

#### FACTS ABOUT QUEENS.

The Iovindups of Some European Queens.

An enterprising individual has seen fit to spend some time collecting facts and figures concerning the avoidances of some of the Queens of Europe and has proved that, according to the standard of the sculptors, which differs from that of the dress makers, not one of the Royal women has a beautiful figure.

Queen Victoria is the shortest adult sovereign in the world. Her Majesty is only 4 ft. 11 in. high and weighs 171 pounds. Her bust and hips measure 44 in. and 50 in. respectively while her waist is 35 in.

The tallest Queen in Europe is the young Wilhelmina, of Holland. She is only 19 years old, but her height is no less than 5 ft. 5½ in. She is lightly built, with a weight of only 13 lbs., but has the bust measurement of a Juno—42 in. Her waist measure only 21½ in. and her hips 40 in. The Majesty of Holland is, in other words, so ill advised as to lace herself most cruelly. The young sovereign's bust measurement, despite her youth, is surpassed by that of none of the Queens except Margherita of Italy and our own revered Ruler.

The heaviest Queen of Europe is Margherita of Italy, "the Pearl of Savoy." She turns the scales at 17 lbs., but her height, 5 ft. 5 in., enable her to "carry off" her stoutness and preserve the carriage of a young woman. Her waist measurement of 28 in. and her bust measure of 40 in. show that despite her advancing years, she still retains a queenly figure. Her hips measure 48 in. Her noble profile still gives evidence of the beauty which she possessed as a girl.

A shade taller than Margherita is the more willowy Queen Regent of Spain. She is 5 ft. 5½ in. in height with a weight of 147 lbs. Her bust and hips measure 36 in. and 40 in. respectively, and her waist is about 21 in.

One of the most superb figures among European royalties is that of Natalie, the romantic Queen of Servia. She is 5 ft. 4¾ in. high, with a bust measure of 38 in. and a waist measure of 22 in. Her hips are 40 in. round and she weighs 130 lbs.

Queen Sophia of Sweden and Queen Marie Henrietta of Belgium are each 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and their bust measure is 36 in. Queen Sophia weighs 140 lbs. and Queen Marie 138 lbs. more. The Swedish Queen possesses on the whole, however, the more stylish, if less natural, figure with a waist measure of 24 in., and hip measure of 38 in., while the Queen of the Belgians measures 27 in. around the waist and 40 in. round the hips.

The Queen of Portugal and the Czarina of Russia are closely paired in the matter of size. Queen Amelia is older and has a fuller and more matronly figure. She has a bust measure of 35 in. and a waist measure of 22 in., but some time ago she gave up wearing corsets, and the increase of her waist measurement has not been recorded.

The Czarina is only 32 in. around the bust and 22 in. around the waist. Their hip measurement is or was the same—38 in. The Czarina is 5 ft. 2½ in. tall and weighs 120 lbs., while Queen Amelia weighs 123 lbs. and is half an inch taller.

#### BUYING TIPS FROM CROOKS.

Singular Policy Pursued by the Bank of England.

All sorts of odd incidents occur in England's banking circles, where strictest measures are taken as to protect treasure from the robbers and burglars. Some of the institutions pay cash for information of, and in some cases from, the criminals themselves. The bank of England's yearly budget always contains an expense item due to such outlays. The first experiment of the kind dates back to 1850, when the directors of the bank listened to a startling proposition made by a "ditch digger."

The laborer told the directors that he had discovered a new and unexpected method of getting into the cellar vaults where the gold and silver bars were kept, and that he would sell his secret to them for money. The directors hesitated, believing that they had taken every precaution against loss from the vaults, with plenty of iron bars, and by manning the building with armed watchmen. But finally they granted the man, who seemed to talk fairly, a chance to try his plan, and a night was named for the undertaking.

At the appointed time a committee of the directors descended to the cellar and heard a peculiar scratching sound under their feet. Two hours later the door opened and the ditch digger bobbed up serenely, like the evil spirits in the spectacular drama. All around them lay bars of precious metal, totaling in value £3,000,000. The man explained satisfactorily how it was done, and as a reward the directors assured him an income for life on an investment of \$10,000. The crook was content, and it is believed he remained honest ever afterward.

But other crooks were tempted by his luck to try the same game, and the directors were inundated with suggestions and tips on new methods of burglary and how to prevent them. Among other things they paid \$20,000 for a process, invented by a young chemist, for copying the ink, paper, water marks and designs of the bank notes so perfectly as to defy detection. The directors found they could use his system more satisfactorily and more profitably than their own in the production of their currency.

Despite the fact that these expenditures have run up big figures in the last half century, the directors of today say that all the money was well invested.—The Boston Herald.

"What are you laughing at?" said some one, as the grocery clerk hung up the receiver.

"At Mrs. Newblood. She has just telephoned for a pound of 8 o'clock tea."—Detroit Free Press.

#### GEORGE OR MAVERICK.

How the Term Began to Be Applied to Unbranded Cattle.

George Maverick, a prominent citizen of San Antonio and one of the largest real estate owners in the state of Texas, has been visiting in this city, says the El Paso (Tex.) Times. The gentleman is a son of the noted Samuel Maverick, one of the old pioneers of western Texas. The latter was a shrewd and far-seeing business man, and knew that the day would come when Texas real estate would be valuable, so he began to buy up all the land he could find.

In the land of To-Kinkin nothing good but shell money and the like.

#### BETTER THAN GOLD.

Countries Where Pig's Tails and Brisket Are of More Value Than Money.

People in civilized countries lay much stress on the value of silver and gold, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly, but there is an island chieflain out in the Pacific who will have neither, nor will any of the 200,000 people over whom he holds sway. This chief is To-Kinkin, the ruler of the Bismarck Islands.

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#### JOE RICKEY'S SON.

Advised by General Brooke to Let His Father's Mixed Drinks Alone.

On the Rialto, ard, in fact, in many other portions of the town, the dispute as to who was the originator of that most delectable of beverages, the gin rickey, still waxes hot. But here is an anecdote, says the New York Sun, which goes far to confirm the claim of Colonel Joe Rickey's friends that he and he alone was the author of this most insidious of today. Last August, during the invasion of Porto Rico, the Missouri battery, which was made up entirely of Missouri boys, formed part of General Brooke's brigade. They were stationed at Guayanilla, and one of the privates was young Hyde Rickey, Colonel Rickey's son. Now the captain of the battery was not at all popular with his men, a fact which has been proved three times since the battery disbanded, as on each occasion the captain has been made the defendant in a stand-up fight. In Porto Rico one of the men who jarred most raspingly upon his captain's nerves was young Rickey. After all the minor penalties had been exacted from him the captain finally sent him down to General Brooke's headquarters with a message which described him as incorrigible. Young Rickey was taken to the general's headquarters in fear and trembling. He decided in his own mind that if he got off with two years in Leavenworth he might consider himself lucky. He was ordered into the general's room. While he stood trembling at attention the general gazed at him sternly.

"Are you Colonel Rickey's son?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"You're the son of old Joe Rickey?"

"Yes, sir."

"The son of the man who invented the gin rickey?" persisted General Brooke.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, look here, young man," said the general, sternly. "Just take my advice. Leave your father's mixed drinks alone until you get to St. Louis. If you don't, you'll get into trouble. Now don't let me hear of you and your rickey again. Go!"

#### Storyettes.

The following pretty little story of England's future queen is vouches for. During the late visit of her royal highness the princess of Wales to her country home she called at the house of one of the most valued members of her household, with whom was staying an aged relative, whom the princess had known for many years. This lady, being at present badly crippled by rheumatism, apologized to the princess, saying: "I hope you will excuse me, ma'am; I can't curtsey, but may I kiss your hand?" "No, indeed," was the gracious princess' answer. "You shall do that. I will kiss your hand." And so, in very deed, she did.

Princess Charlotte and Princess Victoria, sisters of the kaiser, recently participated in an occurrence which is reflection on the airs assumed by some of the German nobility. Not long ago a servant in livery entered a local station and asked to have a compartment in the next train to Berlin reserved for two princesses. When the train came all the compartments were occupied. In one there was only a French woman, who was requested by the guard to vacate the premises. This lady, however, stood on her rights and declined to budge. The augus. pair, hearing of the trouble, came up and cried: "What's all this fuss about? Why, there's room enough here for half a dozen," and got in forthwith.

George Selwyn had a strange passion for seeing dead bodies, especially those of his friends. He would go any distance to gratify this pursuit. Lord Holland was laid up very ill at Holland house shortly before his death. George Selwyn sent to ask how he was and whether he would like to see him. "Oh, by no means!" Lord Holland answered. "If I'm alive tomorrow I shall be delighted to see George and I know that if I am dead he will be delighted to see me."

#### Positive He Didn't Have Them.

In a certain Kentucky district in which a company of volunteers was enlisted for the recent war with Spain, says Lippincott's Magazine, military genius was somewhat intimately associated with whisky drinking. In this neighborhood Lincoln's reply to the female society that objected formally to Grant because he was said to drink is still quoted with great gusto. "And, sah," Colonel Hardin, of Lexington, still says triumphantly, "dogged if ole Lincoln didn't write back to know what brand of whisky Grant drank, as he would like to send a jug of it to some other generals, sah." So it happened that Captain Clay, in command of the new company, frequently crooked his elbow in the good old Kentucky fashion. While the company was encamped at Greenville a few weeks ago some charitable ladies of Philadelphia, organized for Red Cross work, forwarded the company a box of pajamas for the sick soldiers. Not hearing from them, in due time the secretary telegraphed the captain of the company, "We are anxious to know if you got the pajamas last week?" This telegram was brought to Captain Clay as he was cooling his brain with wet towels after a hard engagement with the officers of a Georgia company on the night before. Great was his indignation, and he hastily dispatched his orderly to the telegraph office with his reply: "There is not a word of truth in the story. Must have been started by my political enemies. I acknowledge I am not a total abstainer, but did not have the pajamas last week or any other time."

#### Enviseos Not Modish.

The latest fad among those who can afford to be faddish is the disuse of the envelope in correspondence. We have gone back to the old days, when red wafers and sealing-wax were all that custom demanded or knew. Modern fashion has produced wafers and wax to match paper—heliotrope, robin's egg blue, cerulean, lilac, fawn or cream.

Large sheets are used for letters, a smaller size for notes and invitations. When you receive a letter sent with its envelope do not eat and slash as you have been accustomed to do, but remove the wafers, break the seal and the writing will greet your eye untoned.

#### The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I want to be an angel and with the angels stand," when the teacher, observing that one of the boys had not contributed his voice to swell the sacred refrain, said:

"And you want to be an angel, too, don't you, Johnny?"

"Yess'm," answered Johnny, "but not right away. I'd rather be a baseball player a good deal first."

#### KISSED INGERSOLL TO SILENCE.

How the Colonel Once Interrupted a Political Audience in Chicago.

The sudden death of Robert G. Ingersoll recalls the prominent position he always occupied at Republican national conventions and the eloquent speeches he made at those assemblies. Ingersoll was always in demand to make nominating or political speeches, but on account of his agnostic views no party ever dared to nominate him for office. Only once did Ingersoll ever face an audience that compelled him to stop his speech. It happened at the Republican national convention at Chicago in 1888. The convention was meeting in the Auditorium building, which was not then completed, but had been fitted up for the occasion.

The convention had been in session a day or so and the great contest for the nomination was on. Alison, Blaine, Harrison, Gresham and a dozen more prominent Republicans were all in the field. The balloting had continued through several sessions and finally on Saturday night it was decided to take but one ballot and adjourn. This was done, but instead of leaving the great convention hall the delegates and audience remained seated and resolved themselves into a mass meeting.

It was understood before the speech began that none of the speakers was to make any reference to the candidates for nomination by the convention, and at the early speakers kept to this understanding. Finally there were calls for Ingersoll and the great orator, who was on the platform, was introduced to the convention. "Bob" had a great speech ready and started in to make it with his usual eloquence. But he had hardly got started before he began an elaborate eulogy of one man and then said: "This is Walter Q. Gresham. Instantly a storm of hisses came from the crowd in the Auditorium, and although the Illinois people tried to drown them with applause, the shouts and hisses of disapproval increased and Ingersoll stood dumbfounded on the platform. My seat in the press section was within a few feet of the speaker and I never saw a man so rattled and overcome. His big, round face and bald head grew red with indignation and as the hisses increased the blood seemed to rush faster to his face until his head seemed almost purple. In vain did he try to quell the noise by raising his hand, but it only increased. He stopped and looked around at the gentlemen on the platform back of him and then started to speak again. This was only a signal for a renewed hissing.

One by one the delegations began to leave their seats on the floor of the convention, and this seemed to add to Ingersoll's embarrassing position. He made the final effort to continue his speech, but by this time the uproar was so great that he was obliged to retire. The result was that there were no more speeches that night. It was always claimed by Mr. Ingersoll that he never intended to make his speech a eulogy of Mr. Gresham, but that he intended to speak of all the candidates, but unluckily mentioned Gresham's name first. It was not so much that Mr. Ingersoll had praised Mr. Gresham that angered the audience, but the fact that he had violated the distinct understanding that the speakers on that occasion were not to mention any of the candidates or praise them individually.

#### First Camp-Meeting in America.

The effect of the McGee Brothers' preaching—especially of John McGee—at a Presbyterian quarterly meeting on the banks of Red river, in Kentucky, was so startling, and seemed so clearly to indicate that was the result of Divine agency or some mysterious force possessed by the preacher, that the news of the occurrence spread rapidly in all directions throughout that part of the state, and attracted unbound interest," writes Clifford Howard in the July Ladies Home Journal. "If it did not at once awaken a responsive religious feeling, it at least excited curiosity, and when it was learned that the McGee Brothers were to hold a meeting at Russellville, Kentucky, a newly settled town in Logan County, near the Muddy river, persons from all parts of the adjoining country, irrespective of their religious beliefs or church allegiance, prepared to attend. It soon became evident that the four walls of a county meeting-house would not suffice to hold the large numbers that were making ready to go to Russellville. The problem thus presented was solved by determining to hold the meeting in the open air. Those coming from a distance were prepared to camp; it would be no hardship to them to remain out of doors. The recent experience at Red River had proved this. It was not expected by those who were coming that the lodgings accommodations at the village of Russellville would be sufficient by any means. Why, therefore, attempt to house the people? Prepare a camping ground, and let the meeting be a 'camp' meeting. This, then, was the origin of camp-meetings; and the first held in America was held on the banks of the Muddy River, near Russellville, Ky., in the month of August, 1799—one hundred years ago. Not that religious worship had never been held in the open air, but the special feature of camping out and the nature of the services made the camp-meeting a distinctive institution, and characterized this particular gathering on the Muddy River as the first of its kind."

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#### Common Mistakes.

It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak, and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

"I am sorry to say," said Wind-split Adolphus Wierry, the tragedian, "that Shakespeare has become a back number."

"Well, I would take all the blame on my shoulders, if I were you," said the caustic critic, consolingly.

"Filipinos aren't worth \$2 a head," said the man with the repeating style of mind.

"Yes," answered the optimist; "but I hope for a time when some of their real estate is worth more than that a foot."

#### QUEENS WERE SO DOWD.

How Charles Francis Adams Engaged Refreshing Sips at Antietam and Gettysburg.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams, during one of his public addresses, indulged in some reminiscences of the civil war and told how he was lulled to sleep by the roar of battle. He said:

"It was my fortune at one period to participate in a number of battles, among them none more famous or more fiercely contested than Antietam and Gettysburg. The mere utterance of those names stir the imagination—visions arise at once of attack, repulse, hairbreadth escapes, carnage and breathless suspense. There was indeed on those occasions enough and to spare of all these, but not, as it chanced, in my particular case. Some here will doubtless remember that English fox hunting squire who has gained for himself a sort of immortality by following his hounds over Nareby's fields, I think it was, while that epoch-making battle was going on. More yet will recall that plowman, twice referred to as dramatically Zola, intent upon his uninterrupted day's work near Sedan when a dynasty was reeling to its fall.

"So my abiding recollection as a participant in both Antietam and Gettysburg is not of the fierce agony of battle at its height, but the enjoyment of two exceedingly refreshing naps. As a statement this, I am aware, is calculated to startle rather than to excite admiration but to the historian truth is sacred, and the truth is—as I have said. Neither does the statement imply in any exceptional nerve or indifference to danger on my part. I make no claim to anything of the sort. It happened in this wise: In the campaigns of both Antietam and Gettysburg I was an officer in a regiment of cavalry, a mere subordinate, responsible only for obedience to orders.

"At Antietam, in the height of the engagement, the division to which my regiment belonged was hurried across the narrow stone bridge at the point where the little narrow river intersects the Sharpsburg road and deployed on its farther side. We were then directly in front of Fife John Porter's corps and between it and the Confederate line, covering Sharpsburg. A furious artillery duel was going on to and fro above our heads between the batteries of Porter's command and those of the enemy, we being down in the valley of the river; they on the higher ground. The Confederate batteries we could not see, nor could they see us. When we first deployed on the farther side of Antietam creek, it seemed as if we were doomed—so deafening was the discharge of artillery on either side and so incessant the hurling of projectiles as they passed both ways over us. Every instant, too, we expected to be ordered to advance on the Confederate batteries.

"The situation was unmistakably trying. But no orders came, and no one was hurt. By degrees it grew monotonous. Presently to relieve our tired horses we were ordered to dismount, and, without breaking ranks, we officers sat down on the sloping hillside. No one was being struck. I was very tired. The noise was deafening. Gradually it had on me a lulling effect, and so I dropped quietly asleep—asleep in the height of battle and between the contending armories. They woke me up presently to look after my horse, which was grazing somewhat wide, and, after a time, we were withdrawn and sent elsewhere. I believe that day our regiment did not lose a man, scarcely a horse. Such is my recollection of that veritable charnel