

AN INDIAN MEMORIAL

ERECTED BY SIOUX ON WOUNDED KNEE BATTLEFIELD.

Shaft to Commemorate Those Who Fell in that Bloody Fight—The Last Great Stand of the Red Race Against the White.

On a little knoll overlooking Wounded Knee battlefield on the Pine Ridge agency, in South Dakota, 5,000 Sioux Indians recently gathered to dedicate a monument recently erected to the memory of their dead who fell at that place Dec. 29, 1900. Following the example of the whites who called the battle of the Little Big Horn the "Custer massacre," the Sioux have called the battle of Wounded Knee the "Big Foot massacre," because "Big Foot" was the chief under whom they fought in that last

THE MONUMENT, and most disastrous effort of the Indians to resist the march of civilization. Many of those warriors who rode in the whirlwind of death which engulfed Custer's men at the Little Big Horn went to their death at Wounded Knee, and this monument is to their memory. The celebration was the first of its kind observed by the Indians of this country and marks the progress which civilization is making among them.

The Wounded Knee fight was the last great stand of the red race against the white and was caused through the agency of Sitting Bull, who was to the northern Indians what Geronimo was to the southwestern tribes. He aroused their patriotism to the fighting spirit, and in addition he anointed each brave with "medicine," which he claimed made them invulnerable to bullets from the white man's pistol. And every Indian thoroughly believed this.

To accomplish his purpose, Sitting Bull originated the "ghost, or Messiah, dance," which soon spread through the Sioux nation like fire over the western prairie. This dance was only a preliminary to being anointed with the "medicine" and was a mixture of the war and square dance, except that the dancers circled around a tall pole on which was hung a skin containing the medicine. The eyes of the dancers were continually fixed on this spot, their eyes thrown upward. It is said the dancers, in time, became actually hypnotized and fell on the ground in a cataleptic fit. While in this state they had visions of what was to happen to the white men who opposed the Indian when anointed with the "medicine."

These visions were all alike. Buffaloes would return; white men be all killed, the Great Spirit had informed them that the white man's bullet could not injure them any more; and, above all, that Sitting Bull must be obeyed implicitly.

Preparing for War. After the Indians had danced all during the fall of 1900, about 80 per cent of the entire Sioux tribe became firm followers of Sitting Bull; had interviewed the Great Spirit, and had been anointed with "medicine" by their high priest or medicine man.

When the Indians got into the condition that Sitting Bull could be sure his every order would be obeyed, the "ghost" dancing ceased and preparations for war began. Then it was that the commanding officer of the United States troops at Fort Yates was ordered to arrest old Sitting Bull and confine him in prison at the agency of Standing Rock for the time being.

Sitting Bull was camped forty miles away from the agency, but a squad of fifty cavalrymen started after the old Indian early on Dec. 15.

The Indian police, commanded by Bull Head and Shave Head, were within striking distance of Sitting Bull's camp several days before the cavalry took leave of the fort.

Sitting Bull's cabin was almost surrounded by the fanatical "ghost dancers," but the Indian police managed to reach the house and arrest the old fellow. Sitting Bull's young son slipped from the house and aroused the "ghost dancers," who soon swarmed around the little party of police.

After the police mounted their horses to return with Sitting Bull, that old warrior called upon his followers to rescue him, and Strike-the-Kettle and Catch-the-Bear dashed up at full speed to the two police who guarded the prisoner, and shot them. Both guards were killed, but in falling Bull Head, a guard, wheeled, and instead of shooting his assailant, shot Sitting Bull dead.

The police then took refuge in Sitting Bull's cabin, which was immediately surrounded by hundreds of yelling, frantic Indians. The soldiers came up at that moment, and the ghost dancers fled to the timber, half a mile away.

An hour later an incident happened which showed the sublime faith his followers had in Sitting Bull, and which had a great bearing upon the future of the Indians and led directly to the battle fought two weeks later by the ghost dancers at Wounded Knee—the battle which the monument commemorates.

While the troopers were preparing to return to the fort, carrying the dead body of Sitting Bull with them, an Indian riding at full speed emerged from the woods into which they had gone when the soldiers appeared. Straight towards the assembled soldiers rode the red man, until he halted on a small knoll about eighty yards away.

Dressed (or rather undressed) in full war paraphernalia, eagle war bonnet, war paint, war lance, etc., and war shirt which Sitting Bull had anointed, the warrior stood like a copper statue on the knoll, while every soldier and Indian police in the troop fired point blank at him again and again. For five minutes he sat on his horse, immovable, drawing the fire of the ninety men, most of whom were crack shots. Then the firing ceased and every soldier in the troop applauded the wonderful nerve of the warrior. He had

MISS HELEN BISHOP.



Miss Bishop was the minister's daughter, whose killing by a negro caused a mob at Wilmington, Del., to burn the miscreant at the stake.

been testing the efficiency of the "medicine" of Sitting Bull.

Apparently satisfied, he turned his back on the soldiers and rode again at full speed for the timber, never looking back. Two weeks later this same Indian started the fight at Wounded Knee by braining Captain Wallace in the presence of his entire company.

Killing of Capt. Wallace. Dec. 28 the Indians were camped on Wounded Knee creek, waiting for a conference the following day with Gen. Forsythe, commanding the troops. During the day the scouts Little Bat and Lone Star had been among the Sioux Indians, led by Big Foot, and had learned the serious condition of affairs. The following morning they reported to Gen. Forsythe that the Indians would probably resist unless an overwhelming force of soldiers was brought up. Forsythe did not agree with the scout and continued to advance.

But Capt. Wallace, who believed the report of the scout, together with "Little Bat" and "Lone Star," rode ahead of the troops, in order to pacify the Indians. The three men drew in close to the troops of savages which had advanced to meet them, and then "Lone Star" recognized the daring warrior who had tried his medicine two weeks before that day. He, together with several other Indians, left the main body and advanced toward Capt. Wallace. Suddenly, from within the crowd, arose the shrill death song of the Sioux. Both the scouts now saw the deadly danger in which all three stood, but Capt. Wallace did not understand, and before he could be warned, held out his hand to greet the advancing braves.

From their positions, neither of the scouts could fire and Capt. Wallace walked toward his death, oblivious of the terrible fate awaiting him. The singing Indian grasped Capt. Wallace's outstretched hand, and suddenly drawing his other hand from beneath his blanket, struck the brave captain a terrible blow with a tomahawk, killing him instantly.

But the medicine shirt failed to protect the Indian from the bullet which left the pistol of "Lone Star" a moment later, and the savage fell dead with a bullet through his heart.

The Bloody Gulch. The two scouts backed away, firing as they went, and in turn received the fire of the entire band. Both escaped without a scratch. But not so the Indians. A number were killed by the scouts before the soldiers got into action. The Indians broke for cover and succeeded in reaching a ravine from which the soldiers could not drive them.

"The words reminded me," adds the author, "that a few days before I had heard Mr. Darwin, in dwelling upon the pleasure a visit paid by Mr. Gladstone had given him, say: 'And he talked just as if he had been an ordinary person like one of ourselves. The two men were alike unconscious of their greatness.'"

It is only the little who think themselves great. They are like those who do not know much, and, therefore, imagine that there is not much to know. The great do not think themselves so, just as the learned are overwhelmed by their ignorance. In the same way, it is not the socially important who are affected and impertinent, but the unimportant.

A Town Doubly Incorporated. A peculiar complication has arisen in Oregon over the question whether a town incorporated two times over is legally incorporated at all. A Senate bill and a House bill incorporating the town of Adams in Umatilla county were passed by both houses and reached the governor, who signed them both. They were supposed to be exactly alike, but on examination it was found that the boundaries are slightly differently defined. In the bill which last became law and thus superseded the first bill the boundary lines do not go completely around the town.

The Lively Old Settlement. "How's the old settlement now?" "Lively! Only last Wednesday we had a strawberry festival, a literary barbecue, and a fashionable hanging!"—Atlanta Constitution.

All other leakages in the family income become needle's eyes by comparison with the big hole through which money must pour for a child's education at college.

When a woman has poor luck with her cake, the family are allowed to have all they want.

a simple proposition, after all. The singing of the bullet is the atmospheric vibration which is created and the resistance which the air offers to the progress of the bullet. This cannot be detected a parallel line with the ear. It may sail over your head or whizz close to the ground, but if it passes you at all the ear will catch the sound of its flight. To the soldier of many battles the voice of the bullet is music. He knows that he need have no dread of the bullet that sings in his ears. It is the bullet that he does not hear that must be feared, and it is this bullet which always brings harm to him. No soldier ever heard the bullet which inflicted a wound on him. I was amused by a raw soldier who was attached to our command. It was his first time on the firing line. We were skirmishing, and some sharpshooters were having some fun at our expense. A bullet whizzed close to him. Faintly he could hear the crack of the rifle, but it was not distinct enough to alarm even a novice. The singing of the bullet, however, brought a blanched expression to his face. He did not wince, however. We were lying in the edge of the woods. Another bullet buzzed by. "I don't like the sound," said the younger soldier. Zip! Another bullet spent the air close to his head. He was pale still. "Comrade," he said to me, between bleached lips, "I don't want to be shot from ambush; let's charge the devil!" I told him not to fear a bullet that had spoken to him on its flight, but he did not like the idea of lying there in the woods and listening to the voice of these invisible messengers of death.—Baltimore American.

MODESTY OF THE TRULY GREAT How Gladstone and Darwin Regarded Themselves. In "Studies in Contemporary Biography," which James Bryce has just published, are two stories which have caused some of the critics to express astonishment at the "modesty of the great," says an exchange. The stories are these: Meeting Mr. Gladstone in the lobby, and seeing his face saddened by the troubles in Ireland, Mr. Bryce tried to divert his thoughts by mentioning a recent discovery—to wit: that Dante had been saved from want in his last years by a lectureship at Ravenna. Mr. Gladstone's face lit up at once, and he said: "How strange it is to think that these great souls, whose works are a beacon light to all the generations that have come after them, should have had cares and anxieties to vex them in their daily life, just like the rest of us common mortals."

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire tinea. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.—Southwestern World.

Rid of an Aching Limb. "Railroad took off his leg?" "Yes, and so providential!" "Providential?" "That's what. It was the leg with the rheumatism in it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dear Theater Seats. Seats are dearer at the Paris opera house than in any other European capital, in spite of the fact that the state gives the building rent free and an annual subvention of \$160,000.

The pugilist is frequently beaten at his own game.



The second day out: Sailor (shouting)—Man overboard! Newlywed (groaning)—Lucky dog!—Puck.

Gladys—So, Beatrice is finally married? How did she come to take the plunge? Ethel—She didn't. She was shoved off by six younger sisters.—Puck.

A happy faculty: Young Tutter (to hostess)—I have had a very pleasant evening. But then I always manage to enjoy myself no matter where I am.—Life.

Estate Agent (to laborer's son)—Here, my boy, where can I find your father? Boy—In the pig sty, sir. You'll know 'im by 'is brown 'at!—Punch.

At the price: Mrs. Bumble—By the way, John, there are strawberries in the market. Mr. Bumble—Are there? That's the best place for them.—Boston Transcript.

"Sure, Murphy was wrong, an' he knowed he was wrong an' he owned up like a little man." "Did he, now?" "Yis; but he licked the other man fr-rst!"—Puck.

His habitual reticence: Reporter (in vestibule)—Is it true that Mr. Gotrope has just died? Butler (cautiously)—It is; but he has nothing to say for publication.—Puck.

He didn't count: "So your house is being built at last?" "Yes." "I thought the plans didn't suit you." "Oh, they don't, but they suit my wife and the architect now."—Baltimore News.

"Look at the way baby's working his mouth!" exclaimed Mrs. Newman; "now, he proposes to put his foot in it." "Him?" replied her husband, grumpily; "hereditary."—Philadelphia Press.

Ready for any emergency: He—If I should kiss you, what would you do? She—I never meet an emergency until it arises. He—But if it should arise? She—I'd meet it face to face.—Yale Record.

Retrgrading: Farmer Ragweed—Has Bill learned anything tew college? Mrs. Ragweed—No, an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork!—Chicago News.

An easy one: Jonathan—I say, Britisher, can you spell horse? Englishman—Orse? Why, certainly. It honly takes a halutz and a ho and a har and a bess and a he to spell 'orse.—Kansas City Journal.

"What is it now, sergeant?" "Sure, 'tis the new recruit, sor. Oi tould him to mark time in th' drill room till Oi coom back, and he's scratched up th' face of the clock wid a pencil, sor."—Princeton Tiger.

Nice old man: "Good heavens, boy! Are you smoking? Mugs—Me smokin'?" Say, de very suspicion cuts me t' de quick. Why, I'm jist keepin' dis butt lighted in case de guy who dropped it comes back.—New York Sun.

The real thing: Von Quiz—What does your friend write? Verse? Novels? Tragedies? H. Kashe—Great Scott, what do you take him for? An amateur? No, sir! He writes advertisements, of course!—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Relaxation: "I feel happy to-day," said the club woman; "I haven't a thing in the world to do. Not a club to attend. I'm going in for some relaxation. I'm going to clean house and have a good time!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Better thus: "Don't you think" asked the anxious young playwright after the first performance, "that I might have improved it some by putting it in three instead of four acts?" "Well, no," the critic replied; "I hardly think so. The curtain wouldn't be down as much in that case as it is now."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Its softening influence: Mrs. Mahoole—Shure, that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" made a good boy out av me Micky. Mrs. O'Toole—O'im glad to hear that. Mrs. Mahoole—Yis, it gave him a tender heart. Phoy, wud ye believe ut, whin he cum out av th' gallery he troid to murder six kids that lafterd whin Little Eva doled.—Chicago News.

Jason Mason—There goes that city preacher who's thinkin' uv acceptin' a call here. His church in the city wuz boycotted. Hiram Huskiny—What? Great gosh! A church boycotted? What fer? Jason Mason—Yew see, the street railway strikers darn near killed a non-union fellow, an' that thoughtless preacher wuz an' comforted the poor chap durin' his last hours!—Puck.

Algy was not particular: There was company at tea, and little Algernon felt that it was an occasion upon which he might assert himself. "Ma," he remarked, holding up his bread and butter in scorn, "can't I have some scones on this?" "What?" ejaculated his economical mamma; "jam on butter? No, indeed; certainly not!" "Oh, I don't care about it being on the butter," said Algy, calmly; "put it on the other side!"—Answers.

Drink water and get typhoid. Drink milk and get tuberculosis. Eat soup and get Bright's disease. Eat meat and encourage apoplexy. Eat oysters and acquire tinea. Eat vegetables and weaken the system. Eat dessert and take to paresis. Smoke cigarettes and die early. Smoke cigars and get catarrh. Drink coffee and obtain nervous prostration. In order to be entirely healthy one must eat nothing, drink nothing, smoke nothing, and even before breathing one should see that the air is properly sterilized.—Southwestern World.

Rid of an Aching Limb. "Railroad took off his leg?" "Yes, and so providential!" "Providential?" "That's what. It was the leg with the rheumatism in it."—Atlanta Constitution.

Dear Theater Seats. Seats are dearer at the Paris opera house than in any other European capital, in spite of the fact that the state gives the building rent free and an annual subvention of \$160,000.

The pugilist is frequently beaten at his own game.

OH, DINNA ASK ME.

Oh, dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee; Troth, I daurna tell; Dinna ask me gin I lo'e thee; Ask it o' yersel'.

Oh, dinna look sae at me. For well ye ken me true; Oh, gin ye look sae sair at me, I daurna look at you.

When ye gang to yon brow town, And bonnie lassies see, Oh, Jamie, dinna look at them, Lest you should mind na me.

For I could never hide the lass That wad lo'e mair than me; And oh, I'm sure my heart wad break Gin ye'd prove false to me. —New York News.

A Woman's Choice

MARGARET ASHTON gazed dreamily at her own reflection in the mirror, and a little smile of satisfaction played around the corners of her daintily curved lips.

Yes, she was beautiful, but to-night she must look her loveliest, for she was to attend the DeForsh's ball, and Charley was to be there.

She put a few last finishing touches to her hair and clasped the pearl necklace carefully about her throat, then picked up the two separate bouquets that lay awaiting her.

White roses and lilies of the valley; she raised the latter to her lips softly, for they were from Charley, of course. They were her favorite flowers and he always sent them, and the roses were from Gerald Lorrimer.

She held them up against her dress to note the effect, and instead of the usual card a note fell from each.

She opened Charley Hamilton's first; it ran as follows:

Dearest Margaret—You were to give me my answer, to-night. If it is yes, as I fondly hope, please wear my flowers as a token.

Margaret, I plead my love for you as the only basis of my hope, knowing how unworthy I am to become your husband.

But, Margaret, I love you with all of a true man's devotion, and will work for you as I never have before.

Perhaps some day I will be able to give you all the luxuries you now have and deserve. I pray God that I may.

Think of my love, and if you can give me any hope, wear my flowers this evening. Your old friend and true lover. CHARLEY.

Her eyes shone softly and her lips trembled, as she read it through the third time.

She picked up the lilies of the valley and pinned them tremblingly against her corsage.

Life with Charley! What meant poverty or care or anything else, so long as she had his love?

Then she noticed the other note lying all forgotten at her feet.

She picked it up and opened it. Let us glance over her shoulder. My "Dear Miss Ashton—I take this opportunity of proposing for your hand in marriage.

You may be surprised, but I have had you in mind for some time as a most proper person to share my wealth and position.

I can give you anything you desire, as you well know, and shall think your beauty and wit a fair return.

If your answer is favorable, wear my roses to-night at the De Forsh's. Yours truly, GERALD LORRIMER.

It was short and to the point. Her face grew pale and she shivered slightly as she read it.

There was no mention of love. Well, she was glad, for she hated him. He was selfish and contemptible in her sight.

She read the note again. Yes, he certainly could give her everything to which she was accustomed. He was wealthy beyond a doubt.

She was sorely tempted. Life with him meant wealth and ease. Life with Charley, economy and toil.

She held up one slim hand and examined it carefully. It was never meant for hard work.

She unplanned the flowers and put them in a bowl of water, then pinned the roses in their place.

She sat back in the corner of the carriage with her wrap drawn closely around her, as she was driven away.

It was rather late, but what did it matter? Nothing mattered now.

She decided to marry Mr. Lorrimer. She must have wealth and Charley couldn't give it to her.

Her uncle wouldn't be expected to keep her in luxuries after she was married, so—

She had put love and gold in the balance, and gold outweighed love. Weighed in the balances and found wanting.

Would she be happy? Charley's face was continually before her white and hopeless; she couldn't shut it out.



White paper, without any detail, does not represent snow in a picture, and contrast is generally heightened by the detail in tree-trunks and other objects in the picture being lost in deep shadow. Where such cases of underexposure occur, throw away the negative and try again with double the exposure, developing in metol-bydroknone solution diluted with double the quantity of water and at a normal temperature. — Camera and Dark Room.

Home Portraiture.—The usual defects in portraits made out of doors by the amateur are heavy shadows under the eyes, nose and chin. These are due to the excessive amount of light coming directly from above. To remedy them, rig up some sort of a screen a few feet above the sitter, and also arrange a reflector—such as a piece of white card, or a board covered

with a white sheet—inclined on the ground so as to reflect light upward on to the face. These measures will modify the shadows and give a much more pleasing portrait. Another point to be borne in mind is to use a developer of moderate strength. If pyrosoda is employed, the pyro should not be more than 2 grs. per ounce. With many plates 1 gr. is sufficient. Those who use the ready-made developers, of which they do not know the composition, should add an equal bulk of water.—Exchange.

Reduction Formula.—Prof. Lainer gives the following formula, by which a very slowly proceeding reduction of the negative is obtained: Fixing soda solution 1.4, 100 c.c.m.; iodide potassium, 1 gr. After an hour the reduction is perceptible; after eight to ten hours' action even a dense fog will disappear.

wealth. I am now seeking capital for the purpose of building a railroad to connect Kiwa, in the neighborhood of our capital, Daarassalam, with Lake Nyassa. This road, if built, will be of immense value, for it will make possible the control of trade between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganika.

"Land is given to prospective settlers in German East Africa under the most favorable conditions. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that a large number of Boers have settled in our colony. German East Africa's mineral wealth has been only partly exploited. At Tramba, in the Killmagaro, a twenty days' journey from the coast, gold mines exist. German East Africa has an abundance of cattle, which are exported. Game also abounds.

"Slavery in East Africa is gradually becoming a thing of the past, slave dealers being severely punished. The result has been that many Arabs formerly engaged in the traffic have become very poor. We are still permitting the so-called house slavery, which can be abolished only by gradual processes.

"Daarassalam, the capital, is increasing in size and is becoming an important shipping center. It has the best harbor on the African coast, and is equipped with a dry dock.

"The climate is very enervating, but no worse than that of India and Ceylon. In the highlands of the interior a delightful subtropical coolness prevails. We are now planning to establish in the Usambara mountains, where the good coffee is raised, a hill station, in which to spend the warm season, patterned after similar ones in India. We shall also establish a biological experiment station, similar to the famous one at Buitenzorg, on the island of Java."

Count von Goetzen's rule of East Africa has met the entire approval of the German government. He was sent to Africa not merely as a military man but as one who by travel and numerous explorations had become thoroughly acquainted with African life and conditions. His methods have been unbureaucratic, and in every possible way he has given active support to the merchants and planters living in the colony. He frequently holds meetings at which these elements are present and hears from their grievances. He has solved the difficult problem of how to obtain men to work on the plantations by bringing natives from districts in the interior. It is his aim to put the colony on such a financial basis that it shall be self-sustaining and financially independent of the home government.

Gov. von Goetzen is popular with the natives, whom he has endeavored to treat humanely and fairly. He hopes to establish a native council, somewhat on the same principle as that adopted by the British in India.

OLD HAVILAND INN TO BE TURNED INTO A MUSEUM For 200 years the old Haviland Inn, in Rye, Westchester County, New York, made famous by the visits of Washington, Lafayette, John Adams and other fathers of the republic, has escaped destruction, and now it is likely to be turned into a historical museum.

William Raymond, owner of the property, was about to tear it down and erect a business building on the site, when John E. Parsons, William H. Parsons and J. H. Whittemore, their cousin, purchased the property for \$15,000.

The inn stands in the village square, and dates back to 1731, when Peter Brown presided over its affairs. Afterwards the widow Haviland came into possession, and in Washington's let-

ters mention is made of the "very neat and decent inn" at Rye, at which he stopped Oct. 15, 1789. The Rye people gave Gen. Lafayette a great reception in 1824, when he was touring from Boston to New York, and the French hero slept in the same room occupied by Washington. For generations the stage coaches from Boston and New York stopped at the Rye Inn and de-

posited travelers over night, many famous Americans being among the guests.

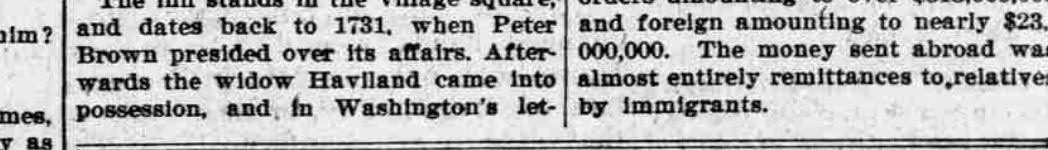
The action of the Parsons family in saving the old landmark is greatly appreciated by residents in the district, and it is said the place is to be filled with relics and souvenirs connected with Rye, since it was a parish of Great Britain in 1600.

OF INTEREST TO THE CAMPER. Summer campers will appreciate the merits of this neat arrangement, which has been designed for their convenience by an Indiana woman. No one wants to take a whole kitchen along when camping out, and the simpler the outfit the greater the enjoyment, but this "stove" is so easy to transport that no one will question its right to a place in the equipment. As a glance at the drawing will show, the stove has two main parts, though others can be added if desired. The post and the

plate are the only necessities, and these are forged of a quality of steel which will resist the action of the heat. The upper end of the post is shouldered to form a base on which the plate can rest, while a steel pin may be used to lock the two together. One side of the plate is left solid, but three sides have openings exactly similar to those of a stove top, and lids may be provided to cover them. If the cook desires to hurry some particular pot or cool off another, all that is necessary is to swing the top of the stove around on its post to bring the pot where the flame is hottest, or vice versa. There is no danger of this stove upsetting, as the central post is driven firmly in the ground before the fire is started.

Postal Money Orders. The United States postoffice department in 1902 issued domestic money orders amounting to over \$313,000,000 and foreign amounting to nearly \$23,000,000. The money sent abroad was almost entirely remittances to relatives by immigrants.

LARGEST OF DEEP SEA FISHES. Here is a drawing of the largest fish that ever came out of the lower depths of the sea. It is five feet long and was caught by G. H. Townsend, of the United States Fish Commission, on board of the government steamer Albatross, off the coast of Chile. It was drawn to the surface by a trawl (a big drag net) from a depth of 6,300 feet, or about a mile and a quarter. By an unfortunate accident the fish was afterward thrown overboard, with a lot of refuse, but luckily not before its photograph had been taken. In color it was grayish, and its flesh was soft and baby-like that of other deep sea fishes. It had thick lips, small teeth and a projecting lower jaw. It took three hours to pull up the dredge, a fact which gives a vivid notion of the great depth from which the animal came.



Here is a drawing of the largest fish that ever came out of the lower depths of the sea. It is five feet long and was caught by G. H. Townsend, of the United States Fish Commission, on board of the government steamer Albatross, off the coast of Chile. It was drawn to the surface by a trawl (a big drag net) from a depth of 6,300 feet, or about a mile and a quarter. By an unfortunate accident the fish was afterward thrown overboard, with a lot of refuse, but luckily not before its photograph had been taken. In color it was grayish, and its flesh was soft and baby-like that of other deep sea fishes. It had thick lips, small teeth and a projecting lower jaw. It took three hours to pull up the dredge, a fact which gives a vivid notion of the great depth from which the animal came.

Work Being Done to Develop Resources of the Country. Lady Curzon is not the only American woman whose husband rules over a colonial empire, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times. A similar position is also held by the Countess von Goetzen, who is now in Berlin with her husband Count von Goetzen, the governor of German East Africa.

The count, while in Berlin on a recent leave of absence, talked in an interesting manner of the country of which he is governor.

"German East Africa is double the size of Germany," he said, "and has a population of 6,000,000, of which only 1,000 are Europeans." The country is very productive and rich in mineral

resources of the Country.

Lady Curzon is not the only American woman whose husband rules over a colonial empire, says the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times. A similar position is also held by the Countess von Goetzen, who is now in Berlin with her husband Count von Goetzen, the governor of German East Africa.

The count, while in Berlin on a recent leave of absence, talked in an interesting manner of the country of which he is governor.