OF A QUEEN.

ONE SPOT SACRED HER SUBJECTS.

Sovereign Has a Mania for ...g Trees—A House That the ...e of Wales Built and to Which ...any Royal Children Have Played.

Queen Victoria considers herself really at home in the private garden of Osborne only. For in this little corner of the Isle of Wight alone does the sovereign, whose possessions cover one-seventh of the globe, have powers absolute. Elsewhere, and especially in the parks of the royal residences, she is under the restraint of the officials of a constitutional monarchy.

The commissioner of public buildings and works treats the crown as an institution of which the rights are strictly limited. Her majesty cannot cut a tree without the consent of the proper official. To escape this vigilance the queen has bought in the neighborhood of her castle at Balmoral some acres of ground where she may have a gardener not subject to changes of administration. She has even gone so far as to disregard for once her position of political impartiality and chosen a former gardener of Lord Beaconsfield, a man accustomed to the growing of Tory flowers.

But any imprudences which he might commit will not easily reach the public. For while it is easy to get permission to roam about the grounds of the castle, this little garden is carefully shut off from visitors. A correspondent of an English paper recently had the good fortune to get into the Swiss chalet, which her majesty has made into a family museum, and to walk about the aisles of trees where each tree commemorates an episode in the history of the royal house and recalls a day of happiness or sorrow.

A short distance from the entrance to this private garden is a wooden playhouse, built with their own hands by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in 1857. The heir to the crown has missed his vocation. He clearly had in him the making of a notable carpenter. Even to the present day the prince is very proud of his work, and whenever he visits Osborne he goes straightway to see if the playhouse is still standing. Not a nail has fallen, not a plank has sprung. The house is as solid as at first.

A HOUSE BUILT BY WALES.

In the little house are preserved the playthings of the royal children. Each of the children had little carriages of his own, and all are here preserved with the initials of the owners' names upon them.

The Duke of Edinburgh was a jack of all trades. He was a carpenter with his older brother, a mason with his younger brother, the Duke of Connaught. The miniature fortress they built together is still preserved in this same garden. It is made of stone and brick, and is at least strong enough to brave the seasons. The princes worked under the eyes of their father, who was trying to teach them the art of fortification.

This fortress has undergone some assaults. The Prince of Wales, having his five sisters and the youngest of his brothers under his command, attacked its garrison, the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. Almost always the heir apparent carried the parapet and drove the two dukes into a casemate, where they had plenty of arms and whence hunger alone could dislodge them.

Nowadays the children of the Duchess of Albany and of the Princess Beatrice attack and defend the fort which their parents, their uncles and their aunts have so often captured with great valor after long and glorious sieges.

The day of her oldest daughter's wedding Victoria took a sprig of myrtle from the bride's bouquet and planted it in this garden. It rooted itself so firmly that now it is grown into a great bush. Every time one of the grandchildren marries, the myrtle bush at Osborne is called into requisition.

MEMORIAL TREES.

Not far from the matrimonial bush is a row of mourning trees. In February, 1862, every member of the royal family planted a tree to perpetuate the memory of the prince consort, who died in the December just before. Of the eight trees those of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alice have grown most luxuriantly. A little distance away the queen planted the parasol pine, which is her memorial of her husband.

In another place are the trees commemorating marriages—the trees of the Prince and Princess of Wales, of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, of the Duke and Duchess of Albany and of the Princess Beatrice and Henry of Battenberg. It is in the shade of these trees, whose foliage murmurs the memories of happy times, that the queen likes to take tea during the hot days of August.

Now it is the new generation which is taking its turn at tree planting in this garden devoted to royal highnesses. The children of the Prince of Wales and of the Duke of Edinburgh have the place of honor. But the invading family of Prussia casts not a little of its shade upon soil which should remain exclusively for British. Although the children of the queen's daughters are not represented, the descent of the Empress Frederick has taken root there. The Princess Victoria of Prussia, her sister, the Princess Sophia, and the Prince Waldemar, who died in 1879, have each a tree. The collection lacks nothing but the tree of the Emperor William.—Paris Figaro.

A Big Insect.

The biggest insect of its kind in the world is the Hercules beetle of South America, which grows to be six inches in length. It is said, whether truthfully or not, that great numbers of these creatures are sometimes seen on the mammaea tree, raping the rind from the slender branches by working around them with their horns until they cause the juice to flow. This juice they drink to intoxication, and thus fall senseless to the ground.—New York Journal.

At about 9:45 this morning W. T. Boyd, a switchman at the yards, met with a painful and distressing accident from the effects of which he will probably be compelled to lay off at least six weeks. As he was coupling engine No. 22 to a freight car his hand was caught between the draw bars resulting in the crushing of a portion of his hand and the breaking of his index finger. The hand was at once attended to by Dr. Livingston. Mr Boyd fortunately carries an accident policy in the Burlington Relief Fund from which he will receive $45 per month insurance.

CANONIZED.

Amid the busy multitude moves she,
A queen uncrowned, a saint in earthly guise.
With—in the clear depths of her shining eyes
And on her pallid face—a radiancy
That seems reflected from the crystal sea
Which stretches twixt our souls and Paradise.
Some say that in her heart a sorrow lies
Which contradicts her sweet tranquillity.

A victor, no symbolic palm she bears;
Upon her face her triumph's sign she wears—
A peace that shows th all her stainless soul.
Enthroned in hearts of heroes and of saints,
She reigns in royalty of womanhood.
Yet round her head there shines no aureole!
—Josephine Preston Peabody in Kate Field's Washington.

Experiences of a Great Singer.

I have often had requests to sing beside a deathbed or a person very ill. I sung to the old bishop of Albany when he was suffering. The first festival I ever sung in was at Norwich, and when I returned to that place after six years I had a letter from an old gentleman who heard me there, and who was now bedridden. He wanted to hear "The Last Rose of Summer," and I shall never forget standing there by his side and singing that beautiful song. And many a time have I had to convert the balcony of the hotel where I was staying into a temporary platform, and appear at midnight, long after the opera was over, and sing "Home, Sweet Home," or some such popular ballad, to the people waiting outside.

That was the case at Dublin a few years ago, when the students there took the horses out of my carriage, and I was told that if I didn't sing they would break the windows of the hotel. I stood on the balcony wrapped up in great shawls, for it was a bitterly cold night, and it was no easy matter to sing "The Last Rose of Summer" under these circumstances.

I have sung, too, in the quiet little church at Braemar in the choir, and it was there that I received what I have always considered one of my greatest compliments. The speaker was one of the mountain folk, and had never been in Edinburgh. When the service was over a friend of mine heard him say, "I never thought anybody could have such control over one's voice." That is all, but that is the whole secret of a singer's success—perfect control.—Mme. Albani in Strand Magazine.

A Progressive Young Man.

An amusing incident happened in one of the local churches on Sunday morning. A young married man and his rather limited family went to divine services, and when seated they did not fill the pew into which they had been ushered. Presently another family came, and were ushered into the same pew, the young married man stepping into the aisle to let them in. The new comers filled the pew, and the y. m. m. took the seat ahead. He had hardly become settled than he again found it necessary to get up while another family filed into the pew, occupying all of it. Once more did the y. m. m. go forward.

A hymn was sung, a prayer offered, and the Scripture reading had commenced when still another family came up the aisle; and the y. m. m. once more stepped into the aisle only to see that pew, too, completely filled up. Again he went forward, but by this time the services were well under way and no more people came. To this latter fact alone does the y. m. m. attribute his failure to reach the anxious seat at that service.—Buffalo Express.

Inventions and Farm Machinery.

Every trade, profession and employment can show hundreds of inventions which have brought fortunes to the inventors. In agriculture the inventors have made a complete revolution. Work that was done by hand in a very laborious way dozens of years ago is now done in one-third of the time by steam and machinery.

Even within the memory of living farmers there has been such a transformation in their work that their methods appear antiquated and useless. Hundreds of new inventions in the same line are annually being patented, and the farming of the future will be reduced to such a science that one is unable to predict how our crops will be raised and harvested.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

The Largest State.

You may always depend upon a boy knowing a great deal more than anybody else and saying it right out. A Detroit school teacher the other day tackled a ten-year-old pupil.

"What is the largest state in the Union?" she asked.

"Matrimony," answered the boy promptly, and the teacher has been wondering ever since where he got the information.—Detroit Free Press.

He Excelled in One Thing.

"Did you ever get licked while you were a boy, papa?" asked Johnny.

"No," said papa emphatically.

"How was that?" queried Johnny suspiciously.

"Because, my boy, I was the fastest runner in the whole school."—Harper's Bazar.

To protect itself from the rain the orang-outang crooks its arms over its head. The hair on the orang's upper arm points downward, while on the lower arm it points upward, the apparent purpose being to shed the rain like a thatch.

Delaney as an explorer, Edison as an inventor Miss Flora A. Jones as the discoverer of the Famous Blush of Roses for the complexion; are names that will be handed down as benefactors of the race, to all recorded time O. H. Snyder comes in for his share (of the profits) as he always keeps a big supply on hand, and sells it for 75 cts. per bottle.

Reduced Rates on the M. P.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip will be sold to all who desire to attend the Archbishops' Golden Jubilee at St. Louis. Tickets on sale Nov. 28 and 29, limited to return to and including Dec. 2. Any wishing to visit St. Louis should take advantage of this low rate.

Go to Brown & Barrett's and get a window glass and stop up that hole in your house. tf

For lame back there is nothing better than to saturate a flannel cloth with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts. Try it and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. The same treatment will cure rheumatism. For sale by F. G. Fricke & Co.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

CATHOLIC.—St. Paul's Church, ak. between Fifth and Sixth. Father Tierney, Pastor. Services: Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 2:30, with benediction.

CHRISTIAN.—Corner Locust and Eighth Sts. Services morning and evening. Elder J. K. Reed, pastor. Sunday School 10 A. M.

EPISCOPAL.—St. Luke's Church, corner Third and Vine. Rev. H. B. Burgess pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

GERMAN METHODIST.—Corner Sixth St and Granite. Rev. Hirt, Pastor. Services: 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School 10:30 A. M.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services in new church, corner Sixth and Granite sts. Rev. J. T. Baird, pastor. Sunday-school at 9:30; Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.
The Y. P. S. C. E. of this church meets every Sabbath evening at 7:15 in the basement of the church. All are invited to attend these meetings.

FIRST METHODIST.—Sixth St., between Main and Pearl, Rev. L. F. Britt, D. D. pastor. Services: 11 A. M. 8:00 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN.—Corner Main and Ninth. Rev Witte, pastor. Services usual hours. Sunday school 9:30 A. M.

SWEEDISH CONGREGATIONAL.—Granite, between Fifth and Sixth.

COLORED BAPTIST.—Mt. Olive, Oak, between Tenth and Eleventh. Rev. A. Boswell, pastor. Services 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Rooms in Waterman block, Main street. Gospel meeting, for men only, every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rooms open week days from 8:30 a. m., to 9:30 p. m.

SOUTH PARK TABERNACLE.—Rev. J. M. Wood, pastor. Services: Sunday School, 10 a. m.; Preaching, 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday night; choir practice Friday night. All are welcome.