

A FUTURE KING OF ENGLAND.

Sketch of the Prince of Wales's Early Life in the Navy.

George III was born at Norfolk House, St. James's Square, in 1738; Prince George of Wales first saw the light within almost a stone's throw of the same place, at Marlborough House, in 1862. As a boy he presented in nearly every respect a marked contrast to his elder brother, the late Duke of Clarence, who was his senior by just fifteen months. In appearance the one was pale, pensive, retiring, but with a singular grace of manner and deportment that never afterwards forsook him; the other was ruddy of countenance, full of brightness and brusqueness of vivacity. The features of the elder were finely cut, in close resemblance to those of his father at the same early age. Prince George, on the other hand, bore a striking likeness to the Princess of Wales's sister, the Princess Dagmar, the present Empress of Russia, not only in the general form and cast of countenance, but also in detail of feature and expression.

For the first eighteen years of his life he was the inseparable companion of his brother; and probably there have rarely, if ever, been two brothers that were more attached to each other than these two. Each seemed to find in the other the complement of his own individual characteristics. There is no doubt that the quick liveliness of Prince George acted as a constant and well-timed stimulus both in work and play hours to the more lymphatic temperament of his brother. While that brother's quiet staidness often served as a counterpoise to the younger's impulsive decisiveness. Were they following the hounds together as boys, it was Prince George whose pony had to make the fence or hedge the first, and give Prince Eddy the lead; were they bathing together in the sea, it was Prince George who was the first to leap off the ship or yacht's side into the water, and not till he was swimming around and encouraging his brother to follow him did the elder take the inevitable plunge. In many ways the elder constantly leant upon the younger brother; and the younger reciprocated the confidence with warm-hearted manliness and devotion.

The brothers entered the Navy together as cadets, on the 5th of June, 1877. The regulation limit of age within which boys must enter is twelve years on the one side, and thirteen and a half years on the other. Prince Eddy was within three days of the maximum, and Prince George had only passed the minimum by two days. He was probably the youngest cadet that ever joined the Britannia. The late Professor Dewar, of King's College, London (whose experience of boys and young men was perhaps as large as any teacher's), had previously superintended the mathematical instruction of the brothers, and often expressed himself as much struck by Prince George's ability and intelligence, and regretted that he would not be able to prosecute his mathematical studies at either of the Universities, and carry them beyond the standard exacted by naval requirements. The two year's life spent on board the training ship under the command of Captain (now Vice-Admiral) Fairfax at Dartmouth admirably suited the two Princes, and conducted in every way to their healthy development in mind and body. While there Prince George won more than one prize for boat-sailing, and pulled in more than one victorious crew of cadets.

On the 15th July, 1879, the Bacchante was commissioned as Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Lord Charles Scott. In her the two Princes made their well-known three year's voyage about the globe. They were both rated as midshipmen on the elder Prince's sixteenth birthday, the 8th January, 1880. For the greater portion of the time the Bacchante was attached to the training squadron on the command of Admiral, the Earl of Clarendon, which consisted besides of the Inconstant, the Tourmaline, the Cleopatra and Carysfort. The two Princes under these auspices saw for the first time the West Indies, South America, the Cape, Australia, Fiji, Japan, China, Singapore and Ceylon. The Bacchante was then ordered through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean, and a considerable period of time was spent by the Princes in Egypt, the Holy Land and Greece during the spring of 1882.

After returning to England about the beginning of August, Prince George went in the autumn along with his elder brother, under the care of his naval instructor Mr. Lawless, and the present French master at Eton, M. Hubs, to Switzerland. They resided at Lausanne for six months until on the 1st of May, 1883, Prince George was appointed midshipman to the Canada, which was then commissioned by Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Durrant for service on the North American and West Indian station, where she joined the squadron under the command of Admiral Sir Thomas Troubridge, and visited the various ports and places of the Dominion and North America, he ascended the St. Lawrence in her, by Quebec, as far as Montreal. Lord Lorne was at that time Governor-General of Canada, and Princess Louise was with him at Ottawa.

During the ensuing winter the Canada cruised among the West Indian Islands and visited Demerara and Guyana. Shortly after this Prince George became the senior midshipman in the service, and was writing till his age allowed him to present himself for his examination as sub-lieutenant. This he did on the earliest day possible, namely his nineteenth birthday, 24 June, 1884, when he obtained a first class in seamanship. On the following day he joined, as all sub-lieutenants do, the Naval College at Greenwich, for further instruction, and subsequently H. M. S. Excellent at Portsmouth. Naturally he went through the course exactly like anybody else. Every sub-lieutenant has to pass five examinations, one each in seamanship, in navigation, in torpedo, in gunnery, and in pilotage. In four of these Prince George achieved the unusual distinction of obtaining a first class, and thus won his promotion to lieutenant's rank, 8th October, 1885.

From his earliest days at sea he has ever been a thoroughly efficient and also a most popular officer, not only with his comrades in the gun-room or the ward-room, but also with the men over whom he has had command. As a midshipman he was always keen to do all in his power to render the boat's crew or the gun entrusted to his charge the smartest and best-handled in the ship; as a lieutenant he was always alive to all the individual characters of the men of his division. Those who showed themselves next, steady, smart and eager to fulfil their duties and get on, he was ever ready to encourage by word and deed, and his helpful hand. Because he knows his work thoroughly well, and himself practically able to do each thing he requires of them, his men have thorough confidence in him, well aware that when he calls upon them to put forth all their powers they always cheerfully respond in a way that British bluejackets alone can do. More than one of his captains has remarked that they never felt so secure, or could turn in with less concern at night, than when Prince George was officer of the watch.

On the 14th January, 1886, he was appointed to H.M.S. Thunderer, under the command of Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Stephenson on the Mediterranean station; but as that ship was detained three months in dock at Malta for repairs, he was temporarily transferred on the 2nd June to H.M.S. Dreadnought, under Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Bedford, with the Hon. Maurice A. Bourke as her commander. Captain Stephenson succeeded Captain Bedford in command of the Dreadnought on the 17th August, 1886, and Prince George received his appointment as one of that ship's regular lieutenants, 25th August, 1886.

The Duke of Edinburgh was now Admiral Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean; and Prince George was next appointed to his flagship, the Alexandra, 20th April, 1888. With the Duke he went on a state visit to the present Sultan at Constantinople; and during the three years that he served on the Mediterranean station he visited for a second or third time his uncle, the King of the Hellenes, at Athens, renewed his acquaintance with the late Khedive Tewfik at Cairo, besides cruising at various times off the coast of Asia Minor, Syria, and the islands of the Aegean. The Mediterranean squadron is usually considered the best school for the training of young officers, inasmuch as there are always a large number of first-rate men of war on that station on any other, replete with the very latest improvements in gunnery and torpedoed. Since, too, the ships are constantly exercising in company under the admiral's eye, and liable to meet in friendly rivalry from time to time some of the model squadrons of the French and Italian navies, the natural consequence is that all are kept in the very highest state of drill discipline and efficiency.

At the end of three years of very successful service in the Mediterranean, which had been full of much instructive discipline for him, Prince George returned to England, and volunteered for another course of gunnery training on board H. M. S. Excellent at Portsmouth. Having undergone this, he was appointed late February, 1889, to the Northumberland, Captain Darwin, the flagship of the Channel Squadron under the command of Vice-Admiral Baird. He took an active part in the naval manoeuvres that summer, and was placed in charge of one of the finest of the torpedo boats.

It happened that another of these craft disabled her screw off the coast of Ireland, and was in danger of drifting on to a lee shore. The sea was running high, and there was a stiff gale blowing. Prince George was sent to her assistance. The task was a most difficult one, owing to the delicate nature of the construction of such boats. He showed, however, such skill, judgment and nerve in approaching, securing with wire hawser several hours' effort, and ultimately towing the disabled craft into safety, as won him high encomiums of praise from the Admiralty from Captain Fitzgerald and other senior officers who witnessed his conduct on that occasion. The achievement was perhaps all the more noteworthy as Prince George (like Nelson and many another distinguished naval officer) suffers terribly from sea-sickness; and the behaviour of a torpedo boat in rough weather is not the most conducive to quietness of nerve or for comfortably collecting the thoughts.

As he had now unmistakably given evidence of exceptional capability as lieutenant, the Admiralty ordered him, on 6th May, 1890, to commission the Thrush, a large gunboat of 805 tons burthen and 1,200 horsepower, at Chatham for service on the North American and West Indian stations. Such independent commands are usually given to senior lieutenants only but it was a distinction which Prince George had well earned. He had further the ticklish task assigned to him of towing a torpedo boat astern across the Atlantic to Bermuda. This, too, he successfully accomplished. His professional duties took him to various places in the Canadian Dominion and to one or two on the United States seaboard.

In the following autumn he was deputed by the Queen as her representative to open the Industrial Exhibition at Jamaica. This was his third visit to the West Indies, and his presence awakened among the inhabitants of every degree even more than the usual fervent demonstrations of loyalty to the Crown, and attachment to the United Kingdom. Except on state occasions, such as this visit to Jamaica, Prince George always deprecated the necessity of being received with royal honours.

It was with no desire to avoid performing any real portion of his duty that he requested the admiral in command of the station, Sir George Watson, that he might receive his sanction to be treated simply as an ordinary naval officer. As soon as this wish became generally known he was enabled to take the people and the places to which his ship was dispatched more naturally, and thus to obtain by direct personal intercourse a probably truer and more adequate knowledge of their real condition than if they had been exhibited to him in constant gala attire.

The Thrush was now required on the West Coast of Africa, and her place was to be taken on the North American station by a ship of greater power and tonnage, which was therefore ordered home to England. On arriving there Prince George was promoted to the rank of commander, on the 24th August, 1891. He was then in his twenty-seventh year, and the fifteenth of his naval service.

There are, among living naval officers, many who when promoted to be commanders are younger in years and had less length of service than Prince George. Sir Thomas Symonds was a commander before he was twenty-five, Sir Alexander Milne when he was twenty-four, Sir Geoffrey Hornby when he was twenty-five, Admiral Hotham when he was twenty-three. The Duke of Edinburgh became an admiral when he was thirty-four. He was never a sub-lieutenant at all, but was promoted at once from midshipman's rank to that of lieutenant. He also skipped over the rank of commander altogether, and went straight from lieutenant to post-captain before he was twenty-two. It is believed that the Duke now regrets the rapidity of his early advance in the service; though those who know what an excellent officer he has shown himself, and how capable an organizer and tactician, must acknowledge that he has proved himself worthy of the honours conferred upon him.

After his return to England Prince George went in the autumn of 1891 to stay with the Duke of Clarence at Dublin; and the two brothers were once more happy in the mutual enjoyment of the fraternal affection of their olden days. It is believed that it was there that he contracted the typhoid fever from the effects of which he has only recently recovered. The one brother was hardly convalescent when the other was attacked by the fatal pneumonia to which he succumbed. It can readily be imagined how the sudden loss of his only brother fell upon him under these circumstances with overwhelming force. Besides the blow to his affections, his whole future prospects were completely changed in a moment. Up to that time his naval career, to which he had strenuously applied himself as his profession for life, had been the chief thought that had filled his horizon. Though he has since then assured several naval friends that he has no intention whatever of severing his connection with the service, his love for which is as sincere and intense as ever, yet other duties will now inevitably demand a large share of his time and attention. At present all eyes are directed toward him, and curiosity is excited as to what he will do, and whom he will marry. It is probable, however, that like his brother he will through the exigencies of his position come to be known by the people of these islands at large only gradually and slowly. But judging from the impression which he has made upon all who have had intercourse with him, what that appreciation will ultimately be there can be no manner of doubt at all.

In every single duty that has been entrusted to him he has acquitted himself with ability, and discharged it selflessly and to the satisfaction of all concerned whether superiors or subordinates. Beyond the regulation attendance at public functions, the opening of buildings, laying of foundation stones, and making short speeches at charity dinners, his part for the next few years will be chiefly to "stand by," to observe, to study attentively from every point of view, all questions relating to the government and prosperity of these realms, and the social well-being of their peoples, in order that he may thereby fit himself to discharge hereafter the office of head of the British Commonwealth. As he will naturally be brought into direct personal contact with all the leading men of each party in the State he will have unique opportunities for so qualifying himself. His acquaintance with all portions of the British Empire is already very wide. India is the only portion of the Queen's territories that he has not yet seen. His experience of men and of human character, both ashore and afloat, has been already very varied, and he has used it well.

The undoubted brain power that he possesses is inherited perhaps from the Prince Consort as well as from the Queen of Denmark. He is known to be a great reader, of active habits of mind and body, punctual in the discharge of the smallest appointments, warm and constant in his friendships, endowed with a large share of practical common-sense, simple in his tastes, and like his late brother singularly free from any trace of self-esteem or conceit, most considerate for the feelings of others, willing to learn from all, generous and openhanded yet careful and frugal on his own account, for his private allowance has up to now been moderate and never large. His fellow countrymen are patiently awaiting and watching the further development of such a character with strong faith and with large hope.

ANNONANES OF TRAVEL.

Having a squalling baby in the same car. Having the ferry-boat pushing out just as you get in sight. Having a beastly drunken individual in the seat in front of you. Having to swallow dinner in five minutes or have your train go without you. Having to pay ten cents for the morning paper that at home costs you two. Having some one get into the sleeping-car berth above you just after you have retired. Having the brakeman bawl out the stations and not be able to distinguish a word he says. Having your washerwoman fail to send you your clothes in time to leave as expected. Having the conductor inform you just after you have started that you are on the wrong train. Having the hotel waiters hinting at every meal that they expect you to give them something. Having somebody in front keeping the car window up when the dust and cinders are flying. Having your baggage go astray just when you wanted your best clothes to make a good impression. Having a street car poking along at a snail's pace when you have only ten minutes to catch the train. Having to wait in the corridor until the elevator goes two floors above you and comes down again. Having the Pullman conductor wake you up and ask for a ticket just after you have fallen into a sound snooze. Having the car porter, as you are about to leave after he has brushed the dust off your coat, say "If you have not forgotten something."

Having forty Jesus pokes their whip under your nose when you arrive at your destination, each wanting to take you to your hotel. Having packages of lozengers and copies of "The Red Demon of the Wild West," thrown into your lap every five minutes on the train. Having a room at a mountain hotel along side the bowling alley and being kept awake by the thunderlike rumbling of the balls.

Disciples of Cain.

A gentleman who was seated in the lobby of a hotel at Philadelphia the other day chatting with an official from the coroner's office said: "I saw an article in the English weekly the other day which should be of interest to you and so I jotted down some of its figures, which are as grewsome as any statistics I ever came across. The article was headed 'A Murderer's Paradise,' and had been written by a man who for two years had made a study of the murder statistics of the United States."

"According to him there were 4,290 murders committed in the United States during 1890 and 5,906 during 1891, a substantial increase of 1,616. He had divided the murders committed during the two years under various heads. Quarrels, he said, were responsible for 2,184 murders in 1890 and 2,920 in 1891, and by quarrels he did not mean drunken brawls. Murders which took place while the murderer was under the influence of liquor numbered 486 in 1890 and 877 in 1891, and it was pointed out that the so-called prohibition cities furnished more murders in proportion to their populations than did the non-prohibition places. Murders committed by unknown persons for unknown reasons footed up 464 and 859. The infanticide class of the two years numbered 167 and 208 and the persons killed while resisting arrest 149 and 182. Poisonous killed were 50 and 300 respectively during the two years, and there were 102 executions and the number last year went up to 123."

Benefit of a Doubt.

Magistrate—"Has prisoner been convicted before?" "No, your honour." Magistrate—"Prisoner, I shall give you the benefit of the doubt." Prisoner (notorious thief)—"Thank-ee, sir." Magistrate—"Oh, I'm not going to let you off. If you haven't been convicted before, you ought to have been. Three months' hard labour."

MEN WHO CAMP OUT.

A Method of Taking a Vacation That is Loved for its Freedom.

To a civilized man there is only one pleasure which is greater than his first night in camp, and that is his first night out of it, when he has a bath and a good bed with fresh sheets. This is enough to establish the fact that it is only by contrast that the salient points of things are developed. If a man has a good home and a good bed, and a furnace to keep the house at a proper temperature at all times, he ought to be happy. Add to that a good cook and a happy family, and he should desire to stay in that place and enjoy it. Even if he wants a change and a rest, he could find places equally comfortable and easy of access; but there are men who get up from the breakfast table and say to their wives: "Now, I can't stand this sort of thing any longer," and the good little woman knows that the spell is on him. He goes off upstairs and gets out a trunk, and then from the depths of a far-off closet he hauls down some disreputable old clothes and lugs out a gun and a lot of rods and fly cases and ammunition and lays them tenderly in the bottom of the trunk. He gets "a shocking bad hat" and a pipe which madam will not allow in the settled part of the house and strange cases made of canvas which carry the charms and fetiches of the sportsman. These he places in the trunk. He then overhauls his "kit," he sticks "fly hooks" in the pillow-slavers if madam is not looking. He puts tallow-covered cartridges on the lace bed cover and then carefully lays a heavy pair of very greasy and dirty cowhide shoes on his wife's most choice piece of upholstered furniture. In the midst of this he walks the lady of the house, the partner in his joys and sorrows. In this case the joys and sorrows do not mix. Madam says: "Now, Jack—I think it is awful for you to put those nasty old things on my bed—you have no consideration, etc., etc.," and poor Jack transfers them all to the floor, while off flounces the lady to tell the maid that she must "go through that mess of dirt, and get my shoes and my heavy pair of boots packed in my nasty old traps and has nearly ruined everything."

Jack is ready and is driven off to the station, where he bids madam "good-bye" and is rolled away, happy in the knowledge that in a few days he will be sleeping on a bush-hed with rude men and surrounded by mosquitoes and smoke, with tough, soapy bread and black coffee for food.

Madam explains to a lady friend that Mr. B. is such a nervous man he goes off up there and lives like a wild beast—I do not understand it."

To develop your real sportsman the environment must be favorable at a very early age. If he is favorably situated he becomes possessed of an unbounded enthusiasm and more tools of the sporting craft than a dentist in his. A great many people are now growing up whose tendencies are an illegitimate cross between an English battue and an American summer hotel—they are a sort of "arrested development" between true hunters and fishermen and people who are not financially able to buy a country place. All such are spurious and not to be considered seriously. The genuine lover of the woods did not gather his theories of how to be happy from "shootings on his estate," or proceeding against tigers with the entire organized population of an eastern principality, or from dilettante literature on how to do the thing so that "it will stand wash."

He first passed his boyhood in a country where the squirrels were pretty thick and the trout would bite and the old gentlemen never ceased in telling how they once killed "the biggest buck I ever shot my eyes on." He then tried the southern arms of the big lakes until they became infested with women and summer hotels. Then he tried Muskoka, but Muskoka got filled up with persons who wore two peaks on their hats and ate their dinner on a table, and the guides became servants instead of woodmen. Then he discovered Quebec, the Northwest and the Rocky Mountains, and away in the heart of their wilderness you will find his "bark-least-to" where the timber grows the highest over the little spring, and where the "dude has ceased from troubling and the cigarette at rest."

This sportsman had got a moral mortgage on a little pond somewhere away off up country, and he won't tell you where it is because he don't want you to find out. You may not recognize this man of the woods in Toronto or Montreal because he has trained himself to be as much like the rest of humanity as possible in order that he may make a little money, so that he can go hunting once or twice a year and be his own master when he is out in the woods. When the buds open and the grass shoots, and the sunlight thaws out his mind, he will manifest uneasiness and become unsettled. You can begin to detect him then. He won't care about the frost and the peach crop, or the candidates, or the anarchists, but will be morbid and go on incoherently about brown hawks, No. 8 shot, and improved Greener models, and other profitless subjects.

Late in the season he gets down his double-barrel and his rifle and begins to oil them up. He takes out his pea-jacket and his oil-fanned moccasins and his jaegers. He is constantly writing letters to "Sam Bushcraft, Mountain Pine, Assinaboia, N. W. T.," or to "Pierre Antoine, Temiscamingue," and receiving replies in brown or yellow enveloped with his (s) mark. Why he becomes so interested in these half savage men in the waste places only he can understand. This curious person does not want to go with Madam to Coacous or down by the sea, begs off and goes up to conspire with his friend, Dr. Swallowkill, who is a hunter and old comrade. They go into the doctor's private room and lock the door. Madam, the doctor, becomes concerned and goes over to see her friend, the wife of the first man, and says: "Your husband has been with the doctor a great deal of late, and I am afraid that he will entice him away this summer or fall, and I did so want him to go with me to Old Orchard Beach."

"Well, you know I have no influence with Mr. B. He insists on going off to these strange places—he always has and I sigh to think that he probably always will," concludes the little woman.

"I am sure, then, that I can do nothing with the doctor—he, too, will go—it is so unfortunate to have such tastes."

From that time the doctor's health begins to fail. A brother physician recommends the "woods." "—a little bit is so fortunate to be compelled to leave his patients, yet his health demands it, and one fine morning the man and his friend, the doctor, are missed from the house of the first man in a few days the trim, well groomed city men are no longer recognizable. They sit in the forward end of the canoes with a stump beard and a bull-dog pipe, dressed in dirty, greasy clothes, while behind in the pans, blankets, packs, and guns sits a strange, dark-skinned, beetle-browed half-breed, with scraggy hair and a bristling mustache, who takes a toddy after each bath, and whose yellow reflections mix with the Vandyck shadows of the over-

hanging forest in the lake. They are happy.

If they are not here then they are on little scraggy ponies herding other scraggy ponies bearing packs and all following an uncouth and piratical man who is just ahead urging his own horse over logs and up the stony bed of a dry stream. As though not satisfied with traveling by night and by day for a week away from their cozy homes in town they are now making desperate haste to go up a bleak mountain range, though in search of the jumping off place of the world.

It would be interesting to understand this man so prone to these lapses of savagery. We readily comprehend one who at times becomes awfully drunk for days at a time and calls it a nervous disturbance and gives it a scientific name, but clear it of mystery. We know why the man leaves his native city in the heights of the business and social season and departs himself to the West Indies or Florida,—his brouhaha tubes are on strike. We of course see that another takes himself off to Europe but he goes to cultivate his mind and to be lazy and dissolute, but here in this man whose business and social life called for his attendance, whose health is offensively rugged, and he does this strange thing. He eats the worst imaginable food, all cooked in a disgusting fashion, he sleeps in a sort of kennel like a farmer's dog—lying on brush and with the smoke blowing all through and around him. He freezes nearly to perishing every morning—he goes to bed wet to the hide, and paddles up stiff currents or toils under a sixty-pound pack all day, and his only reason seems to be a desire to slay.

You doubtless all know one of this sort of men—ask him why? In all probability he will fold himself in his robe of superiority and simply pity your vanished ignorance and will not deign to reply. He will consider you hopeless, weak-lacking character and sentiment—but if you would know why he does it go with him when the spell is on him and find out. If you do not like it you will at least know why.—F.

Dying Sayings of Notable People.

Addison—See how a Christian can die. Arria—My father, it is not painful. Dr. Hunter—If had strength to hold a pen, I would write down how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die. Louis XIV.—Why weep ye? Did you think I should live forever? (Then, after a pause.) I thought dying had been harder. Byron—I must sleep now. Charles I. (of England)—Don't let poor Nellie starve. (Nell Gwynne.) Charles IX. (of France)—Nurse, nurse! what murder! what blood! Oh, I have done wrong! God pardon me! Chesterfield—Give Day Rolles a chair. Columbus—Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Lady Macbeth and Tasso also used the same words. Cromwell—My desire is to make what haste I may to be gone. Demoux (the philosopher)—You may go home; the show is over. Lord Eldon—It matters not where I am going, whether the weather be cold or hot. Fontenelle—I suffer nothing, but feel a sort of difficulty in living longer. Franklin—A dying man can do nothing easy. George IV.—Wathy, what is this? It is death, my boy. They have deceived me. (said to his page, Sir Wathen Waller.) Goethe—More light. Talma—The worst is, I cannot see. Hadyn—God preserve the emperor! Jefferson—I resign my spirit to God, my daughter to my country. Louis XVIII.—Now it is easy to see how I die. Louis XVIII.—A king should die standing. Marie Antoinette—Farewell, my children, forever. I go to your father. Charles Matthews—I am ready. Napoleon III. (to Dr. Conneau)—Were you at Sedan? William Pitt—Oh, my country, how I love thee! Pizarro—Jean! Rabelais—Let down the curtain; the farce is over. Schiller—Many things are growing plain and clear to my understanding. Sir Walter Scott (to his family)—God bless you all! Socrates—Crito, we owe a cock to Asclepius! Lord Thurlow—I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying! William III. (of England)—Can this last long? (to his physician.) Gen. Wolfe—What! do they run already? Then I die happy.

Dust at Sea.

The British ship Borean, which recently made the voyage from Tasmania around Cape Horn to England, encountered a remarkable but not unusual phenomenon at sea, viz., a storm of dust.

After crossing the equator she fell into the northern trade winds, and when about 600 miles west of the Cape de Verde islands, the men-of-war "the Borean" sails and rigging were thickly coated with very fine powdery dust of a dark yellow or saffron color, scarcely discernible on or near the deck, but profuse on the highest parts of the rigging," so that the sails appeared "tanned."

Fine dust falling on vessels in the Atlantic near the Cape de Verde archipelago has often been reported, but it has so often been of a reddish hue that it is known among sailors as "red fog," and has been generally supposed to come from South America.

The observation on board the Borean appears to overthrow this conclusion, and to determine the African origin both of the Atlantic dust and the so-called "blood rains" of Southern Europe.

Admiral Smyth many years ago reported, during his stay in Sicily, March 14, 1814, a "blood rain," which fell "in large, muddy drops, and deposited a very minute sand of a yellow-red color"—quite similar to that now reported by the Borean.

He then regarded it as "sirocco dust" from the African desert, "crowning the beautiful theory of atmospheric circulation." Both on the Atlantic ocean and in Europe these rains of dust have almost invariably fallen between January and April—a period of the year in which the Sahara is most arid.

The Wrong Answer.

In the paper "I asked little Johnny, 'I'm sure I don't know,' was the reply, 'unless it is where the miners go in swimming.'"

An Overworked Invalid.

Doctor—Have you tried the seashore? Invalid—Yes, I tried it once, but it was hard work. Dressing and undressing is very tiresome. "I don't quite understand!" "Well, you see the doctor I had there last night took a toddy after each bath." "Yes, but suppose he did." "It keeps me in bathing all the time."

The Bravest Battle That Ever Was Fought.

The bravest battle that ever was fought shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you will find it not! 'Twas fought by the masters of men, Nay, not with cannon, or battle-axe, With sword, or noble pen; Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a well-up woman's heart, A woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part, Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marching troop, no bivouac song; No banner to lead and wave; But, oh! these battles they last so long— From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars, She fights in her well-up town, Fights on earth, by the endless wars, Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle-oh! And soldiers to shout and praise, I tell you the kindest victories fought: Are fought in these silent wars.

Oh, spotless woman! a world of shame! With aplomb and silent scorn, Go back to God as white as you came, The kindest warrior born.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

ABOUT MINES.

How Some of America's Many Wealthy Owners Live.

Jim Whitlatch, the discoverer of the Whitlatch-Union mine, near Helena, led a typical western miner's life. The mine in question is now owned in England, and has produced \$20,000,000 in gold. After Jim Whitlatch had sold the property for \$1,500,000, he went to New York to "make as much money as Vanderbilt." He was a rare treat to Wall street, which fattened on him, and in one year let him go with only the clothes on his back. He returned to Montana, began "prospecting" again, and discovered a mine for which he got \$250,000.

He went to Chicago to rival Mr. Potter Palmer in wealth, and returned just as he did from New York—"flat strapped," as he would have expressed it. He made still another fortune and went to San Francisco, where he died a poor man. Another Lewis and Clarke County mine—the Drummond—provides another such story. It was discovered by an Irish immigrant named Thomas Cruse. Although he owned it, he could not get a sack of flour on credit. He sold it to an English syndicate for \$1,500,000. But he remains one of the wealthy men of Helena.

There is an ex-State Senator, in Beaver Head County, who owns a very rich mine, the ore yielding 700 to the ton net. He is a California "forty-niner," who came as a prospector to Montana, and since discovering his mine has lived upon it in a peculiar way. He has no faith in banks. He says his money is safest in the ground. When he has spent what money he has he takes out a wagon load of ore, ships it to Omaha, and lives on the return until he needs another wagon load.

There is a queer story concerning the Spotted Horse Mine, in Fergus County. It was found by P. A. McAdow, who sold it to Governor Hauser and A. M. Holder for \$500,000 three years ago. They paid a large sum down in cash, and the other payments were to come out of the ground. He has been in pockets, each of which was nearly exhausted. Whatever was taken out went to McAdow, who got about \$100,000. Then the purchasers abandoned it, on the advice of experts, and Mr. McAdow took hold of it. He found the vein, over which rails had been laid for a mining car. He has taken out \$200,000, and it is a good mine. One of these children of luck who have money with money, picked out a wife, who was then a poor seamstress, hired a hotel, and invited the town to the wedding. The amount of champagne that flowed at that wedding was fabulous, and it is said that the whole town reeled to bed that night.—Harper's Magazine.

A Woman's Smile.

For good or evil the power of a woman's smile is very great. It is the outward and visible sign of a talent of pleasing which she has received to enable her to be an influence for good in the ordering and government of the world. Men are very much what women make them, and it is by rightly using their talent of pleasing that women can make men what they ought to be. The man at the head of the house can mar the pleasing of the household, but he cannot make it; that must rest with the woman, and it is her greatest privilege. It is one of the duties of women to beautify the world, and especially their own homes and their own persons; to arrange the furniture and ornaments of their rooms tastefully, and generally to give a touch of seamliness to that part of the world with which they have to do. To shed joy, to radiate happiness, to cast light upon dark days, to be the golden thread of our destiny, the spirit of grace and harmony—is not this to render a service? Here and there we meet one who possesses the power of enchanting all about her. Her presence lights up the house; her approach is like a cheering warmth. She passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. She is the aura with a human face.

In a New Zealand cemetery on a grave-stone is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words, "She was so pleasant!" What a delightful character she must have been to have an epitaph like that! It makes one think that a choir of nightingales is perched upon her grave, and singing melodious chants to her memory.

"She was so pleasant!" that friends used to come first to her in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand worked wonders in the feverish child; a few words fell from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister did much to raise the load of grief that was bowing its victim down in anguish.

Her husband would come home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he entered the cosy sitting-room, and saw the smiling face of his sweet-minded woman, he would succumb in a moment to the soothing influences, which were like balm of Gilead to his sinking spirits. The rough schoolboy fled in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smiles; the little one, full of grief with his own large, fragrant, and haven of rest on her breast, and many others who, in the words of the poet, "were weary with their weeping," found solace in the smiles of the woman who was so pleasant.

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