

ROYALTY AT THE RECEPTION

Wearisome Duties Imposed on Those in High Position.

How royalty and their suites ever manage to survive those weary hours of standing is always a mystery to me, says "The Countess," in the London Outlook. "You get used to it in time," say the maids of honor, but apparently not till they have been carried out two or three times in a faint to the gentlemen-at-arms tightly buttoned up in uniforms and smothered in helmets get used to the ordeal.

It is within the memory of many how in Dublin a certain distinguished viceroy in the middle of a drawing room gave the order to close the doors, and having cleared the room the entire viceregal party sat down on the floor in various stages of collapse, and I often wonder how it is that our own king and queen are not similarly overcome on these occasions. Royalty is the best paid profession, but assuredly, it must be also the most wearing.

THE JOKE OF A KING.

Historic Hoax Perpetrated by Gustavus III. of Sweden.

King Gustavus III. of Sweden had been frequently invited to the little court of Schwerin. In 1783 he paid a visit to Germany and as soon as the Duchess of Mecklenburg heard of his approach she prepared fetes in his honor. But Gustavus, who disdained the petty courts of the small rulers, sent two of his attendants—a page named Peyron, and Desvouges, a valet who had formerly been an actor—to be entertained by the duchess. The two personated the king and his minister, Baron Sparre, and sustained the characters throughout. They accepted as their due all the homage meant for their master, danced with the Mecklenburg ladies who were presented to them, and Peyron went so far as to ask one of the ladies for her portrait. Meantime Gustavus was enjoying himself elsewhere in secret.

Overlooked a Detail.

A Long Island farmer came to Brooklyn with his wife to do some shopping the other day. On his way back he thought came to him that he had forgotten something. He took out his notebook and went over each item, checking it off, and saw that he had made all the purchases he intended. As he drove on he could not put aside the feeling that there was something missing. He again took out his notebook and rechecked every item, but still found no mistake. He did this several times, but could not rid himself of the idea that he must have forgotten something. When he reached home and drove up to the house his daughter came out to meet him, and, with a look of surprise, asked: "Why, papa, where is mother?"—Mail and Express.

The Long-Suffering Editor.

A Queensland contemporary recently published the following: "Our foreman printer recently measured up the space occupied by obituary notices in the Herald during the last couple of months or so, and found it made three and three-quarters yards. This is so much dead loss to the paper, and if a fatal epidemic struck the town ruin would stare us in the face. We have, therefore, decided to future to charge for such notices. So, when people feel like dying, we hope they will give directions to their next of kin in respect of paying for the same."

Painting the Dome of the Capitol.

The dome of the capitol at Washington is being painted. Every five years its coat is renewed and 15,000 gallons of white lead are used in the process. The work is being done by eighteen men, under the direction of "Billy" Lewis and "Al" Paris. The latter has been employed for such work about the capitol for thirty-nine years. Paris is the only man who ever climbed to the top of the Statue of Liberty surmounting the dome. He did this on Labor day, 1894, and fastened a garland of electric light bulbs around the neck of her majesty.

Congo Road for Motor Cars.

The Congo Free State government is constructing a road in the northern part of the state for the transport of passengers and goods by means of motor cars. The new route, of which nearly 450 miles have been completed, will join the important trading centers of Dongu and Lado. While making the road a local engineer hit upon the happy idea of driving forty elephants up and down the projected highway until the thick undergrowth was trampled down, allowing the natives to complete the task.

No Royal Road.

St. Clair McKelway believes that the journalism of the future will be a profession and that men will be especially educated for it. They are and always have been. Did that important and valuable member of the profession never hear of "the hard school of journalism?" There is no other, and never will be, worth a pinch of snuff, in our humble estimation. The university of experience is the one which gives the real degrees in journalism.

Was Always Running.

The Duke of Argyll tells this story of Winston Churchill, which shows that the talent for talk developed young in the author and member of parliament. Some years ago he visited Harrow, and noticing a boy running around the cricket field all by himself asked what he was doing for. "That's Lord Randolph Churchill's son, and whenever he talks too much we make him run three times round the cricket field."

THE TRAINING OF A CHILD.

Several Important Points That Must Be Remembered.

To teach a child with success requires only common sense, good judgment and gentleness. There are, however, three other important points that must ever be foremost in the mind of the teacher.

First of all, she must remember that to teach is to impart instruction; not to find fault with ignorance, with lack of comprehension, with listlessness or with forgetfulness. Often, indeed, for these last named faults, poor teaching is to blame. Second, there is the inflexible rule that requires a teacher to prepare every lesson carefully before giving it, in order to present it in an interesting and intelligible way. Third, there is the ever present danger of overdoing, against which the teacher must always be on guard.

In the beginning short lessons frequently varied give the best results. Ten or fifteen minutes for each study is enough, and this time limit must not be overstepped so long as tomorrow represents another day.—The Household.

VITALITY OF BURNS' FAME.

It is One of the Great Facts of Our Literature.

"The Inquest" on Robert Burns was concluded long ago, but from time to time the findings are reviewed by critical writers, as in a recent symposium, says Collier's. A curious result thus chances. From every such inquisition the poet emerges the more radiant and triumphant—the critics are lost in the splendor they have evoked. It is one thing to make literature; it is another and quite different thing to write about literature and the makers thereof. This is a truism, and yet the distinction is often confused, especially by the writers of criticism. Burns has survived several generations of critics, many of whom made a vain bid for remembrance by their praise or disparage of him. The vitality of his fame is one of the great facts of our literature.

Just an Incident in Georgia.

Mr. Bud Spinks was awakened the other morning by a strang, grunting noise in his room, which proved to be the voice of a medium-sized alligator that was warming itself by the smoldering ashes of his fireplace and incidentally trying to swallow his boots, which he had placed there to dry, and which he had bought on the installment plan and had only made one payment on them. The saurian had succeeded in swallowing one boot and had the other down—clear to the straps, which Mr. Spinks seized and pulled it out. The gator is now on exhibition at Minche's drug store, but will soon be slain in order that Mr. Spinks, who is going around with one boot and one slipper, may recover the other boot.—Adams Enterprise.

The Roentgen Rays Failed.

Hearing of the efficacy of the Roentgen rays for the removal of hairs from the upper lip a lady in Hanover, age thirty-five, applied to Dr. Karl Bruno Schurmayer, a properly qualified doctor and Roentgen ray specialist, for treatment. He operated twice, but instead of removing the superfluous hairs the operation resulted in the skin of the face becoming red and the lips swollen. The lady thereupon brought an action against the doctor and was awarded \$60 damages, against which he appealed, but the decision has just been upheld.

The Development of Africa.

In Ethiopia and the Soudan, the work of development and exploitation is progressing. The treaty recently concluded between King Menelek and the British government probably means the early construction of the Berber-Suakin railroad via Kassala (costing some \$15,000,000) and the subsequent extension of the Kassala line southward to Lake Rudolph, where eventually it will form a junction with the Uganda railway, at the same time marking a long step toward the realization of the Cape-to-Cairo scheme.

This Lunch Was a Success.

A lady in Budapest recently gave a charitable lunch party to the poor of her district. She placed no limit on the number of invitations, and the result was that 3,000 people arrived, all eager for the treat. Eventually the police had to draw their sabers to keep order among the revelers. There were no two opinions about the success of the function. The guests to a man declared they had never assisted in so intense and exciting a lunch before in their lives. They were quite cut up when the time came to go.

Different After Five Years.

William Glackins, who admires Whistler, cited the other day two letters written by a collector of etchings to a certain print seller. Between the letters there was an interval of five years. The first said: "I do not want etchings by Whistler. They impress me as if flies that had fallen in an inkwell had walked on old paper." The second letter said: "Send me every etching by Whistler the price of which is not ruinous."—Philadelphia Record.

Got It.

At the close of the third act the gifted tragedian was called before the curtain. "My friends," he said, apparently much astonished and embarrassed, "your kindness overwhelms me. I have striven conscientiously to win your approval, but I was not prepared for so magnificent a welcome and in the surprise of the moment I find myself utterly—I hesitate to find of a suitable word—"Rats!" shouted a gallery hoodlum.

HE SOLD HIS HEAD.

Peculiar Condition in Which Wealthy Russian Finds Himself.

A curious story comes from Russia about a man who sold his head. About the year 1865 there lived a man at Keff with an enormous head. A Russian scientist, Prof. Walker, in order to secure the head for scientific purposes, bought it from its possessor for 500 roubles. The condition of sale was that it should only be delivered after the man's decease; but when the transaction got abroad a great scandal was created. The professor, however, stuck to his bargain, and the big head applied itself to business. Fortune smiled on the latter; he fell heir to a big fortune, and then he began to feel uncomfortable at the thought that the head belonged to another. He went to the professor, offered him 1,000, 1,500, even 2,000 roubles if only he would give him back the absolute ownership of his headpiece. But the professor held out, and for aught that is known to the contrary he is still holding out.—Pearson's Weekly.

TO CURE A COLD.

Uncle Allen Sparks Knew of Many Infallible Remedies.

"Uncle Allen," asked the young man, "do you know anything that's good for a cold?"

Mr. Allen Sparks opened his desk, took from one of the pigeonholes a large number of newspaper clippings tied with a string, and threw it over to him. "Do I know of anything that is good for a cold?" he echoed. "My boy, I know of six hundred and twenty-seven infallible ways of curing a cold. I've been collecting them for forty-nine years. You try these, one after the other, and if they don't do you any good, come back and I will give you one hundred and sixteen more. Bless me!" added Mr. Sparks with enthusiasm, "you can always cure a cold if you go about it the right way."

He dug up a bundle of yellow, time-stained clippings out of another pigeonhole and the visitor hastily left.

Good Word for Mosquito.

The announcement comes from Washington that the New Jersey mosquito is really a blessing in disguise. Not only is its bite not dangerous, but, it is asserted, this voracious insect destroys poisonous immigrants of its genus that come from the south to threaten people with malaria, yellow fever and the like. All this may be true enough, but it is not likely that the long-billed New Jersey variety will be cultivated as household pets until some way is devised to muzzle them during their working hours. Few of us can stand the loss of blood necessary for their salubrity.—Indianapolis News.

Necklace Awaits an Owner.

A strange story is told about a diamond necklace which was found at one of the English court balls some years ago. One of the late queen's ladies-in-waiting picked up a diamond necklace from the floor. A lady came forward and claimed it. The finder, however, declared it was her duty to give it in to the lord chamberlain's office, as this was the rule with regard to anything found in the palace. The lady protested in vain, but the oddest thing was that this necklace never was claimed, and is probably still at the lord chamberlain's office.

Hare as a Universal Provider.

In the economy of nature the hare is the one creature that stands between two of the carnivorous animals and starvation. In the northern woods where snow lies on the ground for more than half the year, and where vegetation is of slow growth, the hare serves as a machine for converting birch twigs into muscular, lean meat, and providing it in such quantities that hawks, owls, wildcats, weasels and foxes can live in comparative luxury. A pair of hares under favorable conditions produce 70,000 individuals in four years.

Cats to Kill Prairie Dogs.

The owners of an enormous sheep ranch in Montana suffer so much loss from the consumption by prairie dogs of the tender shoots of grass, that they have determined to import cats enough to exterminate the dogs. The first company of 100 cats is being recruited at St. Paul. A facetious writer in the New York Post shows anxiety for the future of the cats, their work being accomplished. He says if they do kill the prairie dogs they will have the choice, subsequently, of starvation, cannibalism or brigandage.

A Healthy Spot.

The healthfulness of a certain summer resort is advertised by this story. Recently a visitor began to talk to an old resident of the town in question and asked him his age, whereupon he said: "I am just over seventy." "Well," said the visitor, "you look as if you had a good many years to live yet. At what age did your father die?" "Father dead?" said the man, looking surprised. "Father isn't dead; why, he's upstairs just now putting grandfather to bed!"

A Real Bargain.

"In time," said the struggling artist, "that painting will be of great value. All you have to do is to tuck it away in an attic somewhere and keep it for about 200 years, by which time I will have become one of the old masters. Then you can sell it easily for \$10,000. You see, I know the rules, but unfortunately I am not in a financial position to carry them out. So, if you want a real bargain, I'll let you have this little gem for \$1.50."

THE EXPANSION OF RUSSIA.

Nothing Stops the Progress of the Giant of the North.

The progress of Russia is like the spreading of ink over blotting paper. There is no natural barrier in Persia to throw her back or head her off, such as the mountainous frontier of India. But the prospect of Russian absorption of Persia is not practical politics nor healthy patriotism to bound on Great Britain to occupy, finance, protect or claim rights in every country which lies upon her road to India or Africa or America or the South Seas. Such a policy is merely suicidal. We can barely govern efficiently our present possessions. Fresh large responsibilities in Persia, in China and ultimately in Turkey would simply weigh us down to the gunwale and finally sink us.—London Chronicle.

FAD OF A FAMOUS JACKDAW.

Bird Took Trips on Buses and Gave His Foes a Tongue Lashing.

The Brixton jackdaw, which was found dead recently in the bar of the Angell Arms at Brixton, London, was a great celebrity in his own way. All jackdaws have fads of their own, and the favorite fad of this particular bird was to travel all over London on omnibuses, trains and cabs. He was thoroughly well known to every busman in the Brixton district; he used to take his seat on a bus beside the driver, and would chatter most volubly till the journey to the city or elsewhere was accomplished, when he would fly back to his Brixton home. He was a bird of strong likes and dislikes, and when any of his master's customers failed to find favor in his sight he would assail them with the most embarrassing flow of language.

Billiard Players.

The game of billiards has grown in popularity of late with the fair sex. According to Shakespeare, Cleopatra played billiards with her favorite, Charmion, in the year 30 B. C. At present the best women players are the French, who frequent professional games and eagerly follow the billiard news of the day. Patti is fond of the game and had a table made in this country to take to her Welsh castle, for which she paid \$2,500. Among American billiard players of repute are Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. Almeric Paget, Mrs. Burke-Roche and Lillian Russell. Billiards are said to afford excellent exercise.

Minister Bowen's Wife.

Mrs. Bowen, wife of our minister to Venezuela, talks very entertainingly of the Venezuelans, whom she describes as models of domestic virtue. Many are also very beautiful, but they go out very little in public, being of Spanish descent. Mrs. Bowen, who is slight in figure and of girlish manners, was a Miss Clegg of Galveston, Tex. She is fond of pets, and among the unusual ones entertained at the legation in Caracas are several parrots, a fine peacock and some monkeys which are allowed to roam at will in the garden.

The Deacon's Climax.

"Yes," said Deacon Stuckup, "the works of Providence are manifold. The omnipotence of the Almighty is seen in all things, great and small, high and low. The good Lord who made the great mountains made the smallest insect that crawls over them; the good Lord who made the mighty ocean made the smallest fish that swims in it; the good Lord who made man, the greatest of His works, made the smallest flower of the field. The good Lord, brethren, who made me made a daisy!"

The Methods of Novelists.

And here is Maxim Gorky paying \$150,000 cash for a beautiful palace on the banks of the Volga. This is the reward of the skilful use of his pen in glorifying the tramp and the outcast, and vilifying and scandalizing their opposites in Russian society and politics. It is frequently thus, though Tolstoi began at the other end of the social ladder, sacrificing a title and a fortune for the rewards that have come to him as a novelist and a champion of the oppressed.

Few Motor Cars in Portugal.

Motor cars as yet show no signs of being used in Portugal. Last year only twenty were imported, of which eighteen were French, one English and one German. The bicycle trade is also languishing; only 572 bicycles were imported in twelve months—222 from the United States, 151 from France and 35 from the United Kingdom. The population of Portugal is about the same as that of London.

London's Army of Horses.

In a recent paper on "Electric Automobiles," read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. H. F. Joel stated that in London alone there were over 16,000 licensed horse-carriages, apart from private vehicles, tradesmen's vans, etc., and it was estimated that over 200,000 horses were stabled each night in London, necessitating the daily removal of more than 5,000 tons of manure and refuse.

Too Much for Him.

"And do you mean to say," exclaimed Farmer Brown to a policeman in Lebanon, Pa., as he gazed at the trolley wire, "that that thing is used for traveling purposes?" "Yes," "Human being's got that a-way?" "Of course." "Good-bye." "Where are you going?" "Back home. I'm gettin' used to the steam cars, but I'm dumfied if I'm ready to be sent by telegraph."

TO GET RID OF RATS.

Writer Recommends Dipping the Vermin in Varnish.

All tradesmen being liable to the incursions and depredations of rats, it may not be out of place to mention a method of getting rid of these pests which is recommended by a correspondent of the Birmingham Daily Post. This consists in thinning down with petroleum ordinary slow-drying tar varnish such as bedstead makers and japanners use and pouring the mixture into the runs of the rats. The vermin are said to loathe the smell of the stuff, and will do anything to get clear of it. A still more effective plan is said to be to catch a rat alive, dip it up to the neck in the varnish and turn it loose. Its fellows will flee from it as from the devil. The dipping process is said to be harmless to the rat. But some ironmongers may not care to "dip a live rat up to its neck."

A GOOD PLACE TO BE "AT."

Incongruity of Surroundings in a Wild Country.

One of the strangest sights I ever saw in a wild country was a little minister garbed in solemn black, white "dog" collar, buttonless vest and stiff black straw hat. The dominie was standing in a leaky boat in the midst of a primeval woods, fishing the boiling waters of a mountain torrent. At his back a catarract roared and pounded the rocks, churning the water to white suds; above him the eternal snow glistened on the mountains, and but a few yards away a gaunt cinnamon bear was quietly nosing among the driftwood.—Dan Beard in the World's Work.

Here's a New "Drink" Cure.

A novel remedy for the "drink habit"—or, rather, for enabling those who have "sworn off" to remain "on the water cart"—consists of ice water drunk through a raw potato. Take a bowl of ice water and a potato. Peel the potato and cut down one end of it until it can be easily inserted in the mouth. Dip the potato in the ice water and suck it every time a craving for strong drink comes on. It is claimed that this treatment will effect an absolute cure. The why and the wherefore are not stated, but the process is such a simple one that there can be no harm in trying it if any one is afflicted with a thirst which they really and truly desire to lose.

To Cut Record Diamond.

In Amsterdam a syndicate has been formed which will bear the great expense and risk attending the cutting of what is the largest known diamond, the Excelsior. The Excelsior was found in the Jagersfontein diamond mines of South Africa in 1893. It has the size of a hen's egg and weighs in its present raw state 970 carats, which is nearly twice as much as the Kohinoor weighed before it was reduced to its present size. Specially constructed machinery has to be employed for cutting the Excelsior and great care is used in insuring its safety from theft.

Luncheon a Decided Success.

A lady in Buda-Pesth recently gave a charitable luncheon party to the poor of her district. She placed no limit on the number of invitations, and the result was that 3,000 people arrived, all eager for the treat. Eventually the police had to draw their sabers to keep order among the revelers. There were no two opinions about the success of the function. The guests to a man declared that they had never assisted at so intense and exciting a luncheon before in their lives. They were quite cut up when the time came to go.

Remarkable Sea Monster.

A remarkable sea monster was recently caught in Port Fairy bay by some fishermen. It measured nine feet six inches in length, had a tail like that of a screw tail-shaft, no teeth, a nose like a rhinoceros, a head like an elephant, two dorsal fins, four side fins and two steering fins. The skin was black and very soft. The most experienced fishermen say the specimen is altogether new to them. They cannot hazard a guess as to the species. The fish has been sent on to the Melbourne museum.

Corean a College Graduate.

Roanoke college at Salem, Va., which has had more foreign students than any other college in the south, will this year graduate the second Corean to take the degree of bachelor of arts anywhere in the world, the first being Kin Beung Surb, who received his A. B. at Roanoke in 1898 and his A. M. at Princeton in 1899. Kinste Kimm, who will be graduated this year, is so good a speaker that he won a prize in declamation several years ago.

From Immense Wealth to Poverty. George Kettler, an aged cobbler who died recently in Argentine, Kan., at one time was worth \$12,000,000. Kettler was of German birth, and during the Franco-Prussian war operated a large shoe factory in Hanover. Profitable army contracts swelled his fortune to the figure named, but he lost everything in speculation. Then he came to this country penniless to begin life anew.

Woman's Logic.

As one phase of life this is interesting. A woman was overheard to remark to her companion: "Yes, she was terribly sore about that day she lost \$45 on the races." "What did she do it for?" asked the man. "Why, she must have some fun; she works so hard all the rest of the time."

THE SMALL BOY'S LONGING

Part of the Show That Was Woefully Disappointing.

Little Willie's father took him to the show. It was a variety show, ending with a sketch called "The African Belle," in which, after a mission had been bound to a stake by a lot of dancing savages, he is rescued by the chief's daughter after the manner of Capt. John Smith. This last part of the show Willie's father thought would please the boy immensely; but the son and heir fell into a state of gloom at its close. On the way home the fond parent inquired: "Will you like the part where all the savages come out?" "No," replied Willie with a sigh. "Me and the other boys play that. When you pay to go to a show I should think they'd kill the missionary."

PEAS FROM PHAROAH'S TOMB

Their Product Unlike Anything Known at Present.

There are bargains and finds to be made in the plant world equal to those picked up in old curiosity shops. So time ago a Glasgow gentleman conveyed from his son in Egypt an envelope full of peas, which were said to have been found in the tomb of one of the Pharaohs. He sent them to a friend of his at Kames, in the Isle of Bute, who sowed them. They grew up into plants quite unlike anything known at present, strong and about six feet high, with a great white flower having a red center. The peas were long and full of excellent pith. This new old variety found a ready sale at good prices.

Muscular Christianity.

Prof. Bryce, in his biographical study of Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, tells of a clergyman of Fraser diocese who had knocked a man down who had insulted him. The bishop wrote him a letter of reproof, pointing out that exposed as the Church of England was to much criticism on hands, her ministers ought to be very careful of their demeanor. The fender replied by saying: "I must, regretfully admit that, being grossly insulted, and forgetting in the heat of the moment the critical position of the Church of England, I did knock the man down, etc." Fraser was lighted with the turning of the table on himself, and afterward invited the clergyman to visit him.

Superfluous Boys.

A British parliamentary paper shows that, as usual, nearly 20,000 more boys than girls were born in the British isles last year. When then, the "superfluous woman?" The boys die, during the first weeks of months of life, at a far greater rate than the supposed "weaker vessel" in a few months they have sunk to equality and soon woman takes the lead, numerically, and keeps it, mercifully. The reason is not unconnected with the larger size of baby boy's head, for which he either pays the penalty very early or receives the reward—if woman will forgive the hint—later.

Why He Disliked Spelling Reform

Senator F. Dumont Smith of Kentucky lectured on "Words" in Wichita, Kan., a few nights ago. He is a spelling reformer, and in advocating in his lecture said that he knew only one argument in favor of the way and that was given by an English bishop who declared that the present method of spelling helped churches. According to the bishop: "By the time you can make a boy believe that 'th-o-u-g-h' spells 'through,' that 'th-o-u-g-h' spells 'though' and 'to-u-g-h' spells 'tough' you can make him believe anything."

Motor Cars in Switzerland.

Should the experiments in progress in the neighborhood of Berne prove successful as is anticipated travel to Switzerland in the summer of the year will be able to cross the mountains by motor car instead of the usual post diligence. The actual trial will be made in the spring, and the result, if successful, will be not only to allow travelers to make the difficult journeys in half the time, but open the mountain roads, which are present closed to them on account of the horses.

Much Money in Tramp's Clothes

A lot of young fellows in an Ohio town had a good time with a tramp last week. They took him into a shop and gave him a good bath, shaved him and cut his hair. They then bought a new suit of clothes, white shirt and stand-up collar and dressed him completely. But when they attempted to burn his hobo clothes he objected and fought for them with such desperation their suspicions were aroused, and upon searching they found \$1,400 sewed up in the coat.

Girl an Excellent Athlete.

Miss Agnes S. Wood, the champion basket ball player and all-around athlete of Vassar college, has beaten the girls' record at running and all-around equalled that of men, despite the fact that her gait was somewhat impeded by a rather cumbersome costume. She does not allow athletics to interfere with her studies and will graduate near the head of her class.

Few Automobiles in Washington

Official Washington does not take kindly to the automobile and very few persons in the executive or diplomatic service are seen in vehicles other than carriages. The president is too fond of horses ever to take the craze. He has always shown preference for surreys and sedans, drives out of town in any other kind of vehicle.