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A DREADFUL THOUGHT.

A lady and her daughter were going along a country road when they met a tramp, who asked for alms, and when refused, walked away exclaiming:

"Ah, I must do it at last."

"Oh, mamma, did you hear what that poor man said?"

"No."

"He said he must do it at last. I suppose he is going to do what all poor, hungry wretches do—commit suicide."

The lady, hearing this, exclaimed: "Call him back; I must save him from such an awful deed," and taking out her purse, handed the tramp half-a-dollar.

"Now, my good man," she exclaimed, "what did you mean when you said you must do it at last?"

"Work, ma'am."

ODORLESS FLOWERS.

The majority of flowers have no perfume whatever. A chemist, who has for some time been making researches into the subject, declares that, out of 4,110 varieties known and cultivated in Europe, scarcely 400 have any odor, and of these nearly fifty have an odor which is, if anything, disagreeable.

Grinder—"What! Asleep at your desk, and work so pressing!" Meekly—"Excuse me, sir; baby kept me awake all night." Grinder—"Then you should have brought it with you to the office!"

Canada's Rough Riders

STIRRING LIFE OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED POLICE.

The romance and tradition of the Far North for thirty years has made the Northwest Mounted Police famous, says a writer in the New York Herald. Recently a government edict has gone forth that will send the daring body of men further north and practically confine their efforts to the mysterious region marked on the south by the Arctic circle. This new era in the career of the Northwest Mounted Police is the sequel of the tremendous immigration that has been pouring over the southern boundary for the last five years into the Northwest Territories.

The change means that the militia system of the Dominion will be established in this vast western empire, which for more than thirty years has been subject to the iron rule of the red coated cavalry of the British Empire. Probably nowhere in the world, with the possible exception of Texas, where the Rangers of pioneer days attained fame as rough and ready fighting men, does history present a more picturesque example of military occupation of a force of men with so many daring deeds to their credit. In fact, the mounted police of Canada have since their organization presented a fascinating interest to civilization peculiarly their own. There is no other instance in the empire building record of the British people where so small a body of armed men have accomplished so much with so little actual resort to arms. Famed in song and story as the explorers of Prince Rupert's Land and the preservers of the peace of a domain as wide as from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean and from New Orleans to Boston, this splendid army of veteran fighters was constructed upon a nucleus of but three hundred plainsmen.

It is an alluring story for the English speaking world to contemplate. The reign of the Canadian police extends over a hostile country lying between the forty-ninth and sixty-first parallels of latitude and the 101st and 116th degrees of longitude. To-day there are twenty-four hundred members of this body. In 1873, when the force was organized, it consisted of three hundred. It was in the following year that the small army invaded the unknown Prince Rupert's Land, as all this section was then known. For years the original force controlled this colossal empire inhabited by fierce tribes of Indian warriors and fiercer bands of white desperadoes. The gradual increase of population necessitated adding to the force.

FAR NORTHERN BOUNDARY.

To-day these cavalry scouts penetrate far beyond the Arctic circle and maintain law and order among the Indian tribes that spread out into the icebound north, where the red men's skin gradually clears and gives place to the Esquimau. From the American border on the south to the Arctic Sea on the north, a distance of two thousand miles, and from Manitoba on the east to British Columbia on the west, a distance of eight hundred miles, these men exercise civic control.

It was to this veteran force that the empire appealed in its darkest moments, when the Boer sharpshooters were destroying the English regulars. Many of the Canadian mounted riflemen who died at Heart's River and fought the republican forces at Spion Kop were drawn from these riders of the Western plains. It was this leaven that formed the Canadian regiments sent to South Africa into such a fighting corps similar in mobility and accuracy of rifle to the Boer commanders. A generation before these same rough riders had been called upon for the hard work in advance of British regulars in putting down the Riel rebellion in the Northwest. These two fierce conflicts established the mettle of these men, as a hundred sharp battles with Indians and outlaws all over the Northwest had before and since tested their red blood.

As rapidly as the Territories are organized the militia system supplants the mounted police. Therefore they will be confined to the Mackenzie land, Athabaska and the unnamed region beyond the inlets of the Arctic Ocean within a short time. To-day the outposts of civilization on Great Bear Lake and the valley of the Mackenzie River, the Mississippi of the North, are marked by the presence of a single red coat, and curious as it may appear, this lonely sentinel, the only symbol of British authority for hundreds of miles, is sufficient to preserve order among the half wild tribes who supply the Hudson Bay Company with its fur treasure in that distant land.

In Calgary, nearly two thousand miles from Chicago, the people do not consider themselves anywhere near the border of civilization toward the North. Here is located the great barracks of the police, but three hundred miles north, Edmonton, a city of 10,000, is the northern terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Then for

ANOTHER THOUSAND MILES

ordinary commercial relations are maintained through the chain of Hudson Bay trading posts. Not until that remote region is reached do Canadians begin to see the borders of their empire. In fact the Peace River country, that land of promise which is being sought by so many Americans to-day, is five hundred miles north of Edmonton. Here the Americans are to-day raising wheat and oats, in a land where vegetation was a few years ago supposed to be absolutely extinct. This gives an idea of the tremendous scope of the field tributary to the influence of the Northwest Mounted Police. This has been their sphere of influence since 1874.

Canada organized a mounted police force in Toronto in 1873 for the purpose of establishing a semblance of order in the unknown Rupert's Land. Three hundred troopers reached the West in 1874. Lieutenant Colonel French was in command. They came in by way of Fargo and Fort Benton and found the American whiskey traders in command, exercising a despotic sway over the Blackfeet. This was the beginning of the fighting of the Northwest police. Captain Charles E. Denny now resides in Calgary. He was with this original body of men, and tells many interesting stories of the collisions of the first year.

Where Macleod now stands, one hundred miles from the border, the whiskey traders had erected a fort. They had mounted several brass cannon, and with the aid of the rich American traders further south at Fort Benton were able to defy the Indians. This field had been abandoned by the Hudson Bay people to the American Northwest Trading Company some years before. It was to drive out the American whiskey traders that the mounted police found their first work. The old fort was taken. This was the famous Whoopup of the pioneer days. It was so named because the traders there ran out of whiskey on one occasion and hurried a messenger to B. C. Powers, the old trader at Benton, to whoop up the supply. It was located at the junction of the Belly and St. Mary's rivers. The name was changed in honor of

COLONEL MACLEOD.

The mounted police stations were gradually extended north. They reached the present site of Calgary, one hundred and fifty miles north, the following year. It was here that a curious character of history was found—Sam Livingston. He was located in a natural fort at the confluence of the Bow and Elbow rivers and eked out an existence trading with the Indians. He was an American, who had come West as a child with "Kit" Carson. Then and for years afterward Livingston claimed absolute domain as far as his rifle would shoot in any direction. The extraordinary character resides here to-day, one of the ties that bind the present with the early part of the last century. It was some time ago that the old man made a trip down to Winnipeg, a spot he had not visited in seventy years. He declared that "medicine" had been put in his eyes when he saw the tall buildings. He witnessed the movements of an electric car then for the first time, and again declared it more "medicine" than real.

The mounted police barracks at Calgary are a spacious park, including many buildings. Lieutenant Colonel Sanders is in command. Commissioner Perry resides at Regina, capital of the Territories, six hundred miles further east, but this is the important post, since it is the point where the Canadian Pacific Railroad lines cross for the east and west, north and south. The police are attired in cavalry trousers, a bright red tunic and white helmet. They carry two heavy revolvers and a Snider carbine. Strung out in every direction over the plains, the police are prepared by this chain to convey news off the railways with remarkable celerity. They ride in relays and couriers reach the Arctic circles from the American border easily at the rate of one hundred miles a day. Two score men are maintained in the Calgary barracks for emergency duty and are rushed out in relays as desired. Regular military discipline is maintained and any man permitting a prisoner to escape is sent to the penitentiary. In the isolated districts these police make arrests, act as judge and jury and not infrequently, as executing officer. This complete command gives the force extraordinary influence even at points so remote that they could not back their edicts by force.

POPULARITY OF THE FORCE.

While the members of the mounted police receive but ninety cents a day and provender for their mounts, the service is surrounded with such a halo of romance that the adventurous and the restless of all nations vie with one another in securing the positions. Since the American occupation the country has so rapidly settled up that the service has retrograded because of the lack of exciting duty. But to-day it includes a fine body of cavalry, ready to move day or night on the slightest provocation. To the readiness of these raiders of the plains to move from point to point, make time and shoot quick is due the extraordinary freedom of the Canadian West from lawlessness. On the American side of the border, south of Macleod, the cow punchers go armed and the "bad" man flourishes his weapon, always conspicuously displayed. The line is the limit of this sort of thing.

The desperado who rides across is forced to discard his weapons. If he resists he is confronted with certain death. The road agents who have periodically raided the transcontinental trains passing through Montana, when pursued, ride close up to the Canadian line, but seldom cross. The Canadian Pacific express trains, richly laden with the treasure of the Orient passing through to the imperial coffers, are immune from the attack of bandits. These outlaws realize that on that side can be found day and night several hundred men as well armed and as well mounted as they, who know the country better and who can move faster on slight notice than all the sheriff posses the Western States could organize. Upon the same theory to arm a number of resolute men and keep them with their mounts ever ready to go aboard a fast train to pursue train robbers, the Canadian West dominates the lawless "gun fighters" of the Territories. It is the display of force and preparedness.

The event in the history of the force that reflects most credit upon their capacity for handling critical situations grew out of the flight of old Sitting Bull and his Sioux band of braves after the Custer massacre. Captain Denny, of Calgary, then in command of a detachment of police, surrounded the Sioux, outnumbered a hundred to one, and forced them to remain in a prescribed limit pending negotiations with Uncle Sam. It was the dashing Mounted Police Captain Denny who took from Sitting Bull the huge gold watch the old Indian chief had snatched from the still quivering corpse of the daring Custer on the bloody field of the Little Big Horn and returned it to Mrs. Custer. Though the Sioux had just destroyed more than twice as many fine cavalry troopers as Captain Denny confronted him with, his braves seemed cowed by the very knowledge of their bloody victory and offered no violence to the small body of Canadian police.

JUDICIAL POWER.

These fighting men have no authority within towns and cities through the Territories to make arrests except when the crimes are committed beyond such municipal bounds. However, they act as a militia force, to be called in whenever the ordinary constabulary are unable to maintain order. The troopers do regular patrol work and ride by their chain system from the American line to the Arctic circle in their relay system. It is one of the marvels of the many curious things witnessed in the Far North—the presence of single red-coated men, grim and silent, keeping in check hundreds and even thousands of Indians and their wilder half-breed companions. It is the certainty, however, that if violence is done one of these men retribution is swift that gives them the amazing command of turbulent forces altogether out of proportion to their ability to enforce the laws. The police commissioner or highest officer present sits as a court and disposes of all cases brought by the scouts, with little regard for the hairsplitting technicalities of the legal fraternity. The guilt or the innocence is determined not infrequently upon hearsay evidence, but it is eminently satisfactory to the law abiding people. The American settlers are the loudest in their praise of this strange system that embraces both civil and criminal jurisdiction, with little hope of guilty men evading it.

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KING READS THE PAPERS.

His Majesty Enjoys Articles on the Royal Family.

His Majesty the King invariably looks through one or two daily papers, and has had many a hearty laugh in reading highly imaginative articles concerning himself or his family.

Every morning, certainly, little bits of news are cut from the various papers by some responsible Royal servant, and carefully pinned on to a slightly slanting table in His Majesty's study. At the top of each one of these slips is a kind of heading, which gives the Royal reader some idea of the nature of the article or paragraph below.

Should there be a serious mistake in an article His Majesty at once communicates with one of his secretaries, or some responsible person, and notifies his desire to have the error corrected. As a rule, however, the King takes no notice of these "little slips," as he himself calls them.

Only a few months ago, the King said laughingly to the Duke of Fife:

"I was very much amused in reading some of my 'cuttings' this morning. One mentioned that I was seen shopping in Bond Street yesterday; another, that my health was decidedly bad; and a third, that I had completely lost my appetite, and that I had the greatest difficulty in eating solid food at all. As a matter of fact," said the King, hugely amused, "I was not in London at all yesterday; my health is exceedingly good; and only this morning I struggled bravely through a very formidable beef steak."

The King once said, that whenever he saw the Queen looking through a newspaper, he knew that she was reading either about a children's home, or a hospital, and that the happiest moment of Her Majesty's life was when she could discover some new institution for the help of the poor, or for the cure of sick children.

HOUSEKEEPING HELPS.

Many kinds of provisions are cheaper when bought in quantities, and there is always comfort in having a supply at hand. Soap may be bought by the box and the longer it is kept the better it will be. Starch will keep indefinitely. Borax is a very useful article, and a box of it should be found on the shelves of every kitchen or pantry. It is good for softening hard water, either for the toilet or laundry. Use it liberally about the kitchen sink and it will remove all disagreeable odors. A strong, hot solution of borax and water poured down the drain pipes purifies and disinfects them.

There are many tasks that may be performed while sitting down if one has an old office stool in the kitchen. If you have a high chair for which you have no further use the top may be sawed off, to make a stool of it. Paring vegetables, ironing and wiping dishes are not tiresome tasks when one sits down to do them.

About the ....House

SEPTEMBER DAYS.

The skies, a hazy, golden sheen,
The wind, a faint, far sigh;
Complaining to the shriveled stream,
That calls as lost love in a dream,
From out the years gone by.

The melancholy woodland ways
Are rife with joy no more;
A whisper, as of forest fays,
Steals out along the dreamy days,
And summertime is o'er.

Adown the orchard's fragrant aisles,
The ripened fruit swings low;
The aster, in profusion smiles,
And from the dim woods' subtle wiles,
The shadows lengthen slow.

The songbirds gather for their flight
In silence, and farewell;
No more their songs of pure delight,
Are heard at dawn, and soft twilight
By forest, field and dell.

A ceaseless, and a haunting strain,
Comes up from field and fell;
A voice as from "the ailes of pain,"
Is echoed from the deep, dark main,
Sorrowing nature's knell.

So, all is hushed in quietude,
As fade the hours away;
As some sweet dream song's interlude,
That never more may be renewed,
So dies September's day.

J. R. WILKINSON.
Leamington, Ont.

IN PICKLING TIME.

The following mustard pickles resemble very closely the mixed pickles for sale at the groceries. That they are wholesome when made at home by a careful housewife, goes without saying. Mix together 1 quart each of chopped cauliflower, sliced cucumbers, small whole cucumbers, very small onions and one small red pepper. Cover with vinegar in which a tablespoon of salt has been dissolved and let stand over night. In the morning cook in same vinegar for 15 minutes, then drain well. Mix 14 tablespoons ground mustard with five cents' worth of tumeric, 1 tablespoon black pepper, 3 tablespoons sugar and half teacup flour with enough cold vinegar to make a smooth paste. Pour this mixture into 3 qts. boiling vinegar, boil a few minutes, then pour over the pickles. Mix well and bottle. Unless you have plenty of wide mouthed bottles it is better to use one-quart cans. This recipe makes 6 quarts.

Slice, but do not pare, enough green cucumbers in layers, sprinkling over them half a teacup salt. Let them stand 3 hours. To ½ pint olive oil add 2 onions chopped fine, 1 oz celery seed and 1 oz. each black and white mustard seed. Drain the cucumbers and place in layers, sprinkling between them the seeds, onions and 2 tablesuoons oil. Then pour over them the rest of the oil and fill the jar with good cold vinegar. The cucumbers should be of medium size and the slices not more than an eighth of an inch thick.

Tomatoe Pickles.—In selecting green tomatoes reject all that have the slightest tinge of ripeness as they will soften too quickly in cooking. Cut them in thick slices, not more than two or three to a tomato unless they are very small. To ½ bush. tomatoes use 1 dozen large white onions cut in medium slices. As they are cut place them in alternate layers in stone jars and strew over this amount 2 teacups salt. Let them stand over night. In the morning drain and cook until tender in vinegar enough to cover. Drain again and place in the jars in which they are to be kept.

Heat 4 qts. cider vinegar, add to it 2 lbs. brown sugar, 2 oz. each ground cinnamon and allspice, 1 oz. ground cloves, ¼ lb. white mustard seed, 2 ozs. ground mustard, a scant teaspoon cayenne and a tablespoon celery seed. Tie ground spices loosely in a bag. Add the celery seed and ground mustard to the sending vinegar, stirring until the mixture is smooth. If liked, a little horseradish may be auded to the vinegar and will help to keep the pickles. Pour the hot vinegar over the pickles at once and cover closely. Press a plate on the pickles to keep them under the vinegar and put a tight cover over all. Heavy paper tied firmly in place makes an excellent substitute for a tight fitting cover.

Take 24 large ripe cucumbers, six white onions and four red peppers. Pare and remove the seeds from the cucumbers and chop well, but not too fine. Chop onions and peppers, mix thoroughly with the three, 1 cup salt and 1 oz. white mustard seed. Place in a muslin bag and let them drain over night. Remove to glass jars, cover with cold vinegar and seal. These are good.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Orange Frappe.—Two tablespoons orange syrup, two tablespoons shaved ice, fill with seltzer, shake and strain.

Egg Phosphate.—Two tablespoons orange syrup, one egg, broken into the glass, fill with ice cold soda, shake, add a dash of phosphate, pour out, grate a nutmeg over the top, and serve with a straw.

Frosted Coffee—Fill a glass half full of cracked ice, and add two lumps of sugar. Pour the coffee over slowly, boiling hot, shake and strain, add cream to suit, and serve.

Raspberry Dash.—Two tablespoons raspberry syrup, two tablespoons of cream, half a glass of cracked ice, fill with seltzer shake and strain.

Olive and Tongue Sandwiches.—Stone and mince olives, seasoning with white pepper, then pound to a smooth paste, spread this on thin slices of bread and butter, and spread an equal number of slices rather thickly with finely chopped tongue. Press together lightly.

Nonpareil Marmalade.—One cup of fresh grated pineapple, two cups of fresh strawberries, or red raspberries, three cups of granulated sugar. Boil fruit first, then add sugar; boil until it looks thick, but not too long—about twenty minutes, slowly. Seal hot.

For serving with afternoon tea, or for the picnic lunch basket, caramel cookies are recommended. The following recipe comes from the wife of a college professor: Two eggs, one cup of sugar, two cups of oatmeal, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder, two teaspoonfuls of vannia flavoring, and a pinch of salt are required. Cream the butter and sugar, beat the eggs separately, and mix the baking powder and salt with the oatmeal. The mixture should be a thin batter. Drop on a buttered baking sheet very far apart. Bake in a tolerably quick oven.

Hickory-nut macaroons are among the most tempting home-made cakes, and are very easily made. Stir together a pound of powdered sugar, a pound of nuts chopped as fine as possible, the whites of five unbeaten eggs, one tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Drop from a teaspoon on the tin and bake in a very moderate oven, as they burn rather easily and need to cook slowly.

The following recipe is quite famous in a Pennsylvania town, where an old negro cook makes what are known and delighted in as "Betty's jumbles." They are made with one pound each of butter and sugar, two pounds of flour, three eggs, nine teaspoonsful of orange juice, three teaspoonsfuls of baking powder, salt to taste. Handle lightly, roll rather thin, and sprinkle with granulated sugar before baking in a quick oven. They will keep—if locked up—for several months.

MARKING FINE LINEN.

While the simple initial is perfectly correct, the monogram is the more elegant method of marking them. The same initial or monogram should be used on all household linen, varied in size to suit the sizes of the articles to be used.

French embroidery is the most approved form of decoration, and this is done in pure white mercerized cotton or linen; so this must be used if one wishes to cater to fashion.

The letters on sheets, pillow cases, and tablecloths are usually three inches in height; for towels and dinner napkins two, or two and one-half inch in height, and one and one-half inch in height for smaller napkins.

Perforated patterns for marking, from which the pattern may be transferred to the linen, may be had in fancy work shops, and these will enable the worker to stamp her own linen accurately, which is one of the essentials of good embroidery to which it is to be applied, and one rule always obtains for good work and that is: Use thread a little fine rather than too coarse, for the latter is sure to look humpy and clumsy on a fine ground, even though skilfully handled. Always place the stamped linen in an embroidery hoop before beginning work.

Sheets are stamped exactly in the middle of the top end, about two or three inches from the hem, with the top of the letter toward the middle of the sheet, so that the letter reads correctly and ride by their chain system from the American line to the Arctic circle when their edge is turned back. Pillow cases are marked in the same manner, with letters two inches above the hem, the lower end of letters.

WHAT TO DO WITH STAINS.

Iodine Stains.—Wash with alcohol, then rinse in soapy water.

Scorch Stains.—Wet the scorched place, rub with soap and bleach in the sun.

Soot Stains.—Rub the spots with dry meal before sending the clothes to the wash.

Grass Stains—Saturate the spot thoroughly with kerosene, then put in the washtub.

Blood Stains.—Soak in cold water, then wash in warm water with plenty of soap, afterwards boil.

Mildew—Soak in a weak solution of chloride of lime for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap.

Ink Stains.—Soak in sour milk. If a dark stain remains rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Verdigris.—Salt and vinegar will remove the worst spots of verdigris on brass or copper. Wash off with soap and water, and polish with a whiting wet with alcohol.

Grease Suots—Hot water and soap generally remove these. If fixed by long standing, use ether, chloroform, or naphtha. All three of these must be used away from either fire or artificial light.

TEACHING HIM A LESSON.

A wealthy broker is so fond of flowers that he frequently spends some time in and about his place, sometimes doing a little gardening himself. A few days ago he thought he would water some plants, so he called to his new coachman, who was standing near a watering-can, and told him to fill it and bring it to him.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm the coachman," said the importation, touching his hat.

"Well, that's all right; bring that can here."

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm the coachman."

"Well, well, I know that. Bring the can here. I want it."

The coachman touched his hat and still made the same reply. Then something dawned on the broker.

"Oh," he said, "so you're the coachman, and can't bring the can. Well, coachman, go and have the black team hitched to the family carriage and bring it here. Have one of the ostlers ride on the box with you."

The coachman touched his hat again respectfully and went. Presently he drove up in style.

"Now," said the broker, "drive to where that can is; and you, ostler, pick it up, get back on the box, drive round to the stable with the coachman, fill it with water, and have him drive you back again."

It was done, and the can brought, filled.

"Now, ostler," said the broker, "you may go. Coachman, you remain where you are. I may need you again. Don't drive away until I give you leave."

The coachman saved his dignity, but he sat on the seat of that coach for two hours after the broker had finished watering the flowers.

RUSSIAN PUBLIC-HOUSES.

A remarkable scene was witnessed a few years ago, when the Czar of Russia ordered that the private manufacture of Vodka (the national drink) should cease, and that the business should be taken over by the State and conducted on temperance lines. The new State monopoly was inaugurated in a remarkable way. Priests attended at all the drinking shops by official command, and conducted special services. The public-houses were dedicated to God, and prayers offered that under the new regime drunkenness might be abolished and the spiritual welfare of the people improved.

"Yes, I told Uncle Simon that he was getting too old and feeble to attend to business, and that he ought to hand it over to me." "Did he take it kindly?" "He threw me out of his office."

FREAKS BY MEN OF MEANS

MILLIONAIRE'S SON WORKS AS A WAITER.

The Widow of One Millionaire Spent $400,000 on His Funeral.

There is a good deal to be said for the freak—if "freak" indeed, it can be called—indulged in, not long since, by the millionaire son and heir of a great London caterer.

Knowing that he was destined to succeed to his father's business, he determined to make himself practically acquainted with its every detail, and so began at the bottom—as a waiter.

He donned the regulation dress, served his term at the tables, and even pocketed the resultant tips. But these latter were, at the end of the week, handed over to one of the several charities that exist to befriend and help those gentlemen of the napkin who are past work.

It was an analogous impulse, doubtless, that induced the only son of one of the wealthiest of London magnates to enter his father's office as a junior clerk. Fresh from college, where he had been one of the "smartest" leaders of an exceptionally "smart set," he yet did not disdain to fill occasional inkpots, run occasional errands, dust occasional desks, and fulfil such other casual menial offices as usually fall to the lot of the last comer in such an establishment.

WAITER AS COMPANION.

This, during the day. After business hours he changed to evening dress, and was borne by a hansom to a West End restaurant, where his bill for dinner equalled, if it did not exceed, his week's wages.

David Moffat, of Denver, after slaving for more than forty years to pile up his fortune of between twenty-five and thirty million dollars, thought he would like a holiday. So he set off, all alone, to "do Yewrup." But while resting at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, he took such a fancy to the head waiter there, one Thomas Gray, that he insisted upon that functionary accompanying him. The millionaire, of course, paid all expenses, and at the conclusion of the trip he handed his erstwhile travelling companion a handsome cheque to compensate him for his loss of salary during the time he had been absent from his post.

In Cleveland, Ohio, you could, until quite recently, have seen a young lady typewriter at work who was worth $20,000,000 in her own right. Her name was (she is married now) Alta Rockfeller, and she learnt to manipulate the machine, so as to be able to do confidential work for her enterprising father.

FUNERAL COST $400,000.

Miss Catherine Drexel, who inherited $6,500,000 from her father when she was twenty-one, spent the next fifteen years of her life in seeing all there was to see of the world, and then entered a convent, where she now is.

The late Mr. H. Hillier refrained throughout his life from all ostentatiousness, spending about as little on himself when his income exceeded $6,500 a week, as he did when having $7,50. To make up for this denial, his widow lavished $400,000 of the $16,500,000 he left on his funeral. The mausoleum cost $150,000; the ground on which it stood $65,000; while no less than $45,000 was expended on the coffin. This latter was of ebony, ornamented and lined with gold, and draped in black hand-woven velvet at thirteen guineas a yard.

When Mr. Charles Crocker, the San Francisco railroad magnate, had piled up $82,000,000 he thought he would build a residence that should be worthy of his great estate. As a preliminary he started buying up an entire "block" of land in the very heart of the best residential district of the city. But the owner of one lot, a stubborn German, refused to sell. Crocker increased his offer again and again. The German's avarice became excited. He would sell now. But at a price. And that price he raised not once nor twice, but many times. Finally Crocker became enraged, and swore a solemn oath that never while he lived should the grasping German get a penny of his money. Then he set laborers to work, and had a huge fence built, twenty-five feet high, right round the lot in question.

The German soon had to remove his house, but the fence, somewhat reduced in height, still remains to mark the millionaire's wrath, although the unfortunate Teuton has been in his grave for several years.

Building fine houses, by-the-bye, is emphatically the hobby of the millionaires of the Pacific Coast. One only among them steadfastly declined to succumb to the craze. This was Leland Stanford, the greatest of them all. Forty million dollars was his estimated fortune. Yet he lived plainly and simply in the little frame house that had been his home in his earlier and less prosperous days.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

But eventually there came a time when he determined on a change, and then he made up his mind to "do things." He would erect such a mansion as never yet had been seen in San Francisco. And he did. But, just as it was nearing completion, fatal illness overtook him. He lost his memory. He forgot even his own identity. One day he wandered to where the workmen were putting the finishing touches to his million dollar pleasure palace. One of them paused a moment in his labors and Leland seized the opportunity to address him.

"Who is the infernal fool," he asked, "who is wasting his money on this house?"

They were almost the last words he uttered. He died soon afterwards, leaving his magnificent mansion, still one of the glories of San Francisco, to be inhabited by strangers.

FARMING IN ENGLAND.

English agricultural statistics for 1903, show a further sensational decline in the British farming industry. The reduction in the area under the plough, which has gone on steadily since 1875, with three slight checks in 1885, 1894 and 1897, steadily continues. Last year 173,000 acres were withdrawn from arable cultivation. This brings the total below 15,500,000 acres or 3,000,000 less than it was thirty years ago. There was a decrease of 143,000 acres in the land under wheat, reducing the area to 1,582,000 acres. The barley acreage fell by 51,000 acres to 1,858,000 acres. This is the lowest on record. Lands in potato cultivation were less by nearly 10,000 acres.

Sometimes a man's love for horses is but a hobby.

WAS ALMOST UNKNOWN

COL. YOUNGHUSBAND'S SUCCESS IN THIBET.

The Leadership of the Expedition Called for Great Ability.

All the world is wondering at the dogged courage and splendid manhood of Lieut.-Col. Frank J. Younghusband, the British Commissioner to Thibet, who has succeeded in honeycombing his way into that forbidden country with his life in his hand.

Col. Younghusband is the first foreigner to enter, undisguised, the mountain city of mystery, Lhassa, capital of Thibet.

Henry Savage, the explorer, was tortured almost to death because he tried to enter the closed city, merely to satisfy his curiosity about it.

Colonel Younghusband entered it for quite another reason, one which should have made his reception yet more doubtful than that of Explorer Savage. He went to demand of the Dalai Lama, the Grand Lama, temporal and spiritual ruler of Thibet, why he had violated the treaty with Great Britain. Briefly, Col. Younghusband went to Lhassa, the city of weird sights, of blood and death, to settle "a cup of tea." In the language of Lord Rosebery, the trouble was "a war over a cup of tea," and Colonel Younghusband had come to settle the cup for all time.

STICKS TO THE POINT.

"Why do you not buy your tea of Ceylon, as arranged in the treaty?" he had come to demand of the Dalai Lama, but he had to ask the question of the Amban, the resident Chinese Minister, because the Dalai Lama had run away.

"No doubt it can all be arranged to your satisfaction," the Amban had said, with many salaams and much smiling suavity. And Colonel Younghusband, the man of courage, is calmly, and in imminent danger of losing his head, waiting for the matter to be arranged. In fact, he has not the slightest intention of leaving the weird white city until it has been arranged, and that entirely to his satisfaction and the pleasure of his Government.

TROUBLE OVER SUPPLIES.

His chief trouble just now is in getting enough to eat for himself and troops.

Thibetan officials, having been warned that if supplies were not forthcoming the British would be obliged to seize them, replied that they were unable to compel the peasants to sell their grain. One thousand troops, with four guns, marched one day to the Daipung Monastery, a mile distant, containing seven thousand monks, and probably the largest monastery in the world.

Colonel Younghusband sent a small party ahead with a letter, asking the abbot of Daipung Monastery for supplies, and offering to pay liberally for them if they were furnished. If not furnished for payment, Colonel Younghusband's letter added, they would be taken by force.

Crowds of monks collected at the entrance to the monastery. They refused to take the letter, and flung stones and Thibetan oaths at the couriers. The detachment of British officers left the letter on top of a pile of stones and weighted by a heavy stone and returned to camp.

The abbot, watching the melee from the window, ordered that letter be brought to him. Six hours elapsed before there was a reply to the letter.

MONKS GAVE IN.

Then a long procession of fierce-eyed, reluctant monks came up the narrow mountain pathway, bearing 100 maunds, or 800 pounds, of flour for distribution among 1,500 hungry men.

Another letter was sent to the abbot by the returning priests, a letter of few words and curt, giving the abbot four days in which to produce 3,500 maunds (28,000 pounds) of flour.

It is characteristic of the British army that of this man who has performed one of the bravest feats in history almost nothing is known. He has been in the British service for more than twenty years. He is an Englishman and a brave man. That is all that is known, and perhaps that is enough.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

Interesting Gossip About Some Well-Known People.

The Prince of Monaco is a first-class lecturer on deep-sea life.

The "Bobs" of Japan, Field-Marshal Yamagata, is sixty-seven years of age.

General Baden-Powell has invented a watch by which it is possible to tell the time in the dark.

Lord Methuen still walks with a perceptible limp, the result of a shattered thigh in the Boer War.

"I actually never possessed a real doll in all my life," says Madame Albani, the famous singer.

Princess Charles of Denmark is an expert typist. Her machine has English and German letters.

Little Princess Victoria Mary of Wales is becoming quite an expert horsewoman. She rides astride.

Both his Majesty the King and Queen Alexandra, have now taken to wearing goggles when motoring.

Prince Eddie is the latest Royal photographer. He has no camera of his own, but borrows one of the King's.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has one of the finest gardens of living bamboos in England, at Gunnersbury.

Paul Loubet, eldest son of the President of the French Republic, has just accepted a $400-a-year clerkship in the Bank of France.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the eminent novelist, has been a clergyman, professor in a deaf and dumb institute, deacon, editor, and playwright.

"In India every Englishman by birth or descent owes it as a duty to his country to become an efficient Volunteer," says Lord Kitchener.

King Edward VII. once wrote in a confession-book that the person he disliked most was "the man who points at you with his umbrella, and shouts out 'There he is!'"

King Oscar of Sweden has ordered that henceforth no champagne is to be used in the christening of battleships. Every other European nation uses this wine for the purpose.

"It has been my business all my life," said Mr. Carnegie to the Students' Union of Edinburgh University, "to discover men cleverer than myself, and then to use them."

The youngest British admiral is only eight months old. The infant Mardois of Donegall is the hereditary Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, but the office carries with it neither emolument nor duties.

One of Queen Alexandra's favorite occupations is that of arranging cut flowers in vases. Her Majesty has received lessons in flower-dressing from a Japanese lady, the Japanese, who regard this occupation as a fine art, being by far the most skilful at it.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has written a song called "The Sunny Month of May," which is charmingly sung by Madame Ella Russell. Her Royal Highness is a composer of no mean merit, and has already several published pianoforte pieces and songs to her credit.