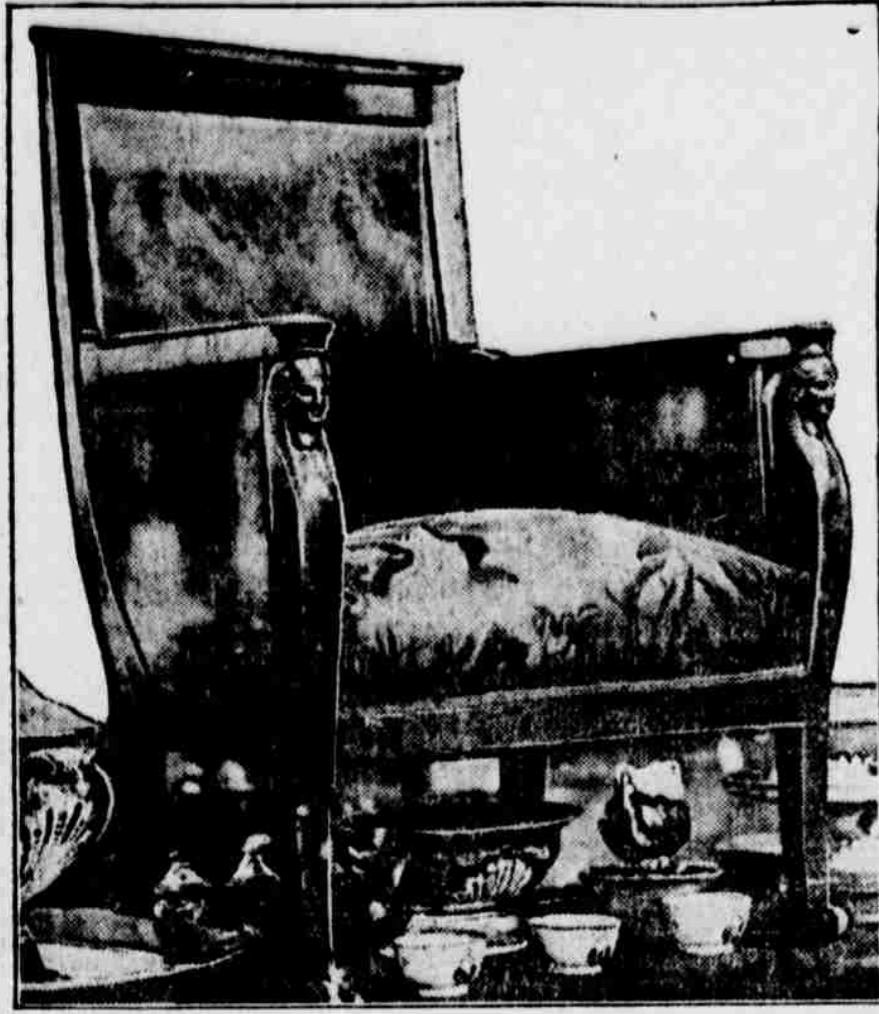


OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Armchair of Lafayette



Marquis Arconati Visconti of Paris has presented to the United States National Museum the armchair of the Marquis de Lafayette. It is in excellent condition and has not been repaired. The frame is of plain unpolished mahogany and it is upholstered in green silk and worsted cloth interwoven with a floral design resembling tulips. After Lafayette died in 1834 the chair became the property of his son, Edmond de Lafayette, who presented it to the Marquis Visconti.

"SOLITARY ROCK" OF WASE



This solid pillar of basalt, the "Gobron Duts" or "Solitary Rock" stands near the Fulani city of Wase, in British East Africa. It is more than a thousand feet high and is reputed unclimbable. The natives say there is a river on the top of it and that there are people there, but that if anyone ever did manage to go up to them he never would return, or would return demented. So far as can be seen, the only inhabitants of the rock are pelicans, marabout storks and huge baboons.

MOUNT CALVARY RELICS

The Church of Santa Croce in Rome is interesting, even to skeptics. It is reputed to have been built by the Empress Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. The floor of the subterranean chapel was strewn with earth which she brought from Mount Calvary, on which Christ was crucified. There are three relics there which she found on Calvary, and which have been venerated for centuries. One is a portion of the cross on which he died, a second is the inscription on the cross and a third is one of the nails which bound his hands and feet. The authenticity of these relics, it is said, was revealed to her in a miracle.

TWELVE ONE-EYED MEN DINE

Twelve men with 12 good eyes and 12 glass eyes attended a dinner served by one of their number at a hotel in Muncie, Ind., the other day. The host was particular that every man present should wear a glass eye. When dinner was over 12 glass eyes were removed, wrapped in a neat package and sent to the proprietor of the hotel with the request that he inspect and return them. He opened the package in the presence of the telephone girl, and she fainted.

LIGHTNING TWISTS BIG BAR

Twenty-two men were carrying a bar of iron 29 feet long at the Pittsburgh Steel company's Monessen plant and were about to place it in position in the foundations of a blast furnace when a bolt of lightning struck the iron, twisted it into an "S" shape, knocked all the men unconscious and internally injured two.

MODELED AFTER THE PIGEON

A German inventor has exhibited a flying machine, designed on the lines of a pigeon. The wings and tail are a good imitation, and the car is enclosed, giving it the appearance of the body of a bird.

GHOSTS OF THE CAPITOL

When the body of President Garfield lay in state in the capitol, an old engineer who was employed in the basement, and who ridiculed the idea of ghosts, decided to be revenged upon the watchmen and policemen who remained in the building through the night. He procured two large English walnuts and securely tied the ball shells to the four feet of a pet cat and carefully turned her loose in Statuary hall. The noise of those shells on the marble floor at midnight, in the semi-darkness as the distracted cat scampered about trying to get rid of her new shoes, gave the watchers the fright of their lives. This incident, though a harmless joke, gave rise to the story of the spectral footsteps which follow all those who have to cross the rotunda in Statuary hall after the building is closed for the night.

The rotunda has its own especial haunt. The prevailing belief is that on certain days, presumably anniversaries, the bent and huddled up figure of a workman with his tools may be seen flitting through the section. The foundation for this idea doubtless arose from the account of the death of a workman which occurred there during the early days of the construction of the capitol. He lost his footing upon a scaffold and was killed by the fall to the floor.

The wrath of John Quincy Adams, from all narratives on the subject, seems to be the one most often encountered. At times it is alleged that he may be seen in Statuary hall, formerly the old house of representatives and the scene of his death, accompanied by the whole congress of 1840, gathered in ghostly conclave. He is also credited with roaming about all parts of the capitol and may be seen at almost any time.

There is also the story of Gen. Logan, who returns, it is said, to observe the doings of the committee on military affairs of which he was so long the chairman. Those who claim to have encountered the general, say that he always wears a black slouch hat and remains either in the committee room or in the corridor adjoining. Vice-President Wilson, who died in his room in the senate wing, is also recorded as a constant wanderer about the scene of his death.

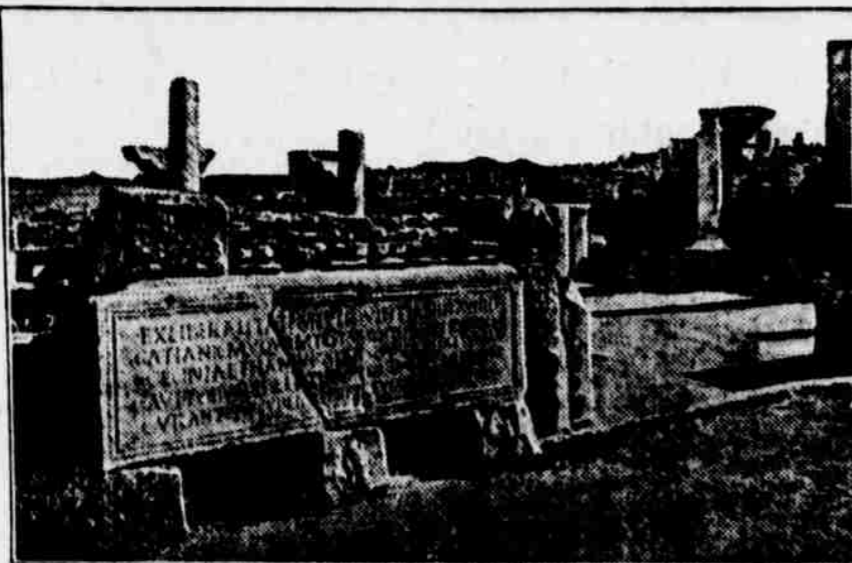
The demon cat legend has been repeated for the last 50 years as the animal apparition which returns at irregular periods. The story does not vary much, being merely that of an ordinary Tabby at first sight, but which grows to a gigantic horror before the eyes of the frightened observer. Suddenly this demon cat emits a fierce yowl and with eyes ablaze and mouth open leaps toward the spectator, but invariably leaps quite over his head.

STABBED WITH ITS SPIRE



An unusual freak of the wind is illustrated in the accompanying picture. "Town Hill Commits Suicide" was the headline displayed in a newspaper of the vicinity, but it looked more like a case of murder. For during a heavy windstorm the tall spire of the church was blown off and falling, pierced the roof in the manner shown. The church has stood for nearly a hundred years on Town Hill, New Hartford, Conn.

Built by Roman Carnegie



Explorers in the ruins of the ancient city of Timgad, in Algeria, have unearthed the remains of a public library erected by a Roman Carnegie. The full inscription on the walls is to the following effect: "Out of funds bequeathed by Marcus Julius Quintianus Flavius Rogatianus, of senatorial memory, by his will, to the colony of Thamagudi, his mother city, the erection of a library has been completed at a cost of 400,000 sesterces, under the direction of the city authority."

AMERICAN BOY IS SPOILED

However, He is Nearly Always Amusing, Even When He is Most Exasperating.

"The great American boy," said the West Side woman, "is so badly spoiled that about half the time he is an offense instead of the joy he might be, but he is so thoroughly 'on' that he nearly always is amusing, even when most exasperating. It is needful when dealing with him, or even when meeting him casually, to be either ridicule-proof or else to have a sense of humor that enables you to enjoy a laugh at your own expense. A few days ago I found it necessary to take a taxi at a quiet street corner. A few boys gathered instantly, to supervise the proceeding. As the chauffeur closed the door and prepared to mount his seat one of the boys called to him in the most indescribable tone of languid hate—intended to represent a lady doing the top limit of the society act—'Home, John.' The chauffeur grinned, though he looked somewhat alarmed lest his fare might be annoyed. I was and I could share his appreciation, but I took pains not to let the boys see me smile. I should think actors might learn innumerable things by studying street urchins."

"One Sunday not long ago," said the man to whom she was talking, "I was on my way to church and was walking along upper Seventh avenue with a lady of my acquaintance. I wore a silk hat and the usual clothes for such an occasion. I was talking earnestly with my companion, not noticing my surroundings. Suddenly a small boy, who was sitting on a tiny cart and pushing it along with one foot, darted right between my feet and attempted to force a passageway to the beyond. I nearly was overturned, was forced to execute some of the most instantaneous and inelegant gymnastics of my life and regained my balance only with extreme difficulty. The scrap of humanity, who was causing my distress, glared up at me wrathfully and yelled, 'Hey, you guy w'd de silk hat on, why don't yer look w'ud yer goin'?"

Rye, Barley and Oats.

Rye is the grain of poor countries, and Europe consumes more than nine-tenths of the world's supply. Its culture is stationary in the Northwest and west of Europe, and in the southwest of France is diminishing. But it is gaining somewhat in Russia, Japan, Tunis and more than all in this country. But still the United States produces less than 2 per cent of the world's supply.

The culture of barley, on the contrary, is gaining almost everywhere. At the same time the yield per acre has increased so that the total production is a third more than 40 years ago.

The production has almost doubled in Austria-Hungary, more than doubled in Tunis, Australia and Japan, tripled in this country and quadrupled in Canada.

There is also a constant increase in the world's production of oats. The acreage has increased 43 per cent, since 1871 and the yield has increased 73 per cent. The United States, Russia, Germany and France lead in production, in the order named.

Woman Prison Warden.

The newly-appointed warden of the prison for the Canton Wandland in Switzerland is a woman, Frau Fanny Porchet. In her application for the post, she said that in the course of her husband's administration as warden, and particularly during the illness which caused his death, she had acted as warden and found that she was in every way competent to fill the place. Knowing that there might be some doubt as to her physical ability to handle obstreperous prisoners, she offered to meet the strongest man on the police force in a wrestling contest. Frau Porchet was invited to appear before the appointing board and made such a favorable impression that she was appointed without demonstrating her strength. She is 41 years old.—New York Tribune.

Selling Faked Butterflies.

One of the meanest frauds on record is that which is said to have been practiced recently on entomologists. It appears that there is a systematic trade in forged butterflies carried on by continental dealers. The method as described is to cover the wings of moths after setting with a heavy coat of powder, which is then tinted with pastel colors to suit the taste of amateurs.

Not content with imitating the rarer species, the forgers have recently been improving on nature and selling hitherto unknown varieties at unheard-of prices. One expert was for a while taken in with a red butterfly with blue polka dots, but this bold piece of imagination ultimately led to the exposure of the fraud.—London Letter to the New York Sun.

Ireland's Era of Prosperity.

Irish exports last year exceeded Irish imports for the first time on record. The amount of money on deposit in the joint stock banks was the highest ever recorded.

The Climax.

Howard—Horribly cruel, isn't he? Coward—Yes; he'd rob a peasant of his Omar.—Harper's Bazar.

Off Color.

"Color-blind?" "I should say so; he would put a 'white hope' on the blacklist."

WHO & WHO

THE "FIRST LADY OF LONDON"



By the election of her husband to the important position of chairman of London county council, Lady Chaylesmore, an American woman, becomes in a sense the "First Lady of London." The county council, of course, is the real governing body of the greater city, and the position of chairman corresponds in a general way to that of mayor of a city like New York, the so-called lord mayor of London "ruling" over only the old city of London—about a square mile in area.

Furthermore, Lord Chaylesmore himself is half American. His mother was Charlotte Harman of New Orleans and he is a living example of the advantage of wedding the hustling, practical qualities of the American with the liberal conservative qualities of the best English aristocracy. Lady Chaylesmore, who was Elizabeth French, daughter of F. O. French of New York, has become one of the most popular and respected women in English society. She is tall and handsome, and possesses that dignity which is so highly valued in this country.

Although she has never entertained on a big scale, her affairs are popular and there is keen competition to be numbered among her guests. Her town house in Prince's Gate, fronts on the south side of Hyde Park, a couple of doors west of the London home of J. Pierpont Morgan, in which the American banker shelters his unrivalled collection of art treasures.

PAYS HOMAGE TO A SERVANT

On the eve of his departure for the land of the heather and the thistle, the Laird of Skibo bade farewell to one of his servants who had been in the service for 23 years. The occasion was made a gala one in the servants' hall at the Fifth Avenue mansion, New York, the Carnegie family participating in the function and being no small part of it.

Skibo castle will be minus its head house maid in the person of Miss Maggie Anderson. In giving her best years in service, Miss Anderson developed some of the thrift for which the iron master is famous, and announced some time since she was going to open a public house in Edinburgh. That is her home town, but the only living member of her family is a brother out in San Francisco. She planned to pay the brother a visit, and the laird presented her with a round trip ticket to the metropolis of the Pacific coast. This was not all he did. He presented her with a handsome gold watch and a life pension of \$500 a year. In the servants' hall were gathered all the help of the big mansion at eight o'clock. The haughty Jeems of the upper hall condescended to lend his dignity to the occasion and beamed on simple Sandy from the stables. The house maid fraternized with the cook, the butler with the groom. It was a truly harmonious family gathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie and their daughter Margaret, still in her teens, and the idol of servants' hall, and Miss Whitfield, the sister of Mrs. Carnegie, were all present. The laird presented the watch to the blushing and a bit frustrated Maggie, and expressed the regrets of the family at her leaving.

SUGGESTED AS VICE-REINE



When the first Irish parliament since the dawning of the nineteenth century assembled in the "Old House at College Green," Dublin, where the eloquence of Grattan and Flood stirred the Europe of their time, an American woman may stand at the throne, listening to her titled husband reading the king's speech inaugurating home rule in Ireland. This great day, so soon to come, is the talk of town and country in the British Isles.

The question that has rocked the politics of the three kingdoms to the foundations of political life has ceased to be political. Its social side is what now appeals most rapturously to volatile Ireland and gay, dashing, fun-loving Dublin.

Two women are most prominently spoken of as the likeliest to lead the new regime as vice-reine of Ireland. The first is Consuela, duchess of Marlborough, the self-separated mistress of Blenheim palace, which the English people gave to "Jan" Churchill for his victories in protection of the "low countries." The duchess would make a most dignified, queenly hostess. Only one circumstance seems to bar the way between her and the dream which she has cherished when the Marlborough marriage was made—her domestic estrangement. This, however, appears to be drawing to a welcome close.

Queen Mary has expressed her desire that the duke and duchess should forgive, forget, and begin all over again. And it is hinted that if the proud Consuela consents to be pacified, the vice regal coronet will grace her brow.

NEW QUEEN TO BRING GAIETY

Alexandrine, the new queen of Denmark, promises to delight her subjects. Queen Louise lived austere, despite her great wealth (more than \$15,000,000), and the French blood in her veins that came from the Bernadotte line to which she belonged. It is said of her that she never attended a theatrical performance or a ball. Queen Alexandrine is far more pleasure-loving, and the court, when the period of mourning has passed, may well be expected to take on a gaiety it has not shown for some years. The queen is a sister of the crown princess of Germany. Their mother is Grandduchess Anastasia, a shining light in society on the Riviera, whose liveliness and unconventionality sometimes make Emperor William nervous.

Though Queen Louise is rich in her own right, she is thrifty, and as she held the purse strings during her husband's reign, the Danish royal family maintains its reputation of being poverty stricken. Denmark can afford to pay her sovereign only about \$250,000 a year, which is not enough to support royal state to compare with the other European monarchs, whose civil list (salaries) run into millions.

Many Americans are already among the intimates of Christian and Alexandrine. Mrs. Robert Goelet is an especial friend of the latter, and last summer when Mrs. Goelet visited Copenhagen on her yacht Nahma she was entertained extensively by the then crown princess.

The new king and queen follow the example of Frederick, whose admiration for the United States was so great that he read American newspapers daily and was a close student of American literature.

