THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

By HECTOR FULLER.

The Washington author and philosopher, Mr. Ambrose Bierce, heralds the discovery of a new poet in the current issue of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. His genius is Mr. George Sterling, whose poem of six stanzas, "A Wine of Wizardry," Mr. Bierce hails with great delight. He tells us that in 1903 Mr. Sterling published "The Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems," and avers that the poem which lent its title to this book "nicks the rocks as high as anything of the generation of Tennyson, and a good deal higher than anything of the generation of Kipling." Of the new poem by Mr. Sterling his sponsor is high in praise. He writes:

> And of this particular poem I hold that not in a lifetime has our literature had anything new of equal length containing so much poetry and so little else. It is as full of light and color and fire as any of those "ardent gems" that burn and sparkle in its lines. It has all the imagination of "Comus" and all the fancy of "The Faerie Queene." If Leigh Hunt should return to earth to part and catalogue the two precious qualities he would find them in so confusing abundance and so inextricably interlaced that he would fly in despair from the impossible task.

Mr. Bierce gives many selections from the poem, with his comments thereon. It cannot be said that these comments are meager in their praise. For instance, Mr. Bierce quotes:

> * * * ere the tomb-thrown echoings have ceased,
> The blue-eyed vampire, sated at her feast,
> Smiles bloodily against the leprous moon.

"It seems to me," says Mr. Bierce, "not inferior in imagination to Coleridge's—

> A savage place! As holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman waiting for her demon lover.

And Keats'—

> * * * magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

And yet, one feels that even Mr. Bierce might be pushed to warrant "blue-eyed vampire." Blue-eyed Claribel might seem fitting; or, "Rare, pale Margaret" might be blue-eyed, but somehow one does not associate blue eyes with a vampire! Of course, this is not setting counter-judgment to Mr. Bierce's judgment; he has written a good deal on vampire-like subjects, and he ought to know.

There has been, in London, a revival of interest in matters pertaining to Gambetta, interest which has recently been heightened by an article by Francis Laur, descriptive of the secret visit paid by Gambetta to Bismarck in 1878, in order to bring about an understanding between France and Germany. This discussion has lent timeliness to the announcement by John Lane of a book by Laur: "The Heart of Gambetta," in which the story of the orator's love affair with the mysterious "Mme. L. L." is given, together with an account of Gambetta's discreet negotiations with the man whom he called "that monster, Bismarck." Laur, who was brought up by George Sand, was an intimate friend of Bismarck for some years.

The record of book popularity at the Public Library during the past week shows that in nonfiction the call was for Wallace's "The Labrador Trail" and Cheiro's "The Language of the Hand." In fiction the demand was for Thurston's "The Mystics" and A. E. W. Mason's "Running Water." In the juvenile department the call was for Alcott's "Little Women" and Lang's "The Orange Fairy Book." Other popular subjects were electricity, where the call was for Horstman's "Modern Electrical Construction" and Parr's "Practical Electric Training," and hygiene, where the call was for Richard's "Art of Living" and Dodd's "Health in the Household."

Arthur C. Benson, writing on "Friendship" in Putnam's, says:

> The telling of faults may be safely left to hostile critics, and to what Sheridan calls "d—d good-natured" acquaintances. But the friend must take for granted that his friend desires, in a general way, what is good and true, even though he may pursue it on different lines. One's duty is to encourage and believe in one's friend, not to disapprove of and censure him. One loves him for what he is, not for what he might be if he would only take one's advice. The point is that it must be all a free gift, not a mutual improvement society—unless, indeed, that is the basis of the compact. After all, a man can only feel responsible to God. One goes astray, no doubt, like a sheep that is lost; but it is not the duty of another sheep to butt one back into the right way, unless, indeed, one appeals for help. One may have pastors and directors, but they can never be equal to friends. If there is to be superiority in friendship, the lesser must willingly crown the greater; the greater must not ask to be crowned. The secure friendship is that which begins in comradeship, and moves into a more generous and emotional region. Then there is no need to demand or to question loyalty, because the tie has been welded by many a simple deed, many a frank word. The ideal is a perfect frankness and sincerity, which lays bare the soul as it is, without any false shame or any fear of misunderstanding. A friendship of this kind can be one of the purest, brightest, and strongest things in the world. Yet how rare it is!

Frederick Mistral, whose memoirs are to appear this fall, has been a winner of the Nobel prize, which, with a singular devotion to the cause to which he has given up his life, he bestowed on the foundation of a museum in Arles. President Roosevelt has for a long time been an admirer of the Provencal poet, and an agreeable correspondence has been carried on between them.

A collection of poems by Arthur Colton will be published this week by Henry Holt & Co. under the title "Harps Hung Up in Babylon." The collection includes some forty poems, among them "The Captive Allah's Tent," "Shepherd and the Knight," verses from the "Canticle of the Road," "An Idyl of the Wood," "Concerning Tabitha's Dancing of the Minuet," &c.

Although her new novel, "The Tents of Wickedness," which will be published by the Appletons this fall, deals with life in New York, Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, the venerable author of "Rutledge," has made her residence for a number of years past in France.

It is a curious list of one hundred of the best novels that the Newark public library has compiled. Who, for instance, with all due respect to Mr. Tarkington, would incorporate "The Gentleman from Indiana" in such a list? "Kenelm Chillingly" is included and nothing of Daudet's. Henry James and not G. P. R., Hichens and not Benson, Stanley Weyman and not Smollett or Fielding, Cervantes or Le Sage. It is a strange list, and one would like to know how the books were selected.

Mr. Meredith Nicholson, whose "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "The Port of Missing Men" still have a large vogue, and who has been the leading novelist of Indiana while Mr. Booth Tarkington has been in eclipse in Italy, is at work on a new romantic novel of more serious purpose than the tales that have gone before. It will probably be published serially before it is issued in book form.

In the Bibliotheca Sacra for July, D. Gath. Whitley discusses "Noah's Flood and Modern Science" in the light of recent discovery, but from the orthodox point of view. We quote the summary:

> As to the date of this flood period, which came at the close of the great ice age, Dr. Wright shows that it could not have been more than from 7,000 to 10,000 years ago. A variety of proofs in Europe and in North America shows that the close of the glacial period occurred at a very recent date. Rivers have cut only very shallow channels in glacial deposits; lakes formed in glacial clays are but slightly filled up by inflowing streams, and the marks of the old glaciers on the rocks are as fresh as if made yesterday. Dr. Wright is to be heartily congratulated on his able and convincing demonstration of the credibility, cause, and date of the Noachian Deluge.
>
> And now, what have the opponents of the Biblical flood to say to this long chain of facts and evidences? They may well be challenged to make reply. They cannot ignore the matter any longer; they cannot evade the question by vague statements about "deluge myths." They must meet the case. They must explain the sudden disappearance of the great Palaeolithic mammalia, and they must say how the enormous beds of gravel and sand which have been described, were formed. They must explain how Palaeolithic man disappeared so suddenly, and how the fissures were filled with shattered bones from top to bottom. Their reply to these questions will be awaited with great interest. Meanwhile the devout student of the Bible may thankfully rejoice in the knowledge that fresh ight has been thrown on the firmly established truth that science, rightly interpreted, powerfully testifies to the truth of the written Word of God.

"Northwestern Fights and Fighters," a sequel to "Indian Fights and Fighters," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, is announced for publication this fall by the McClure Company. Both of these volumes, dealing successively with the great Sioux war and the Nez Perce and Modoc campaigns, are richly illustrated with portraits of famous Indian chiefs, maps, and original drawings by Marchand. The scheme of the book is new and has involved the collection of a great deal of original historical material. A third volume, it is expected, will be published some time in the near future and will complete the story of American Indian warfare as given in this series.

The September publications of the Baker & Taylor Company include the following titles: "Life of Japan," by Masuji Miyakawaya, a book giving a very complete history of the relation of Japan to the United States; "A Man of Sark," by John Oxenham, a romance of the period of 1800, when England was engaged in a naval combat with France and Spain, Sark being one of the smallest islands in the English Channel group, and "Jnana Yoga, Part II," by the Swami Vivekananda.

Helen Leah Reed, whose new book, "Napoleon's Young Neighbor," is to be published this autumn, is in Paris gathering material for a future volume dealing with the French revolution.

A collection of short stories by Jack London will be brought out next month under the general title of "Love of Life" by the Macmillan Company. The book will contain the work done in this form by Mr. London in recent years. In the same month will be published "Red Coat Captain," by Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle," a unique novel which the publishers say is quite impossible to classify.

The following fiction will be published September 14 by Dodd, Mead & Co.: "The Daughter of Anderson Crow," by George Barr Cutcheon, a romance laid in the imaginary little American village of Tinkletown; "Those Queer Browns," by Florence Morse Kingsley, in which the author returns to the scene of her former success in "The Singular Miss Smith;" "The Revelations of Inspector Morgan," by Oswald Crawfurd, a book which is based on the actual experiences of a member of England's detective force, which has its headquarters at Scotland Yard. On the same date "John Caldigate," by Anthony Trollope, will be added to "The Manor House Novels," where it will be the fourth book in the series.

Early next month Charles Scribner's Sons will complete their collection of Turgenieff's works by the publication of six of his novels in six volumes, making the set in all fourteen volumes. A new edition also of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters" will be brought out in two volumes, to be uniform with the Biographical Edition in twenty-five volumes, which was published last year. The forthcoming "Letters" will be sold with the latter, or separately.

Will N. Harbin, whose novels of the South are attaining such importance, has just come up North after an interesting summer's experience. He has been living in Northern Georgia, in a section peopled by the miserably poor, where he occupied a dilapidated old house, which he rented for the sake of obtaining a closer intercourse with those around him.

The English periodical which, many years ago, reviewed "The Innocents Abroad," on the supposition that it was a serious work attained a just celebrity. The merciless criticism of Mark Twain's humor which Blackwood's prints among "Musings Without Method," will affect at least the American reader in much the same way. Says the critic:

> In other words, Mark Twain, the humorist, is a bull in the china shop of ideas. He attempts to destroy what he never could build up, and assumes that his experiment is eminently meritorious. When, as in "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," he gave full rein to his fancy, he achieved such a masterpiece of vulgarity as the world has never seen. His book gives you the same sort of impression which you might receive from a beautiful picture over which a poisonous slug had crawled. The hint of magnificence is there, pitilessly deformed and defaced. That Mark Twain is in perfect sympathy with his creature is perfectly evident. He frankly prefers Hartford, Conn., to Camelot. He believes that in all respects his native land is superior to the wisest and noblest society that the eye of Arthur saw or any other eye has seen. He is sure that refinement and "gentility" were unknown before his own time. The Knights of the Round Table, he declares, used words which would have made a Comanche blush. "Indelicacy is too mild a term to convey the idea." In our own nineteenth century, he informs us, "the earliest samples of the real lady and real gentleman discoverable in English history—or in European history, for that matter—may be said to have made their appearance." That is what it is to be a humorist. But even if we permit the humor, we must still question the historical accuracy of the statement, and regret that Mark Twain ever thought it necessary to comment upon the ancients, against whom he cherishes a fierce antipathy.

Miss Lafayette McLaws, the young Southern author, who was the companion of Mrs. Jefferson Davis until the latter's death, divides her time between New York City and her Georgia plantation. She has just completed what she considers her most important work, "The Welding."

Frank Dempster Sherman's sonnet, "Daybreak," in Scribner's, is in its felicitous imagery decidely one of the best bits of peotry in the month's magazines:

> Enamored stars along the trail of night
> Still lingered, loath to leave the path she knew
> Above the dark world dreaming in the dew,
> And still the moon hung o'er the wooded height;
> A little wind with whispers of delight
> Out of the west breathed softly, and a few
> Faint twitterings betrayed the birds that grew
> Impatient to begin their lyric flight.
>
> How gradual the change! Sometimes it seemed
> As if the Night retraced her steps. Once more
> The silence deepened and all nature dreamed.
> Then suddenly the curtains were withdrawn,
> And there in beauty at the eastern door
> Blossomed again the crimson Rose of Dawn!

HOME OF STANLEY WEYMAN.

He Gives His Neighbors Autobiographical Advice.

Stanley Weyman, the novelist, who has found, for a literary man, congenial retreat near Ruthin, occasionally allows his sense of duty to overcome his strong love for retirement, and his aversion to figuring in public life, says the Manchester Guardian. On one of these occasions he not only attended a meeting at Rhyl called by Col. Cornwallis-West to consider the provision of consumptive sanatoria for Denbighshire, but gave the meeting a little chapter of autobiography. Seventeen or eighteen years ago, Mr. Weyman told the meeting, he himself suffered from a form of phthisis, which, if it had been allowed to go on, would no doubt have proved fatal. He was sent abroad, and returned at the end of seven or eight months perfectly cured. Among his companions at that time were a few men in the advanced stages of the disease, and some of them he still numbers among his friends. They spent about two years abroad, and returned strong and healthy. Mr. Weyman strongly advocated in his speech the provision of sanatoria in every county, and suggested that phthisical cases should, like those of fever and smallpox, be isolated in the interests both of the patients themselves and of the public. Mr. Weyman must have gone abroad on the very eve of his literary career, for his first romance, "The House of the Wolf," only appeared in 1890.

NATURE-FAKING IS ANCIENT

Aristotle Wrestled with It and So Did Aesop.

Alcmaeon Told of Goats that Breathed Through the Ears—Some Old-time Snake Stories.

"Nothing new about this nature-faking business," said the college student, with the ink scarcely dry on his diploma, says the New York Mail. "About 2,200 years ago they were at it, and the man who could tell the biggest nature yarn had the biggest demand for his writings. Longer than 2,200 years ago there was one Alcmaeon, who said that goats breathed through their ears. Then came along Aristotle and accused this Alcmaeon of nature falsehoods, for old Aristotle knew a thing or two about nature himself, and used to employ the armies of his friends, Philip and Alexander the Great, to procure specimens for him. One of the bits of nature wisdom which Aristotle gave to the world was, 'Man is the only animal that has ears and cannot move them.'

"About 400 years after Aristotle tried to clear up Alcmaeon's blunders Pliny appeared on the scene and muddied things all up again with some most wonderful nature yarns. 'If a bramble frog,' he wrote, 'is buried in a new earthen vessel in the middle of a cornfield, there will be no storm to cause injury.' And he had the nerve to put up this story: 'In the city of Iasus there was another boy, also Hermias by name, who, in like manner, used to traverse the sea on a dolphin's back, but on one occasion, a storm suddenly arising, he lost his life and was brought back dead, upon which the dolphin, who thus admitted that he had been the cause of his death, would not return to sea, but lay down upon the dry land and there expired.' In another tale he says: 'Some persons recommend that three crabs should be burned alive among the trees on which the vines are trained to prevent these from being attacked by cold blight.'

"Pliny's yarns about human anatomy were something wonderful. He tells of a race of savage men whose feet are turned backward and of a race 'known as Monocoli, who have only one leg, but are able to leap with surprising agility. The same people are also called the Sciapodae, because they are in the habit of lying on their backs during the extreme heat and protecting themselves from the sun by the shade of their feet. These people dwell not far from the Troglodytae, to the west of whom again there are a tribe who are without necks and have their eyes in their shoulders.' Pliny was paid enormous sums for his writings, as all good nature-fakers are.

"Sixteen hundred years later there is a most beautiful specimen of a nature-fake, the perpetrator being the learned and illustrious Jesuit physician and naturalist, Athanasius Kircher. 'Take some snakes,' he writes, 'of whatever kind you want, roast them and cut them into small pieces and sow these pieces in an oleaginous soil; then, from day to day, sprinkle them lightly with water from a watering pot, taking care that the ground be exposed to the spring sun, and in eight days you will see the earth strewn with little worms, which, being nourished with milk, diluted with water, will gradually increase in size till they take the form of perfect serpents.' It was some time before any one tried to raise snakes by this method, but finally an Italian, Redi, tried it, and, although he raised no 'perfect serpents,' he raised so many flies that he began to study them, and gave to the world a valuable book on insects."

GOLF CAME FROM HOLLAND.

An Almanac of 1500 Shows the Dutch Putting at Holes.

England did not borrow golf originally from France, but from Holland, whence the Scots used to buy balls, if not clubs, till a crushing duty was placed on Dutch golf balls. Indeed, there is abundant evidence, including that of Froissart, to prove that the Scots got everything from Holland ready-made in exchange for raw materials.

What these materials were, I can not conceive, declares Andrew Lang, in the Illustrated London News. To export pickled fish to Holland was indeed to send owls to Athens, and as for our wools, their exportation was usually prohibited. Dairy farmers who sent eggs out of the country were denounced by the privy council as destitute of all human civility.

However it was managed, we got golf balls from Holland and adopted the Flemish invention of the hole. This was the most brilliant invention of the Batavian genius.

All continental people played at an iron hoop or at a fixed object like the pin in croquet, but an illuminated almanac of about 1500 shows that in the low countries players already putted at holes.

The other kind of game, driving with hammer-headed clubs and lofting through an iron ring, instead of putting at the hole, reached England from France in the sixteenth century, but died out after the revolution of 1688. It is still played in the neighborhood of Montpellier, and in a rude fashion, with a queer iron-headed club, in the north of France.

As Pronounced at Home.

From the Tatler.

That names of places in England frequently are not pronounced as spelled is proved by the experience of two cyclists who were going from Clacton to the old village of St. Osyth. "Are we right for St. Osyth? they asked of a laborer. But a blank look met the question, he had never "heered of no suh place." A second wayfarer, interrogated, was equally ignorant.

Then came a third. A scratched head, a puzzled look and then the dawn of intelligence. "Aye, to be sure, I have it now. It's Snosey, you mean!"

ORDERS OF THE KING

Edward of England Is Very Much Decorated.

SET WITH PRECIOUS STONES

Etiquette Requires that Orders Be Constantly Changed to Suit the Visitors—Some of the Most Beautiful Jewels in the World—Always Wears the Legion of Honor.

The robbery of the famous regalia of "The Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick" from Dublin Castle has many elements of surprise for the general public, who have not the slightest idea of the immense value of the badges and collars of many of the more famous orders of chivalry worn by the King.

The badges of orders were originally of gold, enamelled with designs in what are known in heraldry as "proper" colors, in the case, however, of a sovereign who is the head of all orders of his own country, badges and stars were jeweled. Later this fashion spread to less eminent knights, and not only the royal family, but many great noblemen and eminent men are the owners of splendidly jeweled badges. Badges and collars of chivalry are, on the death of a knight, given up to the grand master of the order, but where the "jewel" is of great value, or of historical interest, it is returned to the family.

Among the decores of the world, King Edward VII, holds pride of place and of number, for he has nearly a hundred orders of chivalry, many of which are exquisite examples of the goldsmith's and enameler's arts, while others being set with the finest of matched stones, are of immense value. When the King is traveling abroad—as a sovereign—the necessity of carrying in his baggage the orders of the various countries through which he will pass forms a considerable responsibility.

Where the King has arranged to meet representatives of countries, the orders are duly set out in an apartment adjoining the reception-room, and are changed before the entrance of the different guests. Etiquette, however, permits the King to retain in every instance the great orders of his own kingdom, merely adding to them the collar or badge of the foreign order. At the same time, when at his own court the King does not wear any foreign orders, excepting only on such occasions as state visits from other sovereigns, or from a special mission sent by an important ruler whom his majesty particularly wishes to honor.

Order of Garter.

The most important of all King Edward's orders is that of the Garter, at once the most ancient, splendid, and enviable decoration. The velvet Garter of full blue velvet, edged and buckled with gold and bearing the famous motto, is the badge of the order, which commemorates the quaint old story. The magnificent star is eight-pointed, and is intended to imitate the "Round Table" of Arthurian times. The king's order is set with wonderful brilliants, and is of great value. The Order of the Thistle, which is two centuries younger than the Garter, also furnishes the king with a beautiful badge, the twelve points of the "glory" being thickly jeweled, and the figure of St. Andrew in the centre of the star being enameled. The star of the Order of St. Patrick, owned by the king, is a blaze of diamonds, the cross being in rubies and the trefoil in emeralds. Of this order the ruling viceroy of Ireland, is grand master, under the sovereign.

Other British orders are those of the Bath, the Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, and the Indian Empire. The Star of India, and the St. Michael and St. George badges, are extremely beautiful. The former is a fine cameo carved from onyx, with the effigy of Queen Victoria, who founded the order. The latter claims to be the most perfect of all the "Stars." The "George," as it is generally called, has fourteen points, and is one solid mass of diamonds. The "George" now worn by the king, belonged to the late Duke of Cambridge, who left it to his majesty. It is not only a most valuable jewel, but possesses considerable family interest.

The Golden Fleece.

In direct contrast to these gorgeous decorations is that of the principal foreign order—namely, that of Malta, known as St. John of Jerusalem. Though Malta has long ceased to be a separate State, the "Almanach de Gotha" gives this ancient and interesting Order of Chivalry the rank of a sovereign power. The badge is a small Maltese cross of white enamel, hung from a narrow black ribbon. The famous Golden Fleece ranks next in knightly precedence, but for intrinsic value it has to give place to the very magnificent badge of the Order of St. Andrew, the leading Russian order, founded by Peter the Great in 1698. The king's badge of this order is wonderfully enamelled in red and blue; in the center is the figure of St. Andrew crucified, the rest of the order, which is of considerable size, being set with very large diamonds of the first water, worth many thousands of pounds. A double-headed eagle surmounts the jewel, which is among the most valuable possessions of the king. A very beautiful order is that of Christ, the chief Portuguese order, the long cross, enamelled in bright red, surcharged with a white cross and edged with fine pearls, being very graceful.

That most exclusive order, the Black Eagle of Prussia, is practically confined—in the first class—to princes of blood royal. No other orders are allowed to be worn with it, unless the knight is a foreign prince or holds the Order of St. John. It is the only order that nowadays obliges its knights to intimate to the grand master when and where they intend travelling. The kaiser regards this order with the sincerest veneration, and great ceremony attends the annual chapter, which is held in Berlin every February. King Edward's badge of the leading Order of Austria-Hungary is a beautiful jewel, finely enamelled and jeweled, but being only founded in 1764 by Maria Theresa to commemorate King Stephen, the first Christian ruler of Hungary, it gives place in interest to the Marianen Cross of the Teutonic Order, one of the oldest religious orders.

German Orders.

Of German orders—small and great—the King has scores. They never see the light unless a grand duke or a margrave comes to court. More interesting are the various Eastern orders, many of which are more grotesque than valuable, though his majesty is extremely proud of his Japanese order of the Chrysanthemum, which is a marvellous piece of exquisite Japanese enamel work, and consists of one large yellow bloom set among green leaves and surrounded by four smaller flowers. The Siamese order of the White Elephant is less peculiar than the Danish Order of the Elephant, which is extraordinarily clumsy and eccentric. The King is proud of his Legion of Honour, and he nearly always wears a tiny slip of red ribbon when he is in France. He also holds the French military medal and the ambulance cross. Other countries that have contributed to the scores of cases that lie in the royal safes include Turkey, with three orders, three from Hawaii, two from Belgium, Baden, Denmark, and Hanover. Italy, Brazil, Greece, Bulgaria, and Roumania account for several more, as do Sweden, Norway, Hesse, Persia, the Netherlands, and all States and kingdoms of United Germany. From many countries the King holds a multiplicity of orders; thus he belongs to six Russian orders of knighthood, three Prussian and Portuguese, and several of Spain.

This marvelous collection of jewels, ribbons, collars, and medals is perpetually being augmented. But a few weeks back the Emperor of Japan sent a decoration to the King, and no freshly founded order of chivalry or merit would be complete that did not include his majesty among its first members. The King has founded but one order since his accession, though he has enlarged the borders of the Victorian Order. His majesty's own creation is distinctly democratic, as fits the times, for not a single royalty belongs to it. It is limited to those whose works and deeds have won for them a sure place in the world's social, artistic, and economic history. At first, when the Order of Merit was instituted in 1902 by the King, the number of members was limited to twelve, but it was quickly extended, and now numbers nearly a score. Heredity, birth, and breeding have no chance in winning this order. It is the Order of Brains, and it says much for the King's astuteness that he should have seen that the time for such an institution was at hand. His first choice of members more than justified the new departure.

GEMS INCREASE IN PRICE

Powerful London Clique Controls the Value.

Sixty Per Cent of Mines' Output Belongs to Government—How the Stones Are Cut.

Probably many people live in the hope that diamonds and automobiles, the to them outward signs of great wealth, will some day be so reduced in price as to "come within the reach of all," says the New York Telegraph. So far as diamonds are concerned, those hopeful ones probably will have to live as long as did Methuselah to realize their dream, for although the diamond mines are increasing their output, and new mines have been discovered recently, the prices of diamonds are increasing instead of falling, as one might expect.

Practically all the fine diamonds come from South Africa, althugh one occasionally hears of stones being discovered in other countries. Special Consul Frank D. Hill has been in Amsterdam recently investigating the diamond industry, and his reports published in the Daily Consular and Trade Reports contain much information of general interest. Diamonds are found in what are known as "volcanic pipes," and it will surprise many persons to learn that pipes recently have been discovered in Connecticut, among other places. These pipes may be explained, unscientifically, as the materials filling the craters of extinct mud volcanoes.

For several years the prices of diamonds have been controlled by a powerful combination of dealers in London. Experts say that the present output of the mines will have to be doubled before there will be any drop in prices, while the better class of stones always will be in demand at about present prices. Although the business of the mines was badly crippled during the Boer war, the output in the last year was near the total of the times before the South African struggle. One of the newer mines, the Premier, is declared the finest and most valuable diamond mine in the world, and "probably one of the most valuable mines of any kind ever discovered in the world." It is estimated that when in full operation the profits of its owners will be at the rate of $9,648,000 a year.

According to the new Transvaal diamond law, the government has the right to take up 60 per cent of the profits of any diamond mines found in the colony after allowing for all capital expenditures necessary to equip the property. In the Orange River Colony 40 per cent is the share allowed the government. Yet such is the profitable nature of diamond mining that a semi-annual dividend of 20 per cent has just been declared on the preferred stock of the De Beers mines and a dividend of 35 per cent on the deferred shares. At the annual meeting of the Premier Company two dividends of 125 per cent were declared on the common stock and one of 400 per cent on the deferred stock.

Just as South Africa produces all the diamonds of the world, so Amsterdam enjoys a practical monopoly of the diamond cutting and polishing business. There has been talk of late of starting a polishing and cutting plant in Cape Town, but the project is not considered seriously, in Amsterdam at least. The diamond-finishing industry was established in that city in the fifteenth century, and at the present time there are sixty firms engaged in the business there. In one immense factory in the Dutch city 400,000 diamonds were cut and polished in the last year. This company employs 350 men and some 20 women, to whom is intrusted the delicate and difficult task of cutting the stones.

Three processes are required before the rough stone is ready for the retail market. The first is that of splitting, which is done by men, who do all the work by hand. The purpose in splitting is to divide the rough stone which contains flaws into several pure, flawless stones. The rough stone is securely waxed into a small wooden frame, which the workman holds in his left hand. In his right he takes a small tool tipped with a diamond, and with this he exerts a strong pressure upon the flaw or weak spot in the rough stone until it is split in two parts. If either section contains more flaws, it is split again and again until only flawless stones remain.

THE EXCUSE BOOK ABOLISHED.

Employes Soon Got Too Lax to Invent Their Own Falsehoods.

Members of a London firm had been annoyed by the tardiness of some of their employes in reporting for work, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Not long since a book was provided, in which the late comers were instructed to write their excuses.

But the clerks proved lazy and original. At the top of a page a late one would write, "Train delayed," or "Omnibus horse dead," as the case might be, and the rest fell into the habit of making ditto marks, and letting it go at that.

It happened that a man with a really good excuse caused this system to be dropped. One morning he appeared and wrote in the book with great pride: "Twins arrived at our house last night."

The second late person that morning was in a great hurry, and did not notice the innovation, but made his customary ditto marks, and the rest of the men on that page followed suit. The excuse book was abolished.

Out and In.

From Puck.

Mrs. White (sympathetically)—So your husband is in trouble again, Maud?

Mrs. Black (cheerily)—No'm; he's out o' trouble dess now—de scoun'rel's in jail.

EVENTFUL SEPTEMBER

Many Notable Anniversaries to Be Celebrated This Month.

By EX-ATTACHE.

September is of all months in the year the one in which occur the largest number of festivals and anniversaries of national importance in various parts of the world. No less than seven republics of the western hemisphere—namely, Brazil, Chile, Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, and San Salvador—celebrate during the coming three weeks the anniversary of their national independence and emancipation from the rule of monarchical Europe near ninety years ago. And to-morrow patriotic Germans in all quarters of the globe will be commemorating, in customary Teutonic fashion, their great victory over the French at Sedan, where Napoleon III and his entire army were compelled to surrender to the late Emperor William. It is doubtful whether there will be any official observance of the day in Germany. The Kaiser and his government are endeavoring to conciliate France, and to assuage by every means in their power that Gallic bitterness against Germany which constitutes a standing, though, fortunately, diminishing menace to the maintenance of the peace of Europe. Were it not for the danger of France endeavoring some day to recover her lost provinces of Alsace-Lorraine, and to avenge her crushing defeat at the hands of the Germans, it would be possible to proceed to that international disarmament which is supposed to constitute the principal aim of the peace congress of The Hague. Germany cannot afford to diminish her military strength as long as there is any possibility of a conflict with France, brought about either by popular chauvinism, or by political expediency, on the banks of the Seine, and France, on her side, quite naturally professes herself unable to reduce her armaments as long as those of Germany are maintained at their present strength. Little by little, however, the animosity of the French toward Germany is dying out. A new generation has arisen, which knows of the horrors of invasion of its "Patrie" only by hearsay instead of by sad experience. The craving for "la revanche" is gradually dying out, and providing that no attempt is made to unduly and tactlessly hasten the work of reconciliation, and that the Germans continue to show consideration for the feelings of their neighbors on the other side of the Vosges, by avoiding any too public and official celebration of the French defeat at Sedan, a friendship, based on trade, which is now developing in an altogether phenomenal manner, will eventually take the place of the former hatred existing between the two countries.

Two days later, that is to say, on Wednesday, the present French republic will complete the thirty-seventh year of its existence—a span of life which seems to indicate that the French are now definitely committed to this American form of government. The first French republic lasted twelve years. Then came the first empire, which was overthrown at the end of a decade. The country was then subjected to the Bourbon regime during sixteen years, and after that to the sway of King Louis Philippe, of the House of Orleans, for eighteen years. Then followed the second republic, which came to a close with the sanguinary coup d'etat four years later; and after that Napoleon III reigned for eighteen years, up to the time of the proclamation of the present republic, on the memorable September 4, 1870, when, on the news of the disaster at Sedan, Empress Eugenie was compelled to abandon the reins of government as regent and to flee to England. From this it will be seen that the present republic has now been in existence more than twice as long as any other form of government in the last hundred years. But little attempt will be made to celebrate the anniversary. September is the month when the legislature has suspended its sessions, and when ministers, officials, politicians, and, in fact, all who can afford to do so, are seeking rest and relaxation in the country. It is, perhaps, on this account that the French prefer to celebrate their national birthday, not on September 4, but on July 14, that is to say, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastile, when much the same festivities take place as those employed in the United States on Independence Day.

On Tuesday week solemn services will be held in every church and cathedral throughout the dominions of Emperor Francis Joseph, and, indeed, in every Austrian and Hungarian community in foreign lands, in memory of the murder of Empress Elizabeth, on September 10, 1898, that is to say, in the very year that her husband was celebrating the completion of the half-century of his reign. Nine years have elapsed since this abominable, and, even from an anarchist point of view, wholly useless and indefensible assassination of a blameless woman, whose entire life was spent in the relief of suffering and misery, and to whom, more than to anybody else, the Hungarians are indebted for the restoration of their constitution and of their independence. And each of these nine years has served to still further strengthen her hold upon the hearts of her people, and to increase the brightness of the halo by which her image is surrounded in their memory. There is scarcely a city or a town that has not erected some memorial, either in the shape of a statue or of some philanthropic institution, in her honor, and it is no exaggeration to assert that this gracious lady, who was so little understood by the public at large during her life, has now attained, as "the martyred Empress," almost as much loving reverence as if she enjoyed all the honors of canonization. Francis Joseph, who is a frequent visitor to the metal sarcophagus that contains the remains of his so deeply mourned consort, always remains a particularly long time on the morning of the anniversary of her death in lonely prayer in that vault of the Capucin Church at Vienna where repose more than 200 members of the House of Hapsburg, and where in the ordinary course of events—he was seventy-seven a fortnight ago—he must ere long take his place between his murdered wife and his even still more tragically destroyed only son.

It has always been regarded as a grievance by the Portuguese against their present King and Queen that the birthdays of the royal couple should fall on the same day, namely, on September 28. For this, of course, diminishes the number of national holidays and the occasions for popular festivities and rejoicings. Don Carlos was born in 1863, and his handsome wife just two years afterward. Their reign has been a troubled one, but it looks as if they were emerging from all their difficulties and surmounting the latter with far more success than any one could have foreseen last spring and in the early summer, when their throne seemed to be on the very verge of shipwreck. By dissolving the legislature and intrusting the office of premier to a statesman who belonged to neither of the political machines that have alternated one another in office, King Carlos has been able to reform the administration, and to save so many millions of dollars by the abolition of incredible abuses and inconceivable corruption, that he has been enabled to increase the pay of his army and of the really needy civil servants, and will find it possible to meet the newly elected Parliament with a showing on the part of the treasury which will permit an extensive reduction of taxation to be made. The nation has gradually become alive to this. They realize that the King's disregard of the letter of the constitution in ruling for a number of months without the legislature was a sine qua non if the reforms were to be accomplished which are now placing Portugal on a new and happier footing. All danger of a Legitimist rising or of a Republican insurrection have disappeared and it may be taken for granted that the joint birthday of the King and Queen at the end of this month will be celebrated with more sincere popular rejoicings than ever before.

Sultan Abdul Hamed will celebrate, on September 22, his sixty-fifth birthday. Opinions differ as to this monarch. The late Mr. Gladstone used to denounce him as "the great assassin," and as the personification of everything that was evil. Emperor William, on the other hand, whom even his foes agree to be a singularly brilliant, clever, and extremely religious man, entertains the highest possible regard for the Padishah, and proclaims him to be a very well-intentioned, humane, and liberal-minded ruler. That Abdul Hamed is a wonderfully clever statesman must be universally conceded. When he succeeded to the throne, more than thiry years ago, the Ottoman empire seemed on the very eve of disruption. Never, indeed, had its fortunes been at so low an ebb, or had the outlook at Stamboul been more gloomy. To-day the sublime porte has, thanks to the present Sultan, become once more an extremely important factor in the great concert of nations, as well as in the smaller circle of great powers. So much so, that the acquisition of its friendship by Germany is regarded in every capital of Europe as one of the most useful achievements, politically as well as economically, of Emperor William's reign. By playing on the rivalries and jealousies of the various governments represented at Constantinople, the Sultan has not only prevented the organization of any concerted intervention by the powers in the administration of his empire, but has managed to recover much of the authority and prestige that had been forfeited by his predecessors on the throne. When he was invested with the historic scimiter of Osman, which is the emblem of Ottoman sovereignty, the sway of the sublime porte was disputed in many parts of the empire.

To-day the Sultan's influence extends far beyond the borders of Turkey, and reaches throughout the length and the breadth of Africa and of Asia: indeed, wherever the faith of Islam prevails. Every vestige of authority is concentrated in the hands of the Sultan. He is the absolute autocrat of his empire. That his authority on the whole has not been misused is shown by the fact that the Armenians prefer his scepter to that of the Czar. It is demonstrated by the increase of the prestige and the power of the sublime porte, and in the growth of the prosperity of the nation since he ascended the throne, and it is finally proved by the remarkable works which he has inaugurated as a lasting memorial of his name, one of them being the bridging of the straits at Constantinople which divide Europe from Asia, and the other being the construction of that great railroad which is to connect the railroad systems of Europe with those sacred cities of Mecca and Medina which are the holiest places in Islam. His chief title in the eyes of the faithful is that of Servant of the Holy Places, not only of Mecca and Medina, but also of Kouds, which is the Turkish name for Jerusalem, and it will doubtless surprise many people to know that he still retains among his other titles that of Sovereign of Servia, and of the Fortress of Belgrade; also of Greece, of Circassia, of Abyssinia, of Tunis, and of Turkestan, none of which countries can rightly be said to be subject to his sovereignty. Perhaps the best proof of the hold which Abdul Hamed has succeeded in acquiring upon the respect and regard of the foreign governments is to be found in their anxiety that his life and his reign should be prolonged, and their dread of his death as a menace to peace, and as calculated to lead to all sorts of troubles and complications.

Other anniversaries during this month are the eighty-first birthday of the venerable Grand Duke of Baden on September 9, and the fifty-first anniversary of wedding day on September 20, his consort being the only daughter and favorite companion of old Emperor William, and who was by her father's side when Nobling shot at and so badly wounded him in 1878. The grand duke played an important role in bringing into existence the present German empire, and contributed more than any one else to smooth away opposition on the part of certain reluctant sovereigns of the German confederation to the investiture of the King of Prussia with virtual supremacy as Kaiser. He is universally respected and revered, both at home and abroad, and when in the course of time he is gathered to his fathers, the loss of his sagacious counsels, based upon more than half a century's experience as a German ruler, will be sorely missed.

Italy will celebrate on September 15 the third birthday of her future King, little Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, upon whom the hopes of the nation are centered, and five days later the subjects of King Victor Emmanuel will commemorate in their usual fashion the anniversary of the occupation of Rome thirty-seven years ago, when the Eternal City became the capital of United Italy.

Finally, on Saturday, September 28, St. Michaelmas falling on the following Sunday, the aldermen and common council will assemble at the Guild Hall, in the city of London, to elect for the coming year their chief magistrate, that august dignitary, who personifies, especially in the eyes of foreigners, all the grandeur and colossal wealth of the British metropolis, namely, the lord mayor.

Story of a Famous Hymn.

From the Quiver.

A popular hymn is Theodulph's "All glory, laud and honor," belonging to the ninth century, and said to have been written by the poet while in Angers prison. The author of "Hymns and their Makers" quotes a legend in relation to its use on Palm Sunday, 821, to the effect that when Louis the Pious, King of France, was at Angers, he took part in the usual procession of laity and clergy, and as the procession passed the place where St. Theodulph, the bishop of Orleans, had long been incarcerated, he was seen standing at the open window of his cell, and there, amid the silence of the people, he sang his hymn, to the delight of the king, who at once ordered him to be set at liberty and restored to his see. In some minor details this legend is referred to by other writers as well. The original is too long to be sung in modern services, as it has no fewer than seventy-eight lines. The verses usually found in our hymnals are but a fragment of the original hymn, which, with more or less abbreviation, has been used as a processional for many centuries.