ROUNDING UP THE REBELS

AMUSING MANNER IN WHICH THE WHOLESALE CAPTURE OF FILIPINOS BEGAN

REVENGE OF ONE CAPTAIN

Escaped Death by Hanging, and Guiding Americans to Camp He Surprised His Former Comrades.

The end of the insurrection is in sight, it is hoped, and the view is pleasanter than any yet had in these parts. The Fourth infantry has been working harder than ever these last few months and without a grumble, because results have been apparent. The culmination of its labors seems to have arrived in the surrender a few days ago of Lieut. Gen. Trias with more than thirty of his officers and 200 rifles, while more are coming in daily.

There are some parties out here, the Federal party and the Conservative party especially, and they are striving to secure peace, so they say. But more strife than peace has resulted from their labors. Not armed strife, but recriminations and struggles to obtain credit for every success. One of the general officers uttered an epigram that expresses the situation, writes the Manila correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. Apropos of the surrender of these principal insurgents somebody said to him: "The Federal party seems to be doing good work." And he replied: "Federal party! The Fourth infantry! The Fourth infantry has not slept two nights in the same place. That is what has done it."

CAVITE SEES THE FINISH.

Cavite province was the birthplace, has been the hotbed and now is the death scene of the insurrection. Since Jan 1 the Fourth has secured nearly 1,000 rifles, one lieutenant general, two brigadier generals and colonels, lieutenant colonels and majors. Some have surrendered with their tongues almost hanging out from their long sprints, more have been captured and all seem relieved to get a chance to rest and breathe.

For a long time, and, indeed, almost to the end of December, nothing of importance could be done, as we had no secret service men and could not identify insurgents when we had captured them. But one day in the last of December an excited individual rushed into Imus and, showing raw, abraded marks on his neck, told Capt. Duncan that he was an insurgent captain and that his superior officers had ordered him hanged that day; the rope broke and he had managed to escape. He said all he wanted was revenge and he would guide us and identify all his late companions. He was thoroughly in earnest.

GATHER IN ABOUT 800.

Orders were telegraphed and by various ways troops went during the night and surrounded four barrios of Imus, south of the town proper, and at daylight all the men were gathered in, about 800 of them. Our "captain" was true to his word and his actions furnished the finest entertainment in these islands.

He started from Imus at 3 o'clock in the morning with three officers and a dozen soldiers and they went rapidly southward into the barrio of Anabo. Sudenly he darted into a house, a light was struck and he rushed across the room over some sleeping figures on the floor and jumped with his feet on one of them. The man tried to get up and after a few vigorous kicks he was assisted to his feet only to be promptly knocked down by the "captain's" fist. Finally the "captain" got his victim outside the house and after a few more vicious strokes he stood the dumfounded creature up against the house and, taking his hat off with a mocking salute, he said in Tagalog: "Gentlemen, this is my major, who tried to kill me yesterday." Immediately the major received another left hook or uppercut or something equally effective and was turned over to the soldiers. The whole affair was quicker than it can be described and the "captain" rushed off down the road to secure some other officers.

"CAPTAIN" HAS HYSTERICS.

As he passed a house he would say "Two soldiers here" or "One soldier here" and in less than half an hour he had a dozen prominent officers and soldiers. Then he sat down to taunt his prisoners and rest. Shortly after daylight a detachment from the south came up and brought about 200 prisoners. They were in two ranks halted in the road and our "captain," who was all nerves and excitement, looked down the column and laughed and laughed. One of the officers introduced him to me and he looked at my collar ornament and said: "All the same me, 4th regiment," for the soldiers had got his uniform.

Then he stepped out and shouted a command in Tagalog. Immediately the prisoners faced to the left. He gave another command and the front rank stepped three paces to the front; another and the front rank faced about and dressed toward his flank, but not promptly or carefully enough to suit the captain, for suddenly he sprang down the line about ten files and struck a man a tremendous blow in the stomach with his cane. It is unnecessary to add that the man got into line promptly. Then the "captain" walked through and inspected the ranks, stopping now and then to laugh heartily in some poor devil's face.

HAVING FUN WITH THE PRISONERS.

Soon our interpreter got a notebook and the "captain" had the prisoners file past him while he separated the goats from the other goats. There are no sheep among them. He would allow a man to get past him and almost cut of reach and then he would catch the fellow's shirt and laugh and say: "Oh, soldado mio!" (Oh my soldier!) And when the poor creature turned about the captain would look at him fiercely and say: "Who is your captain?" And invariably the victim would salute him. He played with them as a cat plays with a mouse. He introduced us to his first sergeant, his company cook, company clerk, orderly and other dignitaries. They were terrified and for possibly the first time in their lives they told the truth and admitted that they were insurgents and promised to get their rifles.

They were sent one at a time under guard and drew out rifles from all sorts of places where we never could have found them except by the merest accident. We got 112 officers and soldiers that day and have been getting them ever since. Among them we found many who as a price of their liberty were anxious to assist us and soon there grew up a good secret service corps of men whom we could at least trust to denounce their enemies. We have placed complete confidence in almost none of them but in the majority of cases they have told us the truth and we have been able to pay them for their services.

SOME SCENES PATHETIC.

This method has been pursued for nearly three months with excellent results and has kept the insurgents so rapidly on the move that their lives have become very burdensome. At the same time we have caused to be widely published the offer to receive their surrender with their arms and to permit them to go free if there were no crimes charged against them. Oaths of allegiance have been in demand and the printing presses must have been worked to their limit.

There have been some amusing scenes and also many that were pathetic. All the insurgents seem to have large families dependent upon them and of course a poor wife with a lot of little children is a strong petition for the release of almost anybody. One morning I saw a woman come across the parade ground here with a baby in one arm and over the other shoulder a rifle with which to purchase her husband's liberty. He was released. But we were easily worked, and until we had established a systematic method of treating such applications we were overrun with weeping women and I have seen groups of pickaninnies that would weep loudly in chorus. Finally it was found the women were even borrowing pickaninnies and we drew the line on such petitions.

The principal people of the towns drew themselves up with indignation and all we were receiving and giving credit to the statements of irresponsible and bad people. Our reply was that we had been here nearly two years and the principal people, as they called themselves, had never aided us at all to get information of the insurgents or of the bad hombres and we were obliged to get information where we could. They have not yet thought of suitable repartee for this remark and we are securing more rifles.

MODERNIZATION OF JAPAN.

Large Army and Navy Necessary to Absorb Her Ex-Warriors.

The men who have made Japan—Marquis Ito, Count Okuma, Count Itagaki, and others now dead—were keen sighted enough to see that to preserve the independence and dignity of their country it was necessary to fight the foreigner with his own weapons. They were all men belonging to the hereditary gentry of Japan, but, as it were, to the democracy of gentility. None of them belonged to high families, and in the old order of things their splendid abilities would not have raised them from obscurity. Their personal ambitions, therefore, coincided exactly with the policy they saw was necessary for their country's welfare.

Having obtained the power they set to work with minds enlightened by foreign travel and totally emancipated from old-fashioned ideas, says the London Mail. Almost at a blow, as preparation for the grand scheme of modernization, they destroyed the old feudal system and created a new order of society. But this tremendous revolution brought with it consequences which have had a vast effect on the country's policy. It is not difficult in a more or less absolute country to sweep away an institution by a stroke of the pen, but it is impossible to do so without a vast social disturbance.

A great military class—the armed retainers of the old nobility, men bred only to fighting, disdaining labor, and, above all, trade—were practically cast adrift without means of livelihood. It was at one time no uncommon thing to find a messenger "boy" or a jinrikisha coolie whose ancestors had been soldiers for a hundred generations, and who considered himself vastly higher, even in his poverty, than the millionaire merchant whom he served.

This class was a great danger and embarrassment to the reformed government. Some provision had to be made for them, and revolutionary outbreaks here and there showed it would have to be on a large scale. A big police force—unnecessarily large to a foreign eye—was formed. The pay was miserable, but the work was such as a gentleman could do. The army was progressively increased, chiefly, perhaps, in the idea that the safety of the country demanded it, but largely to dispose of the masses of discontented ex-warriors. The expansion of the navy further helped to absorb these men.

ACTIONS SOMETIMES TALK.

How a Shrewd Reporter Learned What He Wanted to Know.

It is not the least of many interesting phases of Washington experience, to note the dealings of those who have "been in to see the president" with reporters, certainly offer interesting studies in practical psychology. Still there are many reporters and men of affairs who are wonderful adepts in this kind of "mind reading."

One journalist who is an expert at this sort of thing, walked a couple of squares with a member of the cabinet, trying to elicit an expression of opinion on a certain matter of moment. The secretary's lips were as firmly closed as the shells of a Hingham quohaug at low water, so far as the desired "last word" was concerned, or even a hint of the situation. He was not so completely self-contained, however, that his actions and manner were inscrutable. The reporter hazarded a guess founded on his impressions, and wired the result to his paper. The next day the secretary met him and said:

"How did you get that information, Mr. ——"

"From you, sir," said the secretary. "I never said a word."

"That is so," replied the correspondent, "but you acted it."

"Well, you were wrong in some things, anyhow. Still, I think I'll have to take a course of congressional poker-playing, until I can disguise my thoughts."

"Such people are the easiest of all to read."

"And how do you do it?"

"Why, you read their hands by reversing their expression. The man who seems to bet on an ace full probably holds a bob-tail flush, and the disconsolate surveyor of a probable bob-tail flush is likely laying for you with the ace-full, and there you are. There is always some way to figure it out."—Joe Mitchell Chapple in the National Magazine for May.

According to Hoyle.

The father of the game of whist, Edmond Hoyle, lived to be ninety-seven years old, says the New York Press. His treatise on cards has been published in all languages, and probably no work except the Bible has passed through more editions. The original work apeared in London in 1742, and by 1770 it had reached its fifteenth edition. Then the commentators, revisers, critics, iconoclasts, pirates and expounders set in, and from that time on down to the present day innumerable "Hoyles" have been issued. We now have the "American Hoyle," the "French Hoyle," the "German Hoyle," and so forth. We have Hoyle by Foster and Hoyle by "Trumps." Who is "Trumps?" But, notwithstanding all modern authorities, we continue to play "according to Hoyle."

ROYAL NEIGHBORS OF AMERICA.

Low Rates to Biennial Meeting, Springfield, Ill., May 14-17.

The North-Western Line has made a rate of a fare and one-third for this occasion. Tickets and information as to selling dates at 382 Robert St., St. Paul; 413 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis.

FRENCH "FEEVE O'CLOCK"

ATTEMPT OF THE PARISIANS TO IMITATE A SACRED ENGLISH CUSTOM

GOUTER AND PATISSERIE

Curious to Mark the Gradual Transition From English Afternoon Tea to the French Fashion.

Paris Cor. London Star.

"Nous allons shopper et puis nous feeveo'clockerons vers quatre heures et demie." So says the beautiful Parisienne to the mother, cousin or aunt who is up from the country for a few days. And then the two ladies get into the carriage to explore the wonders of the Rue de la Paix, and end with the "feeve o'clock" at Seraphin's, where tea, toast and marvelous cakes are exchanged for sums beyond all proportion to the size of the repast. But, except for the new word in her dictionary, France owes little to England in the way of afternoon tea. Here in Paris, where every one "dines late," 4 to 5 p. m. has for years been the hour of nondescript refreshment, and bereft of its concomitant Indian tea the "feeve o'clock" is only the old "gouter" masquerading in go ahead circles in a foreign dress.

It is curious to mark the gradual transition from English afternoon tea to the gouter—which Larousse, guilty herein of the sole anachronism to be found in his admirable dictionary, describes as "leger repas qu'on fait entre le diner et le souper." In the triangle between the Louvre, the Opera and the Place de la Concorde are huddled together many tea shops. They are things of recent growth and wear something of a suburban air, but at any rate they provide real tea—not the straw and warm water of the cafes—and real bread and butter, and the only objection to them is their terrible abundance of "Anglaises"—not in the least to be confounded with Englishwomen, though unfortunately they are the only type of our sisters that get into the French illustrated papers.

A halfway house between afternoon tea and the gouter, between England and France, comes Seraphin's, rightly so called. Here one sees the most beautifully dressed women in the world refreshing nature after shopping. There is a curious sense of mixture in the air. The meal is called tea, and, indeed, real tea is provided to drink. But there is a Frenchified air about the whole business; one is not the least deceived as to the history of the would-be English bread and butter; many little sandwiches are eaten which are delicious mouthfuls, but not sandwiches; and though the ladies have learned to hold their cups and balance their food very prettily on the edge of saucers, one doubts if they are altogether enjoying themselves. Besides, they stand about as they eat and drink, which, of course, no English woman, except the pourer out, ever does. If you have the honor of knowing any of Seraphin's clients you will see how much happier they are "chez elles" drinking tea made with unboiled water, frequently serving coffee alone without the parent alternative, and spreading little lace table napkins on their knees.

A further march into French land brings us to the families where England is only known as the birthplace of "Sir Dickens" and the country which was defeated at the battle of Bouvines. Here the hostess herself brings her visitor a glass of sherry. The glass rests comfortably enough on a Frenchman's knee, but it makes an Englishman intensely wretched. He has not yet learned to drink in the presence of ladies; he only understands sherry when there is a mahogany table to stretch his legs under; finally, an empty teacup looks all right anywhere about the drawing room, but an empty wine glass never, not even on the mantelpiece. With possibly the addition of the most crumb producing biscuit extant, this glass of sherry forms the "gouter" of high life, and "leger repas" enough it is, heaven knows, for the child of a race that looks to range among twenty different plates of cake at 5 o'clock. The young of a French household take a far more satisfying meal. See them in the Tuileries gardens in gathering autumn, when the sun lights up the long, flat clouds beyond Passy and the "Ile des Cygnes" with red and gold. The "nounous" in their long, flowing cloaks and quilted caps in gaudy streamers call their charges about them. Then bread and chocolate are served out to the bigger children, while the tinier ones, still in arms, imbibe deeply at nature's fount. All this naturally reminds the Englishman that dejeuner took place a long while ago. But fortunately it is never far in Paris to one of those beautiful combination boulangerie-patisseries, and here one may take his "gouter" in real French middle-life style. The great staring window is cut down the center by the door; on the one side are displayed the most wonderful set of cakes that ever fathered indigestion, on the other innumerable "breads," from the stodgy "pain noir" and gritty "pain de menage" to the dainty torpedo-shaped bread of two sous, or the succulent and buttery "croissant." This end of the shop is for cheapness and solidity; in they rush, the customers, one after another, the "calicot" from the hosier's next door, the lawyer's clerk from the second-floor flat opposite, the "blanchisseusse" or the little milliner, going hatless on her errands. Each chooses a "croissant" from the window and a stick of chocolate from the glass jar on the shelf, flings down the necessary coppers, and rushes out, always in a hurry, like the whole of the nation. At the other end proceedings are more leisurely. We choose what we please, and perhaps, we select a tartlet, and then one of the shop girls offers us a plate, knife and spoon. One cuts the tart up with the spoon and puts it in his mouth with the knife.

There is a beautiful "patisserie" in a street close by the Odeon. Pleasant memories hang about the shop of Saturday rambles in winter time with a strange Bohemian creature who used to maintain that the 1.25 franc meal "prix fixe" in the Palais Royal was the best dinner attainable in the world. One took the "bateau mouche" up stream with the Seine in flood driving round the piers of the bridges, and the eternal fisherman, catching nothing, near the steamer pontoons. At the Jardin des Plantes one threw bread to the bears, which is exactly like dropping stones down a well, because the pleasures of gustation are even less apparent in the countenance of a bear than of an elephant. And then one wandered back through the Quartier Latin to the "patisserie." There the "gateaux mocha"—delicate rings of pastry full of custard just burned to the right extent—and a dream; and the almond paste potatoes prove conclusively what a pull art has over nature. The only objection to the "patisserie" is that one can never remember the names of the cakes he has eaten. But madame at the "caisse" decides. In her well ordered head she keeps various pigeonholes marked with different prices, and to one or other of these, upon swift consideration of costume, she instantly assigns her foreign customer. I, for instance, occupy a 65 centime pigeonhole, where I meet many friends, but others keep down stairs in the 30 centime compartment, and one proud fellow, who gets his hat ironed thrice a week, fills a regular "fauteuil d'orchestre" at 1.25 francs! Madame's smile, however, is equally bright for all clients. So the moral is, dress to suit a low bill, and nothing is pleasanter in all the pleasant Paris day than the "gouter" at a "patisserie."

Crying Need.

Atlanta Constitution.

"What we needs in dis country terday," said the old colored parson, "is mo' hell in religion. A man come long heah some time ago, endurin' er my absence, after I got married en wuz off by myself enjoyin' er my honeymoon, en preach a sarmont in de which he 'lowed dat hell wuz gittin' cooler ever' day—dat de brimstone wuz givn' out, de matches wuz wet, en de coal wuz gwine; en after dat it wuz onpossible ter git a quorum in de meetin' house! De congregation went off en give a big barbecue, en sold all dey hymn books fer a song. En ter dis day dar's some er dem dat won't b'l'eve in fire en brimstone twell dey see it blaze!"

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS."

Some Observations by Andrew Lang on Masculine Weeping.

The heroes of Homer, great, strapping fellows, weep on the slightest opportunity. Menelaus cries when he is wounded—not badly. Mr. Kipling, I think, is my authority for saying that every one cries when he is shot in the hand, says the London Morning Post. The foot seems less apt when injured to cause tears. I lately met a very young gentleman who, after adequately bayoneting a Boer, was himself shot in the foot. But, from his description of the sensation, it was as if somebody had thrown a stone at him, and he did not weep. At any emotion Homer's men cry, without any of our false modesty. In one place a hero is described by the great poet as "weeping like a waterfall," which to us Northern people seems rather absurd. The heroes of the old French epic, "The Song of Roland," cry; the whole army, without exception, blubber when they think of sweet France during a peninsular campaign. On the other hand, I do not remember a single instance in which the tough warriors of the Norse sagas weep. Our early Norman kings, hardbitten men, rolled on the floor and gnawed at straws in stead of crying; they also swore terribly, especially William Rufus. Now, if you come to think of it, the Romans, and still more the Greeks, appear to have been practically ignorant of profane swearing. Homer never tells us that "our men swore terribly in" Troia. They could curse, I admit, but to curse was rather an elaborate affair usually resorted to by injured mothers, not a mere explosion of irritation. No Homeric hero, however angry, exclaims, "You go to Tartarus." They had not even a word for our brief popular expression of hostile interest in the future life of an irritating person. Fielding makes the village boys say to Phaethon, the son of the sun:

You, the Sun's son, you rascal—you be d——d! But here the learned author of "Tom Jones" permits himself to enjoy an anachronism. The inference from these considerations is, that the early Greek warriors cried so much because they did not know how to swear, a practice far more military and manly. Swift tells us that when all London expected the last day the officers of her majesty, Queen Anne, swore even more than common, lest their men should think that any occasion, however serious, could daunt a gentleman who wore the queen's uniform. The intention, by itself, was excellent, but Achilles and Agamemnon would have sat down and cried, a thing detrimental to discipline.

The next best weepers known to history are the philosophers of the eighteenth century. Their great idea was to return to a state of nature, which was presently done in the savage fer citi s of the glorious revolution. But before blood was shed in rivers the philosophers returned to a state of nature by weeping like waterfalls, Rousseau, especially, outdid Job Thotter, Mr. Jingle's servant in "Pickwick," a gentleman whom this lackey genius greatly resembled. Rousseau tells us that he used to walk along the road weeping when he thought what a fine old fellow the Earl Marischal was. Even Agamemnon would not have cried at the reflection that Nestor was a fine old fellow. On the Scottish shoulder and velvet coat, adorned with yellow buttorflies, Mr. David Hume did Jean Jacques also shed the tears of sensibility greatly disconcerting Mr. Hume. A daisy, a pretty girl, "a bird in the branches, a flower by the way," were enough to set the lachrymatory glands of the philosopher at work. "He went out on the main and did the briny." The practice became fashionable, as the novels of the period show, if we can trust the novels of the period.

KANSAS, THE TENTH MUSE.

Makes as Much Noise as a "Moon Full of Meteors on a Tin Roof."

William Allen White, in the St. Louis Mirror.

There is a foolish English question or conundrum which runs, "Why is a mouse when it spins?" There is no answer to it. It is only a silly combination of words, and in this same spirit and by the same token one might ask, "Why is Carrie Nation when she smashes?"

Why is she?

Heaven knows!

Why does all the world stop its business and stand agape while this fat little old woman who until ten weeks ago had lived sixty eminently respectable years goes about waving her hatchet and talking in loud and excited tones?

As the world has rolled along any number of ladies and gentlemen have risen with axes or adzes or clubs and have lammed the daylights out of people who disagree with them. Saloon smashing has been done, and in recent years, by women who have been persecuted by the rum fiend. The matter has caused some neighborhood comment. It has even got into the day's dispatches. But the story was unimportant and trivial and "really of no consequence."

But here comes this Kansas woman from Medicine Lodge, Kan., the home of Jerry Simpson, and also of Congressman Chester I. Long, whose speech on the Porto Rican tariff was used more than any other speech on the subject by the Republican national committee last year—here comes this little old Kansas woman and throws a rock hard around the world.

Why does it resound?

Would it have crushed through the glass doors of the House of Fame if Mrs. Nation had thrown that rock at Springfield, Mo., or Wheeling, W. Va., or Charleston, S. C., or Walla Walla, Wash., or Laramie, Wyo., or Ilion, N. Y.?

"No!" as the Fourth of July orator would say, "No, ten thousand times no!"

The rock that Carrie Nation aimed at the rum fiend's slats rattled around the world like a moon full of meteors falling on a tin roof solely and only because Carrie Nation threw the rock in Kansas.

Kansas is the tenth muse—the muse of advertising.

There have been socialists in America for a century, but until the Kansas Populists appeared the socialists were without force or effect. There have been cyclones in the world since the morning stars sang together, but was without distinction of influence. God made grasshoppers before he made man, but until the grasshopper became hyphenated with Kansas he was a lowly bug, less known than the bedbug or the flea.

Kansas refuses to allow her wares to become shopworn. She advertises. It is in the blood. When she found she had in Ingalls the best living American stylist, what did she do? Did she hide him in a college, as Massachusetts would have done? Did she start a magazine with him, as New York would have done? Did she send him to the court of St. James, as Ohio would have done? No, gentle reader. Kansas found the best billboard on earth, and put John J. Ingalls to writing advertising on Kansas there. Kansas sent Ingalls to the senate.

Kansas gets advertising out of everything. Good fortune and calamity, riches or adversity, famine or feast—all times and seasons are reserved in the contract for top-of-column-next-to-reading-matter advertising for Kansas.

Kansas is a wonderful state. If some night an earthquake should drop the whole ever blooming state into the bottomless pit, before morning the inclosure would be fenced up with a billboard ten miles high, covered with the story of the glory of Kansas, and every night from the crater of the pit the same enlivening and diverting, withal profitable, Kansas tale would be wigwagged from the blaze below upon the dome of the eternal stars.

COST OF KINGLY CROWNS

MOST EXPENSIVE CORONATION THAT EVER TOOK PLACE WAS THE CZAR'S

THAT OF GEORGE IV. A RECORD

Compared With the Money Spent on Such Occasions in Russia, the Figure, However, Was Small.

Probably the most expensive coronation that ever took place was that of the present Czar of Russia, which was celebrated at Moscow with great splendor in 1896, says London Tit Bits. Upward of £3,000,000 was expended by the government alone, and fully another million by the public authorities of various Russian towns. The representatives of other powers vied with each other in lavish outlays, and, counting the sums spent by private persons, the coronation of Nicholas II. cannot have cost much less than £5,000,000.

Forty thousand pounds were expended on the Czarina's coronation robe, and the harness for the carriage horses taking part in the procession involved an outlay of £100,000. Lady singers of the rank of prima donna were engaged by the score, no fewer than fifty taking part in the ceremony. What they cost may be gathered from the fee of 3,000 guineas paid to Mme. Sigrid Arnoldson.

The coronation of Czar Nicolas I. was also a very expensive affair. The then Duke of Devonshire was the British representative at the imposing function, and spent fully £50,000 of his own money in connection with it. The czar's crown is said to be the finest ever worn by a sovereign. It is in the form of a bishop's miter. On its crest is a cross composed of five of the most beautiful diamonds ever cut, supporting the largest ruby in the world. It is also adorned with many other precious gems including a large number of the handsomest pearls ever seen.

Compared with the sums lavished on a Russian coronation, the cost of the ceremony in this country is exceedingly small. The coronation of George IV. was the most expensive of any English monarch, and this only cost £240,000. Of this sum £24,000 was expended on coronation robes and £54,000 on the crown.

The amount was considered enormous, and as the public were excluded from Westminster Abbey during the ceremony there was a great deal of criticism and dissatisfaction with the whole affair. A large number of pavilions were erected along the line of route of the procession, the price of a single seat ranging from £4 4s to £8 8s.

The cost of the coronation of George III. did not amount to half that of the coronation of George IV. But it was a very impressive ceremony which the public were not debarred from witnessing—or at least such of them as could afford to pay for seats in the galleries of Westminster Abbey. The front seats were let at ten guineas each. Small houses along the route of the procession were let at from £200 to £300. Larger houses cleared £700, and some even as much as £1,200.

William IV. had a pronounced dislike to pomp and pageantry, and on his accession expressed a desire that the coronation ceremony should be made as simple and inexpensive as it could be with propriety. His wishes were carried out, with the result that the whole cost of coronation amounted to only £30,000.

This, of course, involved the sacrifice of some of the function's attractions as a spectacular affair; but the fees charged for viewing the procession were, if anything, higher than any paid before, small fortunes being made by house owners along the line of route.

The coronation of our late beloved sovereign, Queen Victoria, was a splendid piece of pageantry. Its cost was £70,000. The coronation ring had been made for the little finger instead of the fourth, as prescribed by the rubric. The archbishop of Canterbury insisted that the directions of the prayer book should be precisely carried out, and the forcing of the ring on the Queen's finger caused her intense pain.

Then the orb which was placed in her majesty's hand was so heavy that she could scarcely carry it. What would have happened if she had dropped this symbol no one dared to guess. The mishap would doubtless have been regarded as an ill-omen for her reign.

When Lord Rolle, an aged peer, between eighty and ninety, essayed to mount the steps to do homage, he fell down. It was a painful moment, for the spectators as well as for the nobleman, who again attempted to mount the steps. But, with a gracious courtesy which made a deep impression on all who witnessed it, the queen came forward, and descended one or two of the steps to meet him, thus averting further mishap.

The crown made for Queen Victoria's coronation is the most valuable in the world. It is worth £300,000, weighs almost two pounds, and has set in it upwards of 3,000 precious stones, of which number 2,500 are diamonds. It also contains sapphires, pearls, emeralds, and rubies. Among the last named is the ruby presented to the Black Prince by Pedro, king of Castile. The same crown will be used for the coronation of King Edward VII.

One of the quaintest ceremonies connected with the coronation is the anointing of the sovereign with oil. This is done by the archbishop of Canterbury, who anoints the monarch on the crown of his head and the palms of his hands.

Verdi's Papers Burned.

London Express.

There has just taken place at Verdi's house, Santa Agata, near Busseto, a great destruction of the late composer's private papers.

There has lain in the building for some years two huge chests, hermetically sealed. Nobody knew what was in them, but they were believed to contain the composer's inprovisations and musical compositions which he did not care to publish.

On his will being opened, it was found to contain a clause directing that these two chests, with their contents, be burned, without being opened, and this has just been done on a sort of improvised funeral pyre, outside Santa Agata.

OFF AT BUFFALO

For the Pan-American Exposition.

On May 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th the Wisconsin Central railway will place on sale round-trip tickets, good returning five days from date of sale, at rate of one fare for the round-trip, plus $1. Tickets also on sale April 30th to September 30th, good returning fifteen days from date of sale, at rate of one and one-third fare for the round-trip. For further particulars call on or write Herman Brown, C. P. & T. Agt., 373 Robert St., St. Paul.

NOTICE TO DEALERS IN BOOKS AND BLANKS.

As provided by the law under which this Board is organized, we are about to inaugurate a system of accounts to be kept by this office and the several institutions under our control, and desire bids for the furnishing of books, blanks, file covers and file cases incident thereto. As this is a large order, it is worthy the attention of dealers.

All bids should be sealed, marked "Proposals for furnishing books, blanks, etc." and be at its office at the state capitol in St. Paul on or before May 27th, 1901, at 12 m. Bids will be received separately on books, blanks, file cases and file covers, and also on entire lot in one sum.

Any further information needed to enable bidders to fully understand our requirements can be had at its office on and after May 14th, where sample pages of all books, also forms for blanks can be seen. All bids will be strictly confidential if desired. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

BOARD OF CONTROL OF STATE INSTITUTIONS,
S. W. LEAVITT, Chairman.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on Grotto Street.

Office of the Board of Public Works,
City of St. Paul, Minn., May 3, 1901.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 2 p. m. on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1901, for the construction of a sewer on Grotto street, from Ashland avenue to a point one hundred and twenty-four (124) feet north of Ashland avenue, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent, or a certified check on a bank of St. Paul, in a sum of at least ten (10) per cent of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid. Said check shall be made payable to the Clerk of said Board.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

F. O. HAMMER,
President.

Official: C. H. BRONSON,
Clerk Board of Public Works.
May 4-1901-10t.

DIED.

HUSTON—In St. Paul, at his residence, 140 East Ninth street, May 12, 1901, Harry Huston, aged thirty-two years. Funeral service from E. O. Shroeder's undertaking establishment, 18½ East Sixth street, Tuesday, May 14, at 3 o'clock p. m. Interment at Oakland cemetery.

ESCH—In St. Paul, Minn., Peter J. Esch, at his former residence, 430 Fort street, at 4 o'clock p. m., May 11, 1901, aged forty years. Funeral services at Assumption church Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.

NEW CAPITOL FOR THE STATE OF MINNESOTA.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals in duplicate will be received at the office of the Board of State Capitol Commissioners, No. 512 Endicott building, St. Paul, Minn., until 12 o'clock noon, on the 4th day of June, 1901, for all labor and material required for the construction of the granite steps and terraces for the new state capitol building at St. Paul, in accordance with the drawings and specifications, which may be seen at the office of the Board on and after May 10th, 1901. Copies of said drawings and specifications may be obtained from Cass Gilbert, architect, No. 524 Endicott building, St. Paul, upon payment of the cost of such reproductions, and a deposit of $100, such deposit to be returned to the bidder upon return of the drawings and specifications.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for a sum not less than $5,000.00, payable to the order of said Board, as a guarantee of good faith. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids and to waive any defect or informality in any bid, if it be deemed in the interest of the state to do so. Proposals received after the time stated will be returned to the bidders. Proposals must be made upon printed forms which will be furnished by the Board, and must be inclosed in envelopes, sealed and marked "Proposals for Steps and Terraces for New Minnesota State Capitol at St. Paul," and addressed to the Board of State Capitol Commissioners.

For the Board of State Capitol Commissioners.

CHANNING SEABURY,
Vice President.

St. Paul, May 9th, 1901.