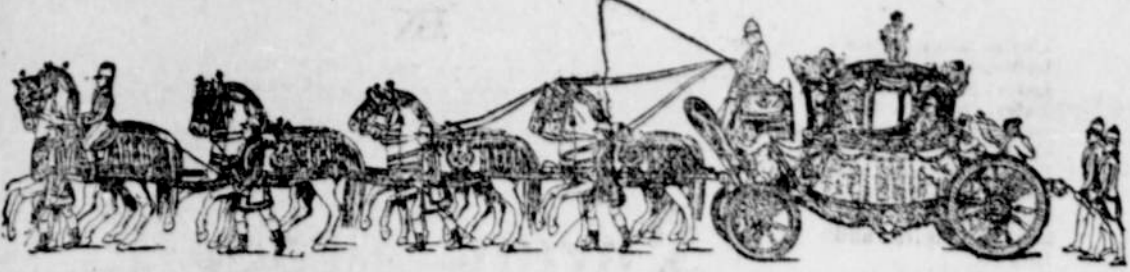


OLD ROYAL STATE COACH USED BY EDWARD VII.



The gorgeous state coach of the royal family of England, used in the recent procession to Parliament, is now aged and time-worn. This illustration is reproduced from an old German print of 1830. The coach was the royal property of George III, and then, as history goes, did not make its appearance again until the marriage of the present King and Princess Alexandra. The coach is of a German design, quite popular at the close of the eighteenth century and the opening of the nineteenth. It is constructed of the finest woods and overlaid in gold. Symbolical figures adorn its exposed parts. There is Neptune, War, Peace, Music, Poetry, all portrayed and serving to indicate the delights and attributes of the empire and ruling monarch. It might be thought that it was comfortable to ride in, but report has it that no royal personage ever cared to sit in it except as custom required. Horses of the noblest breed are always used in hauling it about at functions, and they are covered with trappings of costly make. Footmen guide the horses, and once there were outriders. Footmen also preceded it with horses, and the entire show was put up a century and more ago to impress strangers with the power and magnificence of monarchs. The coach is exceedingly heavy, but, owing to the style of manufacture in the olden days, is inclined to roll and present a rather undignified appearance if not carefully handled. In the days when monarchs could only travel by horse the state coach was a great and important affair, but now it has become only a curiosity of times gone by, taken out as a memory and nothing more.

MISS MANDY'S NEW YORK TRIP.

Miss Mandy was the keepest housekeeper, high or low! Wasn't no one in the country could make a dollar so.

As far as she could make it, in purchasing 'in o' things—

She pulled the eagle's feathers, an' spread the eagle's wings!

The keepestest housekeeper—the groceryman all round!

They shook to see her comin' like a earthquake shook the ground!

They couldn't git ahead o' her—her motto wuz, all times:

"The dimes—they make the dollars, an' the dollars make the dimes!"

Well, she'd never been out Billville since the town wuz corporate,

To see o' them swell friends o' hers took her to New York State—

To the very city of it—the biggest, best hotel.

Whar each minute meant more money than arithmetic could tell!

The waiters thronged aroun' her, all dressed up fit to kill:

An' ever time she went to eat, she asked 'em: "What's the bill?"

An' lookin' at the bill o' fare, she only shook her head,

An' to the great surprise o' all, she holered out, "Corn-bread!"

It all wuz jest too much fer her—to see a waiter smile,

Up thar meant jest two dollars, which at home would go a mile!

An' so she couldn't stand it, she left that New York shore;

An' she's now at home in Billville, to economize some more!

—Atlanta Constitution.

BRIARDALE MANOR.

It was the only pear on the tree, and it dangled so perilously over the roadway that Cissie Melville had to exercise the greatest care in cutting it off. Reaching forward, until her dainty shot feet seemed scarcely to touch the ladder, she sandwiched the stalk between two little fingers, drew a long breath and brought the scissors together smartly.

Setting her red lips, she climbed to the topmost rung of the frail ladder, clutched the wall and looked over. Then she pulled back her head with a startled jerk, for the perverse pear was reclining serenely on the wooden bench below, within easy reach of a dark-haired, well-proportioned young man.

"He was sitting there when it dropped," she thought, "and means to eat it when the coast is clear. The wretch! How dare he?"

Summoning all her courage to her aid, she coughed twice in a semi-apologetic way, leaned over the wall once more and timidly addressed herself to the occupant of the bench.

"Do you mind handing me that pear?" she asked. "It fell over as I was cutting it, and I really can't spare it. There isn't another on the tree."

The young man made no answer.

"Asleep," said Cissie, "or shaming. Must I drop stones on his hat, or go round to him? Perhaps the latter course would be the wiser."

The orchard was a long way from the gate, but she ran her hardest and reached the bench. Quick though she had been, however, the young man had taken advantage of the interval to raise himself, and was gazing at the mellow pear with sleepy wonder in his big brown eyes.

"Your pardon," said Cissie, approaching him with sudden shyness, "but that pear belongs to me. I am clumsy and allowed it to slip through my fingers."

"Another disappointment," he said, restoring the fruit gallantly. "I was half under the impression that some good fairy had developed a penchant for me and sent me this as a special mark of favor, but it seems I am a little premature. How much farther is it to Briardale Hall, please? That stone over there says three miles, but I sincerely hope it's laboring under a delusion."

Cissie reluctantly confirmed the milestone's declaration, and the stranger rose with a stifled sigh. She thought him lazy at first, but when he commenced to walk and she saw how badly he limped, her heart was moved to pity, and she impulsively called on him to stay.

"Do sit down again," she cried. "You look tired, and they ought to have told you at the station how far it was. They never will, though, for they don't like the trouble of hunting up a fly. See, uncle is coming up the road, and I'm sure he will gladly give you some lunch."

Longing with all his heart to accept this generous invitation, and yet doubtful of the propriety of it, the young man hesitated, and while he did so the rector came within sight of him and gave a joyful cry of recognition.

These two, it seemed, had known each other years before—indeed, the versatile rector had himself coached the young man for the army and had

danced for joy when his pupil came off well—and the unexpected meeting so delighted them both that they talked and laughed like schoolboys at a picnic.

"Run in, Cissie, and get Capt. Clinton some lunch," said the rector fondly. "Don't wait for an introduction. You'll be like old friends when you've known each other five minutes, take my word for it!"

The pleasant little lunch was almost over before Percy spoke of the errand which had brought him to Briardale. Then he told the rector that he had come to see the owner of Briardale Hall, with a view to purchasing the manor house, a pretty building which, for want of a better tenant, had long since been turned over to the rats and spiders.

Percy Clinton paid a remarkable number of visits to the Melvilles after that, and nowhere could he have found a more cordial welcome.

One beautiful morning in August, the captain came into the garden and sat down beside Cissie. He seemed to be strangely excited, and the girl's heart gave a throb of apprehension as she looked at him.

"You have seen old Williams, of Briardale?" she said, as carelessly as she could, though she fervently hoped his answer would be "No."

"I have," he replied, with a nervous little laugh. "By climbing the wall and dropping into the garden I managed to catch him unawares and when he saw there was no possible escape for him he held out his hand and said he was delighted to see me. Did you ever know such bare-faced hypocrisy? After I'd spent the best part of the summer in hunting him too?"

"I think it was nice of the old man," said Cissie, wishing he would tell his news without beating about the bush. "Was he so scrupulously polite all the time?"

"Almost too much so," responded Percy gloomily. "If he had stormed about the place and torn his hair, I think I could have bargained with him better, but he was so suave that my own courtesies sounded blunt and stiff. In short, he refused to let me have the manor."

"What a shame!" cried Cissie, with a flash of girlish petulance, which gave an added loveliness to her face.

"There is just one hope for me, Miss Melville," said he, leaning forward in his chair and lowering his voice a little, "but I fear it is rather a forlorn one. Old Williams objects to me be-

cause I am a bachelor. If I will agree to marry and promise to give no nolsy parties, he will sell me the house."

Some of the color left Cissie's cheeks and all unconsciously she gripped the lace that fluttered above her palpitating bosom.

"It should not be hard to fulfill a condition like that," she said, trying to smooth a telltale catch out of her voice. "Nolsy parties are not fashionable in Briardale, and men can always get married."

"So they can," he responded earnestly. "But not always to women they most desire. I am ambitious, Miss Melville, and I want to marry the sweetest, loveliest and kindest girl in all the world. If she will not have me, I shall remain a bachelor for the rest of my life."

"And the manor will be doomed," said Cissie in a hurried undertone.

"Exactly," he replied, letting his hand fall pleadingly on hers, "unless you will it otherwise, Miss Melville."

"It is a beautiful house, Cissie," he went on, ready at the slightest sign to clasp her in his arms. "Don't let it go to rack and ruin when one little word will save it. Speak, darling."

She looked at him with a happy dimpling smile.

"If the manor depends on me, Percy, it will not be desolate long," she murmured. "I love the dear old place, and I love its future owner, too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lilacs Came from Europe.

The common lilac, which is known to botanists as *Syringa vulgaris*, has been in cultivation for over 300 years and its native home is said to be on the mountainous regions of central Europe, from Piedmont to Hungary, whence it was introduced to cultivation in 1579. Botanists recognize about twelve species of lilacs found in a wild state and these are native from southwestern Europe through central Asia and the Himalayas to Mongolia, the northern China and Japan. None of the species are natives of the American continent.

Tibet and Its Religion.

Tibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined and has a population of 6,000,000. It is ruled over by Dalai Lama, who acknowledges only nominal allegiance to China. He is the head of Lamaism, which is the oldest and strictest sect of Buddhism. Nearly all Mongolia is of the religion of the Dalai Lama of Lassa and an ambitious man in the place could make trouble for China.

RICHARD LYNCH GARNER, OBSERVER OF GORILLAS, SAID TO HAVE DIED IN AFRICA.



PROF. GARNER AND HIS SERVANT AND THEIR CAGE.

Prof. Richard Lynch Garner, who is believed to have died of jungle fever in Africa, was last heard from in the French Congo country, where in 1892 he made his famous observations on the speech and habits of the gorilla. Prof. Garner believed he had to some degree mastered the speech of the great anthropoids, but in any event the record of what he saw proved to be of the most thrilling interest.

Taking up his station in a great jungle 200 miles long and seventy-five miles wide, the professor built himself a steel cage, in which he could find protection while he hunted the wild beasts. He made the friendship of Gabon, from the gorilla with his country, and he won the respect of the French authorities. For fourteen months he remained in the jungle studying the habits of the large anthropoids. He then explored a considerable portion of his explorations. On his return in 1895 he published as one of the results of his explorations the conclusion that the home of the gorilla in Africa lies in the jungle first mentioned and in no other place.

With him in his cage Mr. Garner kept a chimpanzee, which he used as a means of telling the suspicions of the gorillas. From the chimpanzee he learned ten sounds, which he memorized. These he used in addressing gorillas which came near his cage, and he became satisfied that the anthropoids used a definite language in their conversations. He claimed that these animals had specific sounds for specific things. The ten vocal sounds he had learned were used by the gorillas to express their wants or sensations, desire for food, drink, and so on. He came to the conclusion that the anthropoid vocabulary consisted of some thirty sounds, each of which had many different meanings.

In his experiments Garner made use of the phonograph with good results. With this instrument he recorded the speech of twenty species of monkeys in the zoological gardens of the United States, which he had visited for two and one-half years prior to his departure for Africa. He had looked forward to great results from the language of any of the others. The gorilla, he said, were far more intelligent than any other species of the four kinds of manlike apes.

FLORIDA IN SUMMER.

WHY PORTIONS OF THE STATE ARE UNHEALTHY.

Local Paper Defends Climate of the State and Gives Very Plausible Proof of Its Statements—Southerners Not All or Necessarily Indolent.

One of the most frequent allegations directed against Florida is that, however restorative and rejuvenating its winter climate may be, the summer climate is so debilitating as to render life within our borders intolerable, and not to be endured by any except those whose business or necessities prevent their leaving the state. It cannot be denied that there is a certain enervating effect produced upon those who pass the entire summer in proximity to considerable bodies of water. The vapor from these charges the atmosphere with humidity and prevents the rapid escape of the effete matters of the system in the form of invisible perspiration. But that the summer temperature of Florida at a reasonable distance from lakes or rivers is more debilitating than that of other American states we unhesitatingly deny.

A greater proportion of delicate people immigrate to Florida than to other States, from health considerations, and such people frequently dwell in the cities or towns which the necessities of commerce have planted near the bodies of water, and experience a lassitude which impels them to seek relief in a migration to the mountains or to the Northern States. There they seek dry air, and perhaps elevated situations, where they experience a rejuvenation, and then a comparison is instituted between the finest, most salubrious locations of the States north of us and the most unwholesome parts of Florida, which is manifestly unjust. The fair comparison would be between our water-bordered residence seats and the dry, healthful interiors of our State.

Neither do we admit that the climate of Florida necessarily has any effect in impairing the physical energy and the industry of the white race, says the Jacksonville Times-Union. For two centuries the principal manual labor of the South has been performed by the blacks, slave or free; and this exemption on the part of the whites has resulted in a more slender, sinewy anatomy, with great nervous and passionate forces, especially exemplified in military prowess. The hands and feet of southern whites of the higher classes are small, just as those of the children of the English working classes are larger, even at birth, than those of the gentry.

Men migrating here from the north do not necessarily lose any of their bodily vigor. The elder brother of President Andrew Johnson, from east Tennessee, a cold, elevated region, once told the writer that he had many a day laid shingles in Baton Rouge all through the hottest days of June, and that no negro could outlast him. Many northern settlers have impaired health when they come here, so that the general appearance of a northern colony may not be impressive in point of robust physique. On the other hand, there are many of the writer's personal friends who came here broken down—carried from the car to the hotel—only to display plenty of vigor, striding through the woods with a gun in a way that would wear out 90 per cent of the young men of Jacksonville, superintending fruit farms, nurseries, etc., with not a whit less energy than they would have displayed north of the Ohio or the Potomac.

On mountain tops, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, men make rapid inhalation—almost gasp for breath. In the dense atmosphere near the sea level people breathe slowly; a less amount of air suffices, a fact which, conjoined sometimes with indolence, we regret to say, produces sunken breasts. But this same deliberation gives endurance and power and a tranquil temperament.

QUEER INSURANCE CLAIMS.

Accident Policy Holders Present Some Preposterous Demands.

The other day one of the best-known English accident insurance companies received a claim for \$50. The insurer had received a blow in the eye which compelled him to stay in a dark room for a month. In the column "cause of accident" were written the sardonic words: "Went to a peace meeting."

The unusual candor with which some of the insured write is amusing. In a recent case, in which a client had suffered from a broken collar bone, there appeared under the heading "cause of accident," "Promoted to intoxication."

Some clients imagine if they do not send a minutely detailed account of the accident they will receive no compensation. It is only in this way that one can account for this statement: "I had words with my wife. She came toward me with a shovel, and in leaving the room I tripped over the mat and sprained my ankle."

Here is a claim for injured feelings: "I was returning from business yesterday when my brother-in-law entered the train. He called me an idle rogue, and by doing so degraded me before all the passengers. Can I recover damages from your company?"

A well-known American insurance company once received a claim from a woman whose husband was insured against total disablement. She said: "My husband is quite unable to write. He had a serious fall last week, and the doctor says he will never be able to work again." Doctor's and magistrate's certificates to this effect were inclosed. As the certificates were somewhat curiously worded the company made inquiries and found that their highly respectable client had been lynched.

Many of the genuine claims are exceedingly comic. "Hit by an adverb" (sic) and "knee on by a bull" show the curious accidents that happen to country people.

"Trapped finger in a cash till" is decidedly suggestive.

Some of the domestic accidents have their lighter side. One cannot but be amused at the hardworking housewife who claims damages because a clothesline fell from the line and struck her in the eye. We can imagine, also, that it

was a youthful husband who, to see his charming young wife, caught hold of an insecure doorknob, which gave way and precipitated him headlong down a flight of steps. Half a dozen accidents a year are caused by coal "exploding" in the fire.

Either painters have a more reprehensible habit of dropping their paint pots on passers-by or else insured people spend the bulk of their time under painters' ladders. Insurance companies always regard claims for damages done by paint with a little suspicion.

Surely the gentleman who put the lighted end of his cigar in his mouth never expected to get compensation.

A servant girl carrying a tray fell downstairs and broke her leg. She was uninsured and, of course, got nothing, but in her fall she burst open the door of a room in which a man was shaving. In his fright he gashed his chin badly and his claim for compensation was paid.—London Mail.

HAS A QUEER OCCUPATION.

Man Who Makes Money by Choosing Hobbies for Others.

"Talking about odd occupations," said a New York man to a Star reporter yesterday, "there is a man in my town with an office near Union square who has built up a large and lucrative business connection by professionally advising all sorts and conditions of people as to what hobby to adopt. This man is well informed and an excellent judge of human nature, and his advice is always based as far as possible on a pretty accurate knowledge of his customer's temperament and occupation. And a queer fact is that several prominent city physicians have discovered his worth and are sending their brain-ragged patients to him for holy treatment, just as they might advise them to go to a certain dentist for toothache."

"As almost every one knows, there is at present a marked fashion for hobbies of all sorts, and to the person who is too busy or too lazy to start one for himself this hobby merchant has become a perfect boon. Suppose, for instance, you wish to make a collection of old books or china, of rare coins, stamps or curios. You simply call at his office one day and leave your order. The whole thing is conducted with the strictest confidence, and within a few days or weeks you are supplied with whatever articles you may have chosen to collect. To the value of the collection the hobby merchant adds from 10 to 25 per cent for his services, according to the time and difficulty he has had in procuring any desired article or articles."—Washington Star.

Prismatic Colors.

Mrs. Ople, the widow of the great portrait-painter whom some one has called the "inspired peasant," never, even in her old age, lost her love of bright colors. A little girl, Emma Martin, afterward known in literature as Emma Marshall, visited her one day and experienced a rare pleasure. She says:

On a screen in her drawing-room were hung a number of prisms, which were suspended from chandeliers before the bell-shaped globe came into fashion. I sat on a stool at my mother's feet, wondering what those long bits of glass could mean. Presently rays of the western sunshine filled the room.

"Now," said Mrs. Ople, "thou mayst run over to that screen and give it a shake."

I did as I was bidden. "Be gentle," said my mother in a warning voice, but I gave the screen a vigorous shake. Emerald, ruby and violet rays danced on the walls and ceiling and delighted me so intensely that I kept repeating the process. Then my mother, afraid of mischief resulting, came and drew me back to her side. Mrs. Ople looked at me and said:

"If thou lovest bright colors, thee will never see anything more beautiful than the rainbow God sets in the sky."

Artistically Managed.

Gallant Man (aside): "At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how much I love her and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder?"

Gentle Maid (aside): "It is surely coming. I am so nervous and frightened! I know he is going to be terribly dramatic! I do hope I shan't have to help him up off his knees. Goodness, why doesn't he say something? I must break this horrible silence." (Aloud recklessly)—"Have you ever been abroad?"

Gallant Man (smiling): "No I'm saving it for a wedding trip."

Gentle Maid (demurely)—"Why, how funny. So am I."

Gallant Man (meaningly)—"Then why shouldn't we take it together?"

Gentle Maid (innocently)—"Possibly your wife and my husband might object to going in such a crowd."

Gallant Man (brilliantly)—"The crowd wouldn't be objectionably large if your husband and my wife were husband and wife." (Further conversation disjointed and indistinct.)

Bobby Burns' Cottage.

Considerable alterations are in course of being carried out at the birthplace of Robert Burns, known as "Burns' Cottage," at Alloway, Scotland. It is intended to remove a hall attached to the back of the cottage, used as a museum and temperance refreshment room, and to transfer the Burns relics from this to a new and larger hall in a range of cottage buildings which have just been completed within the grounds attached to the cottage. The caretaker and his family, who inhabit part of the cottage, have also been provided with accommodations in the new building. The cottage will thus be restored as far as possible to its original condition.

Albani's Early Success.

As a child Mrs. Albani made such a success in her first appearance on the concert platform that she was surrounded with bouquets. That was on a concert in Montreal, where she received her education. At 14 she was first soprano in a Catholic choir at Albany, Y. Y., and at sudden notice became organist. Then her singing ability was noticed, a fund was raised, and she was sent to Europe for study in Paris and Italy. The rest is known. Mrs. Albani's appearance in "Messina," where she was encircled fifteen times, and her subsequent triumphant appearance in London are fresh in the minds of music lovers.

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Gossip.

No many people become silly in trying to be funny.

Some people neglect their own affairs to worry over their kin.

A woman feels immensely flattered to be told she is "high strung."

There is so much sympathy for the underdog that it amounts to an advantage.

A woman never becomes so much of a business woman that she can shorten her story in office hours.

Old age comes sooner than we think. Some railroads won't hire a brakeman who is over 28 years old.

The women demand that a man grieve longer for a wife than a woman should grieve for a husband.

A man never knows how well posted his wife is on church affairs until she entertains her minister at supper.

Where gossip is new enough, and startling enough, the best of them like it. But a great deal of gossip is tiresome.

When some people gossip, they regard their indignation at the wickedness going on in the world as a sort of reform work.

There are some men who would be a great deal meaner than they have ever dared to be, if the Lord had made them of a larger stature.

The violet, for modesty and shy unobtrusiveness, isn't it with a girl who is wearing an old hat when every one else has on new millinery.

It is related of an Atchison man that he agreed to work for \$3 a day, but at the end of the week, his employer insisted upon giving him \$4 a day.

Another girl who married a man because he had a promising future, has returned to her father half starved through trying to live on prospects.

The women are hereby given notice that they must invite their best friends in to tea: their husbands want to discover what kinds and how much fruit was put up in jam, and have no other way of finding out.

There is a "Jack, the Ripper," a "Jack, the Peeper," and a "Jack, the Kisser," etc. We wonder why there isn't a "Jack, the Hat Snatcher," who will make it his sport to stand in front of theaters and snatch off the women's hats as they enter. The men would go on his bond.



Six species of butterflies have been found within a hundred miles of the north pole.

Ants have brains larger in proportion to the size of their bodies than any other living creature.

Butterflies can stand great cold and still live. Butterflies lying frozen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are carefully handled will recover and fly when warmed.

Goldfish live to great age. There are a few in the Royal Aquarium at St. Petersburg that are known to be 150 years old, while the Chinese claim to have goldfish whose ages are counted by centuries. The great goldfish farm of the world is in Indiana, where thousands are reared and exported to England every year.

A poor African came to Moffat, the missionary, with the sad story that his dog had torn a testament to pieces and eaten some of the leaves. "He is no good to me now," "Why not?" said the missionary. "Why, the words of the book were full of love and gentleness, and after the dog has eaten them he won't want to hunt or fight for me any more."—Exchange.

WALKED 150 MILES.

W. H. Triplett, a lad of 13, is page of the West Virginia House of Delegates. He walked from his home, in West



W. H. TRIPLETT.

County, to Charleston, a distance of 150 miles, and made a personal canvass for his position.

Marquis of Bute Is Prominent.

The new Marquis of Bute, though he has only turned 19, has already a little experience of public life. As a boy he has opened a park and inaugurated a dock in Cardiff, and his peculiar position as almost the only Roman Catholic boy at a great public school has done a good deal to give him independence of character. His younger brothers, Lord Ninian and Lord Colum Stuart, take their names from Scottish saints, Ninian and Columba. The late marquis bore the plain name of John. Lady Margaret Stuart, the late Marquis's only daughter and eldest child, was a sharer of all her father's hobbies, her slight lameness fostering perhaps her studious inclinations.

Relics of Our Fair Disposed Of.

Queen Dowager Margherita of Italy has completed the distribution of her personal effects, and has finally retired from the court. Her 300 superb costumes have been apportioned among her friends. Immediately after King Humbert's funeral she sent to the museum at Florence the exquisite embroidery which made so fine an exhibit at the Chicago exposition, and all her jewelry has been given to relatives.

LONG TUNNEL ON THE COAST.

Southern Pacific Is Digging One a Mile and a Half in Length.

The longest tunnel in California—and there are some pretty long ones—and one of the largest tunnels in America is now in course of construction by the Southern Pacific Company. Although the work has been going on for several months the immensity of the undertaking has never before been brought to the attention of the public nor has there been anything more than a casual reference made to the costly piece of workmanship.

The tunnel is being dug in the Chatsworth park off and when completed will be a part of the new coast division between this city and Los Angeles says the San Francisco Call. The cut-off is really between the towns of Montalvo and Chatsworth Park. The Santa Susana range occupies a vast field of space between these two points and it is beneath this great range that the tunnel is to pass.

The total length of the underground passage will be 7,400 feet, or nearly a mile and a half. The tunnel next largest to this is at San Fernando, the latter being 6,700 feet long. The building of this tunnel will involve the expenditure of more than \$250,000. The work was started last fall and a large force of laborers is now being employed both day and night, with a view to completing the structure this year.

Much blasting and dredging is necessary and machinery is being used wherever practicable. Electric lights are used to facilitate the work, which is being carried on from each end by two gangs of men and a double supply of implements. The big drills are run by electricity and a powerful blower is used to pump air into the tunnel for the men to breathe. The passage will be seventeen feet wide and twenty-one feet four inches high above the rails.

STORMS ON LAKE BAIKAL.

Tempestuous Times on One of Siberia's Great Inland Seas.

The part of the Siberian railroad that will skirt the southern shores of Lake Baikal has not yet been built. It involves difficult engineering, and the railroad authorities decided, for a few years, to use ice-breaking steamers, the barges to them loaded with passengers and freight cars and thus ferry trains across the lake. But now they have come to the conclusion to build the line around the foot of the lake as soon as they can, for they are having no end of trouble with stormy and foggy Baikal. The lake is sixty-five miles wide and it is no joke for the passengers to be penned in their cars on the barges for twenty to forty hours at a time, as has happened now and then within the last year. On these occasions a storm on the lake or a heavy fog has made it impossible to reach port on the farther side.

Anyone knowing the conditions of travel on this lake might expect such accidents. There is no good port and one cannot be made without spending a fortune. A while ago sailing vessels were the only means of transport and they sometimes took over a fortnight in crossing the lake, beating up and down and waiting for a chance to get to the landing while storms were raging for days and days.

Millions of Russians seem to have an erroneous idea of Baikal. It is the largest fresh water lake in Asia, but the Russians do not hesitate to call it the largest in the world. In fact, the lake is thus ranked in some of the geographical works in Russian schools. The compilers of these textbooks would seem never to have heard of our great lakes and those of central Africa.—New York Sun.

Man and Woman.

A difficulty between two men is often the prelude to a warm friendship; but when two women quarrel they never speak to each other again, says Judge. Love so increases a man's delicacy that the woman in the case is completely deceived. After acquisition and marriage, when the man becomes again his normal self, disillusionment sets in and marriage is a failure. The greatness of a great man steadily decreases the nearer you approach to him. The list of immortal names would be considerably longer if men died while the public still believed in their greatness. No man can endure years of public scrutiny. Grow great and then die is a good motto. To try to keep up an unnatural standard only results in failure and regret.

Kruger Is Keen.

Mr. Kruger can drive a bargain. A correspondent states that on the occasion of his visit to Europe with General Joubert Mr. Kruger went to a tailor in Amsterdam. The general ordered a suit that was to cost \$5. Kruger said: "I cannot afford that price. I got this suit in London for \$3.10s." The tailor simply said: "Would you mind my looking at the name of the firm on the collar?" And he found it was that of the most expensive firm in the West End. Joubert turned to Kruger and said: "That was hardly the truth, sir." Kruger replied: "Business is business, but as long as he has bowled me out I will give him a line."

Deep Mines.

The greatest depth at which mining operations are carried on in Great Britain is 3,500 feet—at the Pendleton colliery, near Manchester. In the Lake Superior district this depth has been greatly exceeded, one copper mine having a depth of 4,900 feet. At Mons, in Belgium, a colliery is being worked at a depth of nearly 4,000 feet.

Same Ring.

Tess—Jack proposed last night, and I accepted him.

Jess—Did you, dear? By the way, don't attempt to cut glass with that diamond, as I did, or you'll make another nick in the stone.—Philadelphia Press.

Restoring a Medieval Castle.

At Hohenhausen, in Alsace, the remains of an early medieval castle is to be restored by the Kaiser after the manner in which Pierreferds was rebuilt by the architect Viollet Le Duc for the Empress Eugenie.

American Commission at Paris.

The cost of the American commission at the Paris exposition was nearly \$1,000,000.