

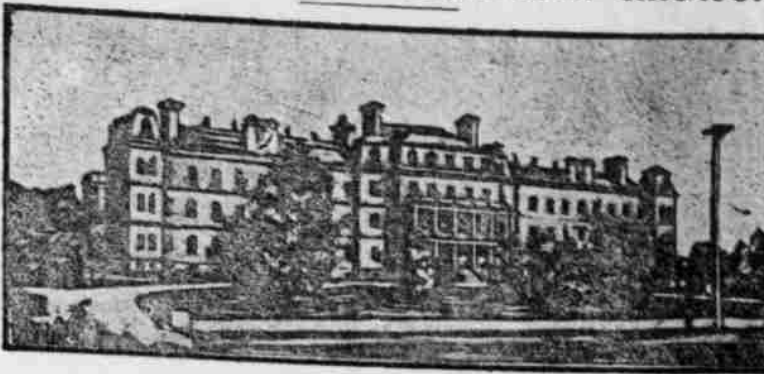
THE BIG-FISTED MAN.

Oh, here's to the man with a hand like a ham,
And a fist just as big as his heart;
To the big, manly chap, be he banker or drudge,

HER BLUNDER

CAROLYN VERNET was of that order of women to whom their admirers are wont to apply such adjectives as "regal," "magnificent," "imperial."
Many lovers sought to win her, and many were disappointed when rumor announced her engagement to young Frank Reade.

UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL AT CHICAGO.



THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT CHICAGO.

Uncle Sam cares well for the sailors who pursue their calling under the flag of the United States. And not only does he look after the old "boys" who fought the flag's battles, but those of the merchant marine are cared for with equal tenderness.

The United States marine hospital in the northern suburb of Chicago, on the shore of Lake Michigan, is the best appointed, best equipped and best situated of any similar institution in the country.

The structure in question is the second of its kind built in Chicago. It was completed in 1873 at a cost of over \$450,000. The sandstone building is about 300 feet long, 100 feet deep and three stories high.

stand that he was rather unfortunate at one time.

"You mean about his engagement to that Miss Vincent, was it—I suppose. Yes, he did take her inconstancy badly, Maria says. They say she was a great beauty, and men are silly about a pretty face—begging your pardon, mon ami!"

"Granted," laughed the gentleman. "Proceed."

"Well, you know, as soon as he was safely out of the way she married a rich man, some relation to Frank Reade, I believe."

"Yes; I have heard all about that." "Well, now comes the sequel. Frank went to Switzerland on some wild goose chase, and while there saved the life of a certain rich, benevolent, childless gentleman. Well, the benevolent old gentleman insisted on taking his brave young preserver home to England with him. Then he adopted him, and now he has capped the climax by dying and leaving his immense fortune unconditionally to Frank. Now, won't that be a bitter pill to the faithless beauty?"

Carolyn heard no more, but she had heard enough, and later the story had plenty of confirmation. It was a bitter pill to her. But the worst was not yet. In the course of nature Uncle Jenkins died and was buried, and his lawyer came to read the will to the heir presumptive. With serene satisfaction Mr. and Mrs. Reade listened to the following:

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, Albert Reade, all the property of which I die possessed, amounting—"

Here the lawyer paused to wipe his spectacles. "Amounting to \$5,000, invested in—"

That was all. Uncle Jenkins' apparent wealth had been all a sham, and Carolyn had sold herself for \$5,000! She had lost not only a true, loving heart, but what was of more value—a princely fortune.—Chicago Tribune.

ONE HUNDRED-MILE COAST.

Sliding Down the Side of a Mountain in a Hand Car.

Lord Ernest Hamilton describes his experience of a thrilling but perilous pastime, the descent in a small hand car of a wonderful mountain railway in Peru.

"As a matter of fact," he writes, referring to the title of the article, "it is 100; but, for the sake of a title, the extra six miles may go—100 are enough at any rate for purposes of illustration. These hundred odd miles are to be found on the Ferro-Carril Central of Peru, commonly called the Oroya Railway, and they are to be found nowhere else.

"This Oroya Railway is a very wonderful line, indeed. It not only climbs higher than any other railway in the world, but also distinguishes itself in a variety of other ways incidentally referred to hereafter. But the accomplishment with which I am chiefly concerned is this, that it provides the only road in the world which a man on wheels can travel over 100 miles by his own momentum and practically at any pace to which the fiend of recklessness may urge him.

"The object of what is here written is to trace the sensations born of a run down from the summit of the Oroya Railway, 15,696 feet above sea level, to the verge of the Pacific. You start under the eye of the eternal snows and you finish among humming birds and the un-speakable sickness of soroche, and you finish in the ecstasy of an exultation too great for words.

to drop the brakeman on a friendly siding and grip the lever in your own firm but not too exacting hand is to sup a liberal foretaste of the joys of heaven.—Pearson's Magazine.

A WOMAN MINER'S PLUCK.

Works Here at the Hard and Dangerous Toil. A story comes from Arizona which shows what can be accomplished by the energy and determination which often lies beneath the fair exterior of a woman's frame. Mrs. John Kay lives near Kingman, Ariz. She has a husband and a family of children. Her husband is a hard-working man, but his earnings barely suffice for the daily necessities of the family, and several years ago she decided that she would engage in mining for herself.

She had no money to pay for the development of her claim, but she had a pair of tender, but willing, hands and arms, and did not hesitate to sacrifice their beauty and mar their fair proportions in the effort to provide a future for her family. She took the drill and hammer in her own hands, and, with infinite patience, wrought the holes in the rock, says Ores and Metals. She cut the fuse, bit the cap, tamped the charge, went back into the smoke to look for results, and wheeled out the muck, and kept up this work for years. Progress was slow, for she washed and baked and made and hemmed for her children, but there was no thought of failure in her mind, and no dream of rest until it had been earned.

A few weeks since her reward came. As she went into the tunnel after a round of shots she found big chunks of ore literally plastered with horn and native silver, assays running at high as \$3,000 to the ton. The vein is opened and is rich, and now she is superintending with a force of men talking out wealth for her.—Washington Times.

A NERVE DEFINED.

Quick Answers from Kindergarten Pupils.

A certain Brooklyn kindergarten contains during the school term many bright little folks, and their answers to questions are often very amusing.

On a morning not long ago the head teacher was giving a talk on physiology and asked:

"Who can tell me what a nerve is?" "I know," said one little tot. "Well, what is it?" "It's what makes the tooth hurt when you have the toothache."

This created a laugh, and a number of other answers followed, when a little girl, who is usually depended upon to give a reply to almost every question, raised her pointed finger and said: "I know the answer, teacher; I can tell you."

"You may answer, Emily," said the teacher. "What is a nerve?" "When anyone is too fresh my mamma says, 'Oh, what a nerve!'"

The lesson ended after a desperate effort to restore order.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Old, but Always Sickly. Watts, the English painter, was a delicate, sickly boy, does not know what vigorous health is like, but has lived to see his eighty-sixth year. He never blew a cloud of tobacco smoke, he is a teetotaler, he goes to bed and gets up with the chickens. "I am a very negative sort of a person," he says. "I cannot say that the joy of life has ever been mine. I enjoy my work; I am immensely interested in it and am continually endeavoring to improve."

And the Stars Winked. "You say the evening wore on. What did it wear?" "Why, the close of day, of course."—London Answers.

Never think so much of a dime that you lose half a dollar's worth of peace of mind worrying over one that is lost.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

Where a bank in Texas held two notes of a depositor, secured by personal indorsement, and such depositor became insolvent prior to service on the bank of a garnishment in a suit against him, which service was before maturity of the notes, the bank was entitled to set off such notes against the deposit. 61 S. W. Rep. 559.

Where an action was brought to test the validity of a new by-law of an assessment insurance company imposing a lien on its policies to pay death losses and to create a reserve fund, and such amendment will not affect the amount of plaintiff's assessments immediately, nor until after his policies have become payable by his death, the company will not be enjoined, on his failure to pay his assessments, from declaring his policies void for nonpayment. 69 N. Y. Supp. 618.

Plaintiff had been employed for four years in defendant's boiler-room, and had seen the construction of the boilers and of a bridge suspended in front of them. He used the bridge sometimes once a day, and from the floor could see the entire platform to the bridge and the space where the platform ended. Held, that plaintiff assumed the risk and could not recover for injuries caused by his falling through the space while making his way from the boilers, where he had gone to shut off escaping steam caused by an explosion. 69 N. Y. Supp. 570.

A will bequeathed property to an incorporated Masonic lodge, and its successors forever, in trust, the income to be applied annually "for the relief of needy members of such lodge, or preferably for the general purposes of the lodge, including now and then, if desired, an appropriation for proper forms of entertainment for the members." Held, that though the first object was a charitable one, for which a charitable trust would be valid, the second object, for which the testator expresses his preference, was not charitable, and hence the bequest was void. 48 At. Rep. (R. L.) 671.

An attorney employed to prosecute a suit against a street railway for a street accident employed one P. to find witnesses. Two girls, 15 to 17 years old, testified that the attorney came to them in company with P., and induced them to swear for plaintiff, though they stated to him that they knew nothing of the case. Their testimony was corroborated by P. and the mother of one girl; and another witness testified that the attorney attempted to get him to swear to having seen the accident, although he had told him that he had not seen it. Held, sufficient evidence of subordination of perjury to authorize the disbarment of the attorney. 69 N. Y. Supp. 524.

Aspired to Higher Honors.

Rear Admiral J. A. Howell of the United States navy, popularly known as the "father of the modern torpedo," because of his invention of that engine of war, is credited by the Toronto Saturday Night with knowing why he married, a piece of knowledge which some unmarried persons seem to regard as uncommon.

It was generally believed that he was wedded to the science of warfare, and it was a surprise to the entire navy when a married a charming woman.

A number of years after his marriage a fellow officer visited Admiral Howell, and saw the children of the distinguished sailor playing about the house.

"It's like a dream, old man!" said the visitor. "We never thought of your getting married. How did you happen to think about it?"

"Oh," replied Admiral Howell, glancing affectionately at his children at play, "I got tired of being referred to merely as the 'father of the modern torpedo.'"

How Rochefort Hurdled Ridicule.

Rochefort, even more than Hugo, was the natural butt of those caricaturists devoted to the destinies of Louis Napoleon. But none of the toons directed against him could deeper or leave a more lasting than his own sallies in the column of the Lanterne. His favorite method of attack was one which either prosecution impossible or else the prosecutor ridiculous. In the terse one found apparently in squibs which ran something like "The Emperor sat yesterday at a portrait, which is being painted by M. — M. — has won wide distinction as a painter of animals, is expected that the Emperor's picture will prove a great success."—The man.

An Irresistible Bait.

A Chicago merchant who knows business and human nature established a miniature park and playground in the third floor, where children were left by their mothers to play on grass, dig holes in the sand, and boats on the pond. Toys are lenient of charge, and that is where the comes in, for when the mother for her offspring there is always acuity in effecting a parting with toy, and as the toy department is handy the American child and American shopkeeper are together much for the American mother.

No Row About Row.

"Let me row," said the pretty "But I would rather row," said "Well, don't let's have a row!" "To avoid a row suppose we together. Then we can both row have no row."—New York Times

Brilliant Beetles in the Indi Beetles in the East and West are so brilliant in coloring that are beautiful as gems.

Every dog has his day—and v the dog that knows when he's had

THE OLDEST THRONE IN EUROPE.

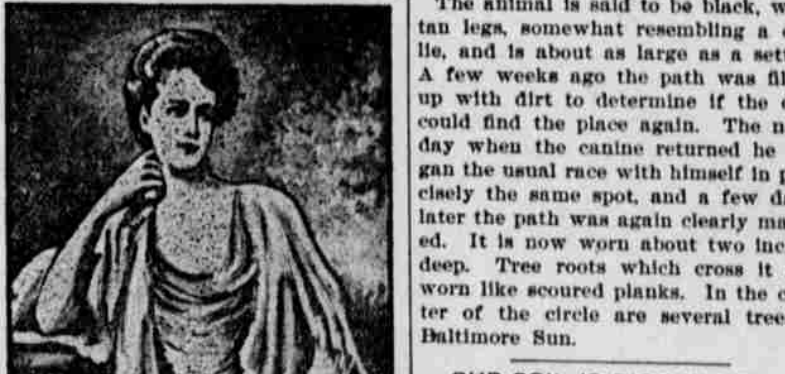


What is probably the oldest throne in Europe has just been discovered and laid bare. This remarkable and surprising find was accomplished by the British archaeologist and explorer, Arthur Evans, at Knossos, on the island of Crete. The main feature of his last season's work was the uncovering of the original system throne used by King Minos in his great palace, now being excavated. Minos, as will be remembered, was the son of Zeus, the first law-giver of Greece, who styled the Cretan Moses, who every nine years repaired to the cave of Zeus and received from the immortal god of the mountains the laws for his people. Here from the gypsum throne more than 4,000 years ago King Minos read his laws to his subjects. The most interesting of all the chambers exposed was the spacious throne-room. The walls were elaborately decorated with frescoes, which have established a new epoch in the history of painting for that early period, as little of the kind, even of the classical Greek antiquity has been hitherto known earlier than the Pompeian series.

The colors were almost as brilliant as when laid down more than 4,000 years ago. Round the walls of the throne-room were found low stone benches, and between these, separated by a small interval and raised on a stone base, stood the great gypsum throne, with a high back and colored with decorated designs. Its lower part was adorned with a curiously carved arch, with crocheted moldings, showing an extraordinary anticipation of some most characteristic of Gothic architecture. Here truly was the council chamber of King Minos and his sovereign lady. It may be said to-day that the youngest of European rulers (Prince George) as high commissioner of Crete has in his dominions the oldest throne in Europe.

AN AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Countess Perigord Will Show Husband the Greatness of Uncle Sam. One of the prettiest of American girls who have found a foreign husband is home on a long vacation and society in New York has made great plans for her entertainment. She is the Countess Bosc de Talleyrand Perigord and was formerly Miss Helen Morton, daughter of Hon. Levi P. Morton, once Vice President of the United States. The countess is an acknowledged beauty. Before her marriage she was as well known in the society of Paris and London as in New York. It is said that Mr. Morton told her and each of her four sisters that they were to marry for love—an object that is not often realized in society weddings nowadays. Two of the countess' sisters are married.



COUNTESS DE TALLEYRAND PERIGORD.

ried and apparently heeded their father's advice. The countess herself selected a husband belonging to one of the oldest and most honored houses in France. The count is a fine specimen of a French nobleman and lives the greater part of his time in New York.

OUR SOIL IS RICH IN GEMS.

Where American Precious Stones Have Been Found by Miners. The report of the geological survey, just compiled for 1901, shows that during that year there were mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000. When talking about rare and beautiful gems one's thoughts naturally revert to South Africa or the Orient or the mountains of Asia and Europe, or perhaps to South America, but one is not likely to think of our own land yielding them; but the fact is that no insignificant value in gems is taken from the soil right here at home. The report of the geological survey shows that during that year we mined in the United States precious stones to the value of about \$300,000.

Diamonds represent only \$100 of this amount, but the fact that they are found at all gives encouragement to the hope that paying fields of them may some time be found. Last year one diamond was found in Lee County, Georgia, where diamonds were not before known to exist. New Mexico furnished \$118,000 in turquoise, and these have been placed on the market. Montana gave us \$90,000 in sapphires, which come next. They come from Ferguson County. Granite County is now being explored for fancy colored sapphires, that give evidences of being there in paying quantities. Fine and extensive rhodolite garnet deposits are found in Macon County, North Carolina. Many dark-green, blue and yellow beryls, as well as amethysts and emeralds, were found in that State. There is hardly a State of the Union in which there is not some trace of precious stones and it appears not at all unlikely that before many years we may be competing with the old world in furnishing gems.

Merely a Guess.

"I see that a young man can get a college degree now in three years." "What's that for?" "I dunno. Maybe it's to enable him to get a street-car conductor's job a year earlier."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

High and Low.

Magistrate—Did I understand you to say that the parties used high words? Witness—Yes, your worship; their voices were unusually high, and their language was extremely low.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Young widows wear mourning from one of three motives—remorse, devotion or diversion.