

Met His Match. One of the very few occasions on which Rufus Choate, the famous American lawyer and statesman, met his match was when he was examining one Dick Barton, chief mate of the ship "Challenge." Choate had cross-examined him for over an hour, hurling questions with the speed of a rapid-fire gun.

"Was there a moon that night?" "Yes, sir." "Did you see it?" "No, sir." "Then how did you know there was a moon?" "The 'Nautical Almanac' said so, and I'll believe that sooner than any lawyer in the world."

Flogging in English Prisons. Flogging is still allowed in English prisons as a punishment for mutiny or violence, but recently published statistics make it doubtful whether even in these extreme cases corporal punishment serves the purpose for which it is intended. It is shown that since the number of prison offenses for which flogging was allowed was reduced in 1898, the number of offenses against prison discipline has decreased from 147 to 131 per 1,000 prisoners, while there has been an increase in the number of those offenses for which the "cat" is still the penalty.

"Clingins" Recollections. "I'll slap that reporter," growled old Weston Nurox over the morning paper. "Why, popper," replied his daughter, who had her coming-out reception the night before. "I thought he wrote me up real nice."

First Hint of the Truth. "When did you first become acquainted with your husband?" "The first time I asked him for money after we were married."—Los Angeles, Cal., News.

INTERESTING CONTEST.

Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage. One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of cereal, and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts.

The contest was started in February, 1906, and it was arranged to have the prizes awarded on April 30, 1906. When the public announcement appeared many persons began to form the words from these letters, sometimes the whole family being occupied evenings, a combination of amusement and education.

After a while the lists began to come in to the Postum Office and before long the volume grew until it required wagons to carry the mail. Many of the contestants were thoughtless enough to send their lists with insufficient postage and for a period it cost the Company from twenty-five to fifty-eight and sixty dollars a day to pay the unpaid postage.

Young ladies, generally those who had graduated from the high school, were employed to examine these lists and count the correct words. Webster's Dictionary was the standard and each list was very carefully corrected except those which fell below 8,000, for it soon became clear that nothing below that could win. Some of the lists required the work of a young lady for a solid week on each individual list. The work was done very carefully and accurately, but the Company had no idea, at the time the offer was made, that the people would respond so generally and they were compelled to fill every available space in the offices with these young lady examiners, and notwithstanding they worked steadily, it was impossible to complete the examination until Sept. 29, over six months after the prizes should have been awarded.

This delay caused a great many inquiries and naturally created some dissatisfaction. It has been thought best to make this report in practically all of the newspapers in the United States and many of the magazines in order to make clear to the people the conditions of the contest.

WHEN MY BOY COMES WHISTLING HOME.

When the night is dark, and the cold winds blow
And the starless sky hangs dull and gray,
Then a light gleams out with a ruddy glow,
The shadows pass, and the gloom gives way,
When my boy comes whistling home.

High the sound, and clear as a blackbird's note,
Mellow and round as a robin's trill,
As sweet as the tune from a skylark's throat,
Clearing its way through the silence chill
As my boy comes whistling home.

Or "rag-time" or sonnet, ballad or psalm,
It matters not what the theme may be,
Reeking with mischief, or solemn and calm,
It carries its message straight to me,
When my boy comes whistling home.

'Tis a sign unfailing, with conscience free
And an unstained soul he fares along,
For gulf would smother the rollicking glee,
Deception with the happy song,
But my boy comes whistling home.

Oh, never was music that could compare
(No sound of organ, nor chime rare)
With this, as my boy, with his heart of gold,
To his mother comes whistling home.

Such implicit confidence in Dick was flattering, but it was doubtful if such faith in his abilities reposed in his own mind. Equipped with prospector's pick and guide, he arrived at the little hotel near the Carstairs mine. He decided to explore the country five miles to the north of "Old John's" mine, and so informed a miner who had struck up an easy western acquaintance with him.

"Prospect them there hills to the north. Why, by the six-shooter of Moses, yer crazy, pardner." "Why?" demanded the crestfallen Dick. "There ain't no gold rocks there, naw, not even good buildin' stone. A man's plumb leery-eyed foolish to prospect them hills. Better strike a job workin' in the mines for Old John Carstairs. Yer a chunky looking specimen, pard, and \$3 a day's good pay. Come in," with a perk of his dirty thumb over his shoulder. "Come in, pardner, the drink'll be on me."

It was not long before Dick discovered that he couldn't tell gold ore from a macadam roadway, and decided to take the advice of his hospitable friend with the thirst. Working in the mines, he would learn enough about ores to continue his prospecting trip. Therefore, it came about that Dick Leigh, some time sutor for the hand of Frances, was welding the pick in her father's mine.

Dick spent all his idle time wandering about the property adjacent to the Carstairs mine, and discovered one day that it had been staked out as a claim. Bill, the friendly miner with the thirst, hastened to reassure him.

"Don't you worry, pardner, you ain't lost nothin'. I know all about that claim, for I've broken more'n one hammer tinkerin' round them rocks, and by the broncho of 'Bimelich, there no gold on the top of that claim. Naw, nor for a long trail down into the ground neither. But, pardner, yer a good friend of mine, I like yer ways, d'ye see, and I'll tell yer what'll be between yerself and me. 'Old John's' mine, lowerin' his voice cautiously, "is likely to have a vein run down underneath that there new claim."

"Well, then," said Dick, "we are too late." "Naw, nary a bit. 'Tain't likely anything will happen for three or four months yet, and they'll get enough of that claim 'fore then." This conversation occurred in late April, when men were boring in the new claim. There was excitement in the camp, however, when it was rumored that some paying ore had been struck. It was later announced that Wyndham, the mine owner, was talking of buying the property as soon as an official assay of the ore had been made.

These were bitter days for poor Dick. Old Bill would reassure him in his hours of despondency. "That there ore won't assay worth a floor-scrubber's cuss yer'll see."

with the medicine. "I'll surely send it on to her," said Dick. "Thanks, pardner, yer were always a good pal. So long—pard—watch the north end. The vein may run—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a mutter as old Bill crossed the great divide. Bill's mate in the mine all attended the simple funeral and erected a rough cross at the head of the grave.

The days passed into weeks and Dick worked on in the Carstairs mine. The machinery on the Wyndham property still lay idle, a monument to hasty judgment. The whole story of the failure was now known. The original owners of the claim had followed the assayer's clerk who was carrying samples of ore to the assay office. Finding him asleep, with the ore in a leather bag under his pillow, they forced the sharpened point of a syringe through the leather and sprayed the samples of ore with chloride of gold.

Toward the end of August Dick was working in the north of the Carstairs mine. He was feeling particularly despondent, and was considering leaving the mine, drawing the few thousand he had left in the bank at Chicago and again going back to the humdrum of a Wall street clerkship. He was wielding his pick almost automatically, scarcely heeding where he struck.

A new deep vein of gold ore had been laid bare for some minutes before he was aware of the fact. Then he dropped his pick and groping on hands and knees he carefully examined the vein. A few more strokes of his pick and he had grasped the situation.

Carefully covering up the vein again he worked hard for a few minutes breaking up worthless rock with his pick and carrying it over to the new vein. Piling rock painstakingly upon it he worked away till the bell rang for the end of the eight-hour shift. The cage seemed to Dick to be crawling up to the top, and when it had deposited its load on the surface he hurried to his tent. Dressing himself in the rackment of former days he hired a "back-board" and drove off to the town.

"Reckon young Dick must be going to see a gal over to Charville," remarked an astonished spectator. "Naw, he don't go anything on gals," commented Sl, the saloonkeeper. "He's more likely goin' over after some books or magazines. He's a queer cuss, is Dick."

Dick further astonished the mining community by quitting work at the mine. "Allers thought yer'd quit," sententiously remarked Sl, "yer ain't the pick and shovel sort. But it's been good experience for yer. Better come into the s'loon, I need a new hand and yer'd be husky enough to keep the boys straight."

Dick reported that he needed a rest and change and was going away in a few days. But it was many days before he left. For the next day the management of the Carstairs mine discovered that their latest and richest vein ran straight through into the abandoned Wyndham property. "Old John" made haste to buy, but was informed that the deeds of the land were in the possession of one Richard Leigh of New York, who had bought the abandoned machinery a few days previously for some thousand dollars and had had the deeds of the property thrown in.

A VOICE WORTH \$3,500,000

Patti having earned this vast sum will really retire

When announcement is made that Patti, whom her admirers acclaim as "the Diva of the world," is about to retire, to take her farewell of the concert room, it is instantly met with an incredulous smile. There is an inclination also to illustrate the smile by retelling the fable of the boy and the wolf. But this time, assurance comes from England, the great soprano really intends to retire from public life. Thousands of persons in both hemispheres have heard the Diva sing, and they have paid millions of dollars for the privilege. A rough and perhaps inadequate estimate of Patti's earnings during the last half century credits her with having realized about \$3,500,000. In this connection it is significant to note that the soprano has not been heard in public every year, and in the



MADAME PATTI. As she appeared at the time of their marriage in 1858.

United States not at all during one stretch of two decades. Adeline Patti is so truly a remarkable woman and artist that she actually rises superior to criticism. She is, in fact, a personage. There may have been greater sopranos in the last fifty years—indeed capable critics have said so—but the names of these great ones are known principally to those great while Patti remains "the queen of song." Singing at press which would impoverish an Indian prince, Patti became a popular idol. Those who paid the money to hear her always insisted it was worth the money; those who could not afford to do so took their revenge in saying smart things about the Diva, even unfavorably criticizing her.

Although she was born in Madrid and raised in New York, Patti has always been an Italian. She speaks with equal facility Italian, French, Spanish, German, Russian and English—no small accomplishment in itself. The Italian tongue is her favorite. Once in describing her cosmopolitan sympathies she remarked, "I love the Italian language, the American people, the English country and my Welsh home."

Born in 1843, Patti came, with her parents, her half-brothers and her sisters, to New York while she was still a very little girl. Even then she had a remarkable voice. It was about this

fact for even his lively imagination to conceive of a singer actually acquiring by her voice so great a sum as \$3,500,000. He would have felt it an exaggeration so obvious as to be impossible, even to a fictionist.

Patti made her first regular appearance on the stage as Lucia in Donizetti's opera, in New York, on Nov. 24, 1858. She was then only 16 years old. Her voice at that time was described as a flute-like, flexible soprano, which she delivered with purity and managed with great skill and taste. Her capabilities were at once recognized, and the great future promised her by her critics has been amply fulfilled.



BARON CEDERSTROM. Time of their marriage in 1858.

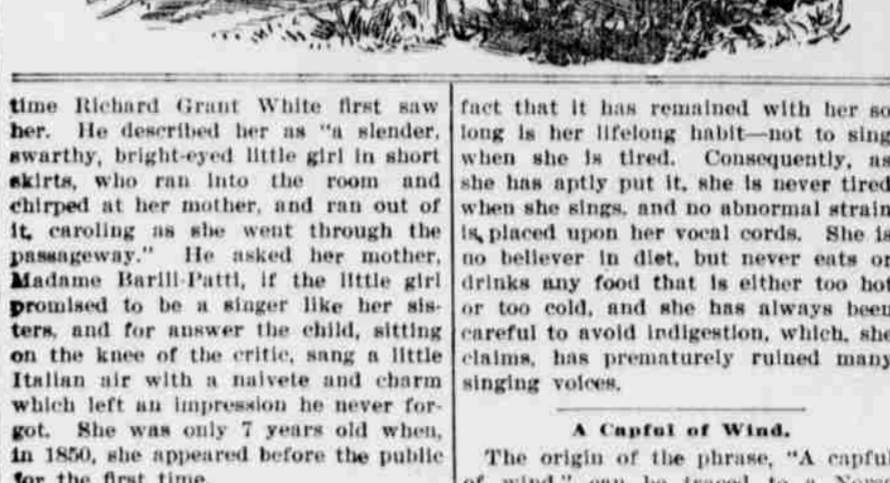
King Edward VII, as Prince of Wales, always one of her most devoted admirers, first heard her sing in the Academy of Music in this city, in the fall of 1890. The opera was "Martha" and the young Prince was charmed. The next year she went to England and made her London debut as Amina in "La Sonnambula," at Covent Garden Theatre. After that metropolitan appearance the young soprano's fame was assured. The next morning all Europe rang with praises for the new prima donna from America. For the next twenty years she remained abroad, singing in England, France and Russia.

While abroad Patti made her first matrimonial venture. In 1858 she was married to the Marquis de Caux, but continued her operatic career. She took

St. Petersburg by storm, and the Russians took up a subscription of 100 rubles and presented her with a diamond necklace. She purchased her magnificent estate in Wales, Craig-Y-Nos, in 1878, after she separated from the Marquis. She obtained a divorce in 1885 and the following year married Ernest Nicollini, the tenor singer whose very pleasant voice was much marred by an insistent tremolo. Nicollini died in January, 1898, and in January, 1899, Madame Patti made her third venture in matrimony, this time being united to the Baron Cederstrom, a young Swedish nobleman who had become a naturalized Englishman and whose years at that time were exactly half those of the Diva, even unfavorably criticizing her.

Patti's castle at Craig-Y-Nos is one of the show places in Wales. The house and grounds were fitted without reference to expense. A private theater is one of the interesting apartments in the castle, and there the great soprano has been heard sing even comic songs for the entertainment of her guests. To see Patti at home is to see the generous side of her character; to see her demanding \$5,000 for a public appearance is to see her undoubted business side.

Takes Care of Voice. The great diva's voice has been kindly used by time. One reason for the



time Richard Grant White first saw her. He described her as "a slender, swarthy, bright-eyed little girl in short skirts, who ran into the room and chirped at her mother, and ran out of it, carrying as she went through the passageway." He asked her mother, Madame Barilli-Patti, if the little girl promised to be a singer like her sisters, and for answer the child, sitting on the knee of the critic, sang a little Italian air with a naive and charming which left an impression he never forgot. She was only 7 years old when, in 1850, she appeared before the public for the first time.

Received \$5,000 a Night. After Patti returned, in 1882, from her European triumphs, owing to the competition of Henry Abbey, the American impresario, Mapleson was obliged to raise her salary from \$1,000 a night to \$4,000, and finally to \$5,000 a night, a sum previously unheard of in the annals of opera. It was also agreed that the diva should be paid at 2 o'clock of the day she was to sing.

fact that it has remained with her so long is her lifelong habit—not to sing when she is tired. Consequently, as she has aptly put it, she is never tired when she sings, and no abnormal strain is placed upon her vocal cords. She is no believer in diet, but never eats or drinks any food that is either too hot or too cold, and she has always been careful to avoid indigestion, which, she claims, has prematurely ruined many singing voices.

A Capful of Wind. The origin of the phrase, "a capful of wind," can be traced to a Norse king, Eric VI, who died in 907 A. D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow where he wished by the simple method of turning his cap to that point of the compass. His powers were much appreciated and trusted and resulted in his being known as "windy cap." There is no evidence as to whether he could regulate the force of the wind as well as the direction. Presumably he could, or his faithful believers would not have been so many. A "bagful of wind" is another common expression and indicates something like a gale. This has been traced down to the classical legend of Aeolus and his captive winds confined in bags.

No trouble to raise boys; but girls must have their hair combed and wear white dresses. And white dresses don't do a thing to the washing.

OLD Favorites

The Relief of Lockwood. O that last day of Lockwood fort! We knew that it was the last; That the enemy's lines crept surely on, And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death; And the men and we all worked on; It was one day more of smoke and war, And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife, A fair, young, gentle thing, Wasted with fever in the siege, And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid, And I took her head on my knee; "When my father comes home from the plough," she said, "Oh! then please waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor, In the flecking of woodbine shade, When the house dog sprawls by the open door, And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench, And hopeless waiting for death; And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child, Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream Of an English village lane, And wall and garden—but one wild scream Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening 'Till a sudden gladness broke All over her face; and she caught my hand And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Highlanders! O, dinna ye hear The slogan far awa? The McGregor's—O, I ken it weel; 'Tis the grandest of them a'!"

"God bless the bonny Highlanders! We're saved! we're saved!" she cried; And fell on her knees; and thanks to God Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry Had fallen among the men, And they started back—they were there to die; But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire Far off, and the far-off roar, Were all; and the colonel shook his head And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done; But winna ye hear it noo, The Campbells are comin'? 'Tis no a dream; Our success has broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar, But the pipes we could not hear; So the men plied their work of hopeless war, And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way— A thrilling, ceaseless sound; It was no noise from the strife afar, Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders! And now they played Auld Lang Syne; It came to our men like the voice of God, And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands, And the women sobbed in a crowd; And every one knelt down where he stood, And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them, Our men put Jessie first, And the general gave her his hand, and cheers Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the piper's ribbons and tartan streamed, Marching round and round our line; And our joyful cheers were broken with tears, As the pipes played Auld Lang Syne. —Robert Traill Spence Lowell.

PICKPOCKETS OF LONDON. This is Declared to be a Misanthrope's Word. The special notice, printed in unusually large letters, which now warns people in some of the tube lifts to beware of pickpockets suggests that it is time to revive the term "cutpurse," which would be much more appropriate to these days of hanging bags and no pockets, says the London Chronicle. In the sixteenth century our vocabulary was far richer than it is now in terms of this kind, especially the thieves' own vocabulary. With them a "hoyster" was a pickpocket, and a "napper" was a pickpurse or a cutpurse. To "sift" was to rob a shop or a house; and to "shave," according to an old account of these matters, was to "take a cloak, a sword, a silver spoon, or such like that is negligently looked upon." Most of these words were once to be found at Smart's Quay in a legend written over a house of pickpockets—an original Fagin's den: "Si spile sporte, si non spile, tunc steale. 'Si spile, si non spile, hyste, nypple, lyfte, shave and spare not.'"

With the history of the highway robbery of centuries behind us, we should not feel surprised at the passive attitude of the robbed toward the robber in the recent California outrage. Who has ever heard or wished to hear of the traveler who showed so little sense of romance as to resist the churning demands of a Robin Hood, a Claude Duval, or a Dick Turpin? To follow precedent, we should at once write a ballad about the California masked villain and hand him down to posterity as the last flash of chivalry in a prosaic age. The principal cause of such a delusion has always been the personality of the man himself, full of that mixture of humor, daring, courtesy and respect for women that turned him from a common thief into a "gentleman of the road."

Mules are abused a great deal, but farmers say young mules are easier broken than young horses.