WHY A GRAND DUKE WAS SNUBBED

Few of the Guests at the Grand Duchess Pavlovna's Wedding to the Son of the King of Sweden Even Knew That Her Father Was Present—Surprising Court Function Which Has Created Much Comment Throughout Europe—Great Sensation When Secret Leaked

ST. PETERSBURG, May 13.—At the last moment the czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Paul, hurried across the border by special permission of his august nephew, and was an inconspicuous guest today at the gorgeous wedding of his daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna to Prince William, son of King Gustav of Sweden. The bride's father was kept in the background and had no part in the brilliant and picturesque ceremonies at which 2,000 guests were present. After the wedding, at which he was the least welcome guest, his royal highness was hustled out of Russia and back to Paris. Few of the wedding guests even knew he had been present.

Perhaps the grand duke's elopement with Mme. Pistolkors, which was the cause of his disgrace and exile, would have been smoothed over a little by this time if it had not been for a recent incident in St. Petersburg that had a direct bearing on it, and undoubtedly influenced the czar in humiliating his royal uncle at today's wedding. That incident was the recent murder of the beautiful Mme. Andreeva by her husband, a rich St. Petersburg corn merchant. The affair made a great stir, of course, but few realized that the indirect cause of this tragedy in a middle-class Russian family was no less a personage than the Grand Duke Paul.

I happen to have a good many unpublished details of the whole story of the grand duke's romance and its sequel, and it is worth telling from the beginning, for it throws a lurid light on social conditions here.

A few years ago Madame Pistolkors, wife of an officer in the guards, appeared at court and fascinated everyone, not merely by her beauty, but by her witty and brilliant conversation. Her chair was always surrounded by a little crowd of grand dukes, ministers, officers and courtiers, and she never failed to keep them amused and charmed. Of course, she made enemies. Great ladies with historic names, who found themselves deserted, began to say very disagreeable things about her; they professed entirely to fail to see what the men saw in her, and lamented over the decadence of manners which permitted the mere wife of a colonel in the guards, who ought to be thankful if she were allowed to come to court at all, to monopolize more attention than themselves. Matters were not improved when the czar himself indulged in a mild flirtation with the lady, and spiteful women expressed their sympathy and pity for "poor Colonel Pistolkors" when it was noticed that the Grand Duke Paul was paying her marked attentions.

GRAND DUKE PAUL OF RUSSIA

Amusing Account.

A personage connected with the court gave me an amusing account of a luncheon party at a country house where the grand duke was staying. Every chair at the table was occupied except the one next the imperial guest. Everyone knew for whom it was reserved. The men were amused, the women furious. But princesses and countesses with pedigrees yards long and great positions might fume as much as they liked. The grand duke had expressed the wish that Mme. Pistolkors should sit next him, and the hostess, although well aware of the indignation of the other guests, was quite helpless and bound to submit. Soon after the meal had begun the radiant Pistolkors floated into the room in an expensively simple spring frock, took her place next the grand duke, and chattered away in her annoyingly brilliant way to the exasperation of the dull court ladies, who could no more utter a bon mot than fly.

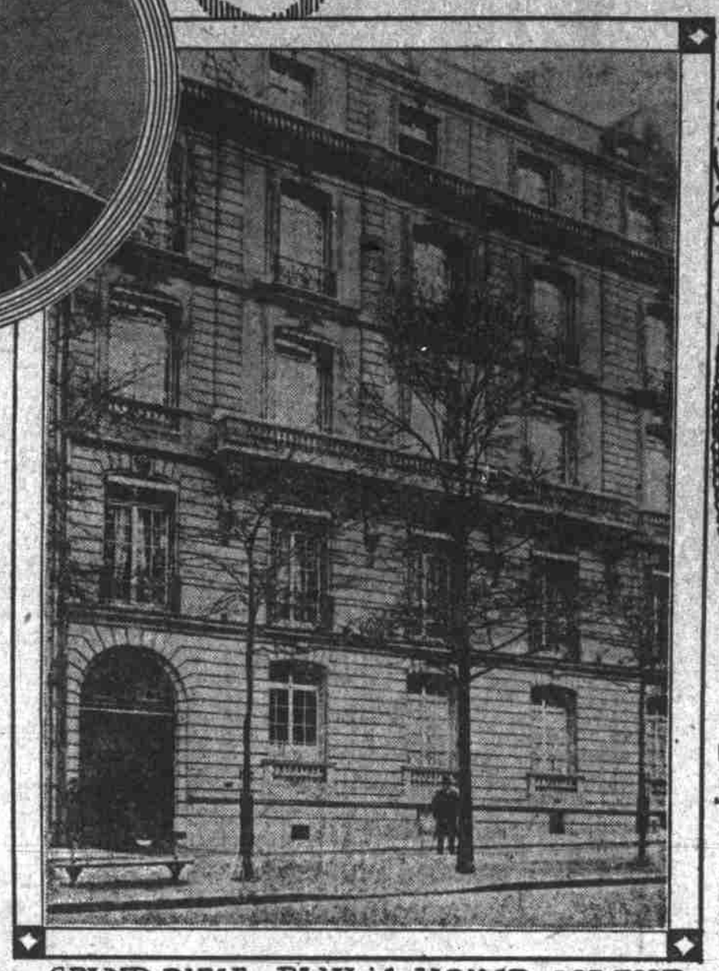
After a while society, which is really far less hypocritical in St. Petersburg than in most other capitals, pretended to be scandalized and was in reality vastly amused, when it discovered that Mme. Pistolkors was constantly going abroad, and always to stay at places where the grand duke happened to be.

Her husband used to see her off at the Warsaw station in St. Petersburg and they invariably shed tears when the moment came for a last embrace, for they were really fond of each other in their artless Russian way; indeed the colonel was so devoted to his too charming wife that he used to say to her in the most obliging manner. "Please do exactly as you like, I only want you to be happy." She took him at his word and seemed happy as a child at Aix-les-Bains or some other fashionable resort in the pleasant society of the grand duke.

Step Too Far.

Unluckily Mme. Pistolkors went a step too far. She appeared one night at a great ball in the Winter Palace wearing jewels of fabulous value. Every one remarked on her magnificent tiara of diamonds and enormous emeralds and her rope of priceless pearls. Presently it was whispered that they were the jewels of the late Grand Duchess Paul and that they had been lent to her by the grand duke for the occasion. Here was a chance for her enemies. The matter was at once brought to the attention of the czar.

Now czars may tolerate a good deal, but there is a limit to their endurance, and this was reached when jewels worn by a princess in whose veins flowed the sacred blood of kings flashed in the hair and on the lovely neck of a mere aristocrat. His majesty at once summoned Baron Fredericks, the minister of the court, and ordered him to remove the name of the wretched Pistolkors from the list of ladies who enjoy the inestimable blessing of going to court. True principles of social order were thus vindicated and among court ladies there was universal rejoicing.



GRAND DUKE PAUL'S HOUSE IN THE AVENUE DE JENA, PARIS.

The disgraced beauty retired to Aix-les-Bains where oddly enough the Grand Duke Paul happened to be staying. Her husband, who was badly off, showed his usual kindness and desire to allow his wife to be happy in her own way. He therefore obligingly divorced her in order to give her perfect freedom. She promptly made use of it by marrying the grand duke and an orthodox priest was induced by a handsome "douceur" to perform the ceremony.

Then the autocrat of all the Russias—Nicholas the Last, as the revolutionaries call him—flashed forth his decree. He forbade both his uncle and Mme. Pistolkors to cross the Russian frontier and he placed the children of the late Grand Duchess Paul, the Grand Duke Dimitri and his sister, under the guardianship of their aunt, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, widow of the Grand Duke Serge, and a princess who is even more lovely than her beautiful sister, the czarina.

This action was supported by the empress who will no more tolerate a divorcee who has contracted a second marriage at court than would her grandmother, Queen Victoria.

The marriage was, of course, illegal as the czar's consent was withheld, and quite lately when a Paris newspaper announced that the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Paul had been at some society function a "communique" from the Russian embassy corrected the statement in the following terms: "There is no Grand Duchess Paul, the grand duke being a widower."

MADAME PISTOLKORS.

Left Without Wife.

Meanwhile, Colonel Pistolkors, left without a wife and looked down on by society for the tame manner in which he had allowed his imperial rival to rob him of her, was amusing himself in St. Petersburg. He happened one day to meet Mme. Andreeva at a party. He was greatly attracted by her, and small wonder, for she was one of the most beautiful women of the capital.

Her story was a romantic one. The child of poor Jewish parents, her future husband saw her working in a small shop as a seamstress. The rich corn factor had divorced his first wife, and fascinated by her lovely face, saw in this simple child of the poor a fair and spotless flower to be tended and cared for. He determined to marry her, and in order to fit her for the position she was to occupy sent her abroad to be educated. She returned to Russia a cultured young woman. M. Andreeva persuaded her to forsake the Jewish faith and to become a daughter of the Orthodox church. Their marriage was celebrated with the picturesque rites and sumptuous ceremonies peculiar to the Russian church. The merchant's attachment to her was so passionate that he settled a large fortune on her absolutely and gratified her every whim. No woman in St. Petersburg had more splendid jewels or more luxurious gowns than Mme. Andreeva, but unhappily she set her heart on something that money could never buy for her.

In Russia there are hard and fast distinctions between people of various classes. The wife of a business man, however wealthy, knows perfectly well that no power on earth can open the doors of artistocratic society to her. Mme. Andreeva made up her mind, as many women in Europe and America do, that happiness consists in getting to know people who do not want to know one. She saw in Colonel Pistolkors an instrument to obtain that very desirable end, and deliberately encouraged his attentions.

At Parisian Hotel.

The scene now changes to a fashionable Parisian hotel. Mme. Andreeva is there with her daughter, Natalie, a girl of 17, and they live in the lap of luxury while M. Andreeva works for them in the snowy northern capital. Of course Colonel Pistolkors appears, and he and madame are a great deal together. Natalie is miserable and implores her mother to see less of the dashing guardsman but her words have no effect; social ambition is now supplemented by a tender feeling and Mme. Andreeva will listen to no warning. She glanced triumphantly at the ex-wife of her lover when she and Colonel Pistolkors found themselves one night in a box at the opera opposite the one occupied by the Grand Duke Paul and the beautiful woman whose love he had filched from her husband.

The last act of the sordid tragedy took place in St. Petersburg. There were frequent meetings between the pair. At last they made a desperate resolution. Life was intolerable, the ties which kept them apart must be broken. So one evening General Pistolkors—he had been promoted—called on M. Andreeva and without mincing matters said briefly:

"I am in love with your wife, she returns my love, and I ask you to divorce her in order that we may be married."

M. Andreeva promptly ushered the general out of the house. But next evening his wife came to his study. "I am perfectly well aware," she said, "that General Pistolkors was here last night and I know what he said to you. He expressed by feelings as well as his own."

Her husband pleaded with her, but she treated every argument with scorn, until at last he could control himself no longer and catching up a Finnish knife he plunged it in her heart. The police, when they heard the story, refused to arrest the murderer.

At the funeral of Mme. Andreeva there was a touch which was altogether Russian. Behind her husband in the train of mourners who followed the coffin through the streets from the church to the distant Sergievsky cemetery—walking, as Russians even of imperial rank invariably do at a funeral—was General Pistolkors carrying an enormous wreath of immortelles.

SERGIUS VOLKHOVSKY.

Kissing Day at Hungerford.

From the London Standard.

The little town of Hungerford was yesterday the scene of the quaint celebration of Hocktide.

The property of the manor, which comprises a valuable trout fishery, has lately come within the purview of the charity commissioners, who have established a scheme for future administration by popular trustees, but with the proviso that the holding of the manorial court, with its picturesque and old world customs, should be aloiwed to continue.

Yesterday's functions began with a series of blasts on the historic horn, and then the tutti men, armed with staves, set forth on their perambulations, their duty being to demand a penny from every male householder and kiss from each lady who crossed their path. As a rule the privilege is granted with much good humor and husbands look on with equanimity.

Meanwhile the Hocktide jury were sitting in solemn conclave, appointing the constable and coroner and other ancient officers whose duties are more or less obsolete.

AN EXTRA TURN

By Walter Crane

EIGHT ladies shared one dressing-room, three chairs, and two mirrors at the Palace Music hall on a hot day in July. Seven of the ladies denounced the architect, builder and proprietor in the choicest terms of their vocabularly. The dressing rooms of music halls are seldom all that one might wish for in the way of comfort and ventilation when the thermometer is hovering around 100 in the shade. This dressing-room was as comfortless as the heat, the overcrowding and the absence of ventilation could make it.

The silent lady was standing patiently in a corner with a large parcel under her arm. She was a very pretty girl, plainly, though not poorly dressed, and her blushes at her companions' freedom of speech or when some remark seemed to apply to her showed that she was not yet used to the surroundings. But the chattering artists were too much taken up with their own affairs to notice her until at last she picked up courage enough to ask:

"Will you kindly tell me where do I dress?"

The grumblers stopped to stare at her, for the question and her slight country accent were alike strange to them.

"Anywhere you can hang on," said one, "you can have this looking-glass after me."

"Oh, I have a glass in my make-up box," replied the girl with a touch of pride in her voice.

"Make-up box," cried the others in chorus crowding around her. "Going on for a trial ain't you?"

The country girl nodded as she untied her parcel.

A knock was heard and a rasping voice announced that "Scratchenbelt was off." The news was received with much impatience.

"All those dirty loafers came to see the wrestler and now he's off. Who cares to see us?" said a ballet singer. "There they go," and the shuffling of many feet overhead indicated that the gallery door was open. Soon the dressing-room was cleared of all but the country girl and another.

The country girl had now changed into her costume of gray and roses. Pretty and tasteful enough but ineffective.

"What is your business," asked the other girl looking at the dress. The girl displayed it to fuller advantage as she replied:

"Well, it is really a song and dance. My agent bought it for me. He says it is just the thing for a critical audience and has said it will make a big hit. He looks after all my affairs in that way. He bought this for me, pointing to the elaborate make-up box, and he says he expects to book me for the Kieth & Proctor circuit if I take well here."

The other girl nodded, fanning herself with a piece of cardboard. Gaining courage the new comer chattered gaily on.

"My agent has been to such a lot of trouble for me. He says he has lost God knows how many dollars already on me and I expect he must have, for he says that all the $250 he had from father is gone long ago. He says it is making the managers see things in the right light that takes the time and money. He told me in confidence that it was really he who had got most of the big artists their first chance and now some of them are making $500 a week. So you see I will get the money back some time."

The other agreed and asked, "Who is your agent and how did he come to know of you?"

"It was like this, up at Poughkeepsie where I come from, I sang at a lot of concerts in clubs and things like that. Lots of people told father I was awfully clever and ought to be on the stage making a lot of money. Father's only a small farmer and not very well off, but he heard the same thing so often that I begged him to let me go. We didn't know anyone in the profession but I saw Mr. Goldlip's advertisement in a New York paper, so father and I came down to see him. He was awfully nice and said I had every natural qualification, those were his exact words, and only needed some capital invested in me. Father put another $100 to what mother left me and gave it to him to spend in bringing me before the public. I have been in New York now for three months and just when I had to tell Mr. Goldlip that all my money was gone he got the manager here to let me appear at this matinee. I was never so delighted in my life as when I got his postal, for I knew my chance had come. Father is giving a tea to all my friends at home this afternoon to celebrate my first appearance, and I am to telegraph to let him know where tour starts. Mr. Goldlip says it is only a matter of style. I hope my style is what the audience will like. How do you think I'm made up?"

"Too heavy, beginners always are."

Then she showed her how to tone down the crude coloring and advised her to get up to the stage as the artists were only doing short turns.

As she reached the wings a roar greeted the announcement that a telegram had just been received from Mr. Scratchenbelt's medical adviser that owing to severe indisposition the famous wrestler was confined to his bed and unable to appear. Then the illuminated announcement appeared on the curtain "extra" and the little Poughkeepsie girl's heart beat with excitement as the band struck up the opening for her song. There was no nervousness as she walked quickly on and faced the leader rather too far to the front of the stage.

The audience were still discussing the absence of their athletic favorite, who by the way was at the races at Sheepshead bay, when she commenced her song. It was the common kind with which performers who can sometimes dance but never sing insist on trying the patience of an audience before coming to their real business. verse about birds sweetly sing for now it is spring rendered in what reporters call a refined style was followed by a few steps interspersed with "I blithely skip, tap, tap, tap, as here I trip," when her foot struck an iron screw wire left in the stage by a troupe of acrobats who had preceded her. She staggered into the footlights amidst yells of delight from the gallery, who were in the mood to make someone suffer for their disappointment.

"Good for you, extra," squeeked a pimple-faced young Jew. His friends cheered and another ready wit shouted: "Have another drop of gin, old girl," and the gallery rose to the occasion relentlessly. Yet the dancing girl was unconscious of all but the stage and the band and her fresh young voice did not tremble and her feet executed the steps she had so laboriously learned. Her apparent courage irritated the dissatisfied audience. They were not to be cheated out of their rights by an "extra turn" and a young fellow in the uniform of the national guard threw a handful of nuts on the stage and the young pimple-faced Jew threw some shells, while others copied her high notes in falsetto until she bowed herself out.

Ear-piercing whistling, stamping and ironical shouts followed. The girl heard it all and looked at the stage manager.

"Shall I sing my other song?" she asked him.

Glaring at her savagely he growled something about getting that damned rag down quicker next time and turned away.

The band struck up another tune. It was not hers.

"I do not understand," she said to a stage hand. Then her brown eyes, such wondering innocent eyes, filled with a look of sudden horror.

"Have I made a failure of it?" she stammered.

And the stage hand bent his head as he needlessly coiled up a rope to conceal his emotion and mumbled:

"No, they have only given you the hook, miss."

ANCIENT INDIAN ORDER.

Strange Religious Rites Observed by Remnant of New England Tribe.

From the Kansas City Times.

Up in the northeast corner of the state there is a small band of Seneca Indians on a reservation of the same name. This is a remnant of a nation of Indians that can be traced from the original New England states, as they were forced west and south by the encroachments of the whites and the battle arm of stronger Indian bands that were constantly warring against them.

Among this little band of Indians, probably not more than 100 all told, there are some curious heathen rites that seem to be instinctive with the tribe.

Among them there is an old order known as "The Wood Face." Those who belong to the order can call in the "Wood Faces" in case of sickness, as is often done. They go through a performance that is calculated to drive out from the sick person the evil spirit that may be hovering around the bed. These faces are masks made out of wood, usually carved to represent a human form of some character, but sometimes made to represent the head of an animal. They are painted red and black, with large silver eyes and a horse tail for hair.

Arrayed in one of these hideous masks, together with rattles made of turtle shells fastened together at the outer edges with small stones inside and tied to the legs of the "Wood Faces" as they dance, roll and kick, singing their incantations the while, the Indians present a scene calculated to drive away any evil spirit that might happen along and incidentally drive the life out of the patient.

It appears that this organization has been in the tribe for many generations, the modes of procedure differing sometimes, but following the same general character. Its secret signs and symbols are guarded as closely as Masonry and its fraternal features are as binding. Its spiritual benefits are believed in implicitly.

Cups for College Reunions.

From the New York Sun.

The custom has arisen of late years in some colleges of giving a cup to the returning class which makes the best showing at commencement time. This is supposed to stimulate the attendance. Just what advantage a man derives from having his class numerals engraved on the cup isn't clear, for the cup stays at the college unless borrowed temporarily for exhibition purposes.

This reunion cup is presented usually by some class at the time of the graduation, when loyalty to alma mater runs high. Maybe the donors expect that their class numerals alone will decorate the cup, for each man feels perfectly sure that he'll return every commencement.

But some day the "oldest living alumnus," sole survivor of his class, will show up, score a clean 100 per cent and put to shame the youngsters who usually are the keenest competitors for the honor of "having" the cup.

BORROWED JOY

By Winifred Black

THE happiest woman I know is as black as the ace of spades. She's old and she's very poor, and she can't read or write.

Every Monday morning she comes to my house to do the washing, and Monday is the great day of the week to me, just because there's a streak of living sunshine down in the laundry, and I can feel it all through the house.

"What are you smiling about this morning?" I said to the happiest woman I know a week or so ago. It was raining hard and she was wet almost to the skin. Her shoes were none too thick, and she wore a little threadbare cape over her broad shoulders. "Has somebody left you a fortune?"

"...o, me?" said she. "Yas'm, dis surely is a mighty good cup of coffee I'm a-drinkin'; ain't nothin' like a good, cold storm to make you relish your eatin's."

The next week I saw the happiest woman I know coming up on the back porch, smiling like a cherub.

"Well, auntie, what is it that's so nice this morning?" I said. "Kind of a wahm, sociable sort of a day, ain't it?" said the happiest woman I know. "I heard the birds singin' right early this mornin'. Who can help laughin' on a day like this?" and every day she comes there's something to make her smile.

One day she said that the little baby whose mother lives in the hall across from her was a heap better this morning, and she couldn't help laughing every time she thought of it.

Another time a woman she knew had been left $50 in somebody's will, and another time somebody had given a young girl of her acquaintance a brand-new dress, "as blue as any vi-let dat ever growed."

None of the good luck ever seemed to be hers alone, but she never appears to think of that.

I asked her about that this morning, and she threw back her head with a laugh that sounded like clear spring water gurgling out of an old-fashioned jug.

"Law, chile," she said, "when I ain't got no special joy in my own life I des steps out and borrows a little offen some of de neighbors. I'se a mighty good borrower, in dat way."

Rather a good idea, isn't it, to borrow a little joy once in a while? I believe I'll adopt it and see if I can't be happy, too.

Why They Are Both Happy.

"Well, I'm glad I'm so tall," said one man of six feet and over, and "I'm glad I'm so short," said another, a man of five feet or under; and far apart as they were in stature they were glad with the same cause; one was too tall and the other too short to be worried by the scraping of the "Merry Widow" hat.

A One Name Wedding.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

At a wedding solemnized at Fingest (Buckinghamshire) the bride, the bridegroom, the clergyman who performed the ceremony and all the signatories of the register bore the name of Davis.

PUT YOUR HEART IN YOUR WORK—By John Anderson Jayne

AT a banquet given recently in Indianapolis by a large saw manufacturing concern to its employes, it was discovered that of the original 75 men who began work when the firm was established 25 years ago, 62 were still in its employ. At the present time there are 1,100 men on the pay roll.

But reading the story of the banquet, that which impresses most is the life-story of one of the saw polishers who was present. This man, William Miller by name, is now 70 years of age. Erect of form, clear of eye, and muscles and sinews as strong and keen as that of many young men, this man, unknown to fame, the hero of no battles, gives to the world a splendid object lesson in faithfulness in the performance of everyday duties of life.

For years he has been the star polisher of the factory. He is said to have given the most brilliant polish to saws of any man living. In an interview in an Indianapolis paper he tells how he did his work, and says: "I will show you how I polish the prize winners (referring to prize saws exhibited at various world's fairs). I did not have any handle to my block. I had a longer block than this, and pressed against it with my whole body. In that way I could feel what was going on in that saw. I could get the touch, and somehow my life went into my work. It was hard, but there is some satisfaction in doing the thing right, just exactly right, and a little bit better than any one else could do it."

That humble worker in saws has found the secret of true success: Do the thing right, and to do the thing right, put your heart into your work.

Unconsciously, this man, William Miller, preaches a sermon that has not been equalled by any pulpit orator in a long time. It is a sermon that goes right down to the essentials of true character building, and it's a good sermon because it has been wrought out into the life of the man preaching it. Preaching is comparatively easy work, but it takes a great man to both preach and practice, too.

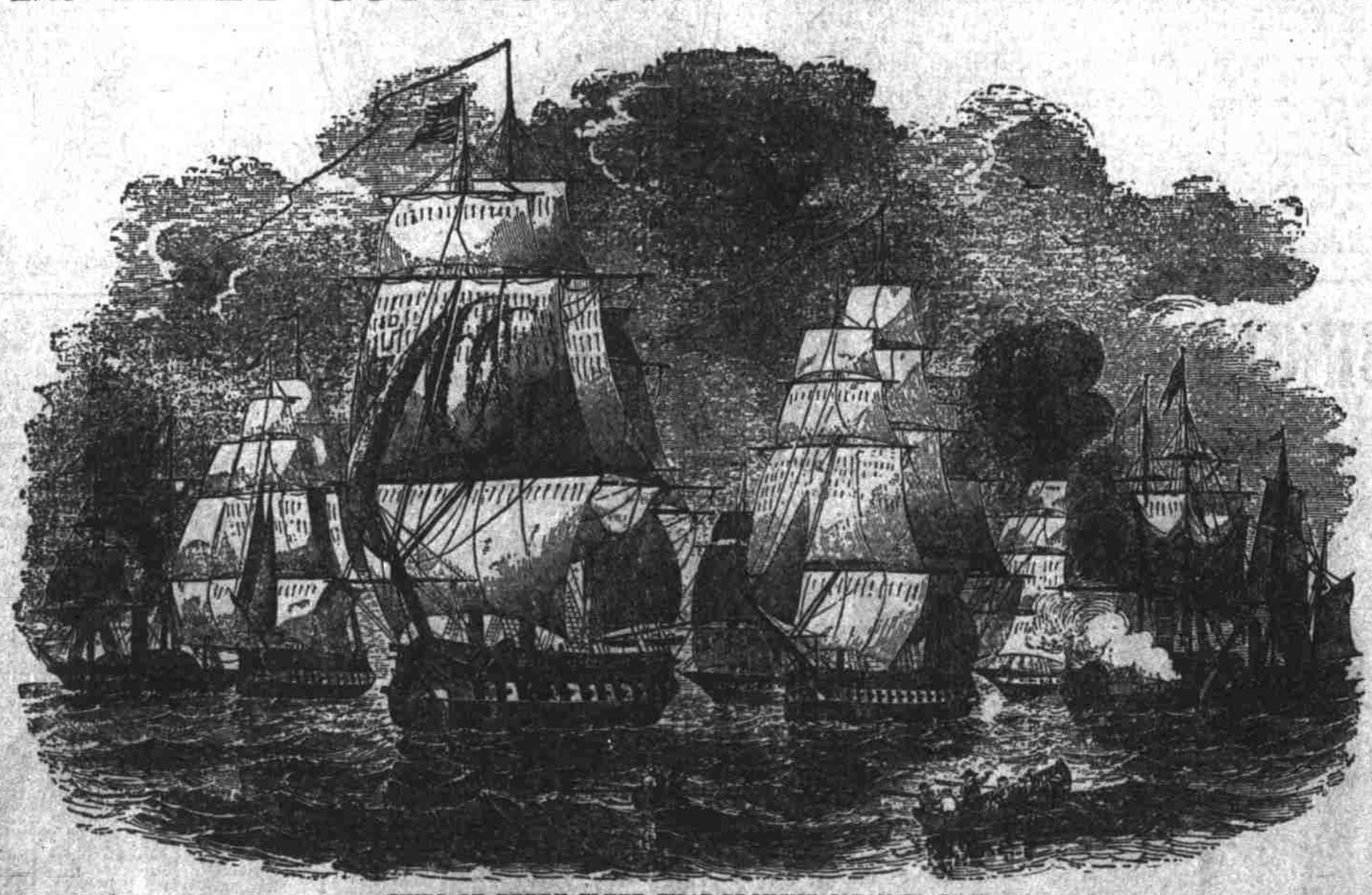
This little or rather great life-story should be read by every boy and girl, every young man and young woman in the land, and its lessons buried deep in the heart.

In this mad-rush-after-the-dollar-age we are apt to think that the accumulation of wealth is all there is to life, and that it constitutes success. But this humble worker had found after all, the best and truest success—the success that can only come to a man who puts his heart and life into his work. For him there are two great joys in life that come to but few. First: The joy of work well done. Second: The joy of knowing that the best that can be done has been done.

Too many people are satisfied with just good enough! It pays in more ways than one to do the best that is in us. Not for the hope of reward, not for the praise of man, but for the joy of the work and the work well done. There is no reward from any man comparable to the approving commendation that a man's own conscience gives him when he has done his best. There is no need of praise from any employer or fellow employe that equals the praise of the heart that has put its heart into the work.

These are the days when young men are going around whining because they cannot get work that suits them; these are the days when employers are hunting for worthy young men and they are hard to find. And it would be well for these young men who are continually losing their places and hunting work to study the life thought of this old man and the secret of his success when he says: "My life went into the work."

The FLEET COMMODORE PERRY COMMANDED



SHIPS OF PERRY FLEET THAT BROUGHT JAPAN TO TIME.

WHEN the eyes of all nations are centered upon the progress of the American fleet on its tour around the world, it is interesting to recall that a little over half a century ago a similar demonstration was made in the waters of the Pacific.

In 1853 the American squadron, commanded by Commander Perry, visited Japan, the object of the expedition being to establish between this country and Japan a commercial treaty for the benefit of both nations in the matter of maritime trade, and to impress the Japanese people with a degree of respect for our people and our laws.

Through the courtesy of W. C. Wight of 270 Portland boulevard, this city, The Journal is enabled to reproduce from a copy of "Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion," published at Boston, of date May 15, 1851, the accompanying picture of the vessels composing the fleet. The following is a list of the squadron: Steamer Mississippi, flagship, Captain McCluney, having on board Commander Perry, commander of the fleet; steam frigate Susquehannah, Captain Buchanan; steamer Princeton, Commander Sydney Smith Lee; sloop of war St. Mary's, Commander George A. McGruder; sloop of war Plymouth, Commander John Kelly; sloop of war Saratoga, Commander William L. Walker; brig of war Perry, Lieutenant Fairfax; store ship Supply, Lieutenant Arthur St. Clair.

Ineffectual attempts had been made by the Portugese, the Russians, the French, the English and the Americans, to open trade with Japan, but so far did they carry the matter of exclusion that the vessels of foreign nations were not even allowed to anchor in the Japanese ports, and the object of the American expedition, as officially announced, was to effect a landing at Jeddo, the capital, at all hazards, and also to make explorations on shore and leave no efforts untried to open commercial intercourse with that long sealed people, the fleet to be absent about 18 months.

UNCLE SAMS CEMENT.

Expected to Save $1,000,000 on the Cost of the Roosevelt Dam.

The cement mill which the government built for use in making the Roosevelt dam in connection with the Salt River irrigation project is said to have justified its construction.

The mill was built and has been in successful operation for over two years, making cement from materials found in the neighborhood. The actual expense of production was $2.10 a barrel in the month of April and $1.92 in May, with the prospect of material reduction in the future when the plant is run continuously at its full capacity of 350 barrels a day.

At the time when the bids were asked for cement was selling at the works at $1.10 a barrel; today at the same points it is selling for from $2.00 to $2.10, so the government is making its own cement on the spot for what it would have to pay for it at the works of private manufacturers.

The utility of the plant is not limited to the Roosevelt dam. Near Phoenix a large diversion dam is to be built requiring 50,000 barrels of cement, and it is estimated that it will be cheaper to make it at the government mill at Roosevelt and haul it 60 miles to the new dam than to buy it in the open market.

The total cost of the cement mill was $218,380.57. It has already paid for itself and will effect a saving on this job alone of something like $1,000,000.

That is, the settlers who will occupy these irrigated lands would have had to pay about $5.00 an acre more if the government had accepted the first bids.

The Wedding Toll.

From the London Standard.

The village of Blackwell has just witnessed the revival of the old Somersetshire custom known as wedding toll.

This consists of stretching a rope across the road as the bride and bridegroom are returning from the church and demanding toll before they are allowed to pass. A young Londoner who was proceeding with his bride to her home thus found the pathway obstructed, toll being asked and cheerfully given on four different occasions.

The revival of the custom brought together a large number of the residents of the district, and the newly married couple received quite an ovation as they passed down the village street.