

CORONATION OMENS.

UNLUCKY INCIDENTS AT THE CROWNING OF KINGS.

Historical Reminiscences of Happenings Considered Unlucky at Coronation of Monarchs.

London Mail: "What is the finest sight in the world?" said Horace Walpole. "A coronation. What do people most talk about? A coronation. What is the thing most delightful to have passed? A coronation."

These words are an accurate indication of the close scrutiny which is cast by the public eye upon this great historical event. It arouses, therefore, but little surprise to learn that even the tiniest incidents on this great occasion have been remarked and noted down by the curious; while a value altogether disproportionate has been not infrequently assigned to them.

Naturally this was proved to be the case in a very marked manner at the coronation of sovereigns whose reigns have subsequently been clouded with disaster and failure; or, perhaps, terminated in a violent and untimely end. There was the well-known scene at the deathbed of Edward the Confessor, their way into the king's bed chamber and demanded the name of his successor. "Ye know full well," replied the dy-

had pledged "his ain body and soul" for the safety of the young Duke of York, now lying, with his brother, this victim of a foul crime.

The melancholy story of the two last-named reigns need not be dwelt upon here, nor yet the five brief unhappy years during which Queen Mary ruled terribly evil omen for the cause of Protestantism was remarked. Mary, so runs the tale, absolutely declined to be seated in the same chair as that which Edward VI. had occupied. Hence it became necessary to provide a substitute for this ancient throne of the land.

Needless to say the new one was carefully blessed and sanctified by his holiness the pope ere the queen ventured to trust herself upon it. Once more, it is curious to note that during the act of homage the nobles one and all "held both their hands together, in manner of lamenting."

The Stuart dynasty, too, displays a bountiful crop of evil omens. Take the coronation of James II. for instance. Even in the preliminary preparations for that ceremony a curious lack of reverence for past traditions is shown, together with a determination to ride rough-shod over popular opposition. To begin with, the actual service was mangled almost beyond recognition. The reason alleged was the necessity for curtailing the extreme length of the proceedings.

In reality, the omission of the communion and other prominent features of the rite was entirely due to a desire to refrain from outraging the papal

UNCLE BILL

MND

The Editor



"US FELLOWS came in at Shake Rag O'Fallon down in and gave the have become plutocrats now," said Uncle Bill, as he and editor his usual weekly run-up.

"Why plutocrats?" asked the editor, doubtfully.

"It's not plutocracy, pure and simple," remarked O'Fallon, "but in a small way. We be's bondholders in th' Shake Rag and Shoe Fly Interurban Suburban Electric railway, and phwile we be's bloated bondholders, there'll be no necessity fer t' tap us, because phwile, we be's just after being' tapped, as th' shoemaker said t' th' old shoe. We paid our money for th' privilege ay roidin' by electricity, and in order that th' cars may be kept a-goin' we pays agin whin we ride."

"Oh, well, me an' O'Fallon is goin' ter be the hull gosh darn push," spoke up Uncle Bill.

"There be's no pushin' needed," interrupted O'Fallon. "All yez have t' do is ring a bell and give the crank a twist, and off yez go t' bate th' divil out ay fall."

"Who are going to run the cars?" asked the editor.

"Sure th' electricity be's goin' t' run thim. Didn't we just tell you?" said O'Fallon.

"I'm goin' ter be the moterman," proudly asserted Uncle Bill. "I went into the city ter learn how the dumb thing works, an' I'm purty tolerable well posted. They put me on a car what had a pilot on ter show me how ter turn the electricity on an' off. Well, we started off an' in 'bout a half hour we fetched up right where we started. That made me feel sort uv cheap, 'cause when a feller gets lost he generally fetches up right where he started from. I asked the pilot feller if he had a compass. He said 'no.' Then I said, 'you wait here until I go git a compass, an' we'll take the durn thing out, 'thout gittin' lost.' An' then everybody laughed, and the pilot feller said, 'Lost? No one is lost, ole man; we've been 'round the loop.' Gosh whizz, what do yer think ay that? I thought we had ter go somewhere an' then came back, but instead uv that we just kept goin' and got back, anyhow. Well, the sum uv it was I learned how to run the car, and now I'm a terror ter all the chickens an' dogs in the neighborhood since I've got ter be a moterman."

"He have eggs in his head since he bought shares in th' trolley line," said O'Fallon.

"Wall," replied Uncle Bill, "I ain't afraid uv 'em hatchin' out."

"Anny wan that wants a compass t' run a street car have his head so full ay eggs that he needs a cold storage instead ay a compass. Sure, yez be worse than Clancy, fer his head wouldn't hold mush widout it makin' a hoe cake. He be's so hot-headed," said O'Fallon, who seemed to take delight in trying to get Uncle Bill rattled.

"Oh, I hain't much alarmed 'bout the heat in my head," said Uncle Bill. "But yer ought to have seen O'Fallon the first day he was conductor on the trolley car. He would walk ahead a little ways ahead every time I'd stop the car, jest to show people how much like a railroad man he was a-gittin on, an' he can put on more dog over a little position like that than any Irish feller yer ever see, an' that 's sayin' a hull lot. But I shook some uv the dog out uv him yesterday."

"How was that?" asked the editor.

"I landed him in a sand bank 'longside of the road. Yer see he went ahead as usual an' it was down grade there, so I turned the crank good an' strong an' off we started like a shot out uv a blow pipe. O'Fallon made a grab for the car an' caught hold uv the rail uv the car, but he couldn't git next to it with his feet, an' there we went with a wild Irishman in the air, an'—"

"Hold on," interrupted O'Fallon. "O'll tell yez all about it. O' had me hault ay th' car wid me two hands, but My Feet Slipped and There O' Was. Me feet slipped and there O' was, and as presiding officer, I yelled fer Uncle Bill t' stop th' car until me feet could catch up wid it; but divil a stop would he stop, and there O' hung wid me feet cracking together every toime we'd turn a curve and whin O' went t' split on me hands, O' lost me hault and was deposited be th' car head first in a sand bank; and begorra, O' couldn't check meself out."

"Yes," said Uncle Bill, "I went an' drew him out uv the bank, an' made him a present uv himself. I ain't supposed ter stop the car unless the bell rings from the conductor."

"How th' divil could O' ring th' bell whin O' couldn't rache th' rope?" retorted O'Fallon.

"Wall, we cum up town ter day ter find out 'bout it, but I know that I'm right," argued Uncle Bill.

"What has become of the trolley car today?" asked the editor.

"We hitched it ter a tree out here 'bout two miles, an' if it don't get scared an' run off by itself, we will find it there when we git this point settled," said Uncle Bill.

"Yes," remarked O'Fallon, "Uncle Bill wanted t' blanket it t' kape th' flies from biting it out there be th' bonnie basal brush." And at that O'Fallon clicked a couple of nickles together and they started for the corner with a parched countenance.

Cigar Baker

PROGRESS OF MEXICO.

Progressive Condition of the Country on Our Southern Border.

Forum: Under the leadership of the veteran president they form a powerful,

well-organized party within which personal ambitions are loyally subordinated to public ends; and the eventual successor to President Diaz is already practically determined upon, so that the fear sometimes expressed lest upon the death of that great ruler the country should be in danger of a revolution has no reasonable foundation in fact.

With respect to the security of titles and the protection of life and property, Mexico at present leaves little to be desired. Moreover, conservative business methods are being adopted, and men of the soundest financial standing are beginning to interest themselves extensively in Mexican industry. Enough experience has been gathered so that the investor may avoid costly mistakes, while the avenues to great success in the exploitation of the natural wealth of Mexico have not yet been closed, and the most tempting opportunities remain.

It is therefore reasonable to expect that the next decade will witness unusual progress in Mexican industrial life. In mining, systematic methods of prospecting and surveying have been employed; water power is being investigated and developed; and the railway system of the country is receiving important additions, opening up promising regions that were hitherto almost inaccessible, and thus giving an impetus to the development of the rich agricultural lands of southern Mexico. Indications of progress along these lines are afforded by the formation of large prospecting companies, backed by the most conservative American and European capital; by the establishment of the great water-power plants of Mexico City and Orizaba; by the opening of scores of tropical plantations, and by the movement of railway consolidation and construction now in progress. Thus the National and international railways are to be united so as to form a single broad-gauge line between the northern boundary and the City of Mexico; while the railway known as the "Mason line" will connect the Mexican systems with the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and open up the way to the Central American republics.

STYLISH SPRING COSTUMES. FEATURES IN TAILOR-MADES. Gown of Fancy Suiting and White Moire.

The material for this handsome street costume is a fancy suiting, but it will also be quite chic if developed of smooth finished cloth. Some of the newest features in tailor-mades, the basque or skirt, as well as the broad shoulder effect are combined in this smart gown. The long rolling collar and the straps over the shoulder and around the bottom of the skirt are of moire. The revers and the extension vest are of white moire stitched with several rows of Corticelli silk; small buttons are set down the center of the

Buttons and Buttons.

The Paris Musee de l'Armees has recently received a most interesting and novel present in the shape of a unique collection of buttons, selected from the many varieties of uniforms which have been used from the days of the first republic till now. The collection numbers 800, many of which are extremely rare, and was bought from the owner for the nation by a generous donor, who calls himself "Sabretache."

TO INVITE PRINCE

Lord BRASSEY

For who will present formal invitation from New York Chamber of Commerce to prospective royal visitor to the United States.

PRINCE CHING

The son of the distinguished president of China's council of foreign affairs has been selected to represent the Celestial empire on this august occasion and will take with him a large suite, comprised of Chinamen of rank, to honor English King's accession.

numerous family. The emperor himself has been constantly under the influence of white men and is semi-civilized and fairly well educated, but those who have visited his capital say that his attendants are virtually savages and have not the slightest conception of any other way of life than that which obtains in Abyssinia. It is remembered that the British authorities found themselves under the painful necessity of setting a close guard of armed soldiers over the quarters of the followers of the ameer of Afghanistan, in order to repress their pleasant little Afghan habits of wandering into the streets of London to do as they pleased with the property and persons of the scandalized British subjects, and the Afghans are said to be mild in comparison to the Abyssinians.

As a reigning sovereign Emperor Menelik will be entitled to the most ceremonious reception which this country can offer. The welcomes and entertainments accorded to the Prince of Wales, to the Duke of Veragua and to Prince Henry of Prussia will have to be eclipsed by those given to the Emperor of Abyssinia, if the requirements of ceremonious etiquette are fulfilled. The fact that Menelik prefers butter to soap as a toilet adjunct and always eats his meat raw makes no difference whatever. International courtesy demands that the emperor shall be received with the same honors that would be bestowed upon the most cultivated European potentate.

Then there will be the matter of Mrs. Menelik. There is but one such, officially, but actually there are several, and the emperor of Abyssinia is quite as likely to bring some of the several as to fetch along his recognized empress, Taitu, Menelik, like all the Abyssinians, regards womanfolk merely as beasts of burden. At Menelik's capital Addis Ababa, if you lack wood you order it by the woman-load. The fair sex are expected not merely to be bearers of wood and drawers of water, but to do all the hard work of daily life as well. It is therefore not to be wondered at that the Abyssinian women do not regard the marriage condition with delight. Indeed, marriage is so unpopular with the women of Abyssinia that they will only consent to it when physical force is actually used. The small and Abyssinian husbands always carry a whip during the first fortnight of their honeymoon to keep their wives in order. It is a cruel looking instrument, studded with steel on the handle and fitted with a long strap of hippopotamus hide.

The strange things about Abyssinian women is that, in spite of all the hard work put upon them, they are by no means bad looking, a thing which Americans will be able to see for themselves when Menelik arrives with his train. Like the men, they do not over-

burden themselves with clothes, but they wear every bit of jewelry they can lay their hands upon, whether of silver or brass or glass. They take special pride in the arrangement of their hair, which is dressed in a very remarkable way. The process of hair dressing is a long one, each lock being separated by a pin, elaborately plaited, steeped in melted butter and then plaited down firmly against the skull. When finished it looks like a number of glossy black ridges carved upon the top of the head, leaving wide valleys of skin between each ridge.

Though her features are comely, travelers in Abyssinia say that the average woman of that country is not at all the sort of person one would care to choose as a companion. For one thing, she never washes herself in all her life, the butter on her hair grows rancid and emits a peculiarly pungent odor, which affronts the nostrils when you pass her on the street, and in her own country wherever she goes she carries with her a large black cluster

of flies congregated on her back.

Whatever may be the shortcomings and omissions of the emperor of Abyssinia in matters of civilized etiquette, there is one virtue he possesses which will attract to him every faithful heart in the West. He is absolutely sound on the silver question. He is for 16 to 1 to the very backbone. No one exactly knows how he contracted the William J. Bryan habit, but here is the short and thrilling history of his experiment in 16 to 1 coinage in East Africa:

Menelik started coining dollars with his own image and superscription upon them, and they circulate equally with the trade dollars at his capital of Addis Ababa, but are little known elsewhere and suffer painful discount at the coast. He has also issued divisionary silver money, the smallest being a piastre, of the same size and reputed value as the two anna piece, which Indian merchants have installed at Harrar, a town nearer the coast than the capital.

One of the last persons to see Menelik, Herbert Vivian, says of him: "His face is not so much marked with small-pox as I had been led to expect. He is darker than the average Abyssinian, but his features are not those of a negro. His mouth, however, is quite negroid, and his thick lips wear an incessant grin displaying large, very white teeth set loosely together. His small brown eyes wore an expression of fatigue, and what should be the whites of them were yellow. His forehead is narrow, but the upper part of his face appears to have much character and kindness. His beard and whiskers are very close and curly and inclined to be gray. His voice is soft and rather oily, without any vestige of the usual Abyssinian squeak. He speaks very deliberately, showing his teeth and tongue and wagging his head a good deal. He makes no gesticulations with his hands, except that he sometimes puts his finger tips together. On the whole, I should describe him as a rather ecclesiastical manner."

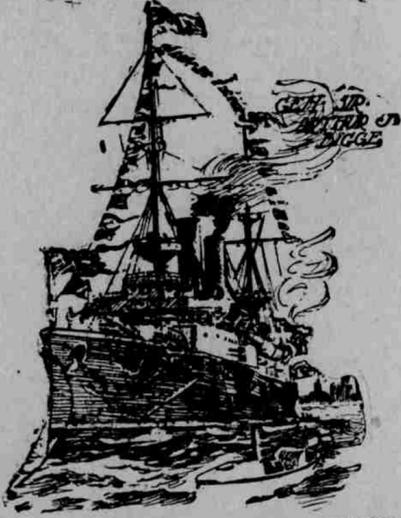
Abyssinia is not much of a country for natural productions and its trade is of little importance. Under wise management it is believed that the country could be developed very much and this is probably one of the reasons why France, Russia and England all maintain diplomatic relations with the emperor of Abyssinia and quarrel with each other for his favor. The country lies in northeast Africa, being shut in on one side by Egypt and on the others by the possessions of Italy, Britain and France. The country has no seacoast.

A Master.

Detroit Free Press: "Is he a master of English?"

"Yes, to judge by the liburians he takes."

BATTLESHIP MAY BRING PRINCE.



H.M.S. THE PRINCE OF WALES LATEST TYPE OF BRITISH BATTLESHIP

Although King Edward VII may not sanction an official visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States, it is yet probable that his Royal Highness may visit here in a semi-official way during the coming summer on the warship which has been named after the heir apparent.

ing monarch, "that I have bequeathed my kingdom to the Duke of Normandy, and are there not those here whose oaths have been given to secure his succession?"

Dissatisfied with this answer, the earl proceeded to repeat the question in still more peremptory terms. "Harold, take it, if such be thy wish," was the reply, "but the gift will be thy ruin. Against the duke and his baronage no power can avail thee." A few more moments and the king had passed away. Harold was hastily crowned, and before that year had been gathered to its rest he himself was lying in a blood-stained corpse, beneath a heap of Saxon slain, upon Senlac field.

Another 70 years and the troubled reign of Stephen commenced. From the very first this reign was marked with events which augured ill for the new sovereign. The usual kiss of peace was forgotten; the host bestowed at the celebration disappeared in some strange and unaccountable manner. The archbishop, William de Corbeuil, who but a short time previous had solemnly pledged his word to uphold Queen Maude, and was now deliberately breaking it by crowning the king, died within the year, while the great officers of church and state who had taken part in the ceremony all came to some wretched and miserable end.

The coronation of Edward II. was a scene of desperate confusion. Archbishop Winchelsey was unable to officiate, owing to the breakdown of health and his absence at Rome. He accordingly named a commission, consisting of three prelates, to act in his behalf. One of these, Thomas Woodcock, bishop of Winchester, was actually intrusted with the duty of crowning Edward with the fact that he had deliberately played the traitor to the great sovereign who had just passed away.

Another incident which jarred upon the affection felt by the nation for Edward I. was the elevation of Piers Gaveston, the royal favorite, who had been excluded from the court, to a position superior to that of any of the great magnates of the realm. The arrangements, which Gaveston had superintended, were of the crudest description, with the result that the "hallowing" of the king and queen was not completed until 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

When at length the hungry and weary nobles sat down to the coronation banquet the confusion displayed in the hall seemed to rival that of the abbey, for the food was execrably cooked and the whole thing was ill served to a degree.

Richard III. endeavored to throw dust in the eyes of his subjects by a great display of magnificence.

Still, it was hardly to be expected that the murderer of his own flesh and blood, so to speak, should receive the warmest of welcomes. For the first time it was felt to be necessary to surround the king's person with a body of 4,000 gentlemen, who were recruited from the north. The abbots and other members of the convent met the king, as usual, at the door of the abbey, but with heavy hearts, for, according to tradition, they say to Down with a

sympathies of the king. Once more, the time-honored procession from the Tower through the city to Westminster was abandoned on the ground of expense. This cause did not, however, prevent James from expending over a hundred thousand pounds on the adornment of his queen.

VOCABULARY OF POKER.

Literate and Illiterate Contributions to Its Enlargement.

Philadelphia Telegraph: A coterie of poker players meet semi-occasionally at one of the smaller uptown clubs and play the great American game with all the zest that Mrs. Battle used to put into whist. Once in a while a stranger is admitted on the strength of an introduction by one of the poker crowd. The limit is small, but the game is often quite lively for all that. Strangers are welcomed more for the variety of the thing than for the amount of money which their advent causes to change hands, but especially for the way in which they enrich the vocabulary of the game.

One night last week two men were introduced who were types—the one, a college man who in early life had studied theology; the other, one who had worked his way up with the advantage of only one winter's schooling. Both lost steadily from the start for an hour, and even with a small limit one can lose a good deal in an hour at poker. Luck turned for the college man, and in ten minutes he had captured three big "pots," and at the end of a quarter of an hour was playing "on velvet." With a smile he remarked as he raked in the chips after a big "jack."

"I knew there was balm in Gilead for me,"

Luck was still against the other stranger, but just when he had begun to think that it wasn't his night for winning his luck turned, too, and things began to come his way. When his pile of chips was big enough to make the banker weary he, said:

"There's a barn in Guilford for me, too!"

Ancient City in Mexico.

Leopold Batres, conservator of archaeological monuments in Mexico, has exhumed an ancient city of the Zapotecs in the state of Oaxaca. In its center is a grand plaza, and rising to the north of the plaza are terraces, on which are founded two great temples, while in the center of the plaza itself are two massive mausoleums in which the priests of the temples were buried. On opposite sides of the public square there are also 13 smaller shrines, six on either hand, all supported by heavy columns of basalt covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions in bas-relief. In the temples the history of the people was found inscribed, in the language of the Zapotecs, upon 80 tablets of stone. So much of the surprisingly rare historical import has already been found that Mr. Batres will ask the government for more men to be put at the work of excavating and restoring the buildings of the long-buried city.

The building over of a barterian has a while in prospect, as by a job of the same name was ordered other