

BRITAIN'S NEW KING.

Biographical Sketch of Edward VII.

The death of Queen Victoria and the ascension to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland of the Prince of Wales brings another striking personality into the ranks of the world's sovereigns. A glance at his life's biography will therefore be of interest, especially since he has taken the title

ties held at Berlin in March, 1883, to celebrate the silver wedding of the Crown Prince with the Princess Royal of England. On this occasion he was nominated by the Emperor as a field marshal in the German army.

Visit to Ireland in 1885.
In 1885 the Prince, in company with

KING EDWARD VII.



FROM WHAT IS SAID TO BE HIS BEST PHOTOGRAPH.

of Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India. It is as follows:

Albert Edward, K. G., K. P., G. C. B., G. C. S. I., G. C. M. G., P. G., eldest son of Victoria and the Prince Consort, born at Buckingham Palace Nov. 9, 1841, received his early education under the Rev. Henry M. Birch, rector of Prestwich; Mr. Gibbs, barrister at law; the Rev. C. F. Tarver and Mr. H. W. Fisher, and having studied for a session at Edinburgh, entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he attended the public lectures for a year and afterwards resided for three or four terms at Cambridge for the same purpose.

His Visit to America.
His royal highness spent most of the summer of 1860 in a visit to the United States and Canada, where he was most enthusiastically received, was in 1858 gazetted to a colonelcy in the army, and joined the camp at the Curragh in June, 1861. Accompanied by Dean Stanley, the prince traveled in the East and visited Jerusalem in 1862. His royal highness is a K. G., a field marshal and a colonel in chief of the Household Cavalry Brigade, colonel of the Tenth Hussars, and has the titles of the Duke of Cornwall (by which he took his seat in the House of Lords in February, 1863, in the peerage of England); Duke of Rothesay, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles in Scotland, and Earl of Dublin and Carrick in Ireland, and enjoys the patronage of twenty-one livings, chiefly as owner of the Duchy of Cornwall.

His Marriage to Alexandra.
His royal highness married March 10, 1863, the Princess Alexandra of Denmark, by whom he has issue. The Prince of Wales became president of St. Bartholomew's Hospital in April, 1867. Towards the close of the year 1871 his royal highness was attacked with typhoid fever, and for some weeks his life was despaired of, but he slowly recovered and was able to take part in the Thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral, Feb. 27, 1872. He was elected Grand Master of the Free Masons in England in succession to the Marquis of Ripon in 1874, and on April 8, 1875, was admitted to the office at a lodge held in the Albert Hall, South Kensington. On May 5, 1875, he was installed at the Free Mason's hall as First Principal of the Royal Arch Free Masons.

Visited India in 1875-7.
In 1875-76 his royal highness visited India. The great interest he took in the Paris exhibition of 1878 contributed in no slight degree to render it a success. He attended the court festivi-

ties held at Berlin in March, 1883, to celebrate the silver wedding of the Crown Prince with the Princess Royal of England. On this occasion he was nominated by the Emperor as a field marshal in the German army.

Owner of Famous Yacht.
In the summer of this year and in 1894 the Prince raced his yacht, the Britannica, in most of the chief regattas round the coast, and secured

Interest in Exhibitions.
His royal highness has taken a great personal interest in all the exhibitions recently held at South Kensington, and was executive president of the Colonial and Indian exhibition opened by the queen in May, 1886. He also originated the Royal College of Music, and was the chief mover in the Jubilee scheme of an Imperial Institute, which, after



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROYAL PAIR RECENTLY TAKEN IN LONDON.

many victories. He was present in April, 1894, at the wedding of Princess Victoria Melita of Coburg, and with the Princess of Wales attended the marriage of the late czar's daughter at St. Petersburg. In July, 1894, as in the Jubilee year, the Prince and Princess were present at the Welsh Eisteddfod, on which occasion the Princess was admitted a Bard.

Coolness Under Fire.
If no man is a hero to his valet it cannot be said that Sir Redvers Buller was not a hero to his orderly. Corporal George Ashley rode behind his chief from the time he arrived at "the front" and returned with him to England. Corporal Ashley, who belonged to the military mounted police of Natal, entertains unbounded admiration for Sir Redvers. He cites as an instance of the general's coolness under fire that, when a shell passed only a few feet away, he turned to his orderly and, with a grim smile, quietly said: "Did you get that?" It is a great thing in a commander's favor when one and all who have followed him feel so strong an attachment for him.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, ONE OF THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCES OF EDWARD VII.

some opposition, he at last succeeded in establishing in 1893. In 1888 the Prince and Princess celebrated their silver wedding.

Visiting the Russian Court.
During the autumn of 1894 the Prince and Princess and the Duke of York hastened to join the Russian imperial family at the time of the death of the late Czar, and the Prince, by the courteous attention to Russian etiquette and constant attendance at the prolonged funeral ceremonies, won the affections of the Russians to a marked degree.

His Visit to the United States.
The people of this country were too thoroughly engrossed in a presidential campaign to pay much attention to the Prince of Wales when he came here in 1860. He was sent over by Lord Palmerston, the British premier, on a secret mission, the real purpose of which had never been divulged. No official recognition was taken of his presence but many receptions were given in his honor by society in Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston and Richmond and at Washington where he was introduced by Lord Lyons to President Buchanan and Miss Harriet Lane, and was elegantly, but privately entertained at the white house. Washington was a village "of magnificent distances" then, and the president showed the royal party over the public buildings without being incommoded by the crowds that had half frightened, half flattered them since their arrival in America. His visit in this country lasted from September 17 to October 20.

Danced with Daughters of the Fishermen.
While attending a reception in his honor at St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1860, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. of England, soon left the official circle and danced with the wives and daughters of the fishermen. The Lancers was a new dance then, and the prince not only explained the figures to his partner but called out to the other dancers: "Now, you follow me," "Now, forward, march." Of course, he won all hearts. The next day he was taken through the factories in which cod liver oil is made. There is a custom that a visitor to the factories must have his boots greased by the employes and "pay his footing" in drink money, and the prince cheerfully submitted to these exactions, and laughed heartily when the dignified duke of Newcastle, the polished General Bruce and the gallant Major Teesdale were compelled to go through the same formalities.

An Ancient Tobacco Box.
There has been much discussion in England lately among the parochial fathers of Rotherhithe as to the disposal of an ancient tobacco-box, which was discovered a few years ago in an iron safe, and had been given a place

of honour in the Vestry Hall. It has now been decided to transfer the tobacco-box to the public library, where it will be under the care of the librarian. This interesting Rotherhithe relic is octagonal in shape, and stands about twelve inches high. It is a box within a box, the outer shell being intended to hold tobacco, whilst in the interior were placed the balloting balls used at the election of "The Amicable Society of Churchwardens and Overseers" a century ago. The box is beautifully engraved, and contains a panel with a silver medallion portrait of George III., and is inscribed in commemoration of the Grand National Jubilee, celebrated on October 23, 1809. There is a pane recording Nelson's triumph at Trafalgar, and another in commemoration of the victory obtained over the French army at Waterloo.

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In the Fowler's Snare

By M. B. MANWELL

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

In America people need not restrict their honeymooning to a distance of 20, 30, or 100 miles. Over there a bridal journey may mean 4,000 or 5,000 miles, and entail some days and nights aboard a train. Gervis Templeton and his newly made wife were quite content with the prospect of the long journey as they sat in the palace car, hand-in-hand, gazing out upon the strange, unchanging landscape.

To the new wife, life was warm and sweet; while for Gervis, who had taken up his cross manfully before he crossed Gladly's vision, there was the underlying sense of having given up his all for others, which in itself is a certain reward.

"It seems like years since we left old Frisco, doesn't it, Gervis?" the bride broke the silence to say blithely. "It's a bit queer to leave the old life behind like this," she went on, half dreamily. "I never realized that I was married, I think, until we stepped into this car at Vancouver. And now here we are, you and I, flying along through plains and canons, through snow and ice, on our way to old age together. If one were superstitious the look-out is ominous."

Gladly waved her white hand at the landscape whirling past, rocks and hillsides, gray rivers and shimmering, still lakes, and in the distance the great, frowning Rockies.

"Look on this picture, not on that," Gervis with his hand gently turned the small, round face, and Gladly's eyes fell on the cheerful, warm luxuries of the car.

He was careful not to omit the lover-like attentions a bride would naturally look for, and it was only those who knew him better than Gladly did, who would miss the spontaneous element that was absent.

"Never mind the wintry outlook," went on the young husband. "I don't believe you've as much as glanced at our fellow-travelers yet. They seem rather a decent lot."

"Do they?" Gladly turned her brown head to give a comprehensive look round the palace car. "They're not bad," she added indifferently. Then she broke off, and there was a dead silence.

The round, blue eyes of the bride had encountered another pair, black and inscrutable, that were fixed with a strange, tense gaze on her. Something—she knew not what—instantly arrested her attention, and a faint shiver ran over her whole being.

The owner of the magnetic eyes was a man of perhaps 40, perhaps older. His crisply curling hair matched his intensely black eyes, and the olive tint of his bare, shaven face went admirably with the darkness of eyes and hair.

That he was of a studious disposition was vouched for by the stoop of his narrow shoulders. He was carefully, even punctiliously, dressed, and as he leaned back in a large, red-plush easy chair there was a certain distinction about his appearance.

He seemed to know none of his fellow-travelers, and while they chatted and laughed, he sat, with loosely clasped fingers, silent and watchful.

The strange thing was that nobody seemed to be aware of his presence in the car. People talked across him, colored waiters passed and repassed him, but nobody disturbed the thinking man.

The train jolted on its way to the great mountains, the "everlasting hills." It sped in and out of the snow-sheds, which man's ingenuity has constructed to protect the railway line from snowslides, in which thousands of tons of snow, suddenly loosened, came down with irresistible force to devastate the low-lying country.

The startling whiteness of the outside world was growing blurred. The day was waning, the dusk gathering slowly, and a few feathery flakes began to show up against the deepening gray behind them.

"We are going to have a tremendous snowfall tonight, judging from the smallness and dryness of the flakes," observed Gervis presently; but he got no answer.

The young man pulled out some home letters to read.

In a few moments he was back again in the old home. Loyal and true as he was to the young wife at his side, Gervis could not keep his memory from straying to the fair, summer glades of Temple-Dene, through which wandered a youth and a maiden whose hearts were united though their lips failed to speak of love.

For a brief moment he wondered how Leila had taken the news of his marriage, which by this time must have reached Temple-Dene. Now, with his face turned to begin an everyday, practical existence, bereft forever of the old love Gervis suddenly felt faint qualms. Had he—had they—sought to achieve more than human strength was capable of?

Leila he revered too deeply to doubt. Her pure, salutary woman's nature would be a certain shield. And that sweet purity of hers would act, likewise, as his own safeguard.

Little wonder that the gravity in the bridegroom's eye deepened as he sat idly turning over the loose sheets of Lady Jaze's pointed writing. So absorbed was he that he did not observe a sudden hush that crept over the gaily-chatting occupants of the car.

Then men sprang to their feet hurriedly, there were faint screams from the women; a colored waiter ran in, the whites of his eyes turned up in wild fear, and, with a frightened shout, fled out of the car along the corridor.

By this time Gervis was fully aroused to the surrounding commotion.

Gladly sat perfectly motionless. Her eyes were fixed on the now empty chair in which had been seated the owner of the black, inscrutable eyes. She did not turn even when the excitement in the car ended in a stampede accompanied by frenzied shrieks.

"Fire! Fire!"
The train, with its engine and carriages—so huge and so handsome to eyes unaccustomed to American travel—must be on fire!

CHAPTER III.

"Gladly! my dear Gladly, rouse up. What is it? Are you asleep? The fright has paralyzed her!"

Gervis Templeton stooped and gathered up his wife's form in his arms. Like most American girls, she was small and slight, an easy weight for any man's arms; but somehow Gladly was an almost impossible burden. She was still and motionless, and it was like carrying a lay-figure.

"Place your arms around my neck, dear, and I can carry you the faster!" he hurriedly said. But there was no responsive obedience.

His bride's arms hung loosely down. It was not that she had fainted, Gervis knew, for her eyes were wide open and staring, and there was no time to puzzle over her strange inertness.

Nearly every one was out of the magnificently furnished car. The train, which had been slowing, was now at a standstill. It was quite dark when Gervis stood on the steps with his burden; but, to his wonder, he now saw what he had been unaware of before.

The train was in one of the snow-sheds—in fact, in one of the longest of these structures, and one a mile in length.

Under its roof, which was shaped as a continuation of the slope of the mountain-side, the train was drawn up. And Gervis gasped, for he now discovered the cause of the frenzied excitement. The train itself was not on fire; it was the snow shed.

"Why, what can it mean? How on earth could a snow shed take fire in this wintry weather?" he exclaimed.

"Easily enough," said a quiet voice at his ear, and a pair of black eyes met those of Gervis. "A snow shed can catch fire as the forests do, from the engine's sparks. This must have been burning some time, I should say. As a rule, men on trolleys patrol the sheds after every train to inspect it; but this has broken out after they have passed."

The speaker pointed a long, thin finger to the wall of flame ahead of the engine, which loomed black and weird against the bright glare. Even in the alarming situation Gervis could not but be struck at the calm tone of the stranger's voice, and his serene demeanor.

Below the two men, as they stood on the steps of the car, the terror-stricken passengers were rushing to and fro in wild alarm. There seemed to be nobody to appeal to. The driver and stoker gazed helplessly from their engine into the barrier of fire. The guard had quietly leaped out and sped back in search of the hose always found in every snow shed in case of fire.

The flames were roaring and shooting up through the roof into the black night. Each moment the danger was becoming more and more imminent.

"If this goes on we shall be roasted alive!" Gervis shouted, as he essayed to step down.

"Stop! Let me lift her out of your arms." The stranger who had addressed Gervis was already on the ground, his arms stretched out to receive the burden Gervis held.

Gathering the slight form to him he held the motionless girl on the ground, and as Gervis sprang down the steps the stranger's hand made a few quick passes before the fixed, white face of the prostrate Gladly.

"Thank you kindly," said Gervis hastily. "It is good of you. She is my wife, and somehow the shock seems to have frozen her. She is unable to speak even. I fear it has affected her deeply."

"Oh, Gervis, take me away somewhere!" A long, sobbing cry came from her lips.

Gladly had come back—she was herself again, and Gervis almost wished the frozen stupor had continued.

"My poor little girl!" He bent down over her, kneeling on the ground to draw her little head to his shoulder. At any cost he must hide the hideous wall of flame from her frightened eyes.

As he strove to comfort her he did not see the sneer on the dark, olive-skinned face that looked down upon the youthful husband and wife.

"I must save her!" Gervis looked up presently to say, in a hoarse whisper, and encountered the pitiless gaze of his new friend. "You must help me!" Gervis struggled to his feet. "I tell you my wife must be saved! It was I who brought her into this night, and I am ready to give my life for hers! Help me. Suppose I rush the whole thing? Do you think I could get her through the flames to the other side of them, and to the open beyond?"

"Are you mad?" was the leering rejoinder. "Better reverse the engine and back the train to the end we came in at. But see, here comes the guard back again. Well?"

"It's anything but 'well,' I guess," growled the guard, glancing uneasily at the women folk. Lowering his voice, he went on to the male passengers: "The plain truth is, we're in a death trap. God help us all!" Then he hesitated.

"Man, speak out. What is it?"

"I've bin way back a goodish bit, and found a worse thing behind us almost than this!" He pointed to the wall of flame. "Gentlemen, there's bin a terrible snow slide happened on our heels. It has smashed through into the shed and blocked the line from floor to roof. Never saw such a big snow slide in the Rockies, not even in the springtime of the year."

"'Twas the warmish spell we had lately has loosened the snow on the mountain-side, and now it's come down all in a heap—tons of it! Besides frozen cargoes of snow, there's hull trees torn up by the roots and boulders all blocking up the shed. We're choked in behind, and you can see for yourself what's afore us. We're bound to die like rats in a hole!"

As the last words were added, breaking in an irrepressible cry from the man's white lips, the huddled groups of terrified passengers shrieked and shouted in unison; for, gazing up, their starting eyes discovered that the fire was spreading in the roof toward them.

"We must be very near the outlet of this snow shed!" quickly ejaculated the stranger who had assisted Gervis.

"Why?" hoarsely screamed the passengers. Somehow they turned instinctively to this man, as human beings will to any true leader.

"In that case, it would be worth while to rush it," said Gervis. He had raised Gladly from the ground, and stood holding her close to him, carefully hiding her eyes with his left hand.

"Well, then, let us rush it together in the train, and God in His mercy help us through!" came the suggestion from a passenger.

"And suppose we are burnt up like chips!" gloomily said another.

And, truly, the long, fierce tongues of fire were gaining along the roof. Strong men shuddered, while all the women were now covering their eyes, and some were praying wildly. Here and there a child, with frightened sobs, hid its little face in its mother's skirts. It was, in truth, a terrible death trap. The helpless human beings, herding together, were paralyzed. Those of them for whom their Father in heaven was an ever-present reality cried out from their hearts for His merciful help; others were mute.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; therefore we shall not fear—" The clear voice of a woman that began bravely ended abruptly in a smothered sob.

The flesh was weaker than the spirit, and a pair of dark eyes criticised, with a sneer in their black depths, the speaker as she cowered down on her knees.

"It would be as well not waste the minutes in talk," said the owner of the eyes. "It's time for action now if we are to save our lives."

With a swift glance at Gladly's shrinking figure lying in her husband's arms, he strode forward to the front. Gathered round the engine was a group of excited passengers, arguing, ordering and pleading with the bewildered stokers, who stubbornly refused to risk all and rush the fire.

(To be continued.)

Balmoral Castle Not Large.
As palaces go, Balmoral castle is by no means large. When it was originally built it was intended to be purely a private palace for Queen Victoria and her family to retire to for complete rest and recreation. There were to be no visitors, no lords-in-waiting, and, moreover, the queen's children were children. Now, when her majesty's family had grown to a swarm, and it is a common thing for her to have nearly a dozen of them staying with her at once, besides some other visitors, Balmoral court provides insufficient accommodations for the court. It is true that the latter is out down to the smallest limits. There are still no lords-in-waiting. The minister in attendance has to leave his secretary behind. Still there is not room for all the guests, so they are scattered up and down in various annexes. Birkhall, to the southeast of the castle, is allotted to one family; Abergeldie castle and Abergeldie mans, both to the north of Balmoral, are given to others. The rest are stowed away in the castle itself and when the accommodation becomes cramped, some of them have a way of drifting off to stay with the duke and duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge, which is not far off.

Wales as a Soldier.
The Grenadier guards is the only regiment in which the Prince of Wales really served as a soldier. It was in the first battalion of the most distinguished regiment that he served as a subaltern and learned his drill. He was stationed with them at the Curragh camp, Kildare, in the year 1853.

Lightning Rods in Brooklyn.
There does not seem to be any way of clearly accounting for the fact that lightning rods have suddenly become fashionable in Brooklyn. There is quite a boom in suburban building there and nearly all new residences are being crowned with metal spikes.

Men have lost more by crowding than they have by waiting their turn.