

# MINES OF ALASKA.

## Favorable Report From Head Waters of the Big Horn-Glacier Reports From the Porcupine.

Herman Olson has returned to Skagway from the headwaters of the Big Horn river, which empties into Taku Arm opposite the Golden Gate. He found a foot or 14 inches of snow at Ptarmigan pass on his return, and a week ago there was even more of it in the Big Horn mountains. While the snow was too deep for Olson to reach the highest point desired, he was fortunate enough to find another copper lode in width, and carries one which looks remarkably similar to the wonderful rock taken from the famous Engineer's group on Taku Arm. Olson staked four claims for his principals on this ledge.

### Cook's Inlet Country.

John W. Cliff and Captain S. B. Johnson and wife, have just arrived at Skagway from Cook Inlet. "We left Sunrise City, Cook Inlet, September 15," said Mr. Cliff, "making the trip down in 14 days. The mining season for that part of the country had about closed when I left. This has been one of the most favorable seasons, so far as climate conditions are concerned, ever seen in that country. But few, if any, new gold discoveries have been made on the Kenai peninsula this season. The old established mines have been reasonably successful. Mills creek, Lynx creek, Granite creek and Upper Six-Mile river, may be mentioned among those that have produced well in the Sunrise mining district. They are all sluicing propositions. The properties mentioned have yielded all the way from \$8 to \$100 per day to the man for part of the season. The Turnagain Arm district has several paying streams, among which are Resurrection, Bear, Palmer, California, Glacier, Indian and Crow creeks."

### Fortune in Gold Dust.

There came to Skagway the other day 11 boxes of gold dust, each weighing nearly 400 pounds, and the whole valued at \$750,000. The gold dust was brought out by the Flyer Line Steamboat Company for the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and on its arrival there was taken to the Britannic hotel and deposited in the downstairs front room, in which a bed was laid for the guards, H. E. Rudd and G. H. Burns, who have lived with it ever since it left Dawson. Rudd and Burns were formerly mounted policemen and went in with Major Walsh in 1897, when Rudd remained in this town for nearly a year. These men say this is certainly the largest shipment of dust that ever came out this way, and they believe it is the largest single shipment that ever left Dawson.

### Dyea Is Reviving.

E. B. Whalen made a business trip to Dyea from Skagway and found the town easily carrying its new honors as a prospective railroad terminus. The old narrow gauge tram is being torn up and standard gauge railroad bed is being constructed along the street and out to Canyon City. At Sheep Camp the new company has constructed a large commissary building and also a bank house, and it is said 11 men are now at work on the tunnel; but this is not likely, as the engineer has scarcely had time to make the exact location of that important piece of work. A large stock of supplies has already been taken out to the new station, and several pack animals are employed in taking out further supplies.

### When Navigation Closes.

Charles Sperry says the Yukon was closed by ice at an unusually early period last year. He says that in 1886 he was at the mouth of Stewart river on the Yukon, and the river did not close that year until on Thanksgiving day, November 24, on which day three scows, bringing 13 men, arrived at Stewart river. On November 10, 1888, Mr. Sperry and another man, took their dog team in a boat and started for Circle City, but on the 18th of the same month they were blocked by ice at the mouth of the Klondike river. From these experiences it appears that there have been years during which navigation was open much later than last year, when it closed at Dawson, November 3.

### Bennett Is Booming.

Bennett is experiencing a great boom, says the Skagway Alaskan. The whole lake shore is lined with men building scows and there are not enough restaurants to feed the people. All kinds of business is flourishing, and it is probable that things will remain in this state until the close of navigation.

### Conditions at Dawson.

Private telegrams were received by E. S. Busby, Canadian customs inspector in Skagway, saying that Dawson was enjoying fine weather and excellent business. His advice also conveyed the information that there is a scarcity of socks, potatoes, hay and oats in the Klondike capital. A great deal of provender is passing through Skagway, but most of the hay and oats is for the Canadian Development Company. Within the last two weeks over 200 tons of hay have gone forward from Skagway.

### Like the Porcupine District.

J. A. Cameron, who was for six years deputy warden of the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, has just returned from a 10 days' trip to the Porcupine district, with which he is very favorably impressed. Mr. Cameron was accompanied by his brother-in-law, T. D. Stewart, who was so much taken up with the different mining propositions on Porcupine and McKinley creeks that he concluded to remain a week or 10 days longer in that country, reports the Alaskan.

### Are Leaving Atlin.

Passengers from Atlin report that about 175 miners came out from the Atlin district in one day recently, many of whom remained at Bennett. A large number of these were not in cash circumstances, and not a few of them will turn their faces toward Dawson, now that the bars are down.

Robert B. Mantell, the actor, was relieved of his financial obligations in the United States district court at Chicago. He filed his petition several months ago, scheduling \$13,847 liabilities and \$100 assets.

# WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

## African War Has Helped Business in America.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s trade review says: Fears and not facts made a war in South Africa seem a menace to property here, and a week of conflict has cleared away the fear. British markets for securities have been helped by the belief that mining shares would be worth more without Boer control in mining regions.

Large purchases here of ammunition and meats have swelled the balance due this country. Money markets have grown less embarrassed, stocks have gradually advanced, industries are still supported by a volume of demand for which no precedent can be found, and payments through the principal clearing houses for the past week have been 36.6 per cent larger than last year, and 57.3 per cent larger than in 1892. So great an increase shows the net business of many potent forces making for public prosperity.

The heaviest transactions in steel rails ever made so early cover 1,500,000 tons for next year's delivery, or two-thirds of the entire capacity of the works.

Markets for minor metals are reacting, tin having fallen to \$30.65, with a recovery to \$31.25 on sales in October 400 tons larger than usual, and Lake copper is largely offered at \$17.37. Lead is a shade lower at \$4.57, and spelter is demoralized and offered at \$5. Coke holds strong, shortness of cars hindering deliveries, though more ovens than ever before are producing.

Wheat remains practically unchanged, while Atlantic exports, flour included, have been 12,932,812 bushels, in four weeks, against 13,488,056 last year. Pacific exports, 2,197,771, against 3,124,306 last year.

Failures for the week have been 190 in the United States, against 226 last year.

## PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

**Portland Market.**  
Wheat—Walla Walla, 55@55½; Valley, 58; Bluestem, 59 per bushel.  
Flour—Best grades, \$3.35; Graham, \$3.65; superfine, \$3.15 per barrel.  
Oats—Choice white, 34@35; choice gray, 32@33 per bushel.  
Barley—Feed barley, \$15@16.00; brewing, \$18.50@20.00 per ton.  
Millstuffs—Bran, \$17 per ton; middlings, \$22; shorts, \$18; chop, \$16 per ton.  
Hay—Timothy, \$9@11; clover, \$7@8; Oregon wild hay, \$9@7 per ton.  
Butter—Fancy creamery, 50@55; seconds, 42½@45; dairy, 37½@40; stock, 25@35.  
Eggs—23½@25 per dozen.  
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13c; Young America, 14c; new cheese 10c per pound.

**Poultry—**Chickens, mixed, \$3.00@4.00 per dozen; hens, \$4.50; springs, \$3.00@3.50; geese, \$5.50@6.00 for old; \$4.50@5.00 for young; ducks, \$4.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 13@14 per pound.

**Vegetables—**Onions, 40@70c per sack; sweet, 2@2½ per bushel.  
Potatoes—60@70c per sack; white, 2@2½ per bushel.

**Produce—**Beets, \$1; turnips, 90c per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cauliflower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, 11; beans, 5@6c per pound; celery, 70@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per bushel; peas, 3@4c per pound; tomatoes, 75c per box; green corn, 12½@15c per dozen.

**Hops—**7@11c; 1898 crop, 5@6c.  
Wool—Valley, 12@13c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 8@14c; mohair, 27@30c per pound.

**Hutton—**Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 3½c; dressed mutton, 6½@7c per pound; lambs, 7½c per pound.  
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, \$5.00; light and feeders, \$4.50; dressed, \$6.00@6.50 per 100 pounds.  
Beef—Gross, top steers, \$3.50@4.00; cows, \$3@3.50; dressed beef, 6½@7½c per pound.  
Veal—Large, 6½@7½c; small, 8@8½c per pound.

**Seattle Market.**  
Onions, new, \$1.00@1.25 per sack.  
Potatoes, new, \$1.16@1.18.  
Beets, per sack, 85c.  
Turnips, per sack, 75c.  
Carrots, per sack, 75c.  
Parsnips, per sack, 90c.  
Cauliflower, 75c per dozen.  
Cabbage, native and California, \$1@1.25 per 100 pounds.  
Peaches, 65@50c.  
Apples, \$1.25@1.50 per box.  
Pears, \$1.00@1.25 per box.  
Fruit—60c per box.  
Watermelons, \$1.50.  
Nutmegs, 50@75c.  
Butter—Creamery, 28c per pound; dairy, 17@22c; ranch, 20c per pound.  
Eggs—Firm, 30c.  
Cheese—Native, 13@14c.  
Poultry—11@12½c; dressed, 13½c.  
Hay—Puget Sound timothy, \$12.00; choice Eastern Washington timothy, \$17.00.

**Corn—**Whole, \$23.00; cracked, \$23; feed meal, \$23.  
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, \$21; whole, \$22.  
Flour—Patent, per barrel, \$3.65; blend straight, \$3.25; California, \$3.25; buckwheat flour, \$3.50; Graham, per barrel, \$3.90; whole wheat flour, \$3.00; rye flour, \$3.75.  
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, \$15.00; shorts, per ton, \$16.00.  
Feed—Chopped feed, \$20.50 per ton; middlings, per ton, \$22; oil cake meal, per ton, \$35.00.

**San Francisco Market.**  
Wool—Spring—Nevada, 12@14c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 12@15c; Valley, 18@20c; Northern, 8@10c.  
Hops—1899 crop, 9@11½c per pound.

**Onions—**Yellow, 75@85c per sack.  
Butter—Fancy creamery 29@30c; do seconds, 27½@28c; fancy dairy, 25@27c; do seconds, 23@24c per pound.  
Eggs—Store, 26@28c; fancy ranch, 41c.  
Millstuffs—Middlings, \$19.00@20.50; bran, \$17.50@18.00.  
Hay—Wheat \$7.50@10; wheat and oat \$7.00@9.00; best barley \$5.00@7.00; alfalfa, \$5.00@7.00 per ton; straw, 25@40c per bale.

**Potatoes—**Early Rose, 40@50c; Oregon Burbanks, \$1.25@1.50; river Burbanks, 50@75c; Salinas Burbanks, \$1.00@1.10 per sack.  
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, \$2.75@3.25; Mexican limes, \$4.00@5.00; California lemons 75c@\$1.50; do choice \$1.75@2.00 per box.  
Tropical Fruits—Bananas, \$1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, nominal; Persian dates, 6@6½c per pound.

# GOOD-BY TO LIFE.

AND to-morrow you leave me and go back to that horrid London?"

"Only for three months, dearest. Then I shall come back to Rocksea and Slain you."

Jessie Poole laid her pretty head contentedly on the rough tweed shoulder of the Norfolk jacket.

Will Preston was a clever young artist. Looking around for a suitable place at which to stay the summer, he had stumbled across the little creeper-clad cottage where Jessie Poole lived and nursed her bed-ridden father, and had induced them to let him make their home his abode during his stay. A thorough woman was Jessie, and as such she appealed to the artist's temperament. Beautiful she could hardly be called, but her clear gray eyes and the curve of her small, firm mouth went straight to Will Preston's heart, and before he was aware of it the inevitable had happened.

Presently the shapely head was raised from the collar of the Norfolk jacket, and a low voice inquired: "What are you going to do with yourself this afternoon, Will?"

"Oh, I'm going to row out to that picturesque old wreck and take a few sketches of it."

"But you are not going alone, Will, are you? You know it's off a very dangerous part of the coast, and there are a lot of cross currents and sunken rocks."

"Oh, that's all right, little one. You



HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL.

old admirer, Jen Barclay, is 'bossing the show. He knows every inch of the coast, and I've every confidence in him; so you need have no qualms, dear, that I shall not be back safe after dark."

As he mentioned the name of his guide Jessie looked up suddenly and seemed about to speak, then appeared to alter her mind, and was silent.

"So, is that, dearest," he went on, bending down and fondly kissing the sweet lips upturned to his. I must be off. "The tide will be on the turn soon, and it's a good two miles row."

The wreck toward which the little boat was rapidly cutting its way was all that remained of the schooner Bonnie Belle. A year ago she had been driven by a storm on to a sunken rock. At high tide merely a few feet of her sole remaining stump of a mast was visible, but at low water she was only partially submerged.

As Will Preston lay back in the stern of the boat fingering the tiller ropes he could not but admire the stalwart figure in front of him. Jen Barclay was a young fisherman, living down in the village about a mile from Jessie Poole's lonely cottage. Over six feet in height, and proportionately broad, his muscles stood out like bands of steel as he pulled untiringly at the oars.

Soon they reached the wreck, and, as it was now low tide, the boat was pulled alongside, and they clambered up to the slippery deck. The schooner was but a mere shell after all, and as Will peered down through what had once been the hatchway nothing was to be seen but the lanky blackness of the water in the hold. He was startled from his reverie by a laugh from his companion.

"A man wouldn't do much good, Mr. Preston, once he got down there, eh?"

"There was something in the man's tone that jarred unpleasantly upon the artist's ear, and he answered shortly: "No; I think he could say good-by to life."

"Then you can say good-by to yours, for that's where you're going, my fine gentleman?"

Will Preston turned quickly round in amazement at the words, when, with an oath, Barclay flung himself upon him, and bore him backward. The back of his head struck the deck with a crash, and he lost consciousness.

When his senses slowly came back to him he found himself propped up with his arms against the mast, his hands tightly bound together at his side. His cap had been forced into his mouth, and his handkerchief bound tightly round, forming a most efficient gag. Before him stood Jen Barclay, his arms folded and his black eyes flashing triumphantly.

"You see, I've changed my mind," he began. "It seemed a pity to chuck you down in 'old. You wouldn't 'ad had time to think over things. Oh, yes, I know she refused me a year ago, but I'd 'ad her right enough when in time if you hadn't come with your fine ways and oily tongue. Now I'm going to wish you good-by. It'll be high tide at 9 o'clock, and then I'll sea will be a foot above your head. Happen you'd like to see how the time goes, though. Well, you shall."

He took his knife from his pocket and drove the point into the mast a few inches above his victim's head. Then he approached the artist with the intention of taking his watch from his pocket to hang it upon the improvised hook, but Preston, though his hands were tied, had the use of his feet, and as his tormenter came within reach he lunged out with all his force.

Taken unawares, the man sprang backward to avoid the blow, and, forgetful of the hatchway behind him, lost his balance and fell down it. In falling he turned half around, and, with a sickening thud, his temple came in contact with the further side of the opening as he fell.

Will heard the splash of his body in the water, and waited, horror-struck, for any further sound, but nothing met his ears save the wash of the waves. He struggled to free himself, so that he might try and save his would-be murderer, but though he struffed until the cords cut into his wrists it was useless.

The fisherman had done his work only too well, and had himself kept back the help that night, perhaps, has saved him.

And as the utter impossibility of freeing himself and the increasing peril of his own situation became apparent to Will, pity for his dead rival gave place to horror at the death so slowly but relentlessly approaching. He tried to wriggle up by clasping the mast with his legs; he found it impossible, and blank despair began to creep over him.

The tide had already turned and was creeping through the broken bulwarks, and soon the first wave came gently washing the deck, nearly reaching his feet. Again he strained and tugged at his bonds in vain. He turned his eyes longingly toward the boat, which had been moored to the side of the schooner, and then indeed he gave up hope, for it was gone.

The rope had been too loosely tied, and there was the boat, already fifty yards away, drifting with the incoming tide.

The sun was dipping toward the cliffs overhanging his sweetheart's cottage, and he knew that he had but an hour or two longer to live unless help came, and that he felt was almost impossible.

Soon the water reached his knees, then in little ripples circled round his waist.

Another half-hour passed, and the cliffs were lost to view, while the lights began to twinkle in the village and about the little wooden pier. Higher and higher rose the water until it reached his shoulders, and he began to feel chill and numb. Presently the beat-beat of a steamer's paddles came wafted over the shimmering sea, and with a wild thrill of hope he turned his head.

Yes, there she was, gliding along swiftly and smoothly, her portholes and saloons brightly lit and the strains of the band coming to him cheerily as she churned her homeward course, the passengers joining in song in happy content after the pleasures of the day. Oh, if he could only get rid of that suffocating gag his cries might be heard. But no sound came from his aching throat, and the pleasure steam-glider on her way.

And now the water reached his chin, and he knew his life could be numbered by minutes only. He fixed his weary eyes upon one light that glistened starlike on the side of the cliff, away from the others. He knew it came from the little room where his love would be waiting and wondering what kept him.

As he looked the light seemed to go out for an instant; then it appeared again; again disappeared, and once more flashed into sight. What did it mean? Suddenly it struck him that it was something on the surface of the water which kept coming between his eyes and the light. Could it be a boat?

He strained his ears, and fancied he could hear the rattle of the oars in the rowlocks. Yes, yes, it was it, about twenty rods straight toward him, too. And at last a straggling moonbeam came slanting across the sea, and doubt gave place to certainty, for, although still a



THE RESCUE.

long way off, he could distinguish a figure in the boat—a figure that caused his pulses to throb wildly, the figure of a girl. Would she, could she, do it in time? He was standing now in the very tips of his toes, and even then an occasional wave, higher than the rest, would wash into his nostrils, and give him a foretaste of what was to come. Nearer and nearer came the boat, and higher rose the water. Could he hold out? The strain was awful.

"Whatever can have come to those two?" queried Jessie, as the shadows lengthened, and still no Will appeared. Throwing a sharp glance at her, she strolled out into the evening, and looked away over the sea. She could not make out the mast of the wreck in the falling light, but something bobbing about at the foot of the cliff arrested her attention.

"It looks like a boat!" she gasped, with sudden foreboding. And in an instant she was speeding down the path. A moment more and she had reached the shore, and there, not twenty yards away, she recognized Jen Barclay's boat—empty; and something of the truth flashed upon her.

"Merciful heaven!" she moaned. "The boat has got adrift and left them on the wreck!"

There was no time to run to the village for help. What had to be done must be done quickly. With a fervent prayer the brave girl dashed into the water, clambered over the side, unshipped the oars, and in another minute the bow was once more turned seaward and the little boat was speeding to the rescue.

At last, after a lifetime of doubts and fears, she turned and saw the sunken mast standing out in bold contrast to the silvery pathway caused by the rising moon; and at the base, on the surface of the water, there was something else—something round and dark.

# GOING ABOUT INCOG.

## MONARCHS SOMETIMES HAVE STRANGE ADVENTURES.

Amusing Stories of Royal Personages Who Have Divested Themselves of All Signs of Their Rank and Traveled as Common People.

Many amusing stories are told of the adventures of royal personages when they have divested themselves of what may be called their official dress and assumed the guise of ordinary mortals. And none loves more to tell these tales of misadventure than the royalties themselves.

The Czar still recounts the story of an experience he had some years ago in Scotland. It was in the early days of his cycling enthusiasm, and he was riding in company with Princess Maud. When the royal cyclists were walking with their machines up one of the steep hills near Balmoral they overtook an old Scotchman, who wished them "good-day" and seemed disposed for gossip.

The young pair entered into the spirit of the adventure and chatted merrily about their cycling, until they reached the top of the hill. Before they reached the top the garrulous old man looked wonderingly at the machines and said: "Weel, weel, they're grand things for you lads and ladies." When they had got out of hearing the royal pair literally laughed until they cried, and the Czar even yet answers to the name of "the teen laddie" among his courtiers.

Not many months ago the German Emperor sustained a shock. Like King Leopold of Belgium, the Kaiser loves occasionally to take a solitary ramble in the country. One day last summer while at Potsdam he had wandered farther than usual, and at dusk found himself, dusty and weary, still a dozen miles from the palace. When at this stage a country woman driving a cart overtook him he greeted her politely and asked her to allow him to take a seat in the cart. The woman looked down critically at the dusty and dejected man, and whispering to her horse said: "Not me; I don't like the looks of you." Some distance ahead a mounted patrol stopped the woman and asked what the Emperor had said to her. "The Kaiser?" she queried in amazement. "What Kaiser?" Then, as the truth gradually dawned on her she turned pale, gave a frightened look at the dusty figure coming nearer and drove rapidly away.

Ex-Queen Emma of the Netherlands and her daughter, the Queen of today, had many amusing experiences in their wanderings incognito. Last summer, when they were staying at one of the hotels in the Tyrol, the young queen won all hearts by her sweetness of disposition and vivacity. There was one young Englishman who was so overcome by her charms that he followed her everywhere in spite of a frowning mamma, and it must be said, with some mischievous encouragement from the daughter. His attention at last became so marked that one day the young girl and her mother disappeared without warning, and it was only some days after the young Englishman learned through the newspapers that the young lady he had wooed so persistently was the Queen of Holland.

Many good stories are told of the curious adventures of Queen Margaret of Italy on her mountaineering excursions. The story of how she entertained a party of tourist climbers in one of the mountain huts is well known, but few who have heard of another little adventure which befell her last summer. The Queen, whose energy is always the envy and despair of her suite, had wandered away from her attendants, and had not only lost her way but was both hungry and fatigued, when she saw a peasant's cottage in the distance.

Making her way to it, her knock was answered by an old peasant woman, whom she asked for rest and refreshment. "Come in, my dear, and welcome," the kindly old peasant said. The Queen entered and insisted on helping her hostess prepare the simple meal of milk and bread. When the belated attendants reached the cottage they found the Queen and the old woman gossiping and eating with all the freedom of old friends, and it was not until some days later when a handsome present arrived at the cottage, that the woman learned how she had entertained her Queen.

## AGGREGATE MAN AS A WALKER

### He Takes a Stroll of 70,000 Miles Every Second.

If the average old man of comparatively sedentary habits were told that during his life he had walked as many miles as would compass the earth at the equator six times he would probably be very much surprised. And yet such a pedestrian effort only represents an average walk of six miles a day for a period of sixty-eight years.

Similarly, the man who is content with the daily average walk of four miles will consider himself an athlete on learning that every year he walks a distance equal to a trip from London to Athens.

When one considers the aggregate walking records of the world the figures are even more surprising. Assuming that each individual averages a four-mile walk a day (and this cannot be considered an extravagant estimate when one remembers that Thomas Phillips, of Kingham, has walked 440,000 miles on postal duty alone), the startling conclusion is reached that the world covers a journey of 63,444 miles every time the clock ticks, night and day.

This means that the world's walking record for a second of time is equal to two trips round the equator and more than thirteen jaunts between London and Naples. Every minute the aggregate man walks a distance equal to eight return trips to the moon, supplemented by over fifteen walks round the earth's waist.

In an hour he could walk as far as the sun and back again, take a trip to the moon (from the earth) 140 times, while still leaving himself a stroll of 150,000 miles to finish the journey he lit at the commencement of his rate of 160,000 minutes. But considering the rate of his progress it is probable that even a slow smoker might require a second cigar before finishing the walk.

In a single year the aggregate man walks a distance of 2,190,000,000 miles, which, after all, inconceivably great as it is, would take him less than one-eleventh part of the way to the nearest fixed star.

It is well for the aggregate man's exchequer that he walks these distances instead of covering them by rail. At the rate of a penny a mile the world's annual walk would cost \$2,125,000,000, or ten times as much gold as is current throughout the entire world. To purchase a ticket for this distance it would be necessary to mortgage the entire United Kingdom to three-fourths of its full value.—London Mail.

## JOURNEYS AROUND THE WORLD.

The time required for a journey around the earth by a man walking day and night, without resting, would be 428 days; an express train, 40 days; sound, at a medium temperature, 32½ hours; a cannon ball, 21½ hours; light, a little over 1-10 of a second and electricity, passing over a copper wire, a little under 1-10 of a second.

## Sad News Indeed.

Kind Old Man—My lad, what are you crying about?

Weeping Boy—To-morrow's my birthday, and my uncle was going to give me a watch, but the doctors say he can't live till morning.

If all our wishes were gratified life would soon become monotonous.

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