

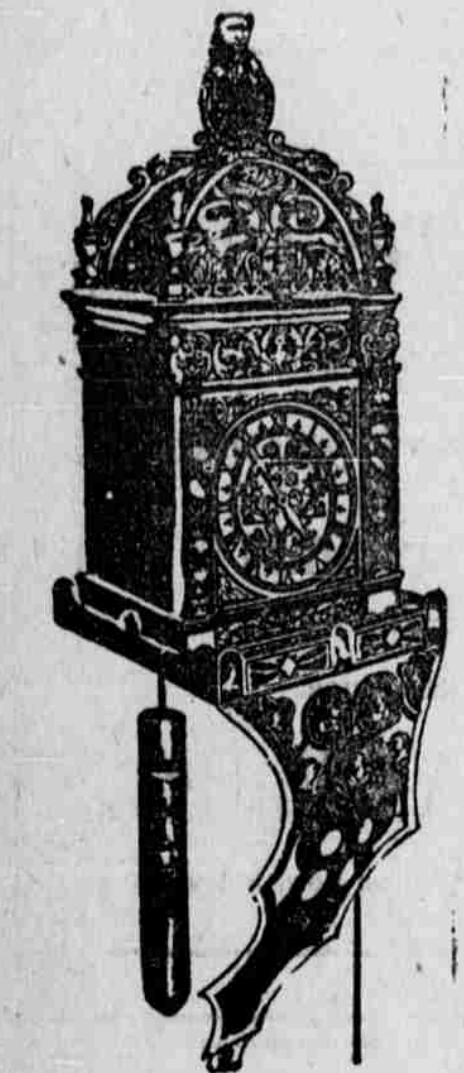
# ROYAL LOVER'S GIFT

ANNE BOLEYN'S CLOCK PRE-SERVED AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Just as it was When, Three Centuries Ago, the Fickle Monarch Gave It to the Captivator of His Fancy.

In the private apartments at Windsor castle may be seen, standing on a marble pedestal the clock that Henry VIII gave to the ill-fated Anne Boleyn on the occasion of their marriage—the bridegroom's gift to the bride. To-day the little clock looks in no way remarkable and would be passed unnoticed by anyone not knowing its history, for few would imagine that it was the treasured wedding present of a queen; but at the time it was given, before a third of the sixteenth century had run its course, it was a gift to be envied, for watches and clocks were seldom ever seen in the palaces of kings; and such a beauty as this, decorated with gold, and of wonderful mechanism, was indeed a rarity.

We can therefore easily imagine the store that in those early days of regal love and splendor Anne Boleyn set upon this clock, and how carefully she kept it. The value and beauty of it are perhaps best understood when one recalls that, even after the downfall of its owner and the subsequent rise of her several successors, the little clock still kept its place in Windsor castle. Other per-



Queen Anne Boleyn's Clock.

sonal gifts and treasures came and went, but this survived until at last it has passed into the hands of the above any other timepiece in her possession, although she is the happy owner of some of the most unique specimens of clocks and watches in the world.

The clock still keeps perfect time, and, as Harrison Ainsworth said of it: "This love-token of enduring affection remains the same after three centuries after it was given the object of Henry's eternal love was sacrificed on the scaffold. The clock still goes! It should have stopped forever when Anne Boleyn died."

### EMETIC SAVES A HOTEL.

Causes Bulldog to "Cough Up" Missing Diamond Ring.

While Mrs. George L. Hemingway, a well-known society woman of Waterbury, Conn., who is a guest at the Granite Bay hotel, Short Beach, was playing with her thoroughbred bulldog she lost a solitary diamond ring valued at \$200. A search of the premises failing to reveal the missing gem John Speh, the hotel proprietor, declared that the dog had swallowed it. Mrs. Hemingway laughed at the idea, but Speh pleaded that the dog might be killed, offering to pay a round sum for the animal rather than have his caravansary rest under suspicion. Mrs. Hemingway refused.

"Well, then," said Speh, "make the pup cough up." And he sent for a physician.

When the doctor arrived he found Speh standing guard over the dog, which was promptly given an emetic. The result was all that could be desired, and the missing ring was recovered.

### Witchcraft Still Believed In.

Having lost a large number of cattle during the last year, and believing a neighbor, thought by some of the superstitious to be a witch, was causing him bad luck, Joseph Gottshalk, a prosperous Mahanoy Valley, Pa., farmer, recently signed a contract with a woman to give him protection for one year. The woman is alleged to possess the power of witchcraft. Gottshalk will pay her a regular salary for her protection. In 12 months he has lost, through sickness and accident, many cows, horses and pigs, although his barn was a model of sanitation. Since Gottshalk first called in his woman protector the illness in his stock has ceased.

### GAVE HIM BAD SCARE.

Marblehead Man for a Time Convinced His End was Near.

A Marblehead, Mass., boat builder named Cladman, who has been treated for heart trouble, got a bad scare a few days ago. Putting on his coat and vest hastily at noon, he started for home. He had no sooner got his vest buttoned up when a terrible buzzing commenced in the region of the heart. Fearing that the end was nigh, he entered his home with a sad face and told his wife of his fears. She hustled



In the Region of the Heart.

round and gave him several kinds of medicine, but the buzzing still continued.

At last Cladman said: "Well, if I'm going to die, I might as well die in bed." Being too ill to undress, he laid down, resigned to his fate. Thinking a hot poultice would alleviate her husband's sufferings, Mrs. Cladman unbuttoned his vest and a bumblebee flew out.

### TAKES PLACE OF ICE.

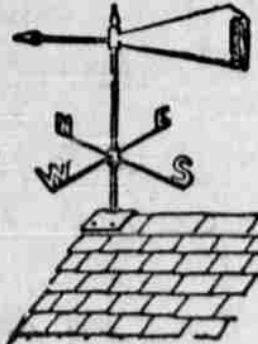
Peculiar Method of Cooling Water in Nicaragua.

When a native woman of one of the broiling hot little villages of interior Nicaragua wants to cool some water she sets about it in a way little calculated to cool herself. The average native woman looks frail and listless, but there is no suspicion of listlessness about her process of water cooling. She fills a half-gallon earthenware jar about two-thirds full. The jar is made of baked clay, and not being glazed is partially porous, so that it soon becomes moist on the outside. By means of two leathern straps firmly attached to the neck of the jar the woman causes the same to rotate swiftly in the air. The mouth is wide open, but centrifugal action keeps the water from flying out. The endurance exhibited by the woman is marvelous. When the operator thinks the water is sufficiently cooled she stops the movement by a dexterous twist of her wrist, and hands the jar to the man who has been waiting to quench his thirst. Usually he takes a mouthful, gulps it down and growls, "Moocha calora," which is a native patois for "wretchedly hot," and she patiently resumes her task of describing pinwheels. It is said by this process tepid water can be reduced to the temperature of a cool mountain spring.

### WEATHER VANE IS DOUBLE.

New Construction Shows Wind's Direction With Greater Accuracy.

Weather of wind vanes are of very many different patterns, and some are much more sensitive to gentle airs than others, and are consequently more accurate in indicating the exact direction of soft or of strong winds. A vane of this design, double, as it were,



instead of being formed of a single plate of thin metal, has two surfaces for the wind to strike upon at the same angle, and is, therefore, much more accurate than any more ordinary pattern vane. The point of the "arrow" is really only a weight provided to counterbalance the vane proper.

### Triplet Calves.

"A New Hampshire cow, the property of a Concord man, recently gave birth to triplets," said a veterinary surgeon. "It is the first case of the kind in my experience."

"For cows to give birth to twins is not uncommon. The fact is, it is not much more uncommon than for twin children to be born. On my father's farm, in my boyhood, two cows each became the mothers of twin calves in the course of 11 years."

But triplet calves is another thing. So far as I know it is an unheard-of thing. I doubt if it ever occurred before."

### Frog as a Barometer.

A curious barometer used in Germany and Switzerland consists of a jar of water with a frog and little stepladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps it is said to infallibly foretell rain.

# JOURNAL IS UNIQUE

DIMINUTIVE PERIODICAL PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON.

"Postal Information" Has No Subscription List and No Paid Advertisements, But It is Widely Circulated and Read.

There is a little newspaper published in Washington which modestly lays no claim to having the largest circulation in the city, or, in fact, to any circulation at all, neither does it assert that as an advertising medium its columns will be found of value to our merchants, for no paid advertisements are received, yet it goes right on coming out every week and doing business at the same old stand.

The name of this unique and diminutive periodical, as there are but two or three like it in the United States, is Postal Information, and it sees the light every Saturday in the city post office. Postal Information is scarcely a year old, and though its exchange list can be counted on the hand, and it has no purchase price, it nevertheless is a thriving youngster in the field of Washington journalism, and its managers are not worried over the ever-present question of a bonafide, guaranteed, paid circulation.

Some time ago a small appropriation was obtained, and a plant sufficiently large to get out a folio eight and a half by eleven inches was installed in the basement of the registration division of the city post office. Every Saturday Postal Information "goes to press," being run off on a small electric motor press and set up a day or so previously by one of the employees of the office who understands the work. While some of its matter is "standing," yet much of it is new weekly, and altogether it presents a very smart and up-to-date appearance.

"We have found this little paper of much service to the officers and employees of the Washington city post office and its stations, for whose benefit Postal Information is published," said an official of the city post office.

"We run off weekly about 150 copies, distributing them among the employees of the office where they may be of ready access to all employees, and sending copies to the various stations throughout the city, the respective employees in these stations being expected to read it weekly, as it may be used by the postmaster to convey certain notices and orders affecting the service in the city to their attention."

"Washington is now one of the larger post offices in the service, having incorporated the various towns within the District in its jurisdiction, with ten named stations, half a dozen or so lettered stations, 64 numbered stations, doing a business of about \$1,300,000 annually and ranking third in the per capita use of the mails. It has a regiment of employees numbering about 1,300 in all."

"Very often the employees of other post offices wish to secure transfer to the Washington city post office, and vice versa, and where these applications come to our notice we insert paragraphs in Postal Information giving the name of the clerk, the post office at which he or she may be stationed and the grade and salary. Any clerk who may be interested may then address a communication to the postmaster, and frequently the exchange is effected. These requests for transfer to our office come from all over the country, and we have on file now one from as far south as Portsmouth, Va., from Boston, Mass., on the north, and Lincoln, Neb., on the west."

"All offenses committed by and penalties imposed upon employees for infraction of the rules are also given weekly, as they serve as reminders to the entire force, and in the instances of carriers being derelict in reporting for duty or for failure to record time. All recent fraud orders issued by the department against such concerns are weekly enumerated by name and address, etc., and would-be money-order purchasers and those who would send registered letters to such firms are warned by the postal clerks. All orders of the Postmaster General and his assistants which it is desired to call to the attention of our force are also published."

"A similar little folio of postal information is published in Philadelphia, Pa., under the title of the Post Office News, and the New York office gets out another along the same lines which is called the Official Circular."

### Real Phonetic Spelling.

Phonetic spelling seems to be gaining in popularity everywhere, and the announcement that the reforms would be adopted in the district government probably had much to do with the plan followed by a dusky "citizensness" of Willow Tree alley in making application to the commissioners for a certain position. Her letter speaks for itself: "District Commissions,

"Dear Sir I noticed that you all might be kneeling some female help and not knowing weather you all had engaged some one or not I thought I would ask you all if it could be possible to allow me the pleasure as I wont work this will be my first time working out and the reason I have not my mother keeps a little store in willow tree court and it has kept me quite busy until now and it is so many stores around in this court until it makes business very dull and I am married and have two children to provide for and I can give you the best reparation from good business cidersons I hope you all will help one ho wants to get along arnest."—Washington Star.

### SAILORS AND THE "WIRELESS."

Officials Now Keep Close Tab on Vessels' Movements.

All sorts of things can be turned to all sorts of uses, and an additional illustration in this line was given when wireless telegraphy was used to help out the building of the House and Senate office building near the Capitol. Mr. Elliott Woods, the superintendent of the Capitol, and who has charge of the construction of the two new office buildings, is regarded as an expert in wireless telegraphy. There is one of the finest wireless plants in the United States in the Senate laboratory, and the relations between this plant, which is Mr. Woods', and the regular plants is cordial.

There was a much wanted cargo of stone for the House office building missing. It was needed to get up the B street front of the building and it was known that it had left New York and started down the coast. There had been bad weather and there was no telling what had happened to the flotilla and no way of getting it out at sea. So the wireless plant was called into requisition and with the sanction of the Washington navy yard station, messages were sent to all of the naval plants along the coast where the stone cargo was likely to be sighted. Henlopen, Cape Henry and the other points were all notified to keep a lookout for the stone cargo and report to Washington if it were sighted.

Cape Henry was the first to pick it up and reported that the boat had been having trouble with the weather, but was then off the capes. Sure enough, next morning the boat reached Washington and the building was going on merrily.

Orders have been issued to the captains of the stone boats hereafter to set the international signal when they are passing the wireless stations on the coast and Mr. Woods will thereby be able to keep tab on the vessels' movements all the way from New York without going out of his office on Capitol Hill. And the captain and crew won't be able to put in at any of the coast ports for a quiet rest and a spree even if they want to and as they have been known to do in times past. Truly the wireless is a mighty source of trouble to the one-time independent sea-faring man.

### SHOULD BE IN CAPITAL.

Most Appropriate Place for Headquarters of Patriotic Orders.

"All the soldier and other patriotic organizations in this country should have their headquarters in Washington, and eventually they will." This statement was made by Capt. Edward Trenchard of the Army and Navy club and the Aztec club, before the national encampment committee of the United Spanish War Veterans, at the Hotel Regent. Capt. Trenchard was introduced to the assemblage by Capt. Orville G. Victor as one who "is intensely interested in soldiers and their societies."

Continuing, Capt. Trenchard said that even though the national commanders of patriotic organizations be elected from the states, there should be a grand central structure erected in this city in which headquarters of all the associations could be located. He predicted that there would be such a consummation, and requested the Spanish war veterans to push the project along. He said the war with Spain had produced great and lasting results, and gave the American people "an imperial republic" with territory beyond the sea.

"There cannot be too many patriotic associations," declared Capt. Trenchard in conclusion. "They are the great leaven of true Americanism and are destined eventually to save this country."

### Washington Landmarks for Sale.

Love of home in the full acceptance of the word, is not a distinguishing quality of American women, if recent real estate deals in Washington and its vicinity serve as an index. The great-granddaughter of Francis Scott Key has just sold the ancestral home of her family to a traction company, that it may be pulled down for the building of a station. Mrs. Sheridan, widow of "Little Phil," sold the house, which was presented to the warrior by the grateful American nation, for the reason that the locality was getting unfashionable and she wished to move further west. Selling the homes of dead statesmen is epidemic and the houses locally famous through their occupancy by Senator Quay, the Keystone state boss, by Senator William McMillen, of Michigan, and by Robert R. Hitt, of Illinois, are all on the market. The widows of these illustrious men all desire other domiciles.

### Expert on Army Clothing.

Prof. W. E. France, editor of the Philadelphia Textile School, and one of the world's recognized experts in wools and woolen fabrics, for a year past has been employed to pass upon every bolt of cloth offered army officers for clothing contracts. He is called to Washington or sent to other centers of army supplies whenever a new clothing contract is being filled. With critical eye and deft touch he passes upon the utility of the proffered cloth and the quartermaster general's department accepts without question his judgment. For a time contractors endeavored to have him removed, but without success. The result of Dr. France's work is that the army is better clothed than ever before.

# FAMOUS OLD TREES

SOME NOTABLE LANDMARKS OF THE COUNTRY.

Under Their Spreading Branches American History Has Been Made.—Old Elm at Cambridge Still Standing.

The Elm tree at Philadelphia, under which William Penn made his famous treaty with 19 tribes of barbarians. The Charter Oak at Hartford, which preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the colony of Connecticut.

The huge French Apple tree, near Fort Wayne, Ind., where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief, gathered his warriors.

The Elm tree at Cambridge, in the shade of which Washington first took command of the continental army, on a hot summer's day.

The Tullip tree on King's mountain battlefield, in South Carolina, on which ten bloodthirsty Tories were hanged at one time. The tall Pine tree at Fort Edward, N. Y., under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.

The magnificent Black Walnut tree near Haverstraw, on the Hudson, at which Gen. Wayne mustered his forces at midnight, preparatory to his gallant and successful attack on Stony Point.

The grand Magnolia tree near Charleston, S. C., under which Gen. Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The great Pecan tree at Villere's plantation, below New Orleans, under which a portion of the remains of Gen. Pakenham was buried. The Pear trees planted, respectively, by Gov. Endicott of Massachusetts, and Gov. Stuyvesant of New York, more than 200 years ago.

The Frenchman's Oak, or Emancipation Oak, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va., under which the slaves of this region first heard read President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

The Elliot Oak, of Newton, Mass., under which the apostle, John Elliot, taught the Indians Christianity.

The old Liberty Elm of Boston, planted and dedicated by a schoolmaster to the independence of the colonies, and the rallying point for patriots before, during and after the revolutionary war. The Burgoyne Elm at Albany, N. Y., planted the day Burgoyne was brought there a prisoner. The Ash and Tullip trees planted at Mount Vernon by Washington. Sequoia—Palo Alto, Cal.

The lofty Cypress tree in the Dismal swamp, under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood. The Cary tree, planted by Alice and Phoebie Cary in 1832, a large and beautiful Sycamore seen from the Hamilton turnpike between College Hill and Mount Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio.

### Created a Scare.

Uncle Hezekiah was very much riled. "These here Boston gals make me tired with their big words," he confided to the man who was painting a sign on the fence.

"What now?" asked the latter. "Why, the other morning that Boston niece of mine rushed in the dining room and said there was an 'impecune' out in the yard. Everybody got scared, the children cried, the cook upset the dishes and I grabbed the shotgun. I thought sure some kind of a wild beast had escaped and got in the yard, because a circus passed along the road the day before. I tell you I was expecting to hear a blood-courding roar and see shining teeth, and I just waddled in my boots."

"And what did you see?" asked the sign painter. "What did I see? Why, nothing in the world but a poor, half-frozen tramp who was looking for a hand-out. He was what that Boston gal had called an 'impecune.'"

### Those Courteous Dons.

"I read in a southern newspaper about the passengers who hail from Georgia," remarked a traveler. "Personally, I have never met the simon-pure Georgian, but I know a set of men that can beat even them for politeness. They are the high-class Spaniards who are accustomed to traveling."

"Just watch a man of that type and you will find he invariably bows to the rest of the passengers upon entering and leaving a car. Such extreme courtesy impresses the rushing, pushing American crowd as a sure passport to an insane asylum. The Spaniard, for his part, is convinced that the noise and bustle will land the American contingent in the same place, and in spite of ridicule he perseveres in his habit of bowing."—N. Y. Press.

### Victim of a Confidence Game.

Uncle Josh, fresh from Upcreek, had been inspecting the family ice box. "Henry," he said, "you told me you was gittin' artificial ice. The feller that sells it to you is foolin' you. I've looked at it, and tetcht it, and if it ain't real ice, by gum, I never saw any!"

### At a Doctor's Club.

"Carus, was that operation you performed on old Hunks successful?" "Successful? Yes; singularly so."

"Singularly? Then he's recovering, is he?" "Good in All Books. No book is so bad that something may be learned from it.—Pliny.

### MINERS IN THE KLONDIKE.

Quiet, Provident and Anxious to Get Away as Soon as Possible.

Lack of water is the great drawback to mining in the Yukon, says Leslie's Weekly. There is little rain during the summer and the miner must depend upon the melting snows to swell the streams for his summer sluicing.

Villages have sprung up near the creeks and living is a shade higher than in Dawson owing to the extra freight. Sending souvenir post cards from these points becomes an expensive remembrance, as the plain uncolored ones sell for \$1.50 a dozen. The picturesque swaggar miner of Cripple Creek, Creede and Tonopah is not found here. The cost of getting "in" is heavy, money is not always easily made, and the winters are bitter cold and depressing on account of the long darkness. So the miner saves his earnings until he reaches a more congenial climate. To be sure, there are men on the creeks who drink whiskey—and the hardest kind of whiskey—and gambling goes on; yet, on the whole, the Klondike miner is a quiet, provident individual, who devoutly hopes that the gold fields are not to be his permanent home.

A man who works for a company or individual mine owner receives from four dollars to six dollars a day and his board. Many of them do their own cooking and live in cabins near the creeks. Flap-jacks (pan cakes), bacon and coffee are their chief diet during the winter, and in midsummer it requires a dexterous hand to turn the flap-jacks before the mosquitoes can settle on the unbacked side. The old-timer who has seen the ice come and go is known as a "sour dough," and these men are the aristocrats of the camp. The newcomer, or the man who spends his winters outside, is always known as a "cheechako."

If people in the states knew how letters from home are appreciated by the cabin dwellers of the Yukon they would send some message every day. I have seen miners sit in front of their cabins and read and reread old tattered letters. At some particular passage their faces would light up with a smile and the entire letter would be gone over again.

### Talk It Over with Your Wife.

There are thousands of families homeless or living in poverty and wretchedness to-day, who could have been living in comfort, in good homes, if the husbands had confided their business affairs to their wives, says Success.

Women are very much better judges of human nature than men. They can detect rascality, deception and insincerity more quickly.

I know business men who would never think of employing a manager or superintendent, or a man for any other important position, or if choosing a partner, without managing in some way to have their wives meet the man and get a chance to estimate him, to read him. They invite the man whom they are considering for an important position to their home for dinner, or to spend a Sunday, before deciding. They want the advantage of that marvelous feminine instinct which goes so directly and unerringly to its mark.

I have known of several instances where a wife had cautioned her husband against having anything to do with a man with whom he was thinking of going into business, but the husband ignored the wife's opinion as silly and disregarded her advice to his great sorrow later, as the man turned out exactly as the wife had predicted.

### Doctor Struck It Rich.

A wealthy New York banker, while visiting his parents in a small town, was stricken with fever. For three months he was confined in the old homestead, dutifully attended by a fond mother and a very zealous doctor.

The banker recovered slowly. One morning he decided that fresh air would do more for him than medical environment, and in a short time he was enabled to dismiss his physician. When the doctor's bill arrived the banker studied it very closely. A few moments later the mother saw her son go to the woods, procure an ax and begin hewing at the hitching post, which had stood in front of the house for 50 years.

"Frank!" she shouted hysterically, believing her son in another delirium, "what are you doing?" "You'll have no further use for it," chuckled the perspiring banker, "hereafter the doctor will come in an automobile."

### Struck Trouble at Once.

Scarcely had the Russian immigrant set his foot on the soil of the New World when sounds of a dire conflict assailed his ears.

"What is it?" he asked. "Has a revolution broken loose here, too?"

"Worse," answered his former neighbor and compatriot, who had met him at the steamer dock, as with blanched lips he hurried him to a place of safety. "It's a gang of rooters for the Giants mobbing an umpire!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Pathos.

"There was a great deal of pathos in that play you put on last season." "Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "and what is particularly unfortunate, most of it was in the box office."

### The Long-Suffering.

"I am going to learn to play on a horn." "Gee! You must have a wonderful belief in the patience of your neighbors."—Houston Post.