

Her Serene Highness, Miss America.

Queens there have been since the world began,
But none with a realm like thine,
From the land of the blest to far Japan,
You rule by right divine.

Your crown? It was fathomed by God himself,
That none but yourself might wear
The jewels set in the coronet
Of your wonderful woman's hair.

Your law there is none who would dare dispute,
And none shall ask how or when
You were crowned. For your rule is absolute,
And your throne is the hearts of men.

—Helen Rowland in New York Press.

THE KASHMIRI'S CURSE

BY A. C. STEVENS

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"It was in 1850," began my friend, "that I was attached to the staff of Gen. Speirs, the British resident at the court of the Maharajah of Gualios, Both the General and his wife were Scotch, and extremely superstitious. One morning Mrs. Speirs, when she made her appearance at breakfast looked so unwell that the General remarked anxiously:

"You look as if you had had a bad night, my dear."
"Yes," replied the wife, "I had a most curious dream and it haunts me still, it was so vivid and realistic. I thought I was walking in the compound near those old Indian tombs, when I saw a man of venerable appearance, seated in front of the tomb nearest the main gate of the Residency. Seeing me approach, the man arose and, advancing toward me, saluted me respectfully. Thinking him a beggar, I felt in my pocket for my purse.

"Nay, memsahib," said the man, "I do not need your alms, but I do need your help if you will give it to me."
"In what way can I be of service to you?" I inquired.
"I will tell you, memsahib," said the man, kneeling and kissing the hem of my dress. "You can deliver me from a punishment that I am undergoing for the murder of my uncle, many years ago. I was my uncle's partner in business. He was a prosperous itinerant merchant, and with his train of camels laden with the rich stuffs of the looms of Kashmir, shawls of marvelous fineness, wondrous embroideries on silk and satin, shawls of marvelous fineness, wondrous embroideries on silk and satin, and other costly merchandise, we wandered from one end of India to the other doing a thriving trade.

"My uncle, who, by the way, was but a few years my senior, treated me more as a brother than a nephew, often telling me that he would leave me all his wealth when he died. But, alas! I was not satisfied to wait for the course of nature. I wanted my uncle out of the way at once, so that I might marry his daughter, the beautiful Fatima. One night, having outstripped the slowly moving camels, we arrived at these tombs and determined to await the arrival of the train. As my uncle dismounted from his horse, I crept behind him and thrust my sword through his heart. He fell dead without a groan and I dragged his body into the tomb, covering it with shawls, and turned his horse loose to wander at large.

"I had scarcely done this when the shouts of men, the groaning of camels and other sounds apprised me of the arrival of the caravan. The men unloaded and fed the camels, while I hastily secured my uncle's money, ordering the men to carry it into the tomb, telling them that my uncle would rejoin us on the following day. At dawn the caravan started, leaving

"Thrust my sword through his heart." Thrists were but too true. The dread disease was doing its fell work, sparing neither young nor old.

And now comes the strange part of my story. During the General's absence, his wife had the tomb searched. The two skeletons were found as described, and the treasure. The lamp, which stood in a niche at the foot of the stairs, was brought away, the remains of the men were buried and the treasure was left in the subterranean chamber. Then came the cholera epidemic.

Among the victims was the head mahout (elephant keeper) and his son, both of whom perished in a few hours. One day the wife of the dead man confessed that they had reopened the chamber and stolen the treasure. The money was sent to the Directors of the Honorable East India Company. The amount was upwards of \$500,000.

Now, mark the sequel. In 1857, the Indian mutiny broke out, the East India Company lost its charter and the vast territory passed under the control of the British government. Was this due to the Kashmiri's curse. Quien sabe? as the Spaniards say.

The Harrison street car was crowded when the tall woman struggled up the aisle and grasped a strap. Twelve men were seated on each side, but not one arose and offered his seat. At last a small boy touched her on the arm.

"You can have my seat, lady," called the youngster.

"Thank you," said the tall woman, seating herself in the vacant space, "and now what prompted you to do that, my little man? Was it not politeness?"

"No," replied the boy, "there's a nail sticking up in that seat."—Chicago News.

WAITED 27 YEARS TO WED.

Then Married in Dark That Marks of Age Might Be Less Apparent.
Judge Zell Roe left his bed the other night at 12 o'clock to speak the words which bound together Ragan B. Bayhard and Lou Fairn, aged 47 years, says the Des Moines News. The couple walked into the city from opposite directions to reap the reward they had waited twenty-seven years to receive and then asked to be wed in the dark.

The groom arrived about 11 o'clock and "hung around" the front yard until the arrival of the bride. They met in the moonlight and approached the house hand in hand. It had been a long time since they had last met.

Judge Roe thrust his head from the door without the formality of dressing or striking a light.

"Please don't strike a light, squire," pleaded the groom in a husky voice. "I reckon Lou ain't es purty es she was twenty-seven years ago. Kain' you tie us up in the dark so we ken think we air es young es we used t be?"

When it was over they told a pathetic story of humble submission to fate. Each had watched tenderly over the last declining years of father and mother. For twenty-seven years they had slaved to ease the path of invalids in the separate homes. A few days ago the death angel flitted away with the soul of an aged mother in one home and a father from the other. The angel opened wide the door which has been barred these long twenty-seven years.

Judge Roe will not deny that he felt a thrill of joy as he watched them wandering arm in arm down the moonlit road.

Don't Look Back.

In climbing up the trail of life, though troubles may be many, remember you. Though clouds of disappointment may obscure your mortal skies, Though thorns be hidden in the path to wound your feet and harass you, And hostile winds may blow retarding just into your eyes, Keep holding on with steady nerve; if you should fall just rise again. If you should for a moment stray, get back onto the track; keep pressing on, for the coming day may bring you sunny skies again. Your eyes fix on the beacon light and don't look back.

The beacon way up yonder gleams, though clouds at times may curtain it. The light of hope is shining on the summit of success, Though it may sometimes vanish from your sight, you may be certain it. Again will flash its cheery rays to banish your distress.

The gaunt wolves of adversity from gloomy lairs may howl at you, And clinging fears your bosom may most mercilessly rack, The grim fiends of discouragement from darkened nooks may scowl at you, But hold a grip upon your nerve and don't look back.

When rest the darkest clouds of life the cheery sun will shine again, The fiercest storm will spend its force and leave a smiling sky; Around the winter-fettered oak the flowering vines will twine again, The longest lane of woe will have a turning by and by. If you should slip and lose some ground, strive hard to gain your place again, Be not appalled when obstacles confront you on the track; If wearied, stop and blow a bit, then strike the same old pace again, And set your teeth and bulge ahead and don't look back.

—Denver Post.

Influence of Emerson.

No writer so quickens the pulse of generous youth; so makes his brain throb and reel with the vision of the world that is yet to be, writes Henry James, Sr., in the Atlantic. It is as if the spotless feminine heart of the race had suddenly shot its ruby tide into your veins, and made you feel as never before the dignity of clean living. Undoubtedly your first necessity always was to report yourself personally to this mystic shrine without delay, to know what the hierophant might have been commissioned to say to you specifically. * * * Mr. Emerson was an American John the Baptist, proclaiming tidings of great joy to the American Israel; but, like John the Baptist, he could so little foretell the form in which the predicted good was to appear, that when you went to him he was always uncertain whether you were he who should come, or another. And, naturally enough, you were liable—unless, as I have already said, you were uncommonly free from personal vanity—to return.

Where Torpedoes Fail.

A remarkable fact about this ingenious and now most accurate weapon is that down to the present war there had been no instance of a ship under way being struck by a torpedo. All its victims had been caught at anchor or were otherwise stationary. And, from the best information available, the same thing has happened between Russia and Japan. Now the question arises: If the torpedo boat, which has power to catch the hare, cannot catch him, how is the cooking to be done by the submarine, which can neither see him nor catch him? The design certainly is to use the submarine against ships under way to replace the torpedo boat, which cannot act in daylight. And it is an open question, which experience alone can decide, whether it will be easier for a submarine to catch the hare by day than it has hitherto proved for the torpedo boat to catch him by night. Certainly enthusiasts will be by no means satisfied if the submarine proves capable merely of attack on ships at anchor.—London Review.

A Chic Retort.

Mr. Choat's quickness at repartee is well illustrated by the following story: During a "week end" at an English country house his neighbor at breakfast one morning chanced to be a pretty American who had come to misfortune in trying to manipulate her egg in the English fashion. With face full of dismay she turned to him: "Oh, Mr. Choate, what shall I do? I've dropped an egg!"

"Cackle, madam, cackle," answered the ambassador.—Lippincott's.

"NAN" PATTERSON, AS SHE FACED THE JURY



Sketched in court as the verdict of the jury was announced.

KRUGER'S MESSAGE TO BOERS.

Significance in Honors Paid to the Dead Leader.

The body of Paul Kruger was laid to rest in Pretoria on Friday. Boers of all factions, those who from the first supported Krugerism as well as those who did not; commanders of Kruger's armies; and those who served in the ranks; Englishmen who fought against Kruger and the British government that overwhelmed him, all participated in the ceremony at the grave of "the lion of the Transvaal."

The most notable tribute paid the Boer leader who organized resistance to British encroachment was the firing of a salute of twenty-one guns by the order of the sovereign of the British empire. Under this order the former president of the South African republic received the salute that would have been fired over his grave by his own people had he died in office and at the zenith of his power.

This recognition by the conquering nation of the rank and the services of the leader of a conquered people must have been very grateful not only to Gen. Botha and his generals, but to all of the humbler followers of the Boer president.

In view of the fact that Krugerism is a factor in the transitional struggle in the Transvaal, the action of King Edward in ordering the salute fired over the grave of Kruger was not only gracious, but politic. No one has clearly defined what Krugerism is in its application to the present situation in South Africa, but if Paul Kruger's last message to his people urging them to preserve their national spirit is Krugerism then it must be dealt with in the spirit of the treaty of peace signed May 31, 1902.

In that treaty the fighting Boer generals surrendered on the promise that their people should be given or should retain representative institutions. The Boer contention was that the Boers should retain their language and should constitute a self-governing Boer state under British sovereignty. This is not inconsistent with Kruger's last message to preserve their national or Boer spirit.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Soldiers Sing on the March.

Music, says the London Globe, has always played a great part in fighting and Lord Wolseley declares that "troops that sing as they march will not only reach their destination more quickly, and in better fighting condition than those who march in silence, but inspired by the music and words of national songs will feel that self-confidence which is the mother of victory. In the Japanese army it is the custom for the soldiers to sing as they go into battle and rush to the charge. The practice was remarked during the operations of the allied Powers against Peking. Their favorite song is the "Kimi Gayo," or national anthem, which has been Englished as follows:

May our lord's dominion last
Till a thousand years have passed
Twice four thousand time o'erfold,
Firm as changeless rock, earth rooted,
Moss of ages uncomputed.

In the Russian army tests were made a few years ago to find the value of marching songs, and the results so confirmed Lord Wolseley's dictum that the regulations now decree that regiments on march and in advancing to charge shall sing national songs.

Hard-Working Churchman.

Bishop Mallalieu, who has just passed his 76th birthday, is one of the hardest workers among churchmen. Aside from his duties as bishop, he is writing a book, "Moses, the Man of God," is at work on a long article on Dante's "Divine Comedy," in which the religious attitude of that author will be compared with that of Milton and Shakespeare, and is preparing three volumes of translations of the sermons of the well-known French Protestant, Bersier.

SHIPS OF THE WORLD.

Total Tonnage 33,643,000 Tons—England Leads; America Second.

Recent statistics published in France estimate the total tonnage of the world's merchant marine at 33,643,000 tons, and the number of vessels at 24,853, of which 12,671 are steamships, with 27,184,000 tons, and 12,182 are sailing vessels, with 6,459,000 tons. This gives an average of about 1,540 tons for steamers and 538 tons for sailing vessels.

Although the construction of large ships has greatly developed during late years, the greater part of the world's goods is still carried by vessels of average tonnage. The number of ships of over 10,000 tons is only eighty-nine.

The tonnage of the principal countries is as follows: England, 16,006,374; America, 3,671,956; Germany, 3,283,247; Norway, 1,653,740; France, 1,622,016; Italy, 1,180,335; Russia, 809,648; Spain, 714,447; Japan, 658,845; Denmark, 581,247; Austria-Hungary, 578,897; Greece, 378,199; Belgium, 167,047; Brazil, 155,086; Turkey, 154,494; Chile, 103,758; Portugal, 101,404; Argentina, 95,780.

Two French War Ministers.

Gen. Andre, who was recently ousted from his position as minister of war in the French government, is now thought to regard his removal with equanimity. At first he was naturally indignant, but the quiet of his present mode of life is a welcome change from the turmoil and pomp of the war department. His successor, M. Berthelet, is a strange mixture—deputy, Socialist and acute financier. He receives his constituents three times a week and listens to the poorest. Peasants in blouses are often among the number and they make a strange show in his luxuriously furnished abode, which is located in a fashionable neighborhood. They look even still more out of place in the impressive premises of the minister of war.

The Thrifty Japanese.

Japan has forty-seven postal savings banks, in which, May 31 last, there was 458,995,645 yen (\$229,479,822) on deposit. Since the war began these deposits have increased by 5,302,504 yen (\$2,651,252), deposited by 543,264 persons. This vast deposit by the general run of Japan's population would seem to explain the ease with which each war loan is subscribed many times over when it is offered for home subscription. Between April, 1903, and September, 1904, the number of depositors increased from 2,934,388 to 4,181,293. This is a practical demonstration of the proverbial Japanese thrift.

Strange Political Friendships.

The death of Hugh McLaughlin, for many years Democratic boss of Brooklyn, recalls the fact that he and Henry Ward Beecher were very warm friends, though the paths in life of the two men were as widely apart as they could well be. Another curious friendship was that which long existed between President Garfield and John Morrissey, the prize fighter, gambler and congressman. The late Senator Hoar had a warm place in his heart for Senator "Ben" Tillman, whom he regarded as a man whose great natural ability was overshadowed by frequent bursts of passion.

Anglesey's Fad for Jewelry.

It has been set on record that when Lord Anglesey was in his full glory on the stage he supported \$500,000 worth of jewelry. In ordinary attire he wore a single pearl stud for which a dealer has been willing to pay \$18,250. At 5 per cent this ornament represents \$900 a year. Supposing the marquis wore it once a fortnight—he could scarcely in fairness to his scores of other studs wear it oftener—it cost him about \$45 every time his valet put it in his master's shirt.

STATES IN LAND DISPUTE.

Proposition to Cede Part of Arizona to Utah.

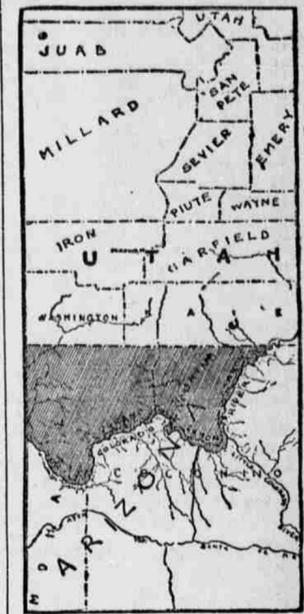
Senator Kearns has introduced a bill providing for the annexation to Utah of all that portion of Arizona north of the Colorado river.

The portion of Arizona affected is about 800 square miles in area. It is north of the Grand canyon and on that account inaccessible to authorities of Arizona. It is said it now forms a haven for criminals and the purpose of the measure is to give Utah criminal jurisdiction over the tract.

The people of Arizona, it is declared, are almost unanimously opposed to any measure for annexing to Utah of that portion of Arizona north of the Colorado river. The territory at large desires to keep sole control of the canyon country and in due time develop it.

During the contemporaneous sessions of the Arizona and Utah legislatures two years ago a commission from the latter was sent to Arizona and laid the project before the Arizona legislature, offering every possible inducement. Though given a respectful hearing, the Arizona legislature rejected the proposition unanimously. The subject has not been agitated since then and there is no ground for belief in a change of sentiment.

The Colorado canyon in Arizona reaches a depth of more than a mile in many places and is everywhere a deep gorge between walls of rock. Peace officers from states adjacent to Arizona have no authority of law to make arrests on the "strip" and fugitives from justice in Utah, Colorado



Shaded part of map shows portion of Arizona it is proposed to annex to Utah.

and Nevada have made this a rendezvous and hiding place for many years past.

The "strip" is chiefly desert land, sterile and unwatered. It is valueless for agricultural purposes and so far as known possesses little mineral value. It can be reached only by passing through Utah or southern Nevada.

CHANGE IN RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Astonishing Announcement Made by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, clergyman, lawyer, author and editor of Outlook, who in a sermon to Harvard students announced his belief in a religion founded not on the Bible, but on science, and the outreachings of the heart, is nearly 70 years old, and has spent nearly his entire lifetime in the study of religion and writing of his conclusions. Ordained a Congregational minister in 1860, he has preached in many of the famous pulpits of America, succeeding Henry Ward Beecher as pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, in 1888. He resigned ten years later to devote his energies to literary work. Among his works are "How to Study the Bible," "Life of Christ," "Evolution of Christianity" and "The Theology of an Evolutionist."

Library Made to Order.

Senator Stockbridge of Michigan often told a story of a very rich lumberman who came to congress from the lake region and rented the furnished house which belonged to a senator whose term had recently expired. The house was a palace and was completely furnished, all except the library, for the senator had taken his books with him. True to the instincts of a lifetime of carelessness, the lumberman-congressman surveyed the library, then accurately measured the empty shelves and telegraphed a prominent house in Chicago: "Send me at once 216 running feet of books." That was his idea of furnishing a library.

One Item of the Cost.

The Port Arthur fleet was said to be worth in money, before the beginning of the war, \$150,000,000. It is probably worth now just what it will bring for old junk, although it is possible that some of the vessels may be raised and put in commission again. But the \$150,000,000 that the fleet represented is all gone, so far as Russia is concerned. And this is but one item in the enormous cost of the great struggle that is being waged in the far East.—Peoria Journal.