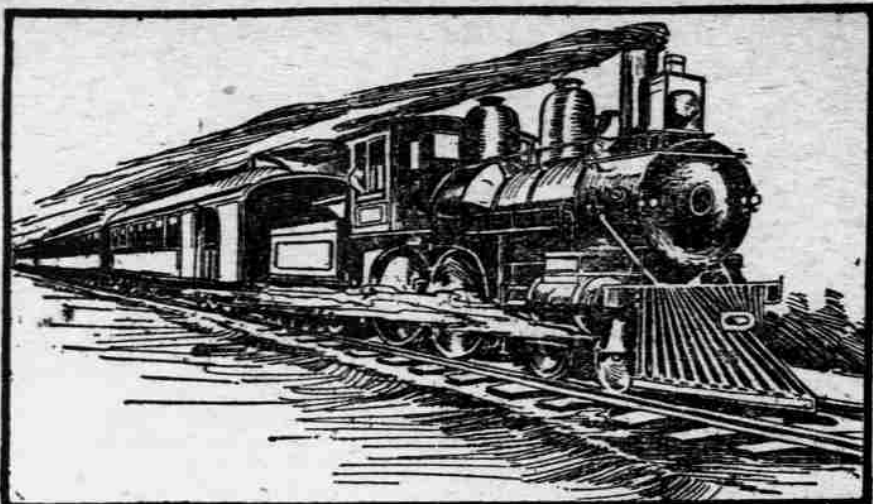


Wheel and away from the smoky town,
To the country side, where the earth
blooms fair;
From the fiery ways where the sun beats
down,
For a bracing run in the open air.
Spring into the saddle with feverish
haste,
Keen joy in the heart and a laugh for
care;
Away where the branches are interlaced
With the glorious blue of the open air.
The soul grows lean in the narrow
streets;
The spirit hearkens to grim despair;
Away and away where the rarest
sweets
Scent every breath of the open air.
The soul shall expand and the heart grow
light
In the distant lane where the city's
blare
Is lost like a phantom of vanished night;
Away and away to the open air.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Broken Cloud

REALLY, Gerald, the way you
speak to me is unendurable! If
I were your slave you could not
be more domineering!" exclaimed Mrs.
Fenton, as she put the teapot violently
on the table.
"Take care the teapot does not ex-
plode the teapot, madam!" her husband
retorted.
"As if I hadn't a name!" she cried.
And then followed angry words on both
sides.
They paid no attention to their lit-
tle daughter, Ada, who looked first at
one angry parent and then at the other,
until she finally sobbed aloud. Em-
mie—Mrs. Fenton—rose to soothe the
child, but tears are catching, and their
mingled. Mr. Fenton meanwhile left
the room, slamming the door after him,
and went to his office as usual.
"It's fortunate that the new house-
keeper is coming to-day," thought Em-
mie. "Now I can go and see Cousin
Maggie, and get the cobwebs brushed
away. It will do Gerald good to pass
an evening without me."
She initiated Mrs. Maloy, when she
arrived, into the ways of her house-
hold, told her to prepare her husband's
dinner, and left a message for him to
the effect that she intended returning
by the late car.
"Don't leave either house door open,
for tramps come round sometimes," she
cautioned the woman, who replied:
"Sure and ain't I feared enough of
tramps to lock the doors?"
When Gerald came home toward
evening he rang the bell as usual, not
being in the habit of carrying a latch-
key, for Emmie liked to admit him her-
self.
"Good-evening, Mrs. Maloy," he said,
as he heard the latch click.
The new housekeeper opened the door
a little way, placing her strong foot
firmly behind it.
"Who are you?" she asked, giving
him a suspicious look. "And what
may you be wanting?"
"To come in, of course," was the nat-
ural answer.
"Sure and ye don't!" was her reply.
"Is Mrs. Fenton at home?" Gerald
asked loudly.
"The mistress is out," she answered,
"and the business is none of yours."
"Don't you know I'm Mr. Fenton?"
he began.
But she interrupted him with:
"A mighty fine story to get an old
woman to believe!"
Gerald fairly gasped, while he won-
dered how much of his wife Mrs. Ma-
loy had imbibed. What a mistake he
had made in this woman! Yet he had
done the best he could. After Emmie's
correspondence with her, he had seen
her in his office, for was it not part
of his business as a lawyer to judge
people by their faces?
"No nonsense!" he commanded. "Let
me in at once!"
"I just won't, and so there!" she de-
clared, as she slammed the door in his
face with a great bang.
He went round to the kitchen door,
and found that fast bolted. Should he
fetch a policeman and force an en-
trance? The woman might have done
Emmie some mischief. Turning to go
down street, he met a friend.
"I saw your wife and little girl start
off to Deephene this morning, intend-
ing to come back on the 10 o'clock car,"
he said.
Resting on this information, Gerald
spent the evening at his club, returning
at 11. All was as still as the dead. His
wife evidently remained for the night
at her cousin's and the old woman was
doubtless in a drunken stupor. His only
resource was to go to a hotel.
After a wakeful night, the first per-
son Mr. Fenton met in the street was
a client of his, who urged his going on
important business to Chicago, and
Fenton consented to start at once. His
house preserved the silence of the pre-
vious evening; so, tearing a leaf from
his pocketbook, he scribbled upon it:
"Off to Chicago; you will understand.
Expect me when you see me."
"GERALD FENTON."
Slipping the paper under the door, he
thought, "This trip will give Emmie
time to return to her former self." Then
he hastened away, having barely time
to catch the morning express.
"When did Mr. Fenton come back?"
was his wife's first inquiry of the
housekeeper on her return.
"Sure and Mister Fenton's not
shown himself inside the doorway since
you went away!"
With a falling countenance Mrs. Fen-
ton went on:
"Has no one been here then?"
"No one at all to come in," the wom-
an assured her. "One of them sus-
picious gents came to the door last
evening, as though it was the right that
he had, but I gave him me mind on the
subject, and he took himself off. Never
a spoon or a fork would he've left the
day had he got in!"
As she moved away from the door
Mrs. Fenton caught sight of the folded
piece of paper, which she hastily read.
"What was the tramp like, Mrs. Ma-
loy?" she asked.
"Dade and he was like any other
member of the swell mob, as we call
such in old Ireland. He had a false



By the use of the electric current a
passenger train on the Chicago, Bur-
lington and Quincy Railroad was re-
cently made to take its own photo-
graph while going at the rate of nearly
sixty miles an hour. A sharp, clear
picture was obtained, including even
the smoke from the locomotive, while
the engineer's features are clearly out-
lined.

The camera was connected with the
railroad track by an electric switch,
the idea of Mr. Ayrault Green, of Chi-
cago, after having made several at-
tempts to get a snap shot in the ordi-
nary way. Mr. Green's story of the
way he carried out his plan is interest-
ing. It is as follows:
"Thinking this was a simple task, I
set to work with my regular camera,
but to my regret my first pictures were
utter failures. After some study as to
the speed of trains and shutters, I de-
termined these facts: Assuming the
speed of the train to be sixty miles an
hour, it is plain that eighty-eight feet
would be covered in one second; hence,
with a shutter working at one-hun-
dredth part of a second, the train
would move about 10.6 inches during

the interval of exposure, making a blur
on the plate.

"I finally succeeded in devising a
shutter which worked at a speed of one-
thousandth part of a second. This
speed allowed the train to move only a
fraction over one inch, which would
give quite a sharp picture, and on de-
creasing the angle at which the camera
was set the movement on the plate
was constantly reduced.
"After trusting to luck several times,
and meeting with little success, I de-
cided to employ electricity in the
scheme and finally completed a ma-
chine which was simple, yet very ef-
ficient. The device comprises an elec-
tric switch communicated through a
metallic circuit to a set of dry cells,
and thence to a shutter release. One
with a little knowledge of electricity
can readily see that when the engine
strikes the switch it closes the circuit
and instantly the electricity communi-
cated with the high speed shutter and
the picture is correctly registered on
the center of the plate.

"Thus the Burlington train took its
own picture while running at full
speed, and it may seem odd, yet it is
true that a railroad locomotive has at
last joined the great army of amateur
photographers."

mustache to his face, and a hat that
came down over the eyes of him."

"How was he dressed?"
"Faith and I couldn't tell you. I never
take count of the clothes of tramps,
for I know they never came into them
the right way," said the deep reason-
ing woman.

Still unsatisfied, Mrs. Fenton went to
the house of her nearest neighbor, and
asked if she had seen her husband pass
by on the previous evening.
"No," was the reply, "but I saw him
this morning, walking hurriedly away
from the house."

On her return Emmie again ques-
tioned the housekeeper.
"Do you think you could recognize
Mr. Fenton from having seen him in
his office?"
"Sure and I could that."
"Then you don't think he was the gen-
tleman you took for a tramp?"
"Do you suppose I don't know a
tramp when I get the sight of him—
me who was married to one ten years,
till I couldn't stand his ways no longer?"

Mrs. Fenton's state of mind was any-
thing but satisfactory. What should
she do. She reckoned up the days, and
concluded that her husband would be
back from Chicago in a week's time.
Should she write to him and explain
matters? No, it was for him to ex-
plain—he had been in the wrong.
The days went slowly by, but the
postman brought no letter from Ger-
ald. The time she set expired, and he
had not returned. So she went to his
office and she learned that the English-
man who was negotiating for the pur-
chase of some mines insisted on Mr.
Fenton's going to England. Should
she write to him now, and explain that
an accident prevented her return on
that unlucky evening? No—the humili-
ation of getting the address from the
office was too great. She again reck-
oned up the days, allowing three weeks
for his return. The third came and
went with no arrival and no tidings.
She became a prey to the keenest an-
xiety, as well she might, for Gerald Fen-
ton was an inmate of a London hospi-
tal, having met with an accident.

The weary weeks dragged on. There
were times when Emmie left she must
lose her reason. If her husband were
only restored to her she never again
would complain of his domineering
ways. And on his side Gerald was
thinking:
"How could I have been so overbear-
ing? Emmie is my equal in all save in
professional work and my superior in
some ways. No wonder she resented
my masterful aims! Well, she shall have
no reason to complain in future."
"Can I soon leave, doctor?" he in-
quired one morning, when the house
surgeon came on his rounds.
"You'll be ready to go in a day or
two," was what he gladly heard, for
he was all eagerness to commence his
home life under a new aspect.

He had written a few lines to his
wife, telling her what had befallen
him, adding, "I am longing to be at
home again that we may start a new
and a happier chapter together; one like
the first of our series!"
And what that letter meant to Em-
mie only a woman similarly placed can
know.

"Emmie, I'm still a bit of an invalid!"
Gerald said on arriving at home. "You
must be kind to me!"
Emmie could not speak; but she
kissed him, and the silence that fol-
lowed was eloquent.
"How on earth did you get rid of that
drunken old witch?" he inquired pres-
ently. "Did you call in the police?"
"You don't mean Mrs. Maloy, do you?"
Why, she's here still, and is not a drink-
ing woman."
"Well, I declare! I must have it out
with her before I'm an hour older, or
she'll be for turning me away again,"
laughed Gerald.
"Then you were the tramp, after all!
I thought so from the first!" cried Em-
mie. "Poor Mrs. Maloy!"

According to the proverb concerning
"black angels," the housekeeper ap-
peared at this moment with a cup of
tea for the traveller.
"Do you know me this time, Mrs.
Maloy," Gerald asked, "or do you still
take me for a tramp?"

"The saints preserve me!" was her
excited response, while the tea cup
narrowly escaped a spill. "Every fiber
of me is shaking with the sight! 'Twas
the fairies that threw dust in my eyes!"
"Twas the living with Maloy that put
tramps on me brain. Rather than make
the mistake to himself, I'd unbar the
door to a whole regiment of 'em, and
die on the gallows!"

"It's all right now, Mrs. Maloy; don't
worry any more," said Gerald, and she
retreated in tears to her kitchen. "All
well that ends well," added Gerald. "If
Mrs. Maloy had not mistaken me for a
tramp we both should have missed a
lesson we needed." And he drew his
wife's face down to his and kissed it
fondly.

Awakened out of her sleep by her fa-
ther's voice, Ada jumped from her crib,
rushed into the sitting room and bound
into Gerald's arms.
"I know you'd come back, 'cause we
all love you!" she cried. "Don't we,
mummy?"
"Better than life itself!" fervently re-
plied Emmie. And Gerald felt that his
matrimonial infelicities were over.—
Waverley Magazine.

FLOWERS FOR THE TEACHERS.

How the Schoolrooms Are Brightened
by the Pupils.

The janitor of a public school build-
ing stood pointing to a young woman
just quitting the building with a large
corncopia, made out of a newspaper,
in one hand. "Do you know what that
teacher is carrying home?" he asked.
"I haven't the least idea from what
shape," replied the man who had stop-
ped for a chat.
"You'd be surprised if you saw every
teacher in this school, and in nearly
every other school in the city, leaving
in the afternoon with a bundle of the
same kind?"

"I would," said the other. "I sup-
pose it has something to do with their
work here."
"Not at all," said the janitor. "They're
simply taking away the flowers the
school children brought them this
morning. From about this time of the
year on to the close of the session you
will see this thing repeated each day.
But there's more in this little fact than
you'd at first think. If you care to fol-
low it up you'll learn a good deal about
the popularity of teachers with their
pupils. It is seldom that a teacher is
not remembered at all by her scholars."

It would be a pretty unpopular teacher
that didn't get at least a nosegay. The
big-hearted, generous little tots even
hand the "gruff old janitor" a pretty bou-
quet quite occasionally.
"Everything in the way of cut flow-
ers and sometimes potted plants is
brought here every morning. And if a
teacher is well liked she can't begin
to carry home all the flowers she re-
ceives. Some of the classrooms look
like florists' shops. There's hardly a
woman teacher who doesn't keep one
or two vases on her desk, and they are
almost always filled up. It certainly
brightens up the plain school-
rooms with color. Roses, violets,
daisies, carnations, peonies, sweet peas,
sometimes wild flowers gathered after
a trip to the fields and woods in the
northern part of the city—they are all
favorites with the children.

"It would do anybody good," contin-
ued the janitor, according to the New
York Times, "to watch the beaming
face of a child who intends to surprise
her teacher with a gift. It's a bit of
sunshine for the cloudiest day. The
love of most children for the love of
their teacher shows itself plainly in
these floral gifts, which are frequently
in the nature of peace offerings. When
a child has offended her teacher she
generally takes the first step toward
reconciliation by timidly presenting
a little fistful of flowers the next day."
"The men teachers? Oh, yes, their
pupils bring them flowers, too. Bache-
lor buttons? Yes, and roses, also.
"It's a pretty example of school chil-
dren's thoughtfulness," he concluded.

They tell of a young man who started
in twenty years ago to sweep out a law
office and study law, and who is still
sweeping out.
A terrible lot of the information the
average girl has about things was gath-
ered in novels.

STIMULANT FOR THE HEART.

Cold Applications Are Superior to
Draughts of Alcohol.

There is a deep-seated belief amount-
ing almost to a superstition that alco-
hol is a very important heart stimu-
lant, especially when this organ is
weak. Winternitz, the great authority
on hydrotherapy in Germany, has often
told us of the very great value of cold
as a heart stimulant or tonic, and that
it is far superior to alcohol in this re-
spect. Dr. Kellogg gives the method
of application as follows:
"The application consists of a com-
press applied to the portion of the
chest wall over the heart. This com-
presses the space bounded by the second
rib above, the right border of the
sternum, a line falling a half-inch to
the right of the nipple and the sixth
rib below. The compress should be
large enough to cover this space and
to extend at least two inches outside
of it. Ordinarily the best effects are
produced by employing water at a tem-
perature of about 60 degrees. The
compress should be wrung moderately
dry and should be very lightly covered.
It is desirable that cooling by slow
evaporation should be encouraged and
be continued for some time."

Dr. Kellogg continues: "In Ger-
many and France it is the custom to
administer alcohol to the patient just
before putting him in a cold bath.
Some practitioners, as Winternitz, ad-
minister but a very small amount, a
single mouthful of wine, for instance,
while others give brandy in consider-
able quantities. A few American prac-
titioners employ brandy freely with the
cold bath. The unwisdom of this
practice will be apparent on due con-
sideration of the following facts:

"One purpose in administering the
cold bath is to secure a true stimulant
or tonic effect in arousing the vital
energies through excitation of the
nerve centers. Alcohol was once sup-
posed to be capable of effecting this,
and was used for this purpose in ty-
phoid fever and various other morbid
conditions accompanied by depression
of the vital forces. At the present
time, however, it is well known, and
with practical unanimity admitted,
that alcohol is neither a tonic or a stim-
ulant, but a narcotic; that it depresses
and does not excite; that it lessens and
does not increase the activity of the
nerve centers, and that this is true of
small as well as large doses, as has
been shown by the researches of care-
ful investigators."

HE KNOWS BOSTON SOCIETY.
Man Who Stands by the Doors at All
Functions of Back Bay Society.

George C. Becker is perhaps one of
the best-known men in the circle of the
400 of Back Bay's most exclusive set.
He doesn't exactly belong to this
set, rather he is on the outside, para-
doxical as it may sound. He belongs
to the great army of bread-winners of
the city, yet few outside of society
have the pleasure of his acquaintance.

"George," as he is familiarly known
in Back Bay circles, has been an in-
tegral part of every great function that
has taken place in the Back Bay for
nearly a decade. His is a peculiar call-
ing. For twenty years he has held the
proud and undisputed title of doorman
for the fashionable set. He began
when the fathers of the present genera-
tion were children, and now he is doing
the same work for the grandchildren
of his original employers.

"George's" particular work is to
stand at the doors of halls and private
houses when any great function is go-
ing on and watch the incoming guests
to see that no unbidden guest enters.
He knows every man and woman of
any prominence in society, and every
mild and young man who is entitled
to enter therein, and they know him
as well, and from oldest to youngest
they all greet him affectionately as
"George."

George has just celebrated his seven-
teenth birthday, and the occasion was
made memorable to him by the many
gifts which were showered upon him
from a legion of well wishers.—Boston
Daily Globe.

One Effect of Russia's Great Railway.
With the completion of the Trans-
Siberian Railroad Russia makes her
entry as a competitor in the European
butter trade, and is carrying every-
thing before her. In 1899 the Russian
product in the London markets was
too small for separate classification; in
two years it had jumped to the second
place, Denmark holding the first, as she
has long done. The Trans-Siberian but-
ter trains, one a week, leave Obi, stop
at six other centers of the industry and
arrive at the Baltic port of Riga after
a journey of seventeen days. A steam-
ship line with cold storage service com-
petes the product on to London, where
it competes successfully with the best
European brands, those of Denmark,
Ireland and Normandy. The trade is
only begun, but its promise for the fu-
ture is enormous, and the butter mar-
ket of the world, of which London is
the center, will henceforth feel the
force of a new factor and a new source
of production of practically limitless
extent.

The Teacher Rebuked.
According to Representative Little-
field, it was a preacher's small boy who
got into a fight with another youngster.
As the latter was going home with one
black eye the minister met him.
"My lad," said the preacher, "you
have been fighting."
"Yes, sir," was the reply.
"Don't you know it is wicked to fight?
I will go home and pray for you."
"You had better go home and pray
for your own boy," was the indignant
reply. "He has two black eyes."—
Washington Post.

A Small Request.
"I understand you are possessed of
great strength?" queried the quiet vi-
sitor at the freak congress of the strong
man.
"That's what I am," replied the mod-
ern Hercules.
"Would you mind helping me lift a
mortgage?"
But before the strong man could
reach out the quiet man had lost him-
self in the crowd.—Ohio State Journal.

Some people are mean enough to buy
a Bible with counterfeit money.
Some girls don't comb their hair
often enough.

NOW A KING IN FACT.

BUT THERE IS NO GOOD REASON
TO ENVY ALFONSO.

Threatening Political Situation Con-
fronts Spain's Young Ruler—His
Mother's Struggle in His Behalf—He
Is Neither Petted Nor Spoiled.

The scepter to which he was born,
but which has been withheld from him,
has passed into the hands of Alfonso
XIII. of Spain. The lad whom the
world has pitied, and into whose future
it may well look with deep concern,
who was fatherless from birth, and
whose courageous mother's regency
has been full of troubles with and
without, who has himself seen his
country lose 160,000 square miles of ter-
ritory and 12,000,000 of population—this
boy is now a full-fledged monarch. He
has been described as a physical weak-
ling, with corresponding mental insuffi-
ciency. Those familiar with his train-
ing and acquainted with his personal-
ity say this is not true—that he is
strong. For his own and his country's
sake, it is to be hoped that this is true.

No weakling can master the political
situation which confronts Alfonso. The
country is barely recovering from the
recent war with the United States.
Discontent and trouble are rampant in
every direction. Political strife of vari-

EMBARRASSING ACCURACY.

A certain Mr. and Mrs. Anderson,
who had a grown-up daughter, went to
live in California, where they rented a
small furnished house and engaged a
Chinese man-of-all-work. The house
was well situated and tastefully fur-
nished, and Wing Lee proved to be a
good cook, clean and respectful. As
soon as the Andersons were settled the
neighbors began to call, and it was then
that the fact was discovered that Wing
was absolutely devoid of any ideas as
to the ushering in or out of guests. So
one morning Mrs. Anderson and her
daughter determined to instruct him.
Providing him with a tray, Miss Ander-
son went out, rang the bell, was shown
into the sitting-room, and waited while

He has had teachers of military sci-
ence, and in all departments of human
knowledge is as proficient as a boy of
his years, subject to a most careful
training and gifted with a clear intelli-
gence, may be expected to be. His
mother has neither petted nor spoiled
him.
There is no coronation in Spain, such
a custom being foreign to the institu-
tions of the country. The swearing-in
ceremony took place in the Chamber
of Deputies, where the young King
stood on a throne and altar and took
the oath. This simple ceremony was
followed by a reception at the palace,
and in the evening there was a grand
ball.

Whether or not it is possible to cure
the confirmed morphine eater after the
habit has reached a serious stage is
the subject of debate among physi-
cians. There are also differences of
opinion as to the best treatment, al-
though the authorities agree now that
institutional treatment or the services
of a trained nurse to outwit the crav-
ing aroused in the patient by the crav-
ing for the drug are essential to success.
Baths and exercise in the open air
form an important part of the newest
treatment advocated, and it is laid
down that there is practically a cer-
tainty of a relapse unless the treatment
is prolonged to three months, oftener to
six.

The sudden withdrawal of the drug
by friends or relatives, horror-stricken
over the discovery of the disease, has
resulted in many cases in a fatal col-
lapse. Substitution of some other opium
derivative has now been rejected as un-
satisfactory.
Gradual withdrawal of it or tapering
the doses is the only choice in a ma-
jority of cases, and in some cases less-
ening it by one-sixteenth is as much
as can be effected at first.

"It is only in recent years," said the
physician quoted, "that the treatment
of morphine cases has been properly
taken up. Now such cases are of com-
paratively frequent occurrence in the
practice of every medical man in the
city."

AMERICAN GIRL ON STAGE.
Ellen Terry Says She Is Too Im-
patient for Fame.

The menace to an American actress'
future is often her haste to achieve
distinction. You cannot force the
growth of great talent. You may add it,
encourage it, nourish it, if you will, but
you cannot successfully force it. If
forced, it will lose its soundness and
sweetness, just as does botanous fruit.
I repeat, the growth of art is slow, and
it is still.

It is not remarkable, however, that
an American woman, brought up in a
world of haste, where events, from
those of the household to those of the
national capital and of the great trade
centers, move with incredible swift-
ness, applies the methods of her own
training to her special art.
This temptation is, perhaps, nowhere
else so strong as upon the stage. To
enter any other profession a woman
has, perforce, to go through careful
training, often years of training. To
be an artist, a musician, or a sculptor,
she must have instruction and long
practice before she thinks of submit-
ting her work for public approval, but
the woman who wishes to be an actress
feels a great inner conviction that she
is born so, and that sentiment arranges
the matter to her own evident satisfac-
tion. Henceforth, all she longs for is
opportunity.

Chance may discover an actress, as it
may crown a king; but it can make
neither. The actress must make her-
self by long, thorough and patient
work, laid upon a foundation of strong
natural ability. It is well to avoid platitudes
in advising a young woman who
hopes to conquer on the stage. When
she is told to work, she usually feels
that the one advising fails to under-
stand her special case and how really
wonderful is her gift. Neither man
nor woman lives by platitudes alone,
but I am of opinion that both could
live better if they listened and heeded
oftener that platitudinous word—
"work."

How often one has heard all these:
"Patience, enthusiasm, capacity for in-
finite detail, unceasing application,
courage, the power to put to one's in-
dividual uses all adverse criticism"—
every woman who is out in the world,
engaged in honest work, has heard
them many times—I had almost said,
until she is weary; but that is just the
point. She must not be weary of think-
ing to herself, every day, of these car-
dinal words and phrases, for they mark
the confines of her kingdom. Against
all these the American spirit of haste
militates.—Ellen Terry, in Success.

Irish Independence.
A Liverpool bookseller lately adver-
tised in the local papers for a porter
and man-of-all-work for his bookshop.
Among the many applicants appeared
a burly, muscular Irishman, who walk-
ed into the shop and looked round rat-
terly uncertainly. His eyes rested upon
a conspicuous notice hung above a table
covered with books—"Dickens'
works all this week for sixteen shillings."
The son of Erin read it care-
fully, and it made a deep impression
on him. "O'iv' come in to git th' job,"
he said, when questioned by the book-
seller, "but O'iv'll not care for it. Dick-
ens can work all the week for sixteen
shillings if he likes. O'iv'll not. Ye'd
better tape him!"

A woman should be so wise that she
does not believe all her husband tells
her, and so clever that she never lets
him know it.



KING ALFONSO AND HIS MOTHER.

ous sorts threatens the public peace.
In certain provinces socialism rears its
head, menacing the kingdom with dis-
integration. In practically all of them,
labor and social difficulties have reach-
ed a degree of intensity bordering on
revolution. Socialists, anarchists, rep-
ublicans and Carlists are ready to
seize the first opportunity to overthrow
the reigning dynasty. Darker and more
threatening than it has been in over
a century is the political atmosphere in
Spain to-day.

To fit the youth for his royal duties
has been the work of the Queen Regent
during the past sixteen years. It has
been a gloomy epoch. During the time
that Maria Christina has reigned on be-
half of her son Spain has lost the last
shreds of her once world-wide empire.
Spanish military prestige has been de-
stroyed and the burden of defeat
weighs heavily upon the proud spirit of
the nation. Yet in the midst of all
these adverse circumstances the Queen
has never for a moment lost sight of
the grave responsibilities of kingship.

Through sorrow and uncertainty, and
in the midst of cruel vicissitudes, she
has never flinched. She has rightly
earned the respect and admiration of
the whole world. During the years of
early childhood all sorts of rumors of
the infant King's weakness were cur-
rent. He was hardly expected to live,
yet constant watchfulness pulled him
through the dangerous years and un-
avoidable illnesses to which children
are subject. Little by little the people
began to see that, in the struggle,
the mother was bound to be triumphant.
The boy grew daily stronger, and the
fears, and to many the hopes, of his
early death began to disappear.

Though born to the purple, King Al-
fonso XIII. was brought up as the
child of middle class parents, mindful
of his physical development, and sur-
rounded by all the healthful influences
of home life. He was kept in the open
air and made to exercise his body as
much as his years and his strength
would permit. His teachers, as such,
had over him the authority that teach-
ers have over the son of any gentle-
man, and his kingly prerogative did not
allow him to neglect his work or his
studies. Born to command, he was
taught to obey, and this system has
been followed.

The King, besides Spanish, speaks
French, English and German fluently.

St. Lucia's Sulphur Mountain.
The island of St. Lucia, not far from
Martinique, has a volcano, until lately
supposed to be extinct, that is known
as the Sulphur Mountain. It has an ele-
vation of 1,000 feet above sea level,
while the crater covers about four acres
of surface. The sides of this volcano
are barren of trees and herbs, and cov-
ered by thick deposits of sulphur.

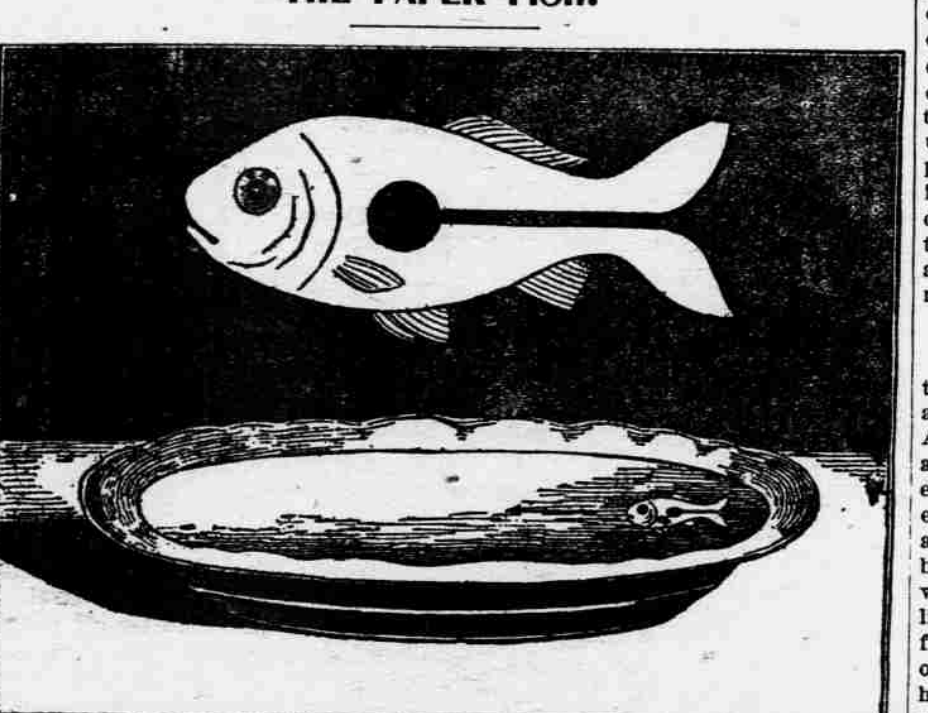
Formerly it belonged to France, and
Louis XIV. built, at great expense, an
immense sanitarium around the boiling
springs on its northern slope, the ruins
of which are still standing. It was at
the time believed that the waters had
certain curative and medicinal quali-
ties, but afterward this was found to
be untrue, and the sanitarium remained
untenanted, and a monument to mis-
placed and mistaken judgment.

Minnesota Miners.
About 40 per cent of the men employ-
ed in the Minnesota mines are Fin-
landers, another 40 per cent Hungar-
ians, about 8 per cent Italians, and
the rest are divided among Americans,
Germans, French, Scotch, Welsh and
Cornish.

Watchdogs in Louvre.
Watchdogs are to be placed on night
duty with the watchmen in the Louvre
Museum, Paris.

"I dream my stories," said Hicks,
the author. "How you may dream go-
ing to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—Tit-
Bits.

THE PAPER FISH.



Cut a small fish of stiff writing paper, as shown in figure. Cut a round hole
in the center and from there a narrow channel to the tail. Place the fish flat on
the water, leaving the upper side dry. Our task is to make the fish swim without
touching it or blowing at it.
This is done by carefully pouring a drop of oil in the hole cut out of its center.
The oil will try to spread on the surface of the water, which it can do only by
going through the channel. The pressure of the expansion will move the fish
in the opposite direction, that is, forward—a motion lasting a considerable time.