WATCH DON CARLOS

HE CAN'T EVEN PAWN FAMILY JEWELS WITHOUT DETECTION.

Daughter Gets a Belt—Her Father Had Left It With a Monaco Money Lender for a Cash Consideration.

From an Exchange.

Don Carlos is in one of those phases of ill-luck which almost everybody encounters at least once in a lifetime. Not only Prince Schoenburg-Waldeburg and Signor Folchi, his sons-in-law, try to get out of him the money which belongs to their wives, the Princesses Alice and Elvira, but another daughter of his, Princess Beatrix, married to the Prince of Roviano, Duke of Anticoli, has just succeeded in playing him a scurvy trick during his stay in Monaco, where he lately spent a few days incognito, trying his luck at roulette.

The Princess Roviano, who had chosen San Remo for her winter residence, was rather startled one day, as she walked along the old street of the town, to see her father, a sight which interested her so much that she walked behind for awhile till she saw her parent disappear in the richest second-hand jeweler's shop of the place. She was thickly veiled, and flattened her nose against the shop, pretending to look at the trinkets therein.

What were her surprise and disgust when she saw the jeweler examining a bijou which her mother, the Princess Marguerite, had loved above all others, and which the girls had been accustomed to regard as a wonder—a wide belt of diamonds and many colored stones. At the death of their mother the princesses had claimed this treasure vainly, but Don Carlos demurred long before answering their questions, and finally declared that Dona Marguerite had it taken to pieces and had used the stones for many purposes. All inquiries and researches were useless, and the girls had given up all hope of ever knowing the fate of the "Queen Esther" belt, which was so called because the princess wore it once when playing the part of Queen Esther.

When Don Carlos left the jeweler's he did not recognize the woman who hastily turned the corner at the same moment, and he rubbed his hands in glee, for the man had told him he had a client, a foolish Englishman, who used to come to him every week from Monte Carlo, and who would most likely be tempted by this unique belt. Next day, however, a grand equipage stood at the jeweler's, and she who was in it sent her footman to ask the tradesman to come and speak to her.

"I am leaving San Remo very soon," she said, "and will not go before having bought a few curious old jewels, such as you have in your shop. Will you call to-day at my hotel and bring me a choice of your best things?" She handed him her card, and at the hour appointed the delighted money lender presented himself before the Princess di Roviano, whose name he had never heard spoken of in connection with that of Don Carlos, and placed before her the best pieces of his collection. "Is that all?" said the princess.

The pawnbroker winked, and took out of his bag a case in blue morocco, the sight of which made the heart of the princess beat violently. "Not quite. There is something else—a morceau de roi, on which I lent yesterday 20,000 francs. I have orders, also, to sell it, either whole or in separate pieces. But that I should call a murder." And he opened the case, showing the belt of poor Dona Marguerite. The tears came to the eyes of the princess, but she had courage enough to remain cool, and simply said: "For years I have wished to have a belt like this. But I cannot buy it, of course, without asking my husband's advice; will you leave it here? I will give you a receipt for it. The prince will come home to dinner, and you may call at 9 to-night; most likely I shall by then have succeeded in persuading him to buy it for me."

The money lender hesitated a minute, but he remembered having seen the princess driving all the winter in the streets of San Remo. Besides, the lady, who could well understand his feelings, touched a bell, and then wrote a receipt which she signed, "Beatrice de Bourbon, Princess Roviano," and handed it to him. At the same moment the hotel keeper entered: "This is to reassure you, sir," she said. "Monsieur will tell you that you can leave, without danger, the jewel case I desire to buy."

He went away radiant. But he received a shock an hour later when a note was brought to him from the hotel informing him that the Princess di Roviano was the daughter of Don Carlos, of Bourbon, that the belt belonged by right to the daughters of Don Carlos, and that the princess had gone away with the intention of putting it in a secure place. Attached to the note was a letter for Don Carlos, written by his daughter Beatrix, and a check for £800, which was the amount lent on the belt to the chief of the royal house of Bourbon.

CONSUELO REVIVES FALCONRY.

Former Sport of Kings to Become Again Popular in Merrie England.

From the New York Journal.

The Duchess of Marlborough and the fashionable set are going in for a revival of oldtime falconry next fall. The former sport of kings long since has been abandoned save for a few sturdy old squires in remote provinces.

Some one last fall proposed to take up the sport. The idea spread rapidly. The scarcity of falcons prevented much indulgence during the last hunting season.

The Duchess of Marlborough, however, has procured a cage of a half dozen falcons, which are being trained at Blenheim. The duchess is said to be much interested and means to try the sport so soon as the London social season ends, the latter part

AMERICAN DUCHESS AND HER FALCON.

of July, and society people go to their country places.

She makes a charming picture on horseback, with a falcon on her wrist. The hunting is to be conducted as nearly as possible like in the days of King Charles.

The falcon is a bird belonging to any one of several species of hawks. Only the female is used for hunting purposes.

In ancient times, in England, falcons and hawks were allotted to various degrees of men according to their rank: for instance, to royalty, the gerfalcon; to an earl, the peregrine falcon; to a yeoman, the goshawk; to a priest, the sparrowhawk, and to a knave or servant, the worthless kestrel.

TIM PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN.

And "Tim" Barked His "Thank You" Three Times, After Which He Went Rat Hunting.

"Tim," the halfbreed Irish and Airdale terrier, who collects contributions at Paddington station, London, for the widows and orphans' fund of the Great Western railway employes, has been presented to her majesty the queen.

The royal carriage rolled up to the station the other day and her majesty, who was interested in the story of "Tim," directed that he be brought forward to her carriage.

"Tim," who was rather negligently groomed for a royal reception, was brought into the presence of the queen.

Her majesty smiled when "Tim" was held up for royal inspection and remarked

THE BEST CANINE BEGGAR IN ENGLAND.

that he was "a noble old dog," while the princess dropped a sovereign into the dog's box.

When placed on the ground, "Tim" stood up on his hind legs and barked "Thank you" three times—a trick taught him by the station master—and then ran off to renew an interrupted interview with a rat.

"Tim" has been collecting for over seven years at the Paddington station, and during that time has taken in just $1,940. His daily receipts have never fallen below ninepence, while they once rose as high as twenty-seven shillings. He has never had a blank day. As a special reward for his services the authorities permit him to go unmuzzled, and so far he has not forfeited his privilege by biting any one.

FROM RICHES TO PENURY.

Henry Probasco, Once a Millionaire, Gives His Vast Fortune to Others.

Cincinnati Special to New York World.

"To die rich is to die disgraced," lately said Andrew Carnegie, who has given away $17,000,000 in twenty-five years, and who is worth $150,000,000.

Such disgrace will not be the fate of Henry Probasco, of this city. Once a mil-

HENRY PROBASCO.

lionaire, Mr. Probasco has given away his fortune in public and private benevolence. Seventy-nine years of age, he finds himself impoverished in the twilight of his generous life. Those closest to him estimate that this open-hearted, open-handed man has expended $700,000 in charity and philanthropic works.

Once the owner of the splendid residence, Oakwood, in aristocratic Clifton, Mr. Probasco now lives in a little house that he rents. Once the largest depositor in the Cincinnati banks, he now supports himself on a small salary paid him as president of the board of trustees of Spring Grove cemetery, the beautiful city of the dead which he and Adolph Straush, the famous landscape gardener, created. And he bears his changed fortunes serenely, with dignity.

"Probasco has given far more to others than we supposed," said one of his old friends to-day. "There is no other explanation of his financial decay."

Mr. Probasco made his fortune in the hardware business, from which he retired soon after the civil war. He gave to this city the superb fountain that is its greatest ornament. He estimated the fountain would cost $30,000; it cost four times as much. The fountain is to the memory of Tyler Davidson, Probasco's benefactor and former partner.

Mr. Probasco is a devout Episcopalian. Calvary church, Clifton, where he worships, needed money. Mr. Probasco gave $30,000 to the church. He gave $10,000 for a fountain that stands before the Clifton town hall, where horses quench their thirst. Just as a "horde of mendicants" has driven Andrew Carnegie from London to his palace in Scotland, so countless appeals for aid poured in on Henry Probasco. The word "No" was not in his vocabulary.

His servants enjoyed his most generous bounty. He paid them well, made them save their wages and invested and jealously guarded their savings. Some of his servants were in his household for twenty-five years.

In 1858 Mr. Probasco bought the property in Clifton and began the erection of a mansion in the Elizabethan style. William Tinsley, an Englishman, was the architect. Oakwood was three years building. The house and the splendid grounds cost $500,000. They were sold at assignee's sale for $67,000 a few days ago.

French Imitation Furs.

From Contemporary Review.

London is reputed the fur market of the world, but France imports less and exports more prepared skins and objects in skin, leather and fur than England. The French owe their prosperity in this industry to the art with which they are able to make imitations of expensive furs. Thanks to the perfection of their processes, the French turn every year 80,000,000 rabbit skins, 15,000,000 hare skins and a proportionate amount of cat skins, according to finish, into Canadian marten, Prussian marten, Swedish marten, Russian sable, North sea otter, etc. The cry of "March and peaux de lapin" is legendary upon the streets of Paris. This merchant buys of the cook for a few sous the skins, which he sells by hundreds to other merchants, who sell them by thousands to others who buy them by hundreds of thousands. It is said that two-thirds of the fur used in the world is rabbit. It may be hazarded, then, that the greater number of fur jackets and muffs have their starting point in French kitchens.

Proof to the Contrary.

From the Chicago Tribune.

The young ball player, fresh from a long tour, ran up the steps and rang the bell.

She met him herself in the darkened hallway.

"Oh, Jamesy!" she exclaimed, speaking with some difficulty. "How they have lied on you! They said you had a glass arm!"

A Rakish Companion.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I saw Daisy Blight promenading with that horribly dissipated Paul Splitz the other evening. She made me think of Maud Muller."

"That's funny."

"Yes. The girl with the rake."

TREED BY A GRIZZLY

WHITE MAN AND INDIAN CAUGHT UP WITH A BEAR.

Then They Show Agility—Finally Fish Up Rifle From the Ground and Give Bruin a Finishing Shot.

Kipp, Mont., Cor. of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

For a wonder the wind did not blow—something very unusual in the Rockies. The Indians say that there is a great animal they named Ai-so-pomstan (windmaker) that lives on the summit of the mountains, and which, by flapping his immense ears, causes the windstorms that nine days out of ten throughout the year sweep down through the passes and over the foothills of the Great Divide and make life miserable for the dwellers of the prairie beyond. Just now we read of summer costumes in the East, and here we are with a wind blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, the sky is overcast with lead colored clouds, and there is two inches of snow on the ground.

But on this day—exactly a year ago this month—for once the windmaker forgot to flap his ears, and St. Mary's lake had not even a ripple on its surface. The towering snowclad and glacial heights which rise almost perpendicularly from its shores were reflected by the placid waters and gave one a double view of mountain scenery unsurpassed in this or any other country. The waters of the lake are as clear as crystal, and the rocky and pebbly bottom can be seen at a depth of more than sixty feet.

Early in the morning Bear Head (a Blackfoot Indian) and I had embarked in a skiff we had built and started out to catch some trout—of which there are three varieties in the lake. There is the lake trout, the mountain trout, and, above all, the trout popularly and unfortunately named the Dolly Varden. Why so grand a game fish should have such a name surpassed our understanding. We of the West call it the bull trout; and it certainly deserves the name. This was the fish we were after, and, rowing along the shore to where a mountain stream poured the milky water of the glaciers into the lake, I began to whip the eddying, foam-flecked swirl caused by the inrushing waters. A goodly fish of six pounds' weight took the fly at once, and, after a valiant struggle, was finally brought into the boat. Then a much larger one took the fly, and at the same instant Bear Head pointed to a small, pine fringed park, or prairie, excitedly saying:

"O-mok-ni-tapo-kai yo!" ("There is a real bear!")

The Blackfeet have great respect for the grizzly, and so have named him the "Real bear"—the actual, bona fide bear, as distinguished from the other variety, black, for which they have no fear nor veneration.

Looking up, at Bear Head's exclamation, I saw an immense grizzly in the upper end of the park, busily digging up the sod and dirt, where a ground squirrel, or perhaps a marmot, had made its home.

"Ap-o-tos-kitomi-kan" ("Let go the fish"), said Bear Head.

Four Shots at Bruin.

I quickly saw that was the only thing to do, for we were not very far from the animal, and in our exposed position he might see us at any minute. So the line was cut at the reel and we rowed to shore. We had only one rifle with us (an old-fashioned, rim-fire piece, belonging to Bear Head, and which did not always shoot true); but we wanted that bear, and I thought that at reasonably close range I might shoot near enough to the animal's heart to kill him. Leaving the boat, we skulked along the shore until we reached the pines, and, sheltered by the drooping and dark green foliage of the smaller trees which bordered the park, began to approach the game.

The bear continued to dig, throwing out as much as a shovelful of dirt at each stroke of his long, wide paws. We soon arrived within sixty or seventy yards of him, and, taking a long, careful aim, I pulled the trigger of the old weapon. Simultaneously with the report of the gun the bear jumped backward with a roar of pain, rolled over and over, clawing at a place in his side between the ribs and the haunch. Two, three more shots were fired without effect and before more could be got in the beast ran off into the timber on the opposite side of the park. We went to the place where he had been digging and found a hole large enough to conceal a man; earth, stones and large pieces of sod had been removed in a few minutes which would have been a task of several hours for a laboring man. After viewing the work and measuring the great footprints of the digger in the loose, moist earth, we went on to where the bear had vanished in the pines, and with one accord stopped again.

"Go on," Bear Head urged: "I'll follow; when you see old sticky mouth just brain him."

This instruction was plain enough, but I had no ambition to make a record or distinguish myself as a trailer. The bear was wounded; he was in the thick pines, perhaps lying in wait beside the trail, to pounce upon any pursuers, which is a familiar trick of the grizzly, and one often disastrous to the hunter. So I handed the rifle to the Indian, and replied:

"Take you the rifle and follow up the trail of this wounded one. There will I rest and smoke a cigarette."

"I myself feel the need of a cigarette," said Bear Head. "It's a long time since we last smoked in the boat."

It might have been twenty minutes since we had done so, but we now sat down and rolled our little papers of tobacco and lighted them. After inhaling a few whiffs the Indian said:

"The whites are great medicine. They have hearts of iron and are afraid of nothing. They make horses of iron, feed them with fire, and travel in them faster than the wind. They have made the lightning captive, and use it to talk with each other across the world. Handling all these fearful things as they do, of course they are not afraid of a common bear."

Spurring the Red Man On.

"It's true," I replied, "that the white men do as you say. They travel on the fire wagons and talk with each other by the dreadful lightning's aid. But yet, as you know, their ways are the ways of peace; they do not care to quarrel with man or beast. Now you are different; you people are warriors. I know your history. Your chiefs are the men who have been in the front of battle. Therefore I think that you, who are yourself the son of a chief, should take this gun, and, following up the trail of the bear we have wounded, keep on until you find it, and then give it the death shot it deserves. I have heard your fathers count their coups. They told of killing men; surely you will go on and kill this bear, so you can tell about the brave deed when you return home. You ought not to be afraid."

"I am not a coward," exclaimed the Indian, rising and strutting up and down before me. "Afraid? Why should I fear even the real bear when I have warred with the Sioux, the Crow and the Assiniboin? Now, this day, will I prove to you that I am the true son of my father. I will invade the haunt of this terrible beast and kill it as I would a dog. But I wish you to come with me; follow my footsteps and make no noise. You have a knife; hold it in your hand and be ever ready to defend me in case we are surprised."

I took my jackknife out, opened it, and made several passes with it through the air. The blade was not long enough to go through a fat bear's ribs.

"Go on," I exclaimed. "I'll follow you, of course, and if necessary I'll cut the heart out of the beast with this weapon."

We started, and soon found the trail of the bear by the occasional splotches of blood on the dead pine needles. The trail led up the narrow, densely timbered valley of a mountain streamlet which I afterwards named Mad Bear creek. Fir, pine and balsam crowded one another, endeavoring to reach the sunlight, and it was dim, still and gloomy under their interlacing branches. There was now a dense undergrowth which helped to obscure the trail we were following. With the Indian I believe that the bear is almost human in his intelligence. Wandering about in search of food, he would have trampled a broad plain path through the brush and weeds; but now, wounded and expecting that he might be followed, the cunning animal went through the patches of delicate ferns and flowers without bruising a single plant. The only way we could distinguish his course was by the blood which dropped from his wound and dyed the broad, light green leaves of the plants.

Getting Close to the Bear.

At first we proceeded very cautiously, but as we ascended the steep valley and saw that the bear kept on a certain course without stop or deviation, we grew bolder and pushed on as rapidly as the trail could be discerned. The bear seemed to know that he would be followed and, although severely wounded, he kept steadily on up the valley, stopping only at the various crossings and recrossings of the stream and at the water holes he came to, where from the indications, he seemed to have rolled and pawed about in the water and mud. As we went rapidly along the trail these signs became fresher and fresher, until where we had found the crossings of the streams or spring holes slightly discolored, the water was now so impregnated with mud that the bottom of the naturally crystal pools could not be seen. When we came upon these evidences of our closer approach to the bear, the Indian began to go slower and slower, until we moved along almost as slowly as the proverbial snail.

"Go on, brother," I finally exclaimed. "If we do not hurry we may not overtake our game before it reaches the top of this long mountain and descends into the valley beyond."

Spurred on by these words, the Indian increased his pace reluctantly. We were passing through an unusually thick growth of timber a little later when suddenly the bear, who had got tired and lain down in a mud hole, charged on us. I am no climber and had never before tried to ascend a tree, not even in boyhood days, and how I accomplished the feat I can't tell to this day; but the fact remains that I ascended the tree beside me with surprising ease, and almost before I knew it found myself clinging to its upper branches. It was a balsam, covered with nodules of its sticky sap, which now covered my hands and gummed my clothes. I looked about for the Indian and found that he was also perched in a tree only a few paces distant. When the bear charged he had not attempted to shoot, and, dropping the gun hastily, had climbed beyond the animal's reach.

The bear sniffed at the rifle and gazed up at us with his wicked, blood-shot, little eyes, champing his jaws and whining occasionally with the pain of his wound. Unlike the black bear, who had short, hooklike claws, the grizzly cannot climb a tree, for his claws are very long and almost straight. So we were safe from his nearer approach, but very uncomfortable in our aerial perches. The bear, after wandering about sniffing at the gun, our trail and the trees in which we had taken refuge, finally lay down a few yards away and rested his head on his paws. Occasionally with a howl of pain he would half sit up and bite at and lick the bullet hole in his flank.

Do Not Die Easily.

We sat a long time in silence. I don't know what the Indian was thinking about, but I was trying to devise some scheme to get possession of the gun, which lay on the ground in plain sight, but much nearer to the bear than it was to us. There seemed to be no way except to descend and make a rush for it; but that was out of the question; for all the cumbrous and uncouth appearance of the grizzly, he is really as quick and active as a cat.

"Brother," I said, "I think the bear is dying now. See how hard he breathes."

"Oh, you white men are simple. I'll tell you something. Once my father was hunting in the foothills and was following an elk along the side of the canon, when he came upon a big bear; they met face to face. My father shot it, and just then the bear knocked the gun out of his hands, and also pulled the blanket from his shoulders, which he began clawing and biting. My father thus had a chance to run, and he quickly climbed up on a little ledge of the canon wall. Higher he could not go, for there was no foothold on the smooth rock. The bear tried to overtake him as he climbed up on the ledge, but he had just time to get beyond the bear's reach. Two days and one night my father sat there, and at last the bear died; he had been shot like this one here, far back in the entrails."

"Bear Head," I said at last, "if I only had some string, I could trim some of these branches, leaving a hook at the end of one of them, and, splicing them together, reach the gun, and draw it up."

"Cut your sticks quickly," he said. "I'll furnish the string," and pulling off his thin cotton shirt, he began to tear it into strips, which he rolled into a ball on the end of a short piece of wood and tossed over to me. It was no small task to cut, trim and splice enough of the branches to reach from the lower limbs of my tree to the gun, for while I worked I had to lean against the trunk and use my hands on the opposite side of it. But I finally spliced on the first piece and then slowly and cautiously began to reach for the gun. After many attempts, and when almost tired out, I had the satisfaction of seeing the hook pass through the trigger guard, and in a trice I held the gun in my hand.

The old gun played us a trick again, and instead of entering where I aimed the ball pierced the bear's heart and he died almost without a struggle. In a short time we had his heavy hide off and packed it leisurely down the hill to where our boat was moored.

CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Miss Hezlet, Little Irish Lass of 17, Who Romped Away from the Experts.

From the New York Journal.

Miss Hezlet, an Irish lass, is the wonder of British golfing circles. A 17-year-old girl, the Ulster miss has won the Irish championship and followed that triumph by coming from the ladies' open championship of Great Britain a victor.

In the open championship Miss Hezlet displayed superb form in every match. Not

MISS HEZLET.

only did she play with remarkable skill, but when in several rounds misfortune placed her in the rear in the early part of the competition she summoned her nerve, and by courageous play made up the loss and qualified.

Miss Hezlet won the first round without exertion and saved the second round from monotony by her dashing golf. Miss Carr was her opponent. At the start the latter secured a lead. Miss Hezlet soon reached her adversary, and both were on even terms after several halved holes at the beginning of the home journey.

Every stroke of the Celtic girl was a display of accuracy, and at the fifteenth hole Miss Hezlet was entitled to compete in the third round. The third round was played to the accompaniment of rain and a bothersome wind from the northwest. But the elements did not hinder Miss Hezlet's clever work in the least. She qualified for the fourth and fifth with plenty to spare.

Miss Dod, a player of some note, was the opponent of the Emerald Isle golfer in the semi-finals. She made a plucky effort, and for a time the issue was in doubt. But approaching the finish of the round Miss Hezlet rallied, and carefully calculating every stroke, romped in a candidate for the finals.

It was a great match in the decisive round. Against Miss Hezlet was pitted Miss Magill, another Ulster golfer. The first half was all in favor of Miss Magill, who turned for home with two holes to spare. At this critical moment the young girl was not dismayed one bit. Playing determinedly she gradually crept up toward her opponent. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth holes were hers after an admirable exhibition of first water golf. The undaunted marvel halved the fifteenth, took the sixteenth, and halving the seventeenth, was the possessor of the ladies' open championship.

Prior to the championship Miss Hezlet gave a hint of her ability by winning a stroke competition with a score of 94.

Replying to a Premature Dun.

From the Boston Journal.

A young tailor named Berry, lately succeeded to his father's business, once sent in his account to Charles Matthews somewhat ahead of time. Whereupon Matthews, with virtuous rage, wrote him the following note: "You must be a goose—Berry, to send me your bill—Berry, before it is due—Berry. Your father, the elder—Berry, would have had more sense. You may look very black—Berry, and feel very blue—Berry, but I don't care a straw—Berry, for you and your bill—Berry."

Circumstantial Evidence.

From the Chicago News.

Husband (after the performance)—"I didn't enjoy the show very much. I forgot my glasses."

Wife—"Perhaps you did, dear, but your breath doesn't indicate it."

AN ENORMOUS FLAG

MISS MULFORD'S PLAN TO RAISE A MORTGAGE MAY SUCCEED.

Her Mammoth Old Glory Has 325,000 Stitches, a Number Equal to That of the Spanish War Soldiers—History of the Stars.

From the New York Tribune.

Miss Josephine Mulford, of Madison, N. J., moved partly by sentiment and partly by a desire to pay off a mortgage on her mother's little home in a novel way, conceived the idea during the war with Spain of making with her own hands the largest American flag ever put together. She has nearly finished the undertaking. On the advice of her friends she has decided that the flag ought to be given to the United States, but the mortgage must be paid off, and she is, therefore, looking for small popular subscriptions to make the gift to the nation one from the general public. She hopes to have the presentation on the first anniversary of the signing of the peace treaty in Paris.

Each subscriber's name will appear on the presentation roll, and every one sending money will get by mail an engraved receipt. The surplus over the mortgage will be used for the benefit of soldiers and sailors, under the direction of a citizens' committee. The plan is indorsed by President McKinley, Secretary Alger, Secretary Long, Richard Watson Gilder and Frank R. Stockton. It is also actively supported by Mrs. Delia A. Depue, New Jersey state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The Tribune publishes by permission of Miss Mulford the following copyrighted history of the flag: "Each stitch represents a soldier in the army and navy of this war; the flag contains 325,000 stitches, counted by Miss Mulford while sewing them.

Description of the Flag.

"The flag measures 100 feet by 65 feet hoist. The blue field is 40x35 feet. Each star measures 2 feet 8 inches across. The stripes are 5 feet wide. The bunting, extra width and quality, was manufactured especially for the flag. It is sewed with the best made silk.

"The forty-five stars are embroidered with the names of the states they represent, and the date of their admission into the Union, and are arranged upon the field in the order they were admitted.

Miss Mulford made five of the stars in the historic places of the states which they represent, as follows: The Pennsylvania star was made in Philadelphia, partly in the house of Betsy Ross, in the very room in which the first American flag was made, in 1776; partly at Carpenter hall, in the room where the first Continental congress met, and partly while sitting in Hancock's chair at Independence hall, the chair he sat in while he signed the Declaration of Independence. The New Jersey star was made in Washington's headquarters at Morristown. The Maryland star was made at Fort McHenry, in honor of Francis Scott Key's flag—our everlasting 'Star Spangled Banner.' The Virginia star was made in the Lafayette room at Washington's home, Mount Vernon. The New York star represents two of our victories. It was made partly in the Long room at Fraunce's tavern, where Washington bade farewell to his officers after the Revolution, and partly on board the flagship New York, of our victorious squadron of the late war.

(Attest.)

"Rear Admiral William T. Sampson, flagship New York, North Atlantic Squadron.

"Major William P. Vose, Commanding Officer, Fort McHenry.

"Samuel Reeves, Superintendent Independence Hall.

"Harrison H. Dodge, Superintendent Mount Vernon.

"Charles King, Superintendent Washington's Headquarters, Morristown, N. J.

"Ernest Might, Superintendent Carpenter's Hall.

"Edward Michels, Proprietor Fraunce's Tavern.

"Olga Mund, Owner Betsy Ross House."

Miss Mulford received invitations from every state in the Union to remain at some historic spot in its domain while making the special star of the state, but this she was not able to do. On the halyard canvass she has embroidered the following letter:

"To Our Victorious Army and Navy.

"While making this flag I have followed you with my thoughts and needle all through this late war and taken a stitch for each one of you. I felt confident from the beginning that you would overcome all difficulties, and return, as you have, still under the glorious stars and stripes, for which I am truly grateful, and I would like the people of our country to present this flag to the nation which you have so nobly preserved, as a thanksgiving to you all. JOSEPHINE MULFORD."

The history continues:

"The flag has atracted much attention throughout the nation, and Miss Mulford has received many letters of congratulation from all parts of the United States."

President McKinley writes to Miss Mulford as follows:

"Your letter concerning the large American flag which you have completed has been read with interest, and I am glad to note the enthusiasm with which you have devoted yourself to the great labor associated with this work.

"To one who has given so much time and study as yourself to its history and development the flag must have an added significance. I am glad to have had the opportunity of learning from you, personally as well as by letter, the many experiences you have had in carrying out your original purpose.

"With assurances of my appreciation of your thoughtfulness in acquainting me with the details of the making of this flag, believe me, very sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM M'KINLEY."

Sage Could Not Do It.

The following story on Russell Sage is told by the New York Press: He is said to have subscribed $5,000 toward the Grant monument fund, and was called on by the committee for the cash. He acknowledged the promise, but said he was too busy just then to go to the trust company to get the money; if they would call next day he would be ready. They called, and he went through the same rigmarole, pleading pressure of important financial affairs; would they drop in the day after to-morrow? At the third visit they urged him to action and he actually started with them to the trust company to deliver the goods. The door was nearly reached, when he threw up his hands, crying piteously, "Gentlemen, I can't do it! I can't do it! I simply can't do it!" And he didn't do it. He couldn't find it in his great heart to part with so much money.

Swiss Mountain Climbers Out West.

From the New York Tribune.

Switzerland has produced nothing more marvelous than her expert mountain climbers. Nowadays many persons each year climb the Matterhorn, and with little peril, thanks to the knowledge, nerve, strength and skill of the sure-footed Swiss who climb for a living. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has just imported three of Switzerland's "star" climbers, and has sent them out to help visitors to tackle the British Columbia Rockies in the vicinity of Banff, the Lakes in the Clouds and the Great glacier. They are sturdy, picturesque fellows, in costume, and are decorated with the gold and enamel medal of the Alpine Club.

Hammock for the Baby.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

A cool and comfortable place for the baby, away from dangers and yet within easy reach of parental watchfulness, is

SAFE PLACE FOR BABY.

provided in the "hammock sling," patented by Ira M. George of New York. This device consists of a hammock swung from posts on the footboard.

FISH THAT FIGHT.

Chinese Make Matches Between Them, and Then Watch the Result of the Conflict.

The inhabitants of Cochin China and Siam have known the fighting capacity of a savage little fish for many years, and have long been in the habit of making matches between those owned by different men, just as the Mexicans match their game cocks and some Americans and Englishmen their bull pups. When a match is made the parties to it having laid their bets, bring their specimens of the fierce little Betta pugnax in globes of water. Both are put into one globe, and without a moment's hesitation they fly at one another with tooth and fin, and do not cease fighting until one of the combatants is killed by the other. The males are much

FISH THAT ARE FOND OF FIGHTING.

larger and more savage, fighting as if for the sport of the thing, but to the death. It is only a year or two since specimens of this fish were brought to Paris, but in that city, where some new excitement is so eagerly awaited, it did not take long for the fighting fish to be admitted to sporting circles. They are beautifully spotted red and blue, and would attract attention in any aquarium by their color alone. The savage nature behind the beauty would hardly be suspected.

CALF AS A PRISONER.

A Philadelphia Policeman Has Much Trouble, Though, in Making the Arrest.

From the Philadelphia Record.

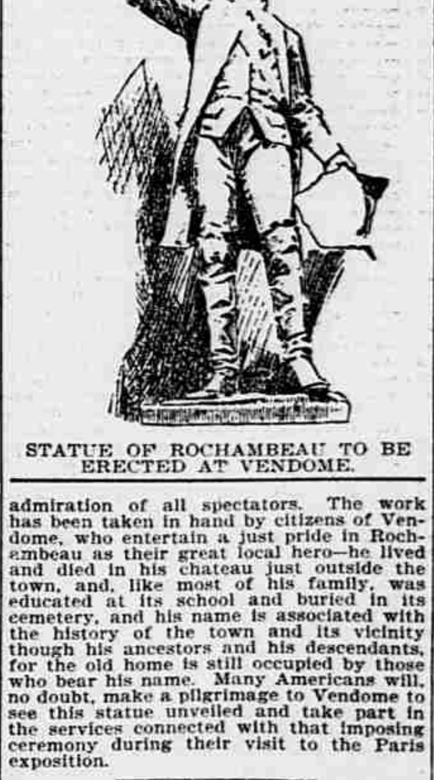
A funny and yet serious experience was that "enjoyed" by Bicycle Policeman Warner, of the Twenty-second district, on Friday afternoon. A calf had broken out of a slaughter house at Broad street and Allegheny avenue, and started to run down Broad street. The ever-watchful officer saw the calf bolt, and, jumping on his bicycle, which was standing at the curb while he was cooling off, he put on full speed after the runaway. He soon caught

TAKEN PRISONER.

up to the animal, and, with an effort, grabbed it by the tail. To this form of salutation the calf objected, and, turning, made an effort to go through the frame of the bicycle. The result was that in an instant the officer was picking his way out from among the spokes of his front wheel, and the calf was running away bellowing. As quickly as possible the policeman was on his wheel and after the calf again, and, once more overhauling the fugitive, he tried to keep his balance and secure a hold on the animal's ears and head. Again the officer was thrown and the young bovine got away. The third chase of Warner proved successful. He caught up to the calf at Lehigh avenue, and, leaning over, managed to grab the animal by the tail and the hind part of the body, and at the same time fall off his wheel onto the troublesome prisoner. In triumph the policeman escorted his captive to the police station, and the owner of the calf had to make satisfactory explanation before it was released. Warren thinks he is eligible to become a rough rider.

Statue of Rochambeau.

Here is a picture from a photograph of the plaster model of the statue of Rochambeau, to be erected at his birthplace, Vendome, France. It is from the original in the studio of the artist, M. Ferdinand Hamar. The figure is full of fire and animation and put at a suitable height, with the Rochambeau calvary barracks as a background, and in the open air, there can be no doubt that it will arrest attention and secure the



STATUE OF ROCHAMBEAU TO BE ERECTED AT VENDOME.

admiration of all spectators. The work has been taken in hand by citizens of Vendome, who entertain a just pride in Rochambeau as their great local hero—he lived and died in his chateau just outside the town, and, like most of his family, was educated at its school and buried in its cemetery, and his name is associated with the history of the town and its vicinity though his ancestors and his descendants, for the old home is still occupied by those who bear his name. Many Americans will, no doubt, make a pilgrimage to Vendome to see this statue unveiled and take part in the services connected with that imposing ceremony during their visit to the Paris exposition.

Mark Twain and General Sherman.

Some men who wants to spoil a good story has raised a direct issue of veracity between Mark Twain and the late General William T. Sherman. Mark Twain in the published accounts of his recent interview with Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, makes the emperor offer, after Twain had apologized for forgetting his German oration, to translate it for him from English into German. General Sherman, on the other hand, in the diary of his trip to Austria in 1872, has Francis Joseph apologizing because he is unable to speak English.

Converting Collateral.

From the Washington Star.

"How's the treasury?" asked the Spanish official.

"Pretty low," answered the other.

"Well, get on your hat and coat and ask the Powers if they don't want some nice warm islands to-day."

FATE OF LAST MORTAL

SPECULATION AS TO WHAT WILL OVERTAKE HIM.

Astronomers Predict a Horrible End for the Earth's Last Human Being—His Loneliness May Drive Him Mad.

From Answers.

Astronomers tell us that the day must come when the earth will, like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter—airless, waterless, lifeless. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity, it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly, and that eventually there will be but a single human being left—some old, old man, gray-headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined but not described.

How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisputed masters of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself end his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then probably infest the solitudes.

But his fate may be far weirder and more dreadful. Scientists say that, as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with we let loose into the atmosphere an ever increasing volume of carbonic acid gas. Much of this is taken up by plants, but not all. It must increase and eventually poison the breathable air, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hilltops, where the last remains of animal life are striving for existence. The last man will climb higher and higher, but eventually the suffocating invisible flood will reach and drown him.

Last Great Explosion.

Again, it is said that the earth as it gets older is cracking like dry mud. These cracks will increase until at last they will let the waters of the ocean and rivers sink into the fiery center of the globe. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds. The last man in this case will probably be some Arctic explorer or Eskimo, whom the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are swallowed by hedhot gases and steam.

Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Atlantic ocean, off the Brazilian coast, half way between Rio Janeiro and the cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abysmal slime beneath. There, hopelessly digging in the ever-drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet.

The Antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the South pole to the edge of this ice cap is 1,400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the center. At that center it cannot be less than twelve miles in thickness—twice as thick as Mount Everett is high. Suppose it splits. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth. Where, then, will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a hugh shallow sea beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world.

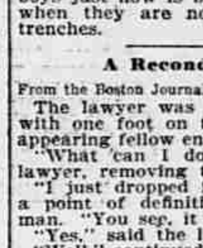
Or last, and perhaps dreariest fate of all, the human race may outlive other mammals and last until the sun, as some day it must, grow dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of to-day is a paradise.

THE YOUNGEST RECRUIT.

Philadelphia Claims That Honor for Ralph Horne, Who Is 15 Years Old.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Philadelphia is entitled to the credit of having furnished the United States army with the youngest recruit that is known to be actually engaged in fighting for the honor of his flag. The young soldier is Ralph Horne, who was 15 years old when he enlisted last February, and he is now in Manila, a member of the Twelfth United States Infantry. Ralph enlisted with the consent of his father, Joseph V. Horne, who served his country during the rebellion as one of the corps of engineers in the navy, having done duty on Farragut's flagship and other fighting vessels. Under date of April 27, Private Horne writes to his father from Manila that he was then doing guard duty over a batch of Filipino prisoners and having a very easy time after having been on the firing line in the direction of San Pedro, and done duty in the trenches. He agrees with other writers that the Filipinos are a treacherous lot, and thinks dead natives are the better class of those he has seen. The weather, he doesn't think much of, though the nights he says are cool, and he says the greatest need of the soldier boys just now is books to read and study when they are not fighting or digging trenches.



RALPH HORNE.

A Recondite Problem.

From the Boston Journal.

The lawyer was sitting before his desk with one foot on the arm-rest. A bright appearing fellow entered the office.

"What can I do for you?" asked the lawyer, removing the rampant foot.

"I just dropped in to get your idea on a point of definition," began the young man. "You see, it is to settle a bet."

"Yes," said the lawyer; "go on."

"Well," continued the young man, "when a fellow's wife leaves him, and there is no divorce, he is a grass-widower, isn't he?"

"Yes, that's what he is generally called."

"Well, then, here's the point," added the youth, emphasizing his words by tapping the palm of his left hand with the forefinger of his right.

"Dan Hopper's wife left him, and there was no divorce. Does that make him a grasshopper?"

He dodged just in time to miss coming in contact with the ink well.

An Expensive Smoke.

A fascinating young woman entered the smoking compartment of a train journeying from Vienna to Prague, and excused her presence to the two commercial travelers she found there by saying that she was a devotee of the weed. She offered her fellow travelers cigarettes, which threw them into a deep slumber. When they recovered from the effects of the opium mixed with the tobacco they found that their pocketbooks, containing $2,000, were missing, as well as their watches and other valuables.

A Unique Seal.

Here is the official seal of the Pan-American exposition to be held this year at Buffalo, N. Y.