KING EDWARD VII.'S REGALIA.

CROWNS, SCEPTRES AND EMBLEMS AT THE CORONATION.

Two Crowns for the King, One a Mass of Jewels, Meaning of Sceptres and Other Regalia. Three Crowns for the Queen. The Regalia Not Ancient.

LONDON, May 24. The regalia which will be used at the approaching coronation of King Edward VII. are of comparatively modern construction. None of them, with possibly two somewhat doubtful exceptions, can date further back than the year 1661.

The old regalia, which were smashed to pieces by the emissaries of the Long Parliament in 1649, included, among other things, an ancient crown originally worn by King Alfred the Great and employed at the coronation of all subsequent monarchs. There were also the chalice of St. Edward the Confessor and the crown of Queen Edith, his wife.

When the Restoration had become an accomplished fact it became necessary to replace the destroyed crown jewels. An order was given to Sir Robert Vyner, a celebrated goldsmith, afterward Lord Mayor of London, to manufacture other crowns, sceptres, &c., which were so far as possible to be constructed upon the model of the original regalia of England. These then are the regalia which will be employed at the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

It falls to the lot of the King to wear two crowns. When he first enters Westminster Abbey he wears what is known as his cap of estate. The sermon ended, he removes it, and, having taken the coronation oath he is conducted, still bareheaded, to the historic chair of King Edward.

Here the crown of England or, as it is technically termed, the crown of St. Edward, is placed upon his head by the Archbishop of Canterbury. It has been worn by the last nine sovereigns of England in succession. It consists of a circle or rim of gold covering a cap of crimson velvet turned up with ermine. The circle is profusely adorned with precious stones—diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls.

Above the circle there rise two arches crossed, and surmounted at the centre by a great mound of gold. Above this mound stands what is known as a gold cross-patée which is itself magnificently adorned, notably with three large oval drop pearls.

The King continues to wear this crown to the end of the coronation service. As soon as the final benediction has been pronounced by the Archbishop he retires into the adjoining chapel of St. Edward the Confessor behind the high altar. Here the crown of England is removed and in its place there is substituted the crown of state.

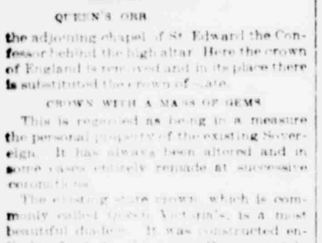
ST. EDWARD'S CROWN.

With which the sovereigns of England are crowned, made for King Charles II. in memorial of the Ancient Crown destroyed by order of Parliament during the commonwealth.

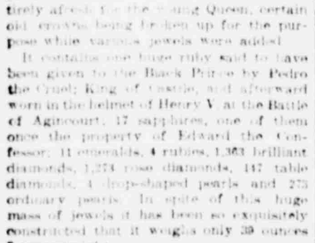
THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN.

Containing the ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by the King of Castile, A. D. 1367.

KING'S ORB



THE AMPULLA OR EAGLET



QUEEN'S ORB

CROWN WITH A MASS OF GEMS.

This is regarded as being in a measure the personal property of the existing Sovereign. It has always been altered and in some cases entirely remade at successive coronations.

The existing state crown, which is commonly called Queen Victoria's, is a most beautiful diadem. It was constructed entirely afresh for the young Queen, certain old crowns being broken up for the purpose while various jewels were added.

It contains one huge ruby said to have been given to the Black Prince by Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, and afterward worn in the helmet of Henry V. at the Battle of Agincourt. 17 sapphires, one of them once the property of Edward the Confessor, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,274 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls and 273 ordinary pearls. In spite of this huge mass of jewels it has been so exquisitely constructed that it weighs only 39 ounces 8 pennyweights.

It consists of a broad band studded with enormous jewels. Above the band are alternate Maltese crosses and fleurs-de-lys, all of them blazing with gems, while from the Maltese crosses there spring four imperial arches made of oak leaves and acorns, terminating in a big mound covered with brilliants together with a cross-patée on its summit.

This crown is in process of being altered so as to fit the King. He will wear it as he walks down the Abbey after the service is over and while the procession returns to Buckingham Palace.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S CROWNS.

The crowns worn by the Queens Consort of England are properly speaking three in number. The cap of state worn by the King at the beginning of the proceedings is represented in their case by the golden circlet originally constructed for Mary of Modena, Queen Consort of James II., at a cost of £110,000. It consists of a beautiful cap made of purple velvet and turned up with ermine, which is itself encircled with a wide band of diamonds together with a string of pearls.

As the Kings of England are invested with the crown of St. Edward, so the diadem which is placed upon the head of their consorts has usually been known as the crown of Queen Edith, the Confessor's saintly wife. The old crown of Queen Edith was not of a size required in 1661, seeing that the King was unaccompanied by his wife. With the coronation of James II. and Mary of Modena in 1685 it became necessary to provide a new diadem for her Majesty.

This was accordingly done, but the crown has had a somewhat checkered existence, owing to the fact that it has not always been required at English coronations. Hence it no longer finds a place among the English regalia in the Tower.

It has accordingly become necessary to provide a special crown for Queen Alexandra. It is reported that it will be some what original in construction, seeing that it will contain eight as compared with four arches, while in it is to be inserted the celebrated diamond, the Koh-i-noor.

The crown of state worn by Mary of Modena, and also, so it is believed, by her successor, Queen Mary II., is a beautiful ornament, and so richly adorned with pearls and diamonds that the gold which it contains is almost entirely concealed.

THE SCEPTRES.

So much for the crowns. The sceptres are four in number, two for the King and two for the Queen. The sceptres with the cross, as they are called, are placed in the right hands of the sovereign and his consort. They represent the right to inflict punishment.

The Kings sceptre with the cross is one of the handsomest articles in the entire collection of the English regalia. The handle is ablaze with the gorgeous clusters of rubies, emeralds and diamonds which cover it.

From the handle there rises a shaft made of burnished gold which is twisted or wreathed. It terminates in an enormous amethyst which is itself surrounded by a number of fleurs-de-lys, each of which bears the rose, shamrock and thistle. The amethyst itself forms a kind of globe, encircled with diamonds and surmounted by a splendid cross-patee.

The Queens sceptre, with the cross is of much the same character, but considerably smaller and less ornamented than that of the King. It is made of gold adorned with diamonds and other precious stones, but the stem is not wreathed in the same elaborate fashion.

The two remaining sceptres are usually entitled the ivory rods, with the dove. They are placed in the left hand of the royal pair and they are understood more particularly to apply the idea of the Holy Ghost as controlling and guiding the various actions of the sovereign.

This verge or rod is obviously very much less magnificent in character than the sceptre with the cross; but it is beautiful, particularly the graceful representation of the dove with which one end is terminated.

In the course of the year 1814 a fifth sceptre was discovered in the Jewel House at the Tower of London, lying out of sight in the back part of a shelf and thickly covered with dust. When examined it was found to be a rod of gold with a love posting on a cross in the same manner as the sceptres already mentioned. Nothing is known of the origin of this really beautiful sceptre, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may have been constructed for Queen Mary II. who was crowned with her husband, William III., as joint sovereign, and not as Queen Consort.

St. Edward's staff is in appearance not unlike a sceptre. It is some four and a half inches in length and is composed of beaten gold. It terminates at the foot in a curious pike made of steel and at the top in a mound and cross. It is used only for the purpose of being carried in the procession in front of the King and is not at any time delivered into his hands.

ORB FOR THE KING ALONE.

The orb, also called the globe or the mound, is a very ancient emblem of sovereignty and it is held to denote more particularly the idea of royal authority. It is made to represent the world over a portion of which the sovereign in question bears sway, while it is surmounted with the cross to point to the fact that the sovereign is bound to govern all his wide dominions under and with divine aid.

Since the orb denotes sovereign power it is not employed when the Queen Consort is crowned. Mary II., the one and only instance in English history of a Queen Regnant crowned simultaneously with a King, had a special orb made for her, which is still preserved as a curiosity among the regalia.

The orb which will be delivered to King Edward VII. is in appearance a ball of gold some six inches in diameter encompassed twice over by a band or fillet of pearls and other precious stones. From the midst of one of these bands there rises a beautiful oval shaped amethyst, forming a base or pedestal for a richly adorned cross-patée. The height of the orb and cross together amounts to some eleven inches.

THE FOUR SWORDS.

No fewer than four swords are borne before the King at his coronation. Three of them are very similar in appearance.

The first two, which represent the ideas of justice to the spirituality and the temporality, respectively, are pointed, the blades being some forty inches in length. The third sword has a blunted edge and is known as Curtana, which with its pointless shape is held to denote the sovereign virtue of mercy or clemency. It is a broad, bright sword, the blade being thirty-two inches long, encased in a scabbard covered with a rich brocaded cloth of tissue.

By far the most interesting of the four swords is that known as the sword of state. It is considerably richer in appearance than the others, while its scabbard of crimson velvet is covered with plates of gold bearing the royal arms with the rose, thistle, portcullis and other national badges.

This sword is regarded as being the personal property of the sovereign and, in fact, it is the only one which is actually used during the ceremony of the coronation, the other three being merely carried in front of the King. It is customary for the sword of state to be girded to the King's waist when the other insignia of royalty are placed upon him.

He continues to wear it for a very short time. It is then removed from his waist and solemnly offered by him at the high altar.

Immediately after, the nobleman whose duty it was to bear the sword of state during the procession and the earlier part of the ceremony, takes the King's place at the altar and proceeds to redeem the weapon for the curious sum of one hundred shillings. During the remainder of the service the sword of state is withdrawn from its scabbard and carried before the King naked.

SPURS OF ST. GEORGE.

The great golden spurs of St. George represent more particularly the military aspect of the coronation. They are made of gold curiously wrought with richly embossed straps.

It is the ancient prerogative of the Lord Grey de Ruthyn to carry these spurs during the coronation procession. At the approaching service, however, the King has ordained that this duty shall be shared by this nobleman and the Earl of Loudoun.

The spurs are not actually fastened to the sovereign's heels. They are merely brought from the altar by the Dean of Westminster and delivered to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who, then kneeling down, just touches the king's heels with them. The spurs are then replaced upon the altar.

A pair of golden bracelets are found among the regalia in the Tower. It is plain that at one time they actually formed a portion of the coronation ceremony. We learn, for instance, that at the coronation of Queen Elizabeth two "garters" were placed upon her arms. To-day the bracelets are a mere relic, and it is a long time since they were ceremonially employed.

ENGLAND'S WEDDING RING.

The ring, also termed the wedding ring of England, is like the sword of state regarded rather in the light of the sovereign's own personal property. It is made afresh for each coronation.

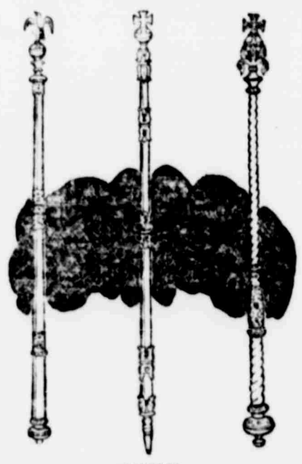
It usually consists of plain gold, the chief ornament of which is a large table ruby engraved with the cross of St. George. It is placed upon the fourth or as we usually describe it to-day, the third or wedding finger of the King's right hand.

THE SWORDS OF JUSTICE.

In connection with this last fact a curious story is worth recording in regard to the coronation of Queen Victoria. In the ancient service books it was customary to reckon the thumb as being the first finger of the hand. Hence the wedding finger was described as the fourth finger.

Possibly enough the members of the Heralds' College responsible for making the general arrangements interpreted this fact to mean the little finger of the Queen's right hand and accordingly proceeded to have manufactured a very small ring indeed. When the proper moment arrived Archbishop Howley, who naturally enough was better versed than the heralds in English liturgical lore, proceeded as a mere matter of course to place the ring upon the ceremonial finger, the third, thereby inflicting severe pain upon the young Queen.

It is even stated that the finger, thanks to the pressure upon it, was actually beginning to turn black, and had it not been for the presence of mind exhibited by the Rev. Lord John Thynne, then officiating as subdean of Westminster Abbey, who promptly despatched an official for soap and a basin of water, so as to remove the ring, Queen Victoria's life might actually have been to some extent endangered.



SCEPTRES.

THE OLDEST REGALIA.

The last but perhaps almost the most interesting of all the regalia of England is that item known as the golden eagle or ampulla together with the anointing spoon. The former is used to contain the consecrated oil. The head screws off at the middle of the neck and the oil is then inserted into the bird's body to the extent of about six ounces.

When the time for the anointing arrives the dean of Westminster pours a small quantity of oil through the bird's beak into the spoon with which the Archbishop then anoints the sovereign.

It is probable that these two items of the regalia possess extreme antiquity. The spoon, for instance, is so extraordinarily thin that it would seem to point to the fact that many years must have passed over it. The screw, too, in the interior of the body of the golden eagle has been declared by experts to be of a date considerably anterior to that of the Restoration.

Added to this we find no mention made of either eagle or spoon in an exhaustive list which was drawn up by order of the Long Parliament at the time of the destruction of the old regalia. It has been conjectured, not unreasonably therefore, that these two ornaments were not usually kept with their companions among the regalia but were placed in some position of special security under the guardianship of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey.

If this theory be correct there would seem to be little doubt that the eagle and spoon have figured at a very large number of English coronations and actually escaped the general destruction in 1649.

KING EDWARDS BLACK GUEST.

Lewanika, King of Barotseland, Who Has Just Met the British Ruler.

A despatch from London last week said that Lewanika, King of Barotseland, would be the only African potentate present at the coronation of King Edward. However that may be, Lewanika has arrived on the ground, has been most cordially received by the King and will, in his way, undoubtedly attract considerable attention during the coming ceremonies in London.

Lewanika is the big man of a large region on the upper Zambesi River. All the tribes of the greater part of the upper Zambesi Valley have long been united into a single State known as the Barotse nation.

The empire was founded in Livingstone's day by a great war chief named Sebituani. Lewanika, the son of this chief, has been on the throne for many years and, though still a hale man, is quite advanced in age.

His subjects are supposed to number about 600,000 persons, and his sway is supreme throughout his fertile domain. Probably no other of the subject African kings now has so much power or rules over so many people.

The missionaries long sought in vain to get a foothold in Barotseland. The founder of the kingdom did not look upon them with friendly eyes and closed his doors to all the whites.

The French teachers who give their lives to Africa have, however, no such word as "cannot" in their vocabulary, and after ten years of effort the French Protestant missionary Coillard with his wife at last succeeded in obtaining permission in 1884 to settle in the country. He was well received by the new King, Lewanika, and lived with or near the King till two or three years ago, when old age compelled his retirement, and he returned to France only to die there. His devoted wife is buried not far from the King's residence.

Coillard, like Livingstone, made an undying name as a pioneer in the African field. He first attracted world-wide attention by saving the life of the renowned Portuguese explorer, Serpa Pinto, whom he found sick, utterly destitute and many hundreds of miles from the nearest white station.

In the thrilling book he wrote, Serpa Pinto said that he would undoubtedly have perished if it had not been for the aid that Coillard and his wife gave to him. They nursed him back to health and gave him an outfit that enabled him to reach the coast.

The crowning work of Coillard's life was the influence he acquired over the barbarous King Lewanika and his people. It was more than ten years before the devoted missionary began to see the fruits of his zealous and unwearied efforts in behalf of the Barotse people. It was not till about ten years ago that many of the natives and the King himself became convinced that there was good in the teachings of the missionary.

The result of this conviction is that to-day large numbers of the subjects of Lewanika are professing Christians. The King since that time has dressed in the garb of white men and has been constant in his efforts to promote the spread of civilization through his country.

If it had not been for the work of Coillard the King of the Barotse would not have been invited to England and would not have had the friendly greeting which King Edward gave him on Friday last. The explorer, Dr. Johnston, who studied the work of the Coillard mission on the ground a few years ago, wrote that if he had seen one mission which more than another deserved the full sympathy and hearty support of Christians it was the Coillard mission.

According to the law of his country, none of his subjects can stand in the presence of Lewanika. When he receives white men in his courtyard in the centre of the capital town, a crowd of people are always seen kneeling in semicircles before him, near or far, according to their rank.

Explorers have said that they think the deep yielding sand in which these hundreds of people kneel is a merciful provision, for the kneelers often have to remain in that position for hours together.

Johnston says that Lewanika received him most graciously, the explorer could not but feel that at last he was face to face with a real African king compared with whom the many he had seen were insignificant. Lewanika was plainly dressed in English attire and sat on an ordinary cane-bottom chair, his manner was affable and free.

In front of him were his band of drummers and marimba players. The King could not quite understand why the explorer had come so far simply to see the country and the people. He said:

"All the white men that come here either want ivory and skins or liberty to hunt in my territory."

The King has a native secretary, educated at a mission station in Basutoland, who attends to his correspondence with the whites and with his own subordinate chiefs. I

One day, about ten years ago, Lewanika told a white traveller that he was very anxious for more missionaries to come and teach him and his people. He wished it to be understood that he did not yearn so much for a knowledge of the Gospel, but he desired teachers to instruct his people how to read and write and especially to train them as carpenters, cabinet makers, blacksmiths and in other trades, so that they might make furniture and build houses for him.

He has a great idea of the ability of his people to learn the various arts and become wise like Europeans. He is by no means an alien himself, much of his time being spent in woodcarving, with very primitive tools, turning out bowls and other dishes of perfect symmetry and exhibiting exceptional skill and taste.

THE FAT MAN'S DORY CRUISE.

EPISODE OF A REMOVAL FROM ORANGE TO THE SOUND.

In Orange He Belonged to a Chautauqua Circle and at Suburbansville He Joined the Never Reef Yacht Club—End of an Attempt to Make a Bluff Good.

"To enjoy life really", says he to me, "you want to get a dory and sail her yourself. It will teach you how to be a good sailor quicker than anything else."

The short, fat man in the cross-seat paused for breath and his thin friend looked at him admiringly.

"Djedoit?"

"Sure thing," said the fat man. "Oh, I was a regular come-on for Suburbansville, a jewhilliker lallygaloo of a greenhorn who'd never seen salt water, and, say, it honestly makes me sick to think of it.

"They don't do that sort of thing out in Orange, where I'd lived before I moved up to the Sound. Not on your life.

"When I found that everybody in the place talked boats, even if he didn't know a jibboom from a pushcart, I saw that I was up against it hard. I always believe in doing in a suburban town as the Romans do, so to speak.

"In Orange I was a member of Chautauqua Circle No. 16, and when it came right down to keeping cases on dates I was a peacherino for fair. But, say, this sailing game was new on me, though I didn't say so.

"Almost before the last moving van landed my space from furniture a fellow named Brown, who had the bungalow next to mine, came over and says he to me, says he:

"'Mr. Johnson, I'm glad to welcome you as a new neighbor. My name is Brown, Shackleton Brown, sir.'

"'Thanks, old sport,' said I. 'How are they running, eh?'

"Brown was neighborly, and pretty soon he says:

"'You moved from Orange, the van driver tells me, and I suppose you came up here for the sailing.'

"'You're an old sport,' says I, and then I went over to Brown's and liquored with him.

"I'm giving it to you straight that I never drank such liquid fire in my life. Honest injun, I couldn't have felt worse if I'd gotten my mouth right over Mount Poly and swallowed some sizzling lavy.

"'Must have gone to my head for sure, because I began telling Brown all abt ut the big yacht I'd run, or win in the Florida set. Said I'd had a streak of ill luck and that I'd concluded to try small fry at sailing."

The thin man on the seat beside the speaker looked intense admiration and chuckled.

"I dunno what started me," continued the fat man modestly, "but before I had finished with that guy talking about my big yacht I had Ananias looking like a selling plater at Aqueduct. When I'd smoked my pipe out and come to a bit, Brown talked and I saw that it was up to me to make good.

"He said that he'd put me into the Never Reef Yacht Club, the silliest aggregation of amateur tars to be found on the Sound. I couldn't refuse and when I explained that I had no small boat and had never sailed anything smaller than a 70-footer he gave me that song and dance about getting a dory.

"I got a book that told all about sailing and say, that's where my Chautauqua circle training came in a nose to the good. I learned the whole thing and then I wondered why people made so much fuss about sailing. It looked too easy.

"I was elected to the Never Reef club all right, all right and I blew in a good four plunks for a yachting cap with the club's flag on the front. Say, I looked great in it.

"I felt as big as a thirty-second degree Mason with a sword. Oh, I was the real thing, you can gamble and you'd a died to have been I me down at the club giving advice. Say, that's a dangerous game all right, all right. I got along so nicely with it that after I had looked over the club fleet I tried to get gay.

"Says I: "'You're talking about a new clipper. Dead wrong. What's the use? Why don't you insist that each member of this club when he gets through sailing shall take his boat let under his arm and carry it home?'

"'Say, he'd jump out it on his front lawn for decoration. If there's any man here too delicate to carry his own boat home I'll lend a hand whenever necessary.'

"Say, on the level it grew so chilly right off that ice formed in the barber. It looked just like a scene from the Punic war. A big icicle formed on the club's flag pole and I hedged.

"'I was only kidding,' says I. 'Just to see how you took it. You are the roughest kids all right. I'm never fooled on them and when you get ready to build a clubhouse just put a window for a sight of the lands.'

"It was a arrow squeak now. I can tell you and I never came nearer being flagged at the post in my life. The club secretary got a dirty for me and I had her name, the Dauntless, painted on her in letters as big as she would stand.

"I explained, of course, that while I was a regular wise gazaboo on big boats I did not know much about yachts. Kinder paved the way, as it were for a fluke, though little did I know, gentle reader, what a snipper-jap I was up against in a dory. I bought a ready made sailing suit at a fire sale, one of those ones that have big signs all over the front reading 'Yes, this is 1336 Broadway and last Saturday afternoon I took the plunge.

"The Dauntless did look too cute and there were a dozen of those Never Reef skip owners on the dock to see her maiden.

"'Nice little breeze today, Captain,' says Brown, and I said I was dead sore that it wasn't bigger. Oh, I walked right up to my little ditch like a man.

"I got into the blooming boat, raised the sail and just managed to grab the steering stick when a puff of wind struck her. Say, honest injun, I felt like Mazeppa. Before I could gee or haw the crazy thing I had run plumb into Johnson's catboat and scraped the side. 'Bring her about! Bring her about!' yelled Johnson.

"'Come out and get her yourself,' says I, sassy-like, to keep my starts up.

"I turned the handle thing and the whole tablecloth with the stick swung around to the other side, and, before you could say Shackleton Brown, I was a-sailing for the commodore's flagship, every foot of it, like a Guttenberg skate with an electric battery under the saddle.

"Say, that was an exhibition of fancy sailing that would make your Uncle George Dewey sit up straight. I just missed the commodore's boat and I turned around to toss out a few jests to that scared crowd on the float when, a thing happened that wasn't as advertised. The boat just flopped over and left me in the drink.

"Did I climb back again? Say, I've got housemaid's knee now in both knees and both elbows from my struggles to get up on the roof of that boat. I'd just reach the gable when kerflop! I'd go back again.

"All the crowd on the float! Say they laughed as if they'd been to a dentist'.

"I'd got along in the game when I began to see all my life pass before me, all the foolish chances that I'd taken, on long shots and it was up to the leader of the orchestra to play some little Eva slow music, when Brown came out in a rowboat and towed me to the turf again. Did I get the razzle dazzle and the merry laugh and all? Well, I did, all right, all right, and when I got dried up enough to go home that bargain flannel yachting suit looked a boy's size.

"I resigned from the Never Reef Yacht Club right off before the starter could give the word and I'm thinking of moving back to Orange. Give me the Chautauqua Circle every time. No life on a merry water for your Uncle John. Nit nit.

"I know when I've had enough. Say, if you ever get stuck on the idea that you can sail a dory according to one of those brown-covered 'Sailing taught in thirty lessons,' you're welcome to my boat. She's floating around up there in the drink still for all I know. S'long! Here's Forty-second street. So good."

And the fat man hustled out of the car.

How to Tell.

Said to of the automobile
"Methinks there's a goose on the wheel.
A hen or a duck
Would go quack, quack or cluck
As for piggies and children—they squeal."

OTHER FELLOWS' FUN.

Action.

Action is thought with its coat off.—*Life.*

The Retort Volcanic.

Fulleus—That new hat of yours looks like a real Panama.

Measleus—Panama nothing! It's a Nicaragua.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Her System.

He—Mrs. Wise seems to understand how to manage her husband pretty well.

She—Yes. She lets him have her own way in everything.—*Life.*

The Situation.

If Tammany's hossed by Three
The question and simply be
Will Two boss One or will One boss Two
Or will Somebody Else—you might guess
Who—
Will Somebody Else boss Three?—*Puck.*

Pointed Paragraphs.

A man's old clothes are seldom his only bad habits.

Beauty is a veil that hides many feminine imperfections.

When carpenters strike they usually hit the nail on the head.

Some faces have a very striking appearance—clock faces for example.

A man makes his maiden speech when he asks a spinster to marry him.

Although meat continues to go up no doubt it will continue to go down daily.

When a man sits down and tells himself what a great genius he is he seldom can prove it.

Wives who struggle to keep up appearances usually have husbands who struggle to keep down expenses.—*Chicago News.*

COLLEGE COMICALITIES.

What He Loved.

She—He declares he loves the very ground I tread on.

He—Ah! I thought he had his eyes on the estate.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

His Hair Dyed.

"Why, Willie," said his teacher, "what makes your hair so red?"

"Aw, I just had scarlet fever and it settled in me head."—*The Widow.*

A Difference.

Advocate Printer—What's the matter now? Editor Editor—Why in my story I describe the heroine as an "artful miss" and the typesetter set it up "awful mess."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The Modern Jack Horner.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Watching his chips mount high
He sat awhile grinning,
Then said: "Ha! I'm winning,
What a wizard at poker am I."—*Yale Record.*

Figuratively Speaking.

I followed her four blocks or more
With ever quickening pace,
Her figure was indeed divine,
At last I saw her face.

I now am armed with two big guns;
The blood is in my eye
I'm looking for the man who said
That figures never lie.—*Princeton Tiger.*

It All Depends.

"I beg your pardon, officer," said the fat man with the black leather satchel to the policeman standing outside of the Grand Central station. "Can you tell me how far it is to Ninth avenue?"

"Forty-second street or air line?"

Acting Within His Right.

From the Springfield Republican.

Alfred Hemenway of Boston, the law partner of ex-Secretary Long, tells this story. A poorly dressed woman sat alone in a railway station. Attention was called to her by a man, who exclaimed: "Here's a poor woman who has no ticket to her destination. I'll chip in 25 cents for her. Who'll help?" Presently he had a hat full of coin, and announced: "She has more than her fare, but not enough for a shawl. She needs a shawl. I'll chip in a quarter for that." Again he made the round and again announced: "She ought to have a bonnet. I'll chip in half a dollar for the bonnet." When he made the rounds the third time, a new comer entered the station, shook hands heartily with the woman, and turning to the philanthropist said:

"Why, Hiram, I'm glad to see you and your wife again."

"How's this?" asked one of the contributors. "Is that woman your wife?"

"Yes," drawled the philanthropist.

"What right have you to collect money for your wife?" demanded several.

"Not right, but have I to collect money for any other fellow's wife?" was the retort that closed the debate.

Clara's Numerous Brothers.

From London Tit-Bits.

He had been to the boarding school to pay a surprise visit to his daughter, his only child. He had parted from her, proud to be the parent of such a handsome maiden, pleased with her innocence of budding womanhood. The principal accompanied him to the door.

"Madam," he said, with deep feeling, "I owe you much for the manner in which you have reared my child since she has been under your care. When I notice the contrast between that innocent maiden and some of the girls of her age, who have not had the advantage of such strict supervision, I feel that I have indeed done wisely in placing her in your charge."

"And how proud you must be," said the principal, glowing with satisfaction, "to be the father of so large and devoted a family."

"Large! devoted!" gasped the proud parent. "What do you mean?"

"Devoted to each other," said the principal. "No fewer than seven of Clara's brothers have been here during the last three weeks to take her out, and she is expecting another to-morrow."

Ice Cream Instead of Firewater for Indians.

From the Kansas City Journal.

Seventy-five real live Indians are among the attractions promised in the cowboys' tournament at Sportsman's Park to-morrow afternoon. Forty of the Indians arrived in the city yesterday afternoon and were taken in charge by Harry Heiken. Heiken has been in the show business for the last twenty-five years and he knows what might happen to an Indian in a big city.

"I took the reds out and filled 'em up with ice cream and other sassy things," said veteran. "I know the Indian and about the only way to make them behave is to keep their stomachs so full that there's anything more into them."

FITZ-MAURICE MCCOY.

Marriage Seemingly Blocked, But Love Finds a Way.

"Marry me," he pleaded.

"No, I cannot."

The answer was not spoken in anger, nay, the words were almost regretfully. It seemed Montmorency Fitz-Maurice, at the window into the starlit night, peaceful and still. It was only that he first discovered his beautiful Kathleen McCoy. Back to him as if he were again. He remembered how, sobs she had poured forth the sorrowful events that had gone to her life—if life such a pitiful to be called. From that day the name of D'Arcy McCoy's name made and brought anger to his heart. Then thought, if aught should come to that black-souled wretch, the tender Kathleen from his clutches; aught that would see Algernon Montmorency Fitz-Maurice her under his loving protection, her as such as she were meant to be—what bliss would then be his when at last his opportunity had at last—"No, I cannot." The fatal words jarred rudely in turned from the window.

"You—ennun—marry—me?" this time with slow deliberation to impress more deeply of his words.

"That's what I said." The came sharply. "But I'll tell can do." The minister spoke regretful of his hasty words.

an Alderman. He'd marry you.

And Algernon Montmorency passed out into the starlit night.

Insulting Encouragement.

"You say your head aches? Poor old fellow!
Bah Jove, though, never mind it;
It wasn't be water on the brain—
The water couldn't find it."

Naturally Not.

"That isn't as black as it was painted," remarked the genial undertaker, as he eyed the aged vehicle critically.

In Another Light.

From the Catholic Standard and Times.

"Here's a problem for you. If it takes nine tailors to make a man—"

"The average fellow's only a ninth of a man, eh?"

"No. I was going to add: 'How many tailor-made gowns will it take to make a woman?'"

Things That Went Wrong.

From the Chicago Tribune.

THE ORGAN.

The train on the "L" had just arrived at a station.

With the customary satirical smile on their faces the passengers waited.

All at once the guard threw open the door and gave the name of the station in a loud, clear and distinct voice.

THE GROCER AND THE CHAMOIS.

The man had not settled with the grocer for nearly six months.

The grocer, being some moved, presented the bill.

"Surely," said the man, looking in astonishment at the long list of items, "there must be a mistake in this."

"No mistake at all, sir," said the grocer, belligerently. "I can prove it. I make affidavit that every item in the account is right to a cent."

"Well, I'm not kicking," said the man, pocketing the receipted bill, "but I'd like to know what sort of a chamois you used to clean the chandelier with."

"Why, sir, the chamois is the finest article in the entire establishment. Why, sir, I have never had a complaint about it. The customer hasn't lived who can say I ever skimped on the chamois. I always use it."

"Well, I'm not kicking," said the man, preceding to strike a match for his cigar. "What surprises me is that the bill is only about half as big as I expected."

THE UNCONVENTIONAL DENTIST.

"Well, sir," said the dentist, [illegible] with a sigh of relief, "that's over. Hard work, I'll say." "When shall I come to [illegible] other teeth fixed?"

The dentist made a careful examination of the man's mouth.

"You have no other teeth that need attention," he said.

Something Wrong With the Shammy.

From the Philadelphia Evening [illegible]

There is a prominent [illegible] town who is busy telling [illegible] self. It appears that he [illegible] servant, who had just arrived [illegible] and. Starting out one morning [illegible] his office windows were [illegible] calling Bridget, he instructed [illegible] them before he returned. When he [illegible] he told her that he would stop and [illegible] a new chamois skin and send it [illegible] with this she was to clean the windows. [illegible] he had gone his rounds, he returned [illegible] office. Glancing at the windows [illegible] them thickly streaked with [illegible] called Bridget, and the following [illegible] took place.

"Bridget, didn't I tell you to [illegible] windows?"

"Yes, sor."

"And didn't I tell you to use the chamois?"

"Yes, sor."

"Well, did you use it?"

"Sure I did, sor."

"Let me see the chamois." [illegible] and Bridget promptly brought [illegible] for the first time he learned [illegible] had left the house a half hour [illegible] in the morning and had [illegible] trigo. The door of the house [illegible] peled to the chamois skin.

The Doctor's Advice Too Late.

From Cassell's Journal.

A story of a man who went to [illegible] The doctor examined him carefully, a grave face, told him that he [illegible] and asked him if he had consulted [illegible] else.

"Oh," said the man, "I went to [illegible] and asked his advice, and he [illegible]

"Chemist!" the doctor broke [illegible] "What was the good of that? [illegible] to do with a chemist gives you [illegible] exactly the opposite."

"And he," the patient continued [illegible] me to come to you."

Not Entirely Settled.

From the Chicago Daily News.

"I suppose," said the dying [illegible] "that you will marry again [illegible]"

"I don't know, Jedediah," [illegible] faithful wife. "I believe I'll [illegible] ter very much to-morrow."

As When Johnny Gets His Yacht.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Girl with the Gibson girl [illegible] you done with your automobile [illegible]

Girl with the Julia Marlowe [illegible] of course, when one gets an auto [illegible] doesn't need the coat any more, you know.