger ones to swim. Gradually the circle of boats drew nearer and nearer, and in two hours 90 per cent of the entire school was stranded on the flats. For weeks after the villagers were engaged in cutting up and trying out the oil. The total catch netted some \$25,000, many of the fish weighing two tons apiece.—Dut.

Whale Fought Ocean Liner

The Pacific Mail Company's liner Acapulco, which arrived early yesterday morning from Panama and way ports, had an exciting experience with a whale off San Blas. The leviathan, floating high out of the water, was enjoying a morning nap and giving its tough hide a sunbath, when the Acapulco came along.

The lookout sighted the whale and called the attention of the man at the wheel to the slumbering mountain of flesh that floated directly in the liner's path. The quartermaster, who was steering, gave the spokes of the wheel a twist and the Acapulco's head sheered off a little. A collision was avoided, but the Acapulco's side grazed the starboard shoulder of the big fish and jarred the whale from slumberland.

The whale was fully awake before the liner had entirely passed. He awoke in a bad temper and made a

ferious rush at the Acapulco's stern. The whale found the disturber of his dreams a pretty solid sort of fish, but, undaunted by his failure to ram his head through the steel plates, gathered himself for another charge.

He struck the steamer under the stern, and as he bounced off, slashed at the retreating hull with his tail. Then one more rush. This time the whale found his match, for the rapidly revolving propeller landed a bewildering succession of uppercuts on his lower jaw. With a splash of defiance, the leviathan dived and disappeared and the people of the Acapulco saw him no more. Chief Officer Bailey interviewed the quartermaster, who had avoided the whale by such a narrow margin, and concluded a heart-to-heart sailor talk by advising the steersman in future to "let sleeping whales lie."—San Francisco Call.

Address to Japanese Dead

At a Shinto service recently performed in honor of the spirits of the dead who fell in the siege of Port Arthur the task of speaking the invocation (salmon) was performed by Gen. Nogi. He read the following: "This day, the 14th of the first month of the thirty-eighth year of Meiji, I, Nogi Kiten, commander of the third army, with these my comrades, observing due ceremony, offer reverence to you, spirits of officers and soldiers of the third army who have died for your country. More than 210 days have passed since the army landed on the Kwantung peninsula, and throughout all that time you bravely and stoutly fought. You gave your lives to the points of the enemy's weapons. Many a one of you per-

ished amid raging waves and buffeting storms. But your valiant deeds were not in vain.

"If we have seen the enemy's warships completely destroyed in the harbors of Port Arthur, if we have seen his fortresses fall, if we have seen truth through the mist you left behind you. We, your comrades, who should have shared your fate, are the recipients of a most gracious message from his majesty the command-in-chief.

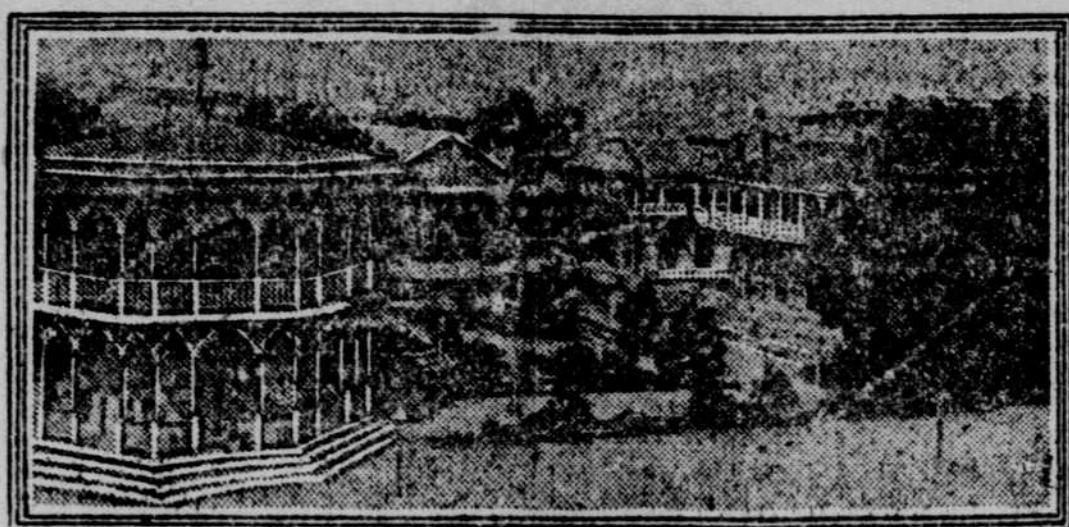
"Here, entering Port Arthur, we stand on places overlooking the hills, the rivers, the fortifications that your loyal blood has dyed. Noble spirits with due rites of purification and offering we invoke your presence. Come among us, we pray you, and receive our reverence."

Landing of the Pilgrims

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their scant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums
And the trumpet, the songs of fame,
Not as the flying came,
In silence and in fear
They sought the depths of the desert gloom.
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;

And the sounding aisles of the dim woods
rang
To the southern of the free;
The eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest
roared—
This was their welcome home!
What sought they thus aforesaid?
Eight jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
'Ave, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.
—Mrs. Heman.

PUERTO PLATA, WHERE U. S. TOOK CHARGE OF DOMINICAN CUSTOMS



Plaza Independencia At Puerto Plata.

ROMANCE IN CONNECTION WITH SWEDISH DYNASTY

Although of peasant extraction Oscar II. of Sweden has for so many years been the most imposing and majestic-looking figure among the sovereigns of the Old World that the news of his having been forced by illness and old age to surrender his scepter to his eldest son and to step down from the throne as incapable of fulfilling any longer the onerous duties of rulership will be received with a feeling of regret even in this country, where popular sentiment is so averse to monarchical forms of government.

Oscar was until a few months ago a superb specimen of manhood, towering head and shoulders over every other king and emperor in Europe with the exception of Leopold of Belgium, while his wonderfully varied gifts and talents, his unusual culture and his singularly sunny disposition imparted to his manner an extraordinary charm and fascination that made himself felt to all those who had the privilege of approaching him.

Indeed, for those who believe in the advantages of blue blood and of ancient lineage it was difficult to realize that this grand-looking prince, so truly king in appearance and yet withal so simple and so democratic in his ways, was the grandson of a Pyrenean peasant and the great-grandson on the distaff side of a Marseilles shopkeeper.

The Swedish Dynasty.
There are few stories more romantic than that of the present Swedish dynasty. Gustavus IV., the last monarch but one of the House of Vasa, was brought to the throne at the early age of 14 by the assassination of his father in that very palace at Stockholm where Oscar a few days ago turned over the reins of government to his eldest son.

Gustavus IV. proved a most unsatisfactory ruler, and in 1809 was deposed by means of a military pronouncement, forced to sign his abdication after a most dramatic hand-to-hand struggle with General Alderkreutz and the officers implicated in the conspiracy and was then banished, along with his consort and his children, his uncle taking his place on the throne as Charles XIII. The latter being childless and an admirer of France and of Napoleon, selected the French Field Marshal Bernadotte, who had been born as a peasant near Pau and who had risen from the ranks, to become his heir, induced the national Diet at Stockholm to ratify his choice and established him in the Swedish capital as Crown Prince.

Bernadotte, who took the name of Charles John, soon made himself the real ruler of the kingdom, associating himself heartily with his adopted land, and in 1813, when Napoleon's star began to wane, joined the powers which were striving to crush the emperor. His services in bringing about the latter's overthrow caused the Congress of Vienna to leave him undisturbed in the place which he had attained at Stockholm, and in 1818, on the death of Charles XIII., the last of the Vasa line of kings, he ascended the throne under the title of Charles XIV., his wife, Desirée, daughter of the Marseilles stockbroker Clary and grandchild of a Marseilles shopkeeper, becoming Queen of Sweden and Norway.

Napoleon Jilted Her.
Queen Desirée, it may be added, was at one time betrothed to the first Emperor Napoleon, who jilted her. Her grandson, King Oscar, is the authority for this assertion, and it will be found likewise in the novel which he published some years ago under the pen name of "O. Frederick" and entitled "A Romance of the Times of Napoleon and of Bernadotte."

Desirée was, according to her grandson, King Oscar, almost heart-broken when Napoleon abandoned her for Josephine de Beauharnais, and never forgave him. For, after indignantly refusing Gen. Junot and Durochat, as well as several other suitors supported and sponsored by the emperor, she finally accepted Bernadotte, not because she loved him, but because in her eyes he was the only

man capable of contending with Napoleon. The match, as might have been expected under the circumstances, did not turn out happily.

Bernadotte, on becoming crown prince and subsequently king of Sweden, lost his head so completely that, forgetful of the fact that he himself was a peasant from the Pyrenees, he reproached his charming wife with the lowliness of her birth, declaring that he had been guilty of a terrible mesalliance and that if he had only waited he might have had any princess of the blood in Europe for the asking—this, too, in spite of the fact that he had stood as a soldier on duty on what is now the Place de la Concorde at Paris on the occasion of the execution of King Louis XVI and that he had taken part in the shout of "Mort aux Tyrans" which greeted the exhibition of the severed head of their monarch to the multitude—words which, along with a Phrygian cap, were found tattooed on his right arm after his death.

Inherited Josephine's Eyes.
Queen Desirée, whose sister Julia married King Joseph Bonaparte of Spain and lived with him for a time at Bordentown, N. J., survived her husband for many years and died shortly before the Franco-German war, universally beloved in Sweden, and, strangely enough, without ever having revisited her native land since the overthrow of the great Napoleon. It is by an irony of fate that Queen Desirée's only son, Oscar I. should have fallen in love with Josephine de Leuchtenberg, daughter of Eugene de Beauharnais, who was the only son of the Empress Josephine, for whose sake she had been jilted by Napoleon. In spite of his mother's opposition Oscar I. insisted upon marrying Josephine de Leuchtenberg, and in this way the present king of Sweden, Oscar II. finds himself a grandson of Desirée Clary and a great-grandson of Empress Josephine, whose singularly beautiful and expressive eyes he alone of all her descendants is said to have inherited.—"Ex-Attache" in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Improving the Vernacular.
It is hoped that one of the first things done aboard the new battleship South Carolina when it is completed will be to organize a class in the pronunciation of its name. Let the crew, from the captain down, be trained to "South Car-o-li-na." The word "Carolina" is pleasing to the ear, and is, in its American application, of historic significance. The early colony was named from the Latin in honor of Charles II. who made the original grant to the eight lords proprietors, in 1663. It is, therefore, particularly distasteful to South Carolinians to hear their state referred to as "South Carolina" and themselves as "South Carolinians." Such corruptions of the two words are totally inexcusable. Let the crew of the "South Car-o-li-na" be trained in the proper pronunciation of the name, and perhaps in time north-erners who come in contact with the men of the ship will catch the habit. But, for heaven's sake, do not have a "South Carolina" in the United States navy.—Columbia, S. C. State.

The Decline of Chivalry.
Chivalry grew up in Europe as a peculiar institution after the fall of the Roman empire and it flourished through the middle ages. Its decay set in when Cervantes in his famous "Don Quixote" made it the object of his delicious and satirical ridicule. Long after the institution of chivalry disappeared its spirit survived in respect and courtesy to women, and this has been considered one of the highest manifestations of manhood. In the past few decades it has fallen more and more into disuse because the conventional social barriers between the sexes are being rapidly leveled and the women are claiming for their sex political, social and moral equality with men, and thus the old order changes and the new social relations are growing up between the sexes.

Curious Receipt for Pew Rent.
Mrs. Frank Bingham of Bristol, N. H., has a printed receipt, Oct. 20, 1827, for the sale of "One pew situated in the Congregational meeting house in said Bristol, on the floor of the same, and numbered 13, at \$6, by two several notes of hand of even date herewith; one drawn payable to the town of Bristol for \$4 on demand, with the interest annually; the other drawn payable to the treasurer of the First Congregational society in Bristol, or order, for \$2, in four months, and interest."

Born to Die in Bed.
An Italian of the name of Robarto was painting some of the iron work of the bridge that spans the great gorge at Victoria falls, Africa, the other day. The plank on which he was standing tilted and precipitated him down the side of the gorge. He struck the rock three times, turning a half somersault on each occasion, and eventually landed among the foundations a hundred feet below. Beyond three scalp wounds and a severe shaking and bruising he was none the worse for his adventure.

Hauled from Snowdrift by Engine.
"Curly" Edwards, an Ontario and Western railroad fireman, who weighs 235 pounds, got stuck in a snowdrift while on his way to the roundhouse at Middletown. Several men were unable to extricate him from the snow. As a last resort an engine was run to the scene. A large rope was attached to "Curly." A full head of steam was applied, and with a mighty effort the engine hauled him from the drift and over a 50-foot bank of snow.—New York World.

Millionaire Offers Large Gift.
Sir William C. MacDonald, the millionaire tobacco manufacturer of Montreal, has offered the Protestant committee of the council of public instruction of that city a proposition to endow an agricultural training college and a college for the training of school teachers in the sum of from \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000. Sir William has selected Prof. Robertson, the man who developed the Canadian dairy business, as the director of the scheme.

Left-Handed Compliment.
A certain laborer once asked a country clergyman to write a letter for him to a duke, from whom he wished to obtain aid.
"But you ought to go yourself and see his grace," said the clergyman.
"I would, sir," was the nervous answer, "but you see, I don't like to speak to the duke. He may be too proud to listen to the likes of me. I can talk to you well enough, sir; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."—London Tidbits.

Collecting Monuments.
Collecting monuments is the queerest hobby we have yet heard of. It is the specialty of a Pennsylvania millionaire Quaker. For forty years he has spent time and money hunting for tombstones, pedestals, headpieces, broken columns, gravestones, and monuments erected to commemorate Biblical events and American history. It has been erected in a cemetery plot reserved for the purpose, and spends much of his leisure admiring his collection.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Chicago Journal Calls Slaughter Brutal on Civilization.

History records no greater battle than that fought between Japan and Russia in and around Mukden. The estimates place the number of dead at not less than a hundred thousand souls.

The figure is so great that it beggars the imagination. Both sides have placed the very flower of their people in the field, men in the full prime of life.

The proportion of officers, men on whom the state had expended its utmost resources to fit them for their trade of death, have died with those they led. And a hundred thousand have gone down, "in one red burial blent."

The figure represents the effective male population of a city of three-quarters of a million people. Imagine the dismay that would burst from a horror-stricken world if within a few days that number were to die in such a city. In Chicago, for example, it would mean the total destruction of three out of the every eight men of military age within its limits.

Yet, since it is war, there are no expressions of horror and affright at such a loss. It is taken quite as a matter of course.

Had a Russian or a Japanese city been so stricken in times of peace, there would be great mass meetings everywhere to express sympathy with the afflicted and tens of thousands of dollars in money and supplies would be raised by popular subscription in order to express the world's practical sense of loss.

Is the world no older and wiser for all its centuries of Christianity? Is there no sense of human interest and proportion that can put an effective end to this infernal slaughter?—Chicago Journal.

GOVERNOR TO BE SENATOR.

James B. Frazier Chosen to Succeed the Late Gen. W. B. Bate.

Gov. James B. Frazier was nominated by acclamation in joint democratic caucus for Democratic senator from Tennessee to succeed the late Gen. W. B. Bate. Robert L. Taylor and Benton McMillan refused to go into the caucus. The nomination is equivalent to an election.

Mr. Frazier has served two months of his second term as governor of



Tennessee. He was born in Tennessee forty-nine years ago and is a lawyer. His great-grandfather was a member of the first constitutional convention of Tennessee in 1796. His father was appointed judge of the criminal court at Nashville by Andrew Johnson, and was impeached by the Brownlow legislature. He was, however, restored to his civil rights by the constitutional convention of 1870, and elected to his old position.

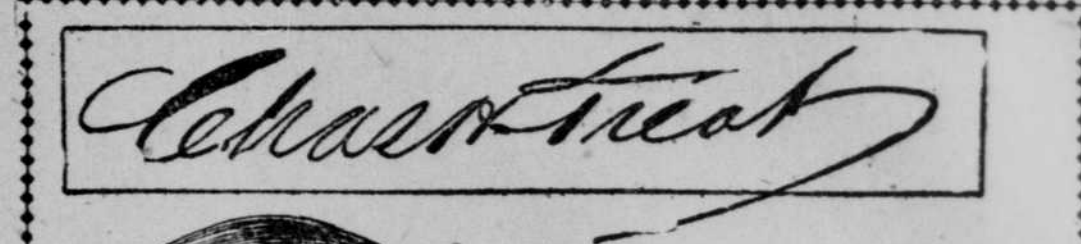
The Stomachless Man.
The stomach proper has ceased to be a serious problem to the surgeon. He can invade and explore it with impunity. He can even, if circumstances demand, relieve the owner of it entirely, and so arrange the loose ends that the functions of nutrition are successfully maintained. To be sure, the patient can never thereafter derive much pleasure from his meals; he must restrict himself to a rigid diet, but for all the other affairs of life he may be as competent as before. There are to-day several stomachless men who are earning their daily predigest-ed ration in occupations varying from clerk to expressman.—McClure's.

Censure for Modern Critics.
Literary criticism was a bugbear to Prof. Fraser when he occupied a chair in Johns Hopkins university. He studiously avoided reading books. He views and had no patience with the spirit in which many of them were written. "Modern criticism," said he, when asked to explain his aversion, "seems to me to consist largely in measuring the wisdom and learning of others by the critic's own ignorance. Why, one celebrated critic laid down a rule that no author can succeed in describing what he has not experienced. He overlooks the fact that Dante had not been in hell nor Milton in paradise."

University Endowment.
The Leland Stanford, Jr., university has the greatest endowment of them all. Its productive funds amount to \$20,000,000 par value. Girard college comes next with \$17,715,000; then Harvard with \$16,725,000, and Columbia with \$15,847,000. All others are in seven figures instead of eight. And the Stanford endowment is the gift of a single individual or estate, instead of an accumulation of gifts, as in the cases of the other colleges and universities, excepting only Girard.—Boston Herald.

Russell Sage's Joke.
Maybe Russell Sage was not aware of it, but he made a funny remark the other day. He went into a barber shop and the boss, feeling honored at a visit from such a noted man, opened a new and fine cake of soap. As he prepared to lather the millionaire's face he said "This is a very fine grade of soap, Mr. Sage, a mixture of cream and cocoa oil, with a dash of alcohol. Quoth the old gentleman: 'Alcohol, eh? Well, remember I am a temperance man, so don't put too much of it in my mouth.'"

THE MAN WHOSE SIGNATURE MAKES PAPER MONEY GOOD



Charles H. Treat, the newly appointed treasurer of the United States is to take office at once, and there-

after his signature will appear on every piece of paper money issued by the United States.

The office of treasurer of the United States is a most responsible one, yet it is doubtful if one man out of a hundred met on the streets could tell you the name of the man who holds it.

The treasurer is accountable for the custody of every dollar of the government's funds. Every bank note issued has the guarantee of the government behind it, as coin or bonds are deposited to secure it. Hence, before a bank note is legal it must bear the signature of the treasurer.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES ON MANCHURIAN BATTLEFIELDS

The story of the soldier who, struck by a bullet yet escaped from death owing to the interposition of a prayer-book in his breast pocket, is as old as the hills. The present gigantic struggle in Manchuria yields several even stranger and better authenticated incidents of escape from death by a narrow margin.

The Odessa News reports the case of soldier at the battle of Tashichao, whose life was saved through his comrade's practical joking. "A humorous sapper had smeared his shovel with tar, and was about to plaster the face of a man named Tsubulin, who was dozing in the trench, when a shell unexpectedly fell on the parapet and exploded.

"The sapper and every man within ten yard's radius was killed by splinters. But Tsubulin survived. His face was somewhat flattened and blackened by the shovel, the front of which was scratched and scored by splinters. Had it not been for the shovel his face would have been cut to pieces."

Another Russian escaped death through boastfully proving that he did not fear it. A Lithuanian was continually popping up his head and shoulders, with the words, "I'm not afraid of bullets." Fired of this, the soldier next him jeered, "I'd like to see you showing your whole body." The Lithuanian took the challenge, sprang on the edge of the trench and leaped about three feet in the air. Before he descended two bullets whizzed underneath his feet, and lodged in the earth behind him. Had he been in his usual position they would have gone through his chest.

A pewter spoon saved the life of Sergeant Pristavkin at the battle of the Shaho. Pristavkin was dining on buckwheat gruel, and had the spoon at his lips, when it was struck by a spent bullet, which glanced aside and went half way through the head of a man some way behind. Pristavkin was afterward nicknamed "Sergeant Lozhka" or "Sergeant Spoon."

Foppishness was the cause of Artilleryman Zavodski's salvation. Zavodski was the greatest top in the battery. He trimmed his nails, waxed his moustache, and shaved himself under fire. While the other men were eating their dinner during the retreat from Liao Yang, Zavodski removed his big boots, and cleaned them carefully.

While he was putting a finishing touch on the second of them, a bullet from a Japanese sharpshooter penetrated the sole, tearing out the big nails, and fell harmlessly into the toe. Had it not been for the bullet would have gone straight through his heart.

Gortseff, a discontented and nervous soldier, escaped death through his desperate attempt to commit suicide. While the enemy's shells and bullets were falling like hail, he hopped about, exposing himself, and altogether behaving so queerly that his comrades thought him mad.

Suddenly, amid a hail of bursting shells, he unscrewed his bayonet, put the muzzle of his rifle to his throat, and fired. The shot went harmlessly over his shoulder. When the rifle was examined, it appeared that he had had a double escape from death. The wood on one side of the stock was torn clean off by a shell fragment which was found at his feet. It was this which diverted the bullet he had intended for his throat.

A Japanese soldier escaped byonetting by his knowledge of Russian. During the assault on Nanshan hill he, with a dozen comrades, succeeded in reaching the Russian trenches.

All the attackers were slaughtered save the Jap student. Two men, with ferocious cries of "Tchort!" (the devil), attacked him. He calmly parried a thrust, and with a grim laugh repeated their own cry "Tchort!"

Cheating the Government.
People who are honorable in their private dealings with other individuals sometimes fail to treat corporations or the government with the same honesty. How many persons traveling from foreign countries smuggle in goods on which, under the law, duty should be paid? Cheating the customs is not a serious sin in the category of a large number of travelers and merchants. This failure to live up to the spirit of the law is apparent in other countries as well as our own.—Boston Herald.