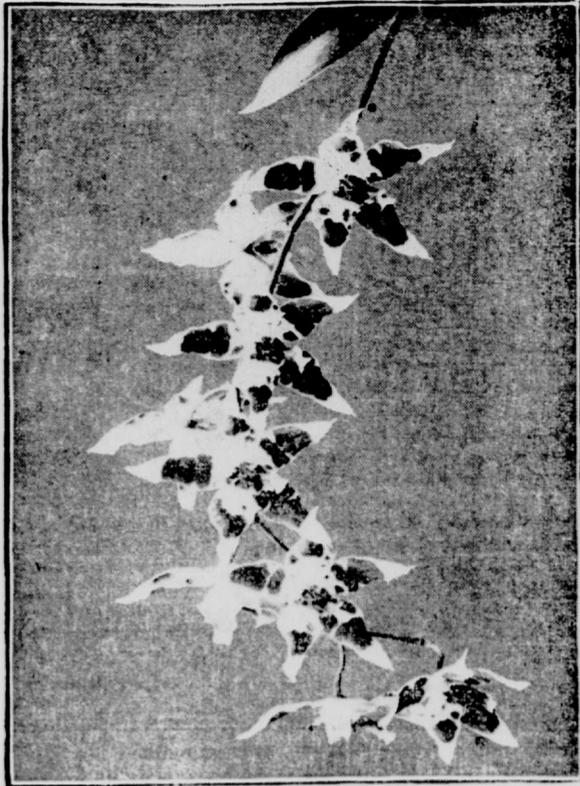


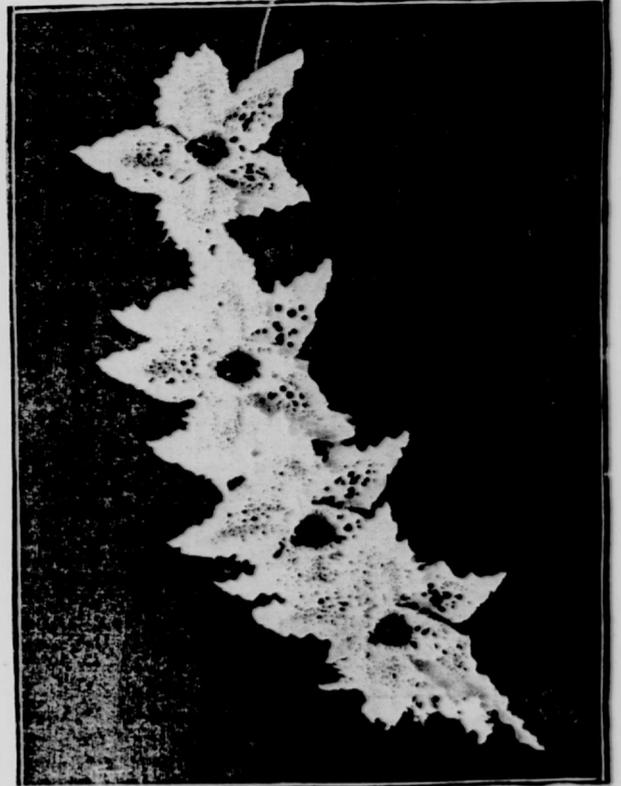
## FRAIL FLOWERS FOR WHICH MEN RISK THEIR LIVES.



A GALAXY OF STARS.



VALUE FROM \$3,500 TO \$5,000.



A STRING OF BEAUTIES.

## HIGH PRICED ORCHIDS.

## Many Perils Are Undergone in Securing Rare Specimens.

It costs time and money and sometimes life to gather some flowers. The flowers are not the fortune telling daisies, the silky petaled roses or the buttercups growing beside the dusty road in the tall grass. They are the fragile orchids living in the humid jungles of the tropics. To find these men are willing to take journeys of two and three years' duration and costing much money, besides risking their lives.

It is said that many enthusiasts have lost their lives from fatigue and from diseases caught in the pestilential climate which so well suits many of the richest orchids. Some of the finest of these queer plants have been found in swampy jungles and almost impenetrable forests. Weeks are spent floating down rivers in South America on rafts. From these rafts the collectors gather large numbers of the orchids, which hang from the branches of the trees over the water. The insects which are attracted to the flowers are in some instances dangerous to human life. In such cases the tree is cut down and towed through the water until the insects have been washed off. Sometimes snakes are found in the trees. Lives have been lost from attacks by these, or from wild animals. The hundreds of natives who have been hired by collectors as guides and porters have added to the number of those whose lives have been sacrificed.

The loss of life is not always due to tropical fevers, the bites of dangerous insects, or the attacks of reptiles and animals. Sometimes a collector is killed by a native for his money, and is never heard from again. A collector who expects to be gone two or three years may take with him treasure to the amount of from \$30,000 to \$50,000 to cover his expenses. Only a few years ago a London firm sent a collector to South America. It was expected that his trip would take at least two years, and he carried with him \$40,000. He never came back out of the South American forest. It was supposed he had been murdered for his money.

Orchids are found in a number of different tropical countries. Some of the finest are said to come from the Philippines. It is believed that there remain in these islands many choice varieties to be discovered. They are found also in India, Australia, Brazil, Mexico and other countries.

There are persons who collect orchids as others do coins or postage stamps, paying large sums for single plants. It is said that a sum nearly twice as large as the largest price paid for a tulip bulb in the time of the famous tulip craze, \$5,200, was paid in London last year for one plant, and that the stock of another is valued at \$10,000. The highest valued orchid is said to be in the collection of Sir Trevor Lawrence, of Dorking, England. Its value has not been tested by sale, however, as the owner cultivates orchids for his own pleasure solely. Miss Gould is said to have paid \$5,000 for one plant.

Some orchids are so large that large teams are required to move them, and so old that they outrank the lives of most men. Baron Aponoya, an Hungarian nobleman, bought from a Venezuelan a plant which was said to be one hundred years old. He paid \$5,500 for it. It was so heavy that several teams of oxen were required to draw it from the forest to the coast for transportation over sea.

Among the fine collections is that of Baron Schroeder, of the Dell, who has a collection occupying twenty-three houses, almost under the massive towers of Windsor Castle. For

two of his specimens he has been offered \$5,000 apiece. Some men make a specialty of one genus. R. H. Measures, of London, and Mr. Rothwell, of Brookline, Mass., are said to have remarkably fine collections of this character. That of Mr. Measures is one of the finest in the world. Mr. Measures took up the collection of orchids for the benefit of his health. A physician told him to buy a place in the country and take up the cultivation of some special kind of plant. He selected the orchid.

Joseph Chamberlain can always be picked out easily in the House of Commons by the orchid in his buttonhole. He is fond of orchids and has a fine collection of them.

A story is told of one orchid which proved to be an unusually profitable speculation for the owner. He was a wealthy English iron merchant, and bought the plant from a dealer near London for \$375. The plant proved to be an

Both sleepers were concealed under a mountain of straw, and, reflecting that he had drenched the outside servant the day before, the farmer decided that it would be only just to drench the inside one this time.

"Accordingly, the philosopher was aroused again by a great deluge of cold water.

"But his spirit of resignation was not at all disturbed.

"This incident teaches us," he said, as he took off his wet clothes, "that even the wisest cannot avoid their fate."

## THE CIPHER TOO MUCH.

While Secretary Hay was in the country one summer, an important piece of official business was pending, and he arranged with Washington that any news that might arrive about the matter should be telegraphed to him in cipher. Day after day he waited, but no telegram

## MR. ROOSEVELT.

Continued from second page.

with the baggage when the rest of the boys go to Cuba." It did not take the prisoner more than half an hour to reach his commanding officer with a rueful countenance.

"If you leave me behind with the baggage, colonel," he said, "I'll never dare go back home again."

"So you want to go to Cuba, do you?" asked Colonel Roosevelt.

"I do, worst kind," replied McShane.

"Well," said the colonel, "if there is any man in the regiment that ought to be shot, it's you."

"Thank you, colonel, thank you. You're going to take me, ain't you?" cried the prisoner.

"If you will promise to behave yourself," said Colonel Roosevelt.

After the trouble was over down in Cuba, and the regiment was about to be disbanded, some officer asked Colonel Roosevelt where "the prisoner" was.

"What prisoner?" asked Colonel Roosevelt.

"The man sentenced to six months in jail," replied the inquirer.

"Oh, I remitted that sentence," replied Colonel Roosevelt. "And it never occurred to me till that moment," said the President telling the story afterward, "that McShane's sentence had been approved by the major general commanding the department, and that no one but the President had the power to remit that sentence."

"But the trooper went into battle, didn't he?" asked one of the President's hearers.

"Yes, and he was a mighty fine soldier after that," said the President.

Sometimes the loyalty of the President's admirers is carried to such a point that he is obliged to call a halt for sheer self-preservation. There was a trooper in his regiment who, after the war, followed him from place to place, asking only the privilege of adoring. Adoration is all right in small doses, but when one meets his worshipper at every street corner, when out riding or walking, and cannot get rid of that beaming, soulful gaze, it may become tiresome. One day the President was reminded of the intense admiration of this particular man. "He simply worships the ground you tread," the man's friend observed.

"Oh, yes, so it appears. And still it would be illegal to drown him," exclaimed the Chief Magistrate.

As a maker of epigrams the President is famous in the circle of his friends. Many of his sayings will probably live as long as some of his more deeply considered utterances, though spoken on the spur of the moment and given out for private consumption only. It will be many a year before his estimate of a well known New-York politician is forgotten by the small circle that heard it.

"That man," exclaimed the President, as the latest gyration of the person in question was being discussed, "is returning to his arboreal ancestors. I should not be surprised at any moment to see him grow a tail and swing off from the chandelier."

## ON THE PYRAMIDS.

It is said that Richard Harding Davis once made a joke about the Pyramids that is still repeated at Shepheard's Hotel, the fashionable hostelry of Cairo.

Mr. Davis was studying the Pyramids, and a guide approached and said to him:

"It took hundreds of years to build them monuments, sir."

"A government job, eh?" said the novelist.



## AN ORCHID HUNTER'S RAFT.

From these rafts the collectors gather orchids, which hang from branches over the water.

unusually fine specimen, so fine that the owner divided it into ten parts. Of these he sold eight for sums which bought the total receipts up to \$10,000. The firm from which he bought it originally, hearing of this, tried to buy from him one of the parts. He refused to sell it for less than \$5,000, notwithstanding the fact that he would still have one part remaining.

## TOO MUCH RESIGNATION.

Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead, of Pennsylvania, was talking about resignation.

"This attitude of mind," he said, "can hardly be carried too far. I rather think, though, that in the case of a certain philosophic farm hand an alarm clock would have served better than the excessive resignation which the man displayed.

"He was a great philosopher, and he slept in the barn with the stable boy. The two, one winter morning, overslept themselves, and the farmer, very angry, came with a pail of ice water to get them up. The philosopher lay on the outside, nearest the door, and he it was who received the full contents of the pail.

"Oh, well," he said, in his resigned way, "I will take measures to avoid this another time." And he dried himself with handfuls of hay.

"The next night he was careful to lie on the inside. He and the boy overslept themselves again, and again the farmer came with the pail.

came. One morning, happening to go to the lonely little telegraph office, he said to the operator:

"I suppose you have received no dispatch for me?"

"Why, yes, sir," the operator replied, "there was a dispatch for you the other day, but it was all twisted and confused. I couldn't make head or tail of it, so I didn't think it was any use to send it up to you."

## A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

A. H. Kirkland, the Boston entomologist, who has shown the toad to be one of the farmer's best friends, said recently:

"The toad has been misunderstood in the east—as much misunderstood as a certain friend of mine.

"This chap was making a walking tour, and one night he put up at a little hotel in Florida. Next morning, at breakfast, the landlord said to him:

"Did you enjoy the cornet playing in the room next to yours last night?"

"Enjoy it?" my friend shouted savagely. "I should think not. Why, I spent half the night pounding on the wall to make it stop.

"It must have been a misunderstanding," said the landlord, gently. "The cornet player told me that the person in the next room applauded him so heartily that he went over every piece he knew three times."