

THE CHILDREN'S COMING HOME.

FROM the far and frozen Northland with a whirling flight of snow— From the Southland, fair and fragrant, on the merry morning ray— From the East and from the West, o'er the ocean's heaving crest.



FLOOR MY KNEES COAT IS MIGHT

He is coming home, o'er the sea, for Christmas day. O'er the rolling Western prairie, thro' the forest, thro' the vineyard and the mine; our Harry, freed from fetid city air.

"Is the Christmas tree ablazing? Are the candles all in place? For Nell, you know, is coming with her rosy girls and boys; And my spirit bankers after happy bursts of baby laughter.

"Hark to sleighbells on the roadway!—they are coming! They are here! From the Northland, and the Southland— from the East and from the West; We will scan each other's face, we will feel each warm embrace; Our vagrant brood will meet again at peace within the nest.

Nothing to Hold. "Suppose that Father Time were bald," remarked the girl with the illustrated almanac; "how it would interfere with progress."

Saturated. Van Isbe—Well, old man, did you greet Christmas with the proper spirit in your heart? Ten Broke—Yes, the doctor said it had soaked in almost everywhere.—New York Journal.

INCOMES OF ROYALTY.

SALARIES THAT GO WITH JOBS AS RULERS.

Many Monarchs Enjoy All the Luxuries of Abundant Wealth—Czar of Russia Reputed to be the Richest Man in the World.

Seventy-four men and two women divide among themselves the governments of the world. In other words, there are seventy-six rulers. Of these twenty-two govern as presidents, fifteen as kings, eleven as dukes and grand dukes, six as emperors, five as princes and five as sultans.

The most venerable of these rulers is Sidi Ali Pasha, bey of Tunis, born in 1817. The youngest head of a nation is Wilhelmina of Holland, born in 1880, the young king of Spain not yet being seated on his ancestral throne.

When it comes to civil lists the emperor of Russia, who is said to be the richest man in the world, can show the largest bank account, \$12,000,000 being his yearly income.

Seven other sovereigns have incomes reaching the million figure—the sultan of Turkey, who has \$10,000,000; the emperor of Austria, who has \$3,875,000; Emperor William of Germany, \$3,852,770; king of Italy, \$2,858,000; the queen of England, \$1,925,000; king of Bavaria, \$1,412,000, and the king of Spain, \$1,400,000.

The one who obtains the bulk of his income in the most original manner is the sultan of Sulu, who raises it by fines. He has men whose business it is to watch his subjects who are making money, and as soon as a man gets something ahead he is charged with some crime and the result is a fine.

The monarch who stands last on the list as regards his income is King Malletoa Tann of Samoa. He ekes out his existence on the paltry sum of \$150 a month, or less than \$2,000 a year. The salary paid to the predecessor for upholding the dignity of the Samoan throne was \$50 a month, and with this sum he was well satisfied.

It is a fact that the king is drawing a large salary as a source of gratification to his adherents, who expect to wear a clean calico shirt every year on account of his dissipation of wealth.

Appreciated by Political For some years the talk has been that Green's party landed at Port Charles, for on attempting to put together a small boat with which they had provided themselves, it was found that the dishonest—or only careless—ship-builder had forgotten to include the white lead in the boat's fixings.

Henry W. O'Melveny, of Los Angeles, had a unique experience last week at Madera, where he arrived at midnight, dirty, unkempt and unshaven, after a ten days' fishing trip in the interior.

He reached over and rapped out on the telegraph key for the benefit of the assistant operator in the next room the single word "tough," while the assistant answered in the same fashion. "Yes; very tough." In the meantime O'Melveny had extracted a twenty-dollar bill from his pocket and requested a ticket to Los Angeles.

Carrying with him his secret of petrifying a corpse and giving it for all eternity the flesh color of life, Dr. Marini, the Italian, is dead. His secret can be kept no more surely now that he has taken it with him than he kept it in his lifetime.

HE DIED WITH HIS SECRET. Man Who Discovered How to Petrify Bodies Never Re-closed Process.

Men are seldom charitable on an empty stomach. Men are seldom charitable on an empty stomach. Men are seldom charitable on an empty stomach.

to this single purpose of discovering how to preserve human bodies in the flesh so that they shall be as hard as stony and yet retain the lifetime color. Nor was this all. He aimed to retain the softness and the flexibility of flesh in life, and it is reported that he succeeded in part, for in his studio, among the hard and stony busts, heads, arms, feet and entire figures that once were full of life, he had several hands of women which seemed as fresh and flexible as in life, and he was confident that he had learned the secret of converting the whole human body into that condition.

So careful was he of his process that he bought the various materials which he used in different towns and wrapped them in camphor cloths to disguise their odor, so that not even a guess could be made as to what he carried. He had among the specimens of his work the petrified statues of Benedetto Cairoli and Cardinal Sanfelice of Naples.

Besides his discovery proper he had just one other ambition in life. He wanted to hold a chair in one of the universities where he could impart in a suitable manner some of his information to his fellows.

To provide bread for himself and daughter Dr. Marini offered to take a much inferior post in the university, but even this he could not get. Saddened by his poverty and his failure in having his work appreciated, he shut himself up and grew as white as his petrified bodies.



At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up, and, after examining it, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult; but" (looking grim) "I should like to see the man who would dare to repeat it!"

A party of Americans were sitting on the upper deck of a Rhine River boat, enjoying the charming scenery. One was reading aloud from a guide-book about the various castles as they came into view. Just as the boat was passing one of the finest old buildings, a woman in the party exclaimed to her companions: "Why, that old castle is inhabited. See, there are blinds at the windows." "No," said a man standing by her side, "those are the shades of their ancestors."

During Lincoln's second presidential campaign, John J. Janney, of Columbus, Ohio, went to see the President at Washington. In the course of their conversation Lincoln said: "You are going to defeat Sammy out in your district this time, aren't you?" referring to a Democratic candidate for Congress in Ohio. "I understand that Sammy is a great friend of mine—just as warm a friend as I have. He reminds me of a hog that old Sam Brown had. It got out and was gone for some time. Sam could see where it had been rooting along the creek, and he said one morning to one of his sons that the boy was to go along one side of the creek and Brown himself would go along the other, 'for I think,' said he, 'that the hog is on both sides of the creek.'"

When Marius Dahlgreen, the artist, left for Nome some time ago, to seek his fortune in the gold-fields, he decided to take a varied supply of paints and colors with him, so that, should the objects fail to materialize, he might in his time profitably immortalize picturesque scenery of the new mining camp with his brush. These pictures were shattered, however, when Dahlgreen's party landed at Port Charles, for on attempting to put together a small boat with which they had provided themselves, it was found that the dishonest—or only careless—ship-builder had forgotten to include the white lead in the boat's fixings.

Henry W. O'Melveny, of Los Angeles, had a unique experience last week at Madera, where he arrived at midnight, dirty, unkempt and unshaven, after a ten days' fishing trip in the interior. After settling down in the deserted station, to await the arrival of the Los Angeles train, O'Melveny decided to purchase his railway ticket before the ticket window opened.

Carrying with him his secret of petrifying a corpse and giving it for all eternity the flesh color of life, Dr. Marini, the Italian, is dead. His secret can be kept no more surely now that he has taken it with him than he kept it in his lifetime. He lived only with his daughter, and he did not allow her to know the slightest about the wonderful process. Like all inventors, he impoverished himself and what there was of his family in his devotion to the one object of his life.

JOHN D. HART.

Death of the Famous Filibuster of the Cuban War.

Capt. John D. Hart, the famous filibuster of the Cuban war, friend of Cuba Libre and despair of the Spanish marine patrol, died at Philadelphia recently of apoplexy. He was one of the most interesting characters in the last rebellion of the Cubans against the rule of Spain, and did more to supply the struggling patriots with arms and ammunition than any other man.



CAPT. JOHN D. HART.

for Cuban shores laden with warlike goods for the island patriots.

The authorities were forced to interfere with the captain's traffic, owing to a demand made upon the United States by Spain, which charged that Hart was violating the laws of neutrality. He was arrested and sentenced in March, 1897, to two years' imprisonment and what amounted to \$5,000 in fines.

In his adventurous business the filibuster and his companions were often chased by Spanish war boats, but he was never caught nor were his feet ships injured. In this way he landed thousands of rifles and tons of powder in quiet spots on the Cuban shore. Captain Hart leaves a widow and two charming daughters, Laura and Ada Hart, for whom the filibuster boat Laurada had been named.

NOT PLEASED WITH ROME.

Kansas Cityan Smashes the Idols in the Eternal City.

Here's a Missouri idol smasher who has the courage of his convictions in the matter of "speaking his mind," at any rate. A Grundy County man who is making a tour of Europe "did Rome" one afternoon a few weeks ago with the following disastrous result, as described in his latest letter home: "St. Peter's disappointed me. It is large enough, but too light and bare. The inside is of gray marble, and there is no stained glass. So it looks like an unfitted art gallery. The famous bronze statue of St. Peter, sitting in a chair, from which the toe has been kissed, would not catch your eye if it were not for the guide book. The great vatican palace is about as pretty as the 'brick row.' It is very old, very irregular, and the pictures by Raphael and Michael Angelo were an utter disappointment to all of us. The Sistine chapel, in which M. Angelo's greatest paintings cover the walls and ceilings, is a large, plain room. The pictures are all in a dark, purplish gray color, hard to make out and absurd when you do make them out. They remind me of rather plain and faded circus bills with the actors performing on the trapeze. Raphael's greatest pictures are rich in colors, but are not more interesting. He and Angelo never saw a naked woman or child, I guess, nor were ever even at Atlantic City. They give children the muscles of a Roman gladiator or a Barnum strong man. The ruins of ancient Rome are also a great disappointment, as a rule. With the exception of the wonderful Coliseum and a few more things all the rest are nothing but stone piles, so far as they appear to the common spectator."—Kansas City Journal.

Tea Culture in India.

The east has always been considered the home of the tea plant, China having grown it for centuries, although the original country of tea is not known. It has been found in a truly wild state in Assam. It may be cultivated in the east through a wide range from India to Japan. The industry, however, is not indigenous to India, but rather a child by adoption. It is but little more than a century ago that an attempt was made to cultivate the tea plant in India and it was not until as late as 1841 that the first public sale of tea occurred at Calcutta, which city seems to have ever since controlled the market of the Indian tea trade.

Cobwebs Stop Telegraphing.

A peculiar but very serious difficulty besets the operation of telegraph lines in the Argentine Republic. The small spider of the variety that spins a long cobweb and floats it in the air, is so plentiful there that the floating webs settle on the wires in enormous quantities. As soon as dew falls or a shower of rain comes up every microscopic thread becomes wet and establishes a minute leak. The effect of millions of such leaks is practically to stop the operations of the lines, and the government telegraph department, especially in Buenos Ayres, has been put to vast inconvenience by the cobwebs. A number of expedients have been tried, but to no avail.

Russian Orthodox Church.

The present orthodox church of Russia is divided into sixty-seven eparchies, including one in Alaska, and forty-three vicarial seats of bishops. Russia has now 117 archbishops, including three metropolitans, sixty-seven bishops and now 117 archbishops, thirty-nine bishops.

Floating the Way Out.

"What do you think Miss Popkins did when I stayed late last night?" "What?" "She got up and hung on 'Trit' place."