

# TIMBER KING WALKER.

MULTIMILLIONAIRE OF WHOM LITTLE IS KNOWN.

Could Become One of World's Richest Men by Forming Lumber Trust Which He Opposes—Proud of His Five Sons.

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I have no respect for men whose sole object is gain and control over other men for their own personal aggrandizement. Such a purpose in life is false, and contempt is its just due. I shall, if possible, make such an arrangement as will forever prevent the lands which I now own from passing into the control of those who might abuse them or the people who require their products."

"This is the remarkable utterance of a man whose wealth is estimated at at least \$40,000,000, and who, though inconspicuous, ranks among the nation's richest captains of industry. By the single stroke of his pen, Thomas Barlow Walker, who owns more timber land than any other man in the country, might stack his millions in equal numbers with those of John D. Rockefeller or Andrew Carnegie.

Like all men of vast wealth estimates of Mr. Walker's wealth vary. Some place it as high as \$100,000,000, but \$40,000,000 is a very conservative estimate.

In an interview at his home, in this city, the timber king discussed the great economic question of the day and explained his own position. Despite his enormous wealth he is little known outside of his immediate business and home circles.

In lumber circles the unsolved question has been why a lumber trust was not formed along the lines of other big industrial corporations. In an interview Mr. Walker gave the answer, for the first time publicly. He said:

"As long as I live there will never be a timber trust if I can prevent it. I have been approached repeatedly to head a combination that would control practically all the lumber supply of the United States and Canada. I have as often positively refused to even consider the proposition."

Mr. Walker is the largest individual owner of timber beyond question. When asked about his five sons and their association with his enterprises, a great pride shone in his eyes.

"Yes, the boys run the business now. As they returned home from school they entered into my business with me, and to-day they understand it so thoroughly that I really believe I am no longer necessary to its continued success."

Each son manages departments that in themselves singly constitute vast business enterprises such as many millioned men would view with envy.

Fletcher L. has entire management of the great Minnesota timber tracts and lumber mills. Clinton has absolute charge of the California timber tract. Very little development work has been done there yet, and a herculean task confronts him.

Gilbert M. spent many years on Minnesota timber tracts and finally assisted his father in an advantageous sale to a competing concern.

Willis J. conducts his father's personal affairs and manages the finances. Archie Dean manages the Walker real estate interests. Millions of dollars are invested in Minneapolis realty alone. Archie had no fixed name until at six he was allowed to choose it for himself.

"Here is my favorite corner," he said, as we passed through his library,



THOMAS B. WALKER. (Timber King Who is Strongly Opposed to a Lumber Trust.)

indicating a case in which the volumes were more worn than the rest.

"What is the general theme?" "Sociology. I love the study of political, religious and industrial problems the world over. I can never tell which affords me the greatest pleasure and interest—these old volumes or my pictures."

Mr. Walker opened his great gallery to the public several years ago. There are no closed days and no admission was ever charged. Even catalogues are furnished visitors free.

His home, built years ago, is simple and comparatively small. Its associations are dearer to him than a gilded palace. Many comfortable benches are placed in the edge of the lawn, and here the people are welcome to come and sit beneath the shade. While his charitable and philanthropic work is done quietly it is extensive, and he is the loyal supporter of certain institutions in his city.

## WEARIED SOLOMON

SLEPT PEACEFULLY ON WHILE COUNSEL QUARRELED.

Both Defendant and Plaintiff Were Afraid to Waken Him Because of Possible Effect.

There is a law office on Wall street which is most luxuriously fitted up, even to velvet divans, sofa cushions and other things calculated to produce a rich and restful effect. The occupant of this office is an elderly man, and because of his long practice and high standing as a lawyer he is frequently appointed referee in those cases which, because of the overcrowded court calendar, are tried out of court.

He had one case before him one afternoon which was very dry, uninteresting and technical, and in which the opposing lawyers made long and windy arguments. At the beginning of the argument the referee, knowing that it was apt to be a lengthy one, stretched himself out in a semi-reclining position on the velvet couch and nodded his head occasionally when arguments seemed to be especially addressed to him.

When the attorney for the plaintiff had finished, the attorney for the defendant arose and began to speak. His argument was of such a bitter and caustic character that his opponent was quickly on his feet answering back. Finally they got themselves into such a tangle that nothing but a decision of the referee could straighten them out.

"Your honor," began the attorney for the plaintiff, "I ask for an adjournment, on the ground that—"

"G-r-r-r-h," gurgled through the referee's mouth and nose, while the astonished attorney sat down and discreetly coughed.

The attorney for the defendant smiled. "His honor is resting himself; he is an old man," he said.

"Er-hem!" coughed the plaintiff's attorney again, but the unmistakable



"G-r-r-r-h," Gurgled Through the Referee's Mouth and Nose.

sounds of snoring gurgled, rumbled and exploded from the velvet couch, while the eyelids of the referee rested peacefully on his tired eyes.

"You wake him up," suggested the plaintiff's attorney to the defendant's attorney.

"Not much. I don't know how he is when he wakes up. If he is cross and realizes that it was I who awakened him he may decide against me. You wake him up."

But the attorney for the plaintiff also declined the task, as the same damage obviously would threaten him.

There was nothing for them to do but wait for the referee to wake up. And they waited. An hour passed. Everybody grew more and more restless, remembered other engagements and stole out to the telephone to break them.

The referee's partner had gone for the day. No one else dared waken him, the stenographer informed the attorneys. A peace and quiet like that of a country churchyard settled down upon that section of Wall street on that particular day. No one was moving a safe, no newsboy wandered up and down the street shouting "Wuxtra!" All the working men on the building being erected next door seemed to have quit. No sound, in fact, disturbed the general and unwanted calm until the attorney for the plaintiff, looking at his watch and then glancing at the clock to verify his watch, exclaimed:

"Good heavens! Five o'clock." There was a cessation of the gurgling sounds from the couch and the referee sat up. His face was flushed and he looked about the room in some confusion. Then his gaze encountered the clock. Instantly he frowned.

"Come, come, gentlemen," he said. "I told you we couldn't go on after 4:30 to-day. It is now five. This case is adjourned until a week from to-day, same time and place."

Memory Bells. Memory bells are toys given to the Japanese youths to their sweethearts. They are constructed of slips of glass so delicately poised that the least vibration sets them jingling. The delicate tinkling serves to remind the owner of the giver; hence the pretty, fanciful name.

Hidden Treasure of Cromwell's Time. The ruins of Bradley Old Hall, near Ashbourne, are to be thoroughly explored with a view to finding hidden treasure.

The story goes that a quantity of treasure was concealed in the cellars when the hall was destroyed in the time of Cromwell, and that the fact was made known to Prince Charles Edward when he was in Derbyshire in 1745 by a Scottish minister who was then in charge of Bradley church. A detachment of Highlanders came from Derby to secure the booty, but the Bradley folks have always maintained that all the valuables were not removed. The hall was formerly the residence of the Meynells—London Standard.

Insult to Injury. Dentist.—You know that more than three months ago I supplied Baron von Halstein with a full set of teeth? Well, I went the other day to collect the money which he owed me for them, and not only did he refuse to pay me, but he had the effrontery to gnash at me with his teeth.—Flegende Blätter.

## BIDDENDON CAKES.

They Are Given to the Poor on Easter Morning.

Long years ago, nearly a thousand, if the chroniclers speak the truth, there lived in Biddendon, England, twin sisters with charitable hearts, who left in their wills a sum of money to be used for buying bread to give to the poor on Easter morning. For several hundred years plain loaves were distributed. At last, the exact date cannot be given, some one devised the



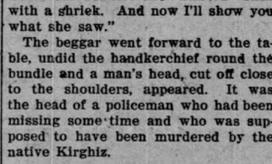
Biddendon cake, which was made after the design of the illustration given. In this the sisters were joined somewhat after the fashion of the Siamese twins. By this time they had earned rays about the head, and would have been canonized had they been Romanists. The date 1100 and their age, 34 years, were stamped on the cakes, which were distributed from the church steeple by the rector. Of late years this strange proceeding drew so many curiosity seekers that the present rector gave up the practice.

A Growsome Package. An extraordinary story comes from Tomsk, Siberia. A peasant from the country appeared in the police station carrying a bundle which he carefully deposited on the table before the chief.

"I am a poor man," he said, "and when I come to Tomsk I beg for my food. To-night I went to vendors and when I left the church I began to beg. Two men whom I did not know approached, and asked if I would not have some meat as alms. I was most grateful and accepted this bundle. In the dark I thought it was a sheep's head. When I got home to the place where I lodge I gave it to my landlady to cook for us. It makes splendid soup, sheep's head does. When she undid the bundle she started back with a shriek. And now I'll show you what she saw."

The beggar went forward to the table, undid the handkerchief round the bundle and a man's head, cut off close to the shoulders, appeared. It was the head of a policeman who had been missing some time and who was supposed to have been murdered by the native Kirghiz.

Malay Ear Ornaments. The ear ornaments which Malay women wear are made of massive silver, and are 12 centimeters long. They weigh at least one and one-half pounds, and sometimes two pounds. Once put on they are never taken off during the wearer's lifetime.



The Tallest Tree. The highest tree in the world, so far as has been ascertained, is an Australian gum tree of the species Eucalyptus regnans, which stands in the Cape Otway range. It is no less than 415 feet high. Gum-trees grow very fast. There is one in Florida which shot up 40 feet in four years, and another in Guatemala which grew 120 feet in 12 years. This corresponds to a rise of ten feet in a year, or nearly one foot per month.

Curious Bible Class. Probably the most curious Bible class in the west of England is that of deaf-mutes which meets near Chalford, Gloucestershire. All the members are deprived of their senses of hearing and speech and have to communicate and "talk" to each other by means of the deaf-mute alphabet.

J. Q. Adams' Cradle. The cradle bed of John Quincy Adams has historic interest for all Americans. It is preserved in the museum in Boston and is of the type common at the time Adams was born. It has a wooden box, with rockers and hood of the same material, giltless of decoration of any sort. Speaking of cradles, one is reminded that it is said that Francis D'Assisi invented the cradle for the purpose of making plain to the people of his time who could not read the picture of the Nativity. The mangerlike cradle used then containing the Christ child gave the ignorant folk an excellent idea of the conditions in Bethlehem on that wonderful Christmas night.

The Demon of Unrest. We are having the gospel of rest preached to us on every hand, we are told that we are galloping to destruction at our present rate, and yet we constantly accelerate the pace. It is useless to warn, useless to preach, useless to struggle against the tendency of the age. We are possessed for the time being by the demon of unrest. It has us in its power.—Lady Pictorial.

## THEY GOT THEIR DUE

TWO GOOD STORIES OF JUST RETRIBUTION.

Chauffeur of Senator Lost His Job and the Merchant Found the De-spoiled Clerk Got Back at Him.

A distinguished senator recently had an experience with the chauffeur which resulted in the man finding another place and caused the senator to take a reef in his regulations regarding the control of his automobile. The senator left town with his family, and during his absence his secretary alone was to have use of the auto.

He was not away long before the secretary wanted to use the machine, but he was told that for sundry reasons it could not be taken out. The auto developed various acute troubles, which arose without a moment's notice, and when one difficulty was overcome another appeared. He seldom was able to make any use of the big fellows, which was one of the big fellows that no one except an experienced chauffeur ever runs. The weeks passed by, and as, according to report, the machine was out of order, he practically gave up all attempts to go out in it.

Then a revelation came to him. He was in the habit of taking his luncheon at one of the leading hotels, in front of which there is always a long line of autos for hire. He had never noticed them particularly, but there one day he saw the familiar face of the chauffeur as he steered the machine to the curb with a party of five tourists whom he afterward learned had hired the auto at five dollars an hour. Making an investigation, he discovered that it had been the man's practice to go to the hotel daily and hold the machine for hire by the hour. In that way it was an easy matter for the chauffeur to make from \$10 to \$25 a day. His thriving business was brought to a close, and now the senator's auto is driven by another man.

He was a government clerk about six or seven years ago, and in those days of salary chasing and watching the clock he once betook himself into the establishment of a man who caters in his line to the "best people" of Washington. According to the story he told to a number of his friends the other evening, the owner of the establishment came in about the time he was examining some goods, and with a toss of his head let him know that he was not a "big enough man" to deal at his store. The clerk left the place rather warm, and the proprietor behind the counter felt somewhat elated to think that he had informed a government clerk that the value than any purchase he might be able to make. Fortune smiled upon the employe of the government, and about two years ago he found himself with a large income and an ideal abode. He had become affiliated with two of the well-known clubs of the city. One afternoon he happened to be at one of the clubs and saw the name of the merchant proposed for membership. In his own words, "I said something choice." Then he gathered himself together and "be-gan lining 'em up." The former clerk gained "converts" so fast that the man who proposed the merchant hastened away and told that gentleman in a few words that if his name went in for confirmation it would surely be blackballed. When he asked who was making the fight he was informed that it was the former clerk. "In other words," said the retailer, "I just gave him all that was coming to him, and a little bit more for good measure."

What Bryce Would Reform. Mr. James Bryce, the new ambassador to the United States from Great Britain, is not a reformer, but he says that should be at any time be inclined to embark upon a reform movement it would be in the direction of a revision of names for American and Canadian cities. He especially abhors duplications for the reason that they lead to confusion in the mails and telegraph. As an illustration he said that while in Canada recently he had occasion to write a number of dispatches to his government, and addressed them "London." The dispatches went to London, Ontario, Canada. Now he is convinced that there should be but one London in the world. Likewise he believes there should be but one Washington, and he was surprised to learn that there are a dozen states in this country that have Washingtons. A lover of Indian names, the ambassador is of the opinion that there is no occasion for duplication in the United States and Canada, for the Indians have provided an unlimited supply of rippling musical names that may be given to cities, rivers and other geographical points. The wisest thing the people of Toronto, Canada, ever did, said Mr. Bryce, was to adopt the present name of the city of York, by which the settlement was first called.

Many Washington Smiths. There are 13 pages of "Smiths" in the city directory, and Mr. William R. Smith, the genial superintendent of the government botanic gardens, in looking over that volume discovered that there are just eight men who wear the cognomen of "William R. Smith." This sometimes results in a mix-up of the mails and other things, but Mr. Smith of botanical fame maintains that the name "Smith" is an eminently respectable one. He says it frequently happens that men when placed under arrest by the police and taken to the station house give the fictitious name of Smith instead of giving their real "handle."

"They do this," added Superintendent Smith of the botanic gardens, "to gain a respectability they did not possess before, for in mind you the name of Smith is an honorable one."

Peer Fello! Tea time at the club. "My husband," said a little thing with golden postiches—postiches are those new orange-shaped curls—my husband is a self-made man." "Mine—?" And the speaker's grim lips relaxed in a smile. "—mine was made to order." Above the tinkle of the tea things sounded the heartiest applause.

## BURNING ASHES.

Official of Geological Survey Makes Some Pertinent Comments.

"There has been a lot of nonsense written about this scheme of a Pennsylvania cobbler to burn ashes for fuel," said one of the fuel experts of the geological survey the other day to a Washington reporter. "The scheme is not even a new one. It has been exploited at different times and always has come down to the same ultimate conclusion—impracticable. Of course, anything will burn if you give it oxygen enough. You can burn even cast iron under those conditions. But the difference between laboratory experiments and practical application is considerable. It is true that there is usually some coal left in so-called ashes. There is possibly five per cent. of the coal that is never burned. Most of this could be recovered by careful screening, but in big manufacturing plants and places of that sort, the labor and trouble of this sort of ash-sifting costs more than it comes to. The actual ashes are slate, and you know that will not burn. All of the schemes for burning ashes that have ever been put forward depended on mixing some sort of chemicals with the ashes and burning the resulting gas. I do not know exactly what the cobbler's formula was, but you can depend on it that when you figure up the cost of the chemicals and the labor involved in using them it will come to a good deal more than the price of coal. Take, for instance, a combination of chemicals that will give off acetylene gas—and I understand this was what the cobbler produced—you could mix them with the ashes and still make it burn. But your chemicals would cost you more than the coal, and you might just as well burn the acetylene direct, which you probably could get cheaper from calcium carbide than you could from any other source. But every one knows that calcium carbide costs more than coal."

Statue Given a Shave. Experience of Monument to Author of Famous Song is Unique.

Near the entrance of beautiful Oak Hill cemetery, Georgetown, where reposes the dust of James G. Blaine, Edward M. Stanton and other great Americans, stands a fine statue of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." The bringing home of the remains of this famous American, who died at his post in Africa generations ago, when he was serving there as United States consul, was the occasion of a great national function more than 20 years ago.

The late William Corcoran, the Washington banker and philanthropist, defrayed all of the expenses and also paid for the monument and statue of Payne which marked his resting place in Oak Hill, says Washington Herald. The sculptor who executed the life-size statue had palmed off on him as a picture of John Howard Payne the photograph of a man whose face was completely covered with a luxuriant growth of whiskers. Accordingly he faithfully reproduced the whiskers in marble. Soon after the statue was set up in Oak Hill it was discovered that John Howard Payne had never worn a beard.

The sculptor, enraged and undaunted, proceeded forthwith to chisel the whiskers off of the marble image of the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home," so that to-day the visitor to Georgetown's historic old cemetery beholds the classic face in marble of John Howard Payne sans whiskers, except for a mustache.

Junkers Part of the Year. This is the time of the year when numbers of down-river residents who during the winter dredge for oysters, turn "junkers," and if anything make more money in that business than they do in the oyster, and they certainly do not have to work half as hard to earn it. In small flat-ties or canoes the junkers cruise along the creeks tributary to the Potomac and exchange with the good housewives good money for rags, bones and old iron, and hardly a day passes but that two or three of these junk-laden vessels arrive at Alexandria and dispose of their cargoes. Recently the fiddle Hattie arrived at Alexandria with an assorted cargo of odd objects gathered from farms along the whole length of the Potomac. The most prominent thing on deck was the skeleton of a cow, complete except for the head, and bones of other animals could be found. In the iron were parts of farming implements, old bicycles, sewing machines, wagon tires, stove parts, in fact almost anything made of iron was on the boat, and will soon find its way into a foundry furnace, to be made into new and useful things.

One on the Grocer. "The late Thomas Becham," said an advertising agent, "spent over half a million a year on ads. He wrote, up to the age of 75, his best ads, himself. He was a witty old gentleman. They tell a story about him and a grocer. The grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on Mr. Becham one day, and the latter stamped out of the shop roaring:

"You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again!" "Next day, though, he came back and bought five pounds of sugar.

"Dear me," said the grocer, smiling in a forgiving way, "I thought you were never going to enter my doors again."

"Well, I didn't mean to," said Mr. Becham, "but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. You see, I am going to pot some bulbs, and I need sand."

Why This Druggist Sells for Cash. "I remember," said the negro druggist, interviewed in Atlanta, "the last time we got into trouble. We needed \$400 to pay our bills. I picked out some of our best customers and gave them a heart to heart talk and told them what trouble we were in. They all promised to pay; but on the day we set for payment, out of \$1,684 which they owed us we collected but \$5.26. After that experience we came down to a cash basis. We trust it one day since then we have been doing well."—Ray Stannard Baker, in American Magazine.

## WINE OF DANDELION

ONE OF THE BEST OF ALL KNOWN TONICS.

With or Without Alcohol It is a Pleasant and Healthful Drink—Some Different Ways of Preparing It for Use.

The bright golden dandelion blossoms, not the roots, make an excellent tonic wine or cordial. Choose them from a clean piece of grass, rinse quickly to expel any insects, then cover with boiling water. Let this stand in a warm place, but not to cook fast, for about five minutes, to insure a strong infusion. Now press hard to extract all the juices. When strained and measured you must sweeten to taste—it will take quite a good deal of sugar—and add brandy. Allow one pint of brandy to every four gallons of the dandelion sirup. Put it in glass jars or bottles until fermentation ceases, then rebottle and seal. Wines are usually kept filled up as they "work," so that the fermenting material on the top can fall outside. When it has ceased working bottle it freshly and seal it.

A dandelion wine that has no spirit added and is not fermented makes a very pleasant and healthful drink. This recipe was obtained from a woman who makes it for customers in the suburbs. It is an old English recipe. She also makes fine English plum pudding, and these little sales add to her small income obtained from keeping a tellhouse.

Take two heaping quarts of dandelion flowers, add four quarts of boiling water. Let stand for 24 hours. Strain and add three pounds of sugar and two lemons sliced thin. Boil all for 15 minutes and bottle. If not desired very syrupy, then scant the sugar allowance. An orange could replace the lemon if desired.

This is the easiest of the several recipes given.

A dandelion wine that has yeast added to it to start fermentation, also obtained in Pennsylvania, is made from three quarts of dandelion blossoms, three pounds of white sugar and one gallon of water and two oranges and two lemons.

Place the blossoms in an earthen jar or deep bowl. Pour the water over boiling hot. Let them stand uncovered. Next morning strain and add the sugar and boil this sirup for half an hour. Pare the lemons and oranges very thin, rejecting all the inner white portion. Bruise the parings thoroughly and add to the above ingredients.

When cooled until about lukewarm, add one-fourth of a yeast cake. Let all stand a week or ten days to ferment. Strain and then bottle. Do not cork it tight until it has done working.

The color is light amber.

Easily Made Skirts. Half the time may be saved and a much smoother fit be secured by first plaiting each gore according to directions before sewing seams together. All plaits may be machine stitched excepting hip gore, where all the fitting should be done by simply lapping, plait on that seam. Paste gores only as far as hip length until fitting is done. Then sew seams on under side from hip down to do not press open, but press in the plait that comes on that seam. There will be no puckers at seams and a full plait skirt may be made in half the time it takes when first sewing the gores together and then plaiting in the old way.

Spots on Books. Ink spots or writing may be removed from a book by applying spirits of salts diluted with five or six times their bulk of water, which may be washed off in two or three minutes with clear water. A solution of oxalic, citric, or tartaric acid will answer the same purpose, as none of them will affect the printing. Grease spots may be removed by laying powdered pipe clay on both sides of the paper and applying an iron as hot as may be without scorching the paper. This will also take grease spots from colored leather bindings.

Protect Rugs. If one has not a room set apart for sewing and must use either dining or some other room which has a rug, take a sheet and spread on the floor under the machine and around the corner where sewing (a few tacks will hold in place nicely) to catch all the threads and pieces which cannot help falling. This easily can be lifted up in the evening, and your rug is as fresh and clean as when the sewing was commenced.

Boil Gravy. In warm weather any gravies or soups that are left from the preceding day should be boiled up and poured into clean pans. This is particularly necessary where vegetables have been added to the preparation, as it soon turns sour. In cooler weather every other day will be often enough to warm up these things.

New Metric Chart. A new metric chart representing geographically measures of the international metric system of weights and measures has been prepared by the bureau of standards of the department of commerce and labor, and will be furnished free to any school teaching the system.

Elevators of Pioneer Days. Bragley claims to have built the first passenger elevators ever used in this country.

Nonsense. The Mississippi steamboats were running and blowing up regularly long before he was born.—Philadelphia Press.

From Bottom to Top. A. A. Robinson, president of the Mexican Central railroad, began his career as an axman in an engineering corps of the St. Joseph & Denver City railroad.

What Kills. Hunger and thirst scarcely kill any, but gluttony and drink kill a great many.

## STATUE TO ENSIGN BAGLEY.

Memorial to Young Naval Lieutenant Erected by North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C.—North Carolina now has raised two monuments to her sol-



Ensign Bagley Monument.

dier dead in the brief war with Spain. The first was to Lieut. William E. Shipp, of the Ninth cavalry, who was shot and instantly killed by a Mauser bullet at the storming of San Juan hill, in Cuba.

A few days ago the state erected another memorial to an officer who happened by Fate's decree to be the only one of the naval branch of the service to meet death in that war. This was Ensign Worth Bagley, to whom death came in the Bay of Cardenas, Cuba. The monument to Shipp is at Charlotte. That to Bagley adorns the Capitol square at Raleigh, his native city.

## ENSIGN BAGLEY.

Ensign Bagley was born in Raleigh, April 7, 1874, his father, who had been a major in the confederate service, being at that time grand master of the North Carolina Odd Fellows. His mother was a granddaughter of Gov. Jonathan Worth. On both sides the families are thoroughly representative, and have so been from the colonial days. On June 30, 1899, he was appointed to the United States Naval academy after a competitive examination. He was made an ensign July 1, 1897. He served on the cruiser Montgomery, on the battleship Texas and then on the Maine.

When Lieut. Bernado took command of the torpedo boat Winslow he chose Bagley as his lieutenant, the latter having been recommended by many officers for fitness. He began his duties on the Winslow December 28, 1897.

O'BRIEN TO BE TRANSFERRED. Minister to Denmark Will Succeed Ambassador Wright.

Washington.—The state department has formally announced that Thomas J. O'Brien of Grand Rapids, Mich., United States minister to Copenhagen, will become ambassador to Japan in September, on the retirement of Luke E. Wright of Tennessee, who has given notice to the department that he wishes to leave the service at that time.

Mr. O'Brien is 65 years old and a native of Jackson, Mich. At one time he had the reputation of being the ablest lawyer in Michigan outside of Detroit. For years he was chief counsel of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad, and a director in the road as well. He was never a candidate for office except in 1883, when he was nominated for supreme court justice and went down to defeat with the whole Republican ticket in the landslide of that year. He led his ticket, however, with a handsome vote. He was a delegate to the national convention of 1896 that nominated McKinley and was a member of the committee that officially notified McKinley of his nomination.

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Insult to Injury. Dentist.—You know that more than three months ago I supplied Baron von Halstein with a full set of teeth? Well, I went the other day to collect the money which he owed me for them, and not only did he refuse to pay me, but he had the effrontery to gnash at me with his teeth.—Flegende Blätter.

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