

MAY BE CHANCELLOR.

BARON VON BIEBERSTEIN IN HIGH FAVOR.

The Close Friend of Emperor William—Notable Career of the Man Who Is Talked Of as the Next Foreign Secretary for Germany.

Adolph Baron Marshall von Bieberstein is frequently mentioned in the cable dispatches as the next imperial chancellor of Germany. Baron von Bieberstein is described as an able man who lacks the dash of Von Bulow, who succeeded him lately as German minister of foreign affairs. He was born in 1842 in the grand duchy of Baden. He became a lawyer when of age, and entered the grand ducal service in 1865. In this career he continued until elected a member of the upper house of the Baden diet in 1875. There he distinguished himself as a ready debater and a capable parliamentarian.



BARON VON BIEBERSTEIN.

In 1878 he was sent to the German reichstag by his constituents, where he served for five years, then receiving the appointment of ambassador of the grand duchy of Baden at Berlin. He served in that capacity until he became the successor of Count Herbert Bismarck. After his retirement from the minister of foreign affairs he received the appointment of minister to Turkey. Von Bieberstein was one of the leading men of Germany prominent in the German-American controversy over the tariff. At that time it was he who said: "The fitful changes which are peculiar to American economic life have had a greater effect upon Prague than all the fluctuations of the German-American tariff legislation." Emperor William has been most friendly in his attitude to the baron, who enjoyed also the confidence of Bismarck. Prince Hohenzollern, the late chancellor, was forced to retire from office on account of the opposition of the Prussian diet to certain measures which he espoused.

WARSHIPS PITCH AND ROLL.

Even in Moderate Gale Life on Them Is Very Uncomfortable.

From the Philadelphia Press: A well-known admiral has asserted that, even with a moderate sea and gale, an armor-plated cruiser, if going against the wind, will find herself in conditions similar to those of a storm—at least the crew will have that impression. The movements of the stern of the ship are violent and very disagreeable. The waves, pushed by the advancing prow, sweep continually over the ship from bow to stern. All windows and portholes must be closed and air reaches the lower decks, where the heat increases unbearably, only through artificial ventilators. With the exception of the specially protected command bridge all the uncovered portions of the ship are impassable; thus the whole crew must bear as well as they can the inferno of the closed decks. In such a ship no one can feel comfortable and when there is a storm in which a sailing ship would feel comparatively at ease the crew of an armor-plated ship imagines itself to be in a heavy hurricane which threatens destruction every minute. The long, narrow forepart of the ship—which is not borne lightly by the water and is rendered extremely heavy by the ram and torpedoes—forces the ship in a high sea to pitchings and rolling which are of a kind that cannot be described.

HONOR FOR MANDERSON.

Senator Charles Frederick Manderson of Nebraska, who was recently elected president of the American Bar



association, stands high among his legal brethren as well as among his senatorial colleagues.

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1827, Senator Manderson is at present 62 years of age. In 1853 young Manderson settled in Canton, Ohio, where he was subsequently admitted to the bar. When the war broke out in 1861 he entered the army in the capacity of captain. Later on he became brevet brigadier-general. In 1869 he settled in Omaha.

DRIFTING BOTTLES.

Give Valuable Information as to the Ocean Currents.

Washington Spec. Baltimore Sun: Some valuable information respecting ocean currents has been obtained by the Naval Hydrographic office through floating bottles thrown overboard by steamers and recovered by passing ships, which report the exact points at which they were found. Frequently the bottles are picked up and again tossed overboard after the latitude and longitude and the number of the bottle have been noted, so that the office in Washington may know the direction taken by the bottle since put into the sea or last sighted by some vessel. In this way the direction it has drafted and the strength of the current can be accurately estimated. There are some recent returns which show that bottles have floated thousands of miles, and one has a record of covering 2,400 miles in 92 days. This bottle was tossed overboard from the steamship *Furst Bismarck* on May 1, 1898, about 350 miles southeast of Cape Race, and recovered on August 1 in the vicinity of Gluckstadt, on the Elbe. The distance between the two points, following the route through the English Channel, is about 2,400 miles, giving 26 miles as the lowest possible estimate of the daily average velocity with which the bottle traveled eastward. The longest distance made by any bottle was one thrown from the steamship *Electrician*, which covered 6,300 miles in a little over three years, or an average of nearly six miles a day. Another bottle traveled 6,000 miles in 974 days, or an average of eight knots, while another made 5,000 miles in 327 days, or an average of 15.3 knots a day. Another good record for a bottle is 300 miles in 16 days, or an average of 18.8 knots a day. In conducting its experiments the navy department has had the co-operation of the Russian government, which on the cruises of two of its vessels had thrown in the sea 703 bottles, of which 30 have been recovered and reported. Taken collectively, the paths followed by these floating bottles give a good idea of the drift currents of the North Atlantic. The motion of the waters seems to be westerly, as is evident by the destination of the numerous bottles cast adrift between Madeira and Cape San Roque, all of which ultimately found their way to the Windward Islands, the Bahamas or to the western shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

PROUD OF MACDONALD.

Great Britain feels proud of her gallant soldier, Colonel Hector Archibald Macdonald, and she expects him to accomplish wonderful things in South Africa. "Fighting Mac" is the nickname that his command gave him in Egypt. Colonel Macdonald was born in 1852. At the age of nineteen he enlisted as a private in the famous Gordon regiment. In three years he was a color sergeant. Then his regiment went to Egypt and his opportunity to distinguish himself came. With sixty-three of the Gordon Highlanders and a few Sikhs he routed an army of 2,000 Afghans. Again, in a few weeks, he was mentioned in the official dispatches for bravery. When the regiment was ordered home he had his choice of the Victoria cross or a commission, and the commission he took. Most of his life since has been spent in service in Egypt. No man except Kitchener came out of the last campaign there with more glory than he did. Omdurman was his great victory, won in the face of threatening annihilation. Great Britain honored him with many public marks of respect.



HECTOR ARCHIBALD MACDONALD. In height Col. Macdonald is under six feet, but he is compactly built and every inch a soldier.

A Soapless Country.

In spite of British rule, India is still virtually a soapless country. Throughout the villages of Hindostan soap is indeed regarded as a natural curiosity, and it is rarely, if ever, kept in stock by the native shopkeeper. In the towns it is now sold to a certain extent, but how small this may be gathered from the fact that the total yearly consumption of soap in India is about 100,000 hundredweight—that is to say, every 2,500 persons use on an average only 112 pounds of soap among them, or, in other words, considerably less than an ounce is the average consumption for a person.

Veteran Cardinals.

Only four cardinals appointed by Pius IX are now living. Leo XIII is looking forward to surviving them, when he will have a gold medal struck to commemorate the event, following the precedent of Urban VIII, the only pope that outlived every one of the men who elected him. The inscription on Urban's medals was: "Non vos me elegistis sed ego elegei vos," referring to the fact that he had selected every member of the Sacred college, instead of their having selected him.

LEYDS A STRONG MAN.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE TRANSVAAL.

A Great Favorite at Berlin—Fully Able to Cope with Chamberlain in the South African Difficulties—Friend of the Boers.

Dr. W. J. Leyds, secretary of state for the Transvaal, is likely to give Joseph Chamberlain, colonial secretary of England, many a troublesome hour before the Boer is anglicized. Dr. Leyds is described as a man of peculiarly strong personal power, gifted with a persuasive tongue, and fully alive to the fact that the Boer and the Englishman can never agree. Dr. Leyds is particularly known for his hatred of everything English. He is the statesman who visited Germany and secured from Emperor William recognition of the independence of the Transvaal republic. The emperor promised him that he would appoint to the Transvaal a German resident instead of a consul. That is the way in which the independence of the Transvaal is acknowledged. Emperor William likes the man, for he decorated him some eighteen months ago, and other honors were shown him. He is considered one of the very ablest members of the Transvaal government. President Kruger trusted to him the negotiations with Germany which have been in progress for some months past. These negotiations are of a nature by which in reality Dutch and German interests become as one in the South African country, and make the task of England in conquering the Transvaal all the more difficult. The friendship of Emperor William for President Kruger has been inspired by Dr. Leyds.



DR. W. J. LEYDS.

The doctor is now in Holland, where he has also aroused public sentiment and secured action in the form of protests to Queen Victoria against the carrying out of the Chamberlain program in the Transvaal. Dr. Leyds is of Dutch descent, but is not a Boer.

LONELY ISLAND HIS HOME.

Strange Man, Said to Be an American. Puzzles the Mexicans.

"There are some queer freaks in the world," said a visitor from the interior recently, relates the Mexico Two Republics, "and one of them lives on the west coast of Mexico. He is an American, according to all reports, but so far no one has succeeded in penetrating the mystery that surrounds him. Down toward the isthmus, not far from the mainland, is a small island, and it is on this that the American lives. Very few people know how long he has been there. The Indians all know him, but none of them can tell anything about his first coming. He has resided on the island for so many years that he has become as much of a fixture as the rugged rocks that stand out on the coast. I saw him once on the mainland, as he came to a little village to procure supplies. About four times a year he makes a trip to some village on the mainland to buy such things as he needs. He never has anything to sell and always pays in gold-dust, the origin of which is as much of a mystery as the man himself. His appearance is patriarchal now. His long gray beard, white hair and wild look make him an object of great curiosity to a stranger. He speaks Spanish brokenly, but with an accent that does not betray his nationality. His complexion is dark, probably due to the rays of the sun, but he has a certain air about him that indicates he is not a Mexican. There has often been much speculation as to where his gold came from. Many think he has a secret mine on the island which he works from time to time. Explorers who have visited the island, however, report that it is barren, and gives no indication of mineral deposits. It is said that the old man lives in a cave in the rocks, and that his food is birds and fish. He is well armed and always buys considerable ammunition on his trips to the mainland. A number of times people have tried to draw him out, but he refuses to talk of his past

or present mode of life, and such attempts are seldom made now. He is entirely alone on the island and seems to love his solitude. His trips to and from the island are made in an old ship's boat, which he has had ever since the present generation has known him. His expert handling of the sails and oars leads some to believe that at one time he was a sailor. Many think that he is the sole survivor of a shipwreck that occurred on the coast about forty years ago. Among the legends of the coast Indians is one which tells of the wreck of a big ocean vessel one stormy night and of the loss of every soul on board. There is a superstition that at times this vessel sails along the coast at night and finally strikes a rock and goes down, just as it did so many years ago. It is said that the moans and cries of the passengers and crew can be heard at these times. There are other people who say that the old man's self-banishment is due to a crime he committed in California. But nobody is sure, and probably never will be. Meantime the old man continues to lead his mysterious life."

DO NOT SUFFER FROM HEAT.

Negroes Can Stand the Sun's Rays, but Enjoy Cooling Their Heels.

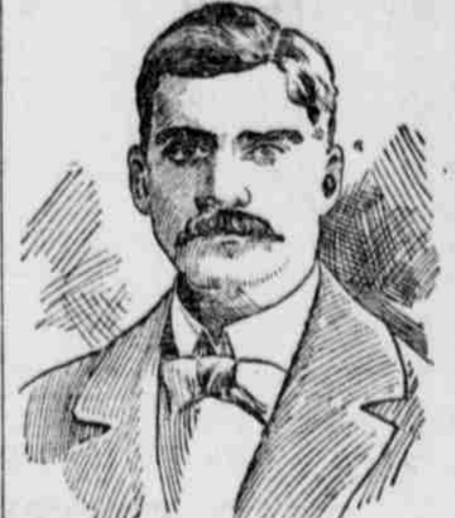
From the Florida Times-Union: It has often been said that the capacity of the negro race for enduring heat has never been fully tested. An incident related by a dairyman living in the outskirts of the city seems to bear out this assertion. He has a young negro boy who looks after the cattle and does the chores around the place. The only effect that the heat produces in his case is a desire to slumber. The dairyman had a young calf in the barnyard and as the sun was pouring

IRISH INDIAN CHIEF.

THOMAS R. RODDY'S NEW DISTINCTION.

The Winnebago, a Semi-Civilized Tribe, Adopt Him as Their Protector—Soon to Be Initiated at a Medicine Pow-Wow.

The honor of being made chief of the Winnebago tribe of Indians, to succeed Black Hawk, has fallen to the lot of Thomas Richard Roddy, who is perhaps the first white man—or at least one of the first—to enjoy this extraordinary distinction. Roddy has spent most of his life in dealing with Indians. On account of his powerful physique and fearless spirit he long ago acquired the confidence of the Winnebago, who showed him every mark of consideration, declaring that some day they intended to make him chief



THOMAS RICHARD RODDY.

of the tribe. So long as Black Hawk remained alive they could not do this, but when death claimed the old warrior they at once chose Roddy to succeed him. For several months past Roddy has been living in Chicago, where he has been prosecuting certain Indian claims. His residence is somewhere in Wisconsin. Long before reaching manhood Roddy embarked in traffic with the Indians. His father before him had been an Indian trader and he grew up amid the perils of the frontier, fearing nothing in human guise and wholly indifferent to danger. Indeed, he frequently spent weeks and months in the Indian settlements, acquiring skill in the exercises of the bow and forming many warm personal attachments.

When he grew older, Roddy, or Chief White Buffalo, as he is to be known in the future, found a further field for his abilities in providing Indian bands for spectacular purposes. He was one of the first men to contract for a supply of braves to take part in Buffalo Bill's show. He takes Indians to exhibitions and carnivals, and is even planning to take a few hundred to the Paris exposition next year. He wanted to bring some to Chicago for the fall festival, but his proposal was not favorably received. If the Winnebago Indians had any of the old spirit, the new chief might find his hands full of trouble before long. One of the braves, Green Cloud, who is now in seclusion in Nebraska, claims to hold the real right of succession to the chieftainship. He is a bad Indian. Mrs. Roddy says he drinks whisky. Tribal war might possibly result, but Roddy is now on his way to Nebraska, where he hopes to convert Green Cloud to his support. Green Cloud is credited with having killed old Black Hawk's only son three years ago. The United States government pays \$28,000 a year to the support of the Winnebago Indians. Roddy has been their business agent for some time, and as chief will have even greater authority. When he is invested with his rank at a medicine pow-wow before long he will become the possessor of the many valuable wampum belts which the Winnebagoes won and which pass from chief to chief. His private collection of wampum belts now is said by his wife to be bigger and more valuable than any in the United States.

French Studying German.

It is said that the study of German is increasing in France, while the study of English is on the decline. In the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, in Paris, where diplomats are trained, many more study German than English. Many young Frenchmen are now being sent to Germany and Austria instead of England to get acquainted with the language of the victors of 1870. In a Paris lycee 143 students study German to 34 English. In another school the proportion of German to English is 500 to 188. In the Marseilles gymnasium two-thirds study German, one-third English. It is believed that this French interest in German will have a powerful influence in the commerce and politics of the world in the next generation.

Margherita's Fondness for White.

Queen Margherita is passionately fond of white, and wears it more than anything else. One day she asked the king if he thought she was growing too old to wear white dresses. The king replied that he would like to think the matter over. In the course of a week the queen received a note from her royal husband, saying that his answer would be found in the accompanying box. The box contained three beautiful white dresses.

No Damage That He Could See.

Magistrate—"You are charged with running over an old lady while scorching. What have you to say in regard to this awful accident?" Defendant—"Awful accident? Why, a little thing like that doesn't hurt a good bicycle like mine is!"—Stray Stories

A MILLIONAIRE.

Whose Entire Wealth Was Invested in the Paper on His Walls.

"While in Johannesburg I saw a sample of what was probably the most valuable wallpaper ever used in a house," says a traveler recently returned from South Africa. "It was a share certificate in one of the richest gold mines of the Rand. In the early days an Englishman who worked in one of the first mines opened took his pay partly in cash, but chiefly in scrip of shares of the company. For many years the mine yielded little, and the company was unable to pay dividends. After a time the Englishman got discouraged with working the pick for these nicely engraved but unmarketable pieces of paper, and left the place for another part of the country, where he continued to work hard for a living, barely making both ends meet. The miner's wife used the share certificates, with some odds and ends of prints from papers sent to them, in papering the walls of their cabin, and they remained there as a grim reminder of the hollowness of man's expectations. Things got worse, and the miner and his wife were near starvation, when one day a broker newly arrived from England hunted up the cabin and made an offer for the wallpaper. The price he mentioned was so large as to excite the miner's curiosity, and on investigation he found that he was a large shareholder in one of the most profitable gold mines in the world. He kept his shares, and today he is one of the biggest mining kings. But even he probably has had no wallpaper since that time that represented as much wealth as did the covering of the walls of his little cabin."

THE WORLD'S COLDEST PLACE.

Russian Hamlet on Yana River Holds That Distinction.

From the Philadelphia Press: Verchouisk is considered to be the coldest place in the world. It is a small collection of native log houses, planted near to, but not on, the Yana river. The street, if so it may be called, extends on either side of a narrow sheet of water, a kind of creek formed by the autumn overflow of the Yana, and which in winter forms a frozen promenade or driving place for sleds. It is a dreary place enough. The summer lasts only four months, and during the other eight of the year it is bitterly cold, the thermometer sometimes indicating 86 degrees below zero, and it seldom goes above 50 degrees until April 30. Corn will not grow in this desolate region. Barley and oats have been sown, but have always succumbed to the early frosts. Of vegetables, there are only the radish and the turnip, with, perhaps an occasional and very precarious crop of potatoes. Cabbages all run to leaf. The ground rarely thaws, even during the hot season, beyond twelve or eighteen inches deep, and in places much exposed to the heat never beyond a yard. Most of the dwellings are Rakut huts, built of fir trees against a square framework and covered thickly with mud to keep out the cold.

DEWEY'S ONLY SON.

Admiral Dewey's only son bears the name of George Goodwin Dewey. He is in the employ of a large dry goods commission house of New York city and is said to be quite successful as a business man. When in a Cincinnati dry goods house the other day he was Hobsonized by an unblushing female clerk. At the time his father won the victory at Manila bay the young man was in New York city. His associates proposed to fete him and make much ado because he was the son of his father. Then the Dewey spirit came to the front, for young George rose up and said that any honors of that sort should go to his father and not to him. He declared that he was only a quiet American citizen; that his father had done no more than his



GEORGE G. DEWEY.

duty, and that if celebrations were to be in order they should be for the victory itself and not for the members of the Dewey family. Mr. Dewey has declined to be interviewed or made famous by the newspapers. He has never discussed his father except to say that he did at Manila what the family knew he would do. The son graduated from Princeton in 1896, and immediately engaged in mercantile business. He did not care for the sea, which was pleasing to his father.

Death Follows Plea Pre'ck.

Birmingham (Ala.) special New York Times: Miss Julia Brown, 16 years old, sister of Abraham Brown, a prominent merchant of Bessemer, died recently. She permitted a friend to prick a pimple on her face with a pin. Erysipelas followed, and later, despite the efforts of physicians, blood poisoning set in and death resulted.

A Terrible Revenge.

Tom—"So that rich heifers refused you?" Jack—"Yes, but I got even. I married her mother."—New York Journal