BUSINESS NOTICE.

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The "Miramichi Advance" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent, Northumberland, Gloucester, and Restigouche, New Brunswick, and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec, in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers superior inducements to advertisers. Address,

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CHATHAM, N. B.

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Board Works Jan 1 01

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

Vol. 2. No. 3 — CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, NOVEMBER 26, 1903 — D. G. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
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A Run For Life

I had not met my old friend, Casper Bush, for more than two years, and when, one night, he unexpectedly called upon me at my house, I was unfeignedly pleased to see him. I knew he had been away on a botanical expedition into Central America, and was prepared for a face as brown as a berry. But instead, his skin was white and drawn, and I noticed that he walked with a slight limp.

"You look," said I, after our greetings were over, "as if you had come from a hospital rather than the open out-of-doors."

"I have," he said. "Thank you, I will sit down. I ran into an adventure down there that's left me pretty weak."

He sat down and held out his hands to the warmth of the fire.

"I suppose you'd like to hear about it," he said, with a whimsical smile. "You always were a great fellow for yarns.

"Well, to skip a lot of unnecessary details, I was out on foot one day, searching the high table-lands for a certain orchid, when I came to a large, treeless savanna of probably three hundred acres or more in extent, and about a mile across. The surface of this cleared and gently rolling plain was covered with long grass, across which I resolved to make a short cut to the forest on the farther side.

"I was quietly wading through the rank growth, and had reached the middle of the savanna when I came upon a shallow slough containing very little water, but a great deal of deep black mud. This slough was nearly circular in form, and in diameter perhaps rather more than one hundred yards.

"As far as I could see along its margin there was a hard, well-defined path, apparently made by wild animals in coming to drink. Exactly in the centre a small pond of water still remained, and on this was floating a solitary wild duck, its head turned inquisitively toward me.

"I had a repeating rifle on my arm and without reflecting that I could not retrieve the bird, even if I should hit it, I fired. The duck immediately sprang up and flew off unhurt, but a shrill squeal showed that my bullet had found an unexpected mark in the tall grass on the opposite side of the slough. The next moment a large herd of collared peccaries rushed out of the sedge, and catching sight of me, came for me at once.

"You may think there was no reason why a hundred or so of little, wild, pig-like creatures, none of which would weigh more than sixty pounds, should alarm an armed man.

"But I knew enough about these savage little brutes to be well aware that if they overtook me before I could reach a tree, I should be torn to shreds in a moment.

"It was to be a simple, straightaway race for life, and I stood not on the order of my going, but went at once. The nearest timber was distant nearly half a mile, and for this I struck out at top speed.

"There was one thing in my favor. The slough being about one hundred yards in diameter, one-half of its circumference was, of course, about one hundred and fifty yards, and as the peccaries had to come by way of this half-circle to get on my track, I should have just so much the start of them.

"I believe you have me run once down in old Virginia, with a dozen of the boys in gray after me. Well, the time I made then was nothing compared with the gait at which I now raced for the woods. My present pursuers were far more to be dreaded than a whole army of soldiery foes.

"I had covered perhaps one-half of the distance, when I heard a sound as of heavy rain beating upon forest leaves, and glancing back, saw the long grass going down in a broad swath as if before a score of scythes. The hoofs drove was within sixty yards of me.

"I experienced then, only with greater keenness, the feelings of some poor hunted fox who realizes that he cannot escape from the pack behind him. I knew I could not reach the forest. My legs moved automatically, with no diminution of speed, but my mind, which before had been firmly fixed, like my gaze, on the line of trees ahead, ran hither and thither in confusion.

"At one moment I was tempted to stand at bay, while some strength and wind remained in me, and sell my life as dearly as possible. The next moment I searched the savanna wildly with my eyes for some possible place of refuge.

"Suddenly I caught sight of a dead tree just topping the tall grass to the left. It was such a small tree, and so neutral in coloring and broken down, that it was not strange I had not remarked it before. But the moment I saw it I changed my course and ran toward it.

"With the sight of it I gained new hope, and I flew through the grass as if it had been gossamer. I did not know whether the little tree was too small and rotten to sustain my weight or not. There was no time to think about that. I had but one idea, and that was to reach it.

"In that burst of speed I actually outstripped the herd of little fiends pursuing me. Then an unforeseen accident happened. The tree stood in a little bare soft spot, two or three yards in diameter. Running against the pressure of the grass as I had been, when I burst out of it into the cleared space, I lunged forward as if some one had pushed me violently from behind. My foot slipped in the slimy ooze my rifle flew from my hands, and I fell forward on my face.

"I was up again in an instant, but only to be bowled over by a savage blow on the leg from a peccary that had outrun his mates. His sharp tusk caught me just above the left ankle, and cut through my trousers and the calf of my leg as a knife cuts butter.

"It was fortunate that I found myself then at the base of the tree, otherwise I should not be here to tell this story. My excitement was so great that I felt no pain at all. I grasped the small trunk and pulled myself up to the rotten stub of a branch just as the squealing herd surrounded me.

"Probably no wild animal can equal in obstinate malevolence the South American peccary when once he is thoroughly roused. The angry little brutes, their stiff hair bristling along their narrow spines, surrounded the tree in a dense mass, gritting their teeth at me until flecks of foam spotted their muzzles.

"The push of their determined little bodies as they leaped up against the trunk was enough in itself to render my position in the tree extremely insecure. But when several of them began to attack the wood with their keen tusks, I felt that I had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire.

"The tree was dead and punky, and riddled with holes of a large boring worm common in that vicinity. Doubtless the peccaries would not have kept up their attacks upon it if this had not been so; but as the decayed wood fell away in broad splinters they were encouraged to renewed activity.

"I felt that the feeble little tree, already strained by my weight, might fail at any moment, and drop me like a ripe fruit into the midst of my besiegers.

"In my desperation I searched my pockets frantically for some weapon of defense. I had not even a pocket-knife about me. A piece of pina, some bits of string, a handkerchief and a metal box of matches were all that rewarded my efforts.

"As I fingered this last article an inspiration came to me. I opened the box and drew out one of the matches. They were thick wax sticks, especially fitted for an expedition into the wilds, since they were almost proof against dampness and would stay lighted in a fairly strong wind.

"I scratched the blue head of it against the box, and nursed the flame until the wax began to run. Then I tossed it as skillfully as I could into the long, dry grass just outside of the little denuded area.

"I waited a few seconds, but the match had evidently gone out. I tried another with the same result. Then I lighted four or five at once and when they had got well going, threw them into the grass.

"You can't imagine with what hopes I awaited the result. When I saw a thin little spiral of smoke curl up among the stems I watched it with my heart in my mouth. It grew blacker and larger. The grass crackled, and a tongue of flame gleaned red.

"The moment the fire got a foothold it was astonishing with what lust it seized upon the dry, thick growth. From that tiny flame it expanded suddenly into a broad wave that shot up with a hissing roar.

"The consternation and surprise of the peccaries were great. For a moment they seemed reluctant to leave me, but at the next, the wild creature's instinctive fear of fire seized them, and with one accord they turned and ran swiftly for the forest.

"I lost no time myself in following their example, but it was hard work for me in my crippled and exhausted state to reach camp. My leg was stiff and swollen, and altogether I was in very bad shape. I got there, however, at last, only to be taken down two days later with a spell of fever, induced probably by the injuries I had received."—Youth's Companion.

The story is told of a Scotch preacher who gave his people long, strong sermons, and delivered them in a remarkably deliberate manner. One Sunday he asked a friend who was visiting him to occupy his pulpit in the morning. "An' were you satisfied wi' my preaching?" asked his friend, as they walked home from the kirk. "Weel," said his host, slowly, "it was a fair discoorse, Will'm, a fair discoorse; but it pained me at the last to see the folk so fresh and wide awake. I doot 'twasna sae long nor sae sound as it should hae been."

A walk may improve your appetite but a tramp will eat you out of house and home.

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DESIGNS, PLANS AND ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

About the ....House

A CONVENIENT KITCHEN.

It is natural for the young wife to wish to furnish her new home as nicely as that of her neighbors, and this is very well if every room is equally well fitted for the purpose for which it is intended. An investigation of many houses will show that while the parlor is handsomely furnished, the kitchen and pantry are usually lacking in this respect. Labor saving devices save time, temper and strength, and the satisfaction of doing the work in a well equipped kitchen, would be a revelation to those who have been in the habit of getting along with a meager outfit.

The walls of the kitchen should be kalsomined in some cheerful pretty color. Paper is soon loosened with the steam of cooking or washing, and is not the best finish for the walls. There should be enough windows to give plenty of light and air, and they should be supplied with shades on spring rollers. Ample closet space is needed unless you are plentifully supplied with kitchen cabinets, then there should be a closet for the cooking utensils.

A chair that is high enough to allow one to work at the table in comfort will be found a great help. On ironing day, when one becomes tired of standing, it will be a great relief, and one can work as quickly as to stand all the time.

Scrubbing the kitchen floor is hard work, but it may be oiled or painted and will be easy to keep clean. Scrub the floor and let it dry. Heat a quart of linseed oil until it is boiling, pour a little in a vessel that is convenient to handle. Use a clean paint brush, and spread it on evenly, adding more hot oil from time to time as it is needed. It will take two days to dry it. One application every year will keep it in good shape. The oil fills the pores of the wood so that it does not absorb grease. It preserves the floor, making it last two or three times as long as it would without it. Wash the floor once a week with a woolen mop rag wrung out of water containing a little borax and a very little soap, and it will look clean with very little labor. Keep a box of borax on your pantry shelf, and you will find it useful in many ways. Put a teaspoonful in half a gallon of hot water for cleaning silver. Rub brass or copper with a damp cloth dipped in the dry powder. Rinse in clear water and wipe with a flannel cloth.

The kitchen utensils should be of graniteware as far as possible. They are not so heavy as iron kettles, are easy to keep clean, and look well. They do not discolor fruit and vegetables, nor do the articles cooked in them taste of the kettle.

E. J. C.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Wheat Muffins.—Beat two eggs, yolks and whites separately. Add one cup of milk, two tablespoons of butter, then two cups of flour sifted with two teaspoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt. Half fill hot greased gem pans and bake in a hot oven.

Raisin Cake.—Cream one cup of butter, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, the whites of four eggs, one and one-half cups of flour sifted with three level teaspoons of baking powder, one-half cup of cornstarch. Bake in layers and spread over icing used as a filling between the layers.

Cream of Onion Soup.—Cut a dozen small onions into thin slices and fry a light brown in a rounding tablespoon of butter. Add two cups of milk and one quart of boiling water to the onions and season with a saltspoon of salt and pepper, a level teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of mace. Cook half an hour slowly and strain through a fine wire strainer. Add the yolks of three eggs well beaten and one cup of cream. Serve at once after the cream is added.

Cocoa Cup Cakes.—Cream half a cup of butter with a cup of sugar, add the yolks o three eggs, well beaten, and half a cup of water. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with a cup and a quarter of flour and a quarter cup of cocoa. Mix and bake in small patty-pans and ice with white or chocolate frosting. By using three-fourths of a cup of milk instead of the water, and two cups of pastry flour instead of the quantity mentioned, a loaf cake may be made.

Cream Puffs.—In a sauce-pan put half a cup of butter and a cup of boiling water. When the butter is melted add one cup of flour. Stir till the mixture boils. When somewhat cold break in four unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Drop the mixture on buttered paper in a large pan, making the dots some distance apart, brush the tops with white of egg and bake thirty-five minutes in a slow oven. When cool, fill with sweetened whipped cream; or made a cream filling as follows: Seven-eights of a cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of flour, a pinch of salt, two eggs and two cups of rich milk. Mix the dry ingredients, add the eggs, slightly beaten, then the milk, and cook fifteen minutes, stirring often. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and let cool before filling the puffs.

STRENGTH ECONOMIES.

Duties and pleasures crowd upon us in helter skelter fashion, writes Mrs. T. E. Lawrence. I believe that housewives, as a rule, unselfishly set aside the pleasures. Occasionally, however, one seems to have grasped an easier way of living that leaves her time for recreation and social duties. Then we all wonder how she does it. A woman of my acquaintance appears to accomplish twice the amount of work of the average woman, and still has time to spare.

Her home is the embodiment of neatness, cheerfulness and order. She considers system as essential in the government of the home as in that of the town, but she has no rule so set that it cannot be changed if the change will benefit herself or friends. She watches for the easiest methods of doing work. She says herself that if there is anything in the world she is thankful for it is to know how to "slight" work. And I am inclined to think that this is an accomplishment, this knowing how to "slight" work, without anyone suffering from it.

She keeps her flour prepared ahead ready for a pie or a loaf of cake at a moment's notice. For pies she mixes flour, lard and salt together in the necessary proportions, then puts the mixture in a tin pail or can with a tight cover. When the pie is wanted all she has to do is to wet up the desired amount of flour. For cake or biscuit she mixes the flour and baking powder together, using three teaspoons of baking powder to each quart of flour. This is put through a sieve two or three times and then set away in a can closely covered. In summer, much of her work is done in the cool of the morning, bringing her rest period in the heat of the day.

Her rest consists of sewing or doing fancywork, the throwing of her thoughts into different muscles, seeming to be all the rest she needs.

Occasionally she finds it helpful to rest completely. She laughs at my way of arranging the pillows and providing myself with a book. She would toss herself on the bed with an utter disregarh of the arrangement, and at the same time toss away every care. Then for a few moments she would breathe deeply and rest, then repeat it, rising completely refreshed before I had hardly decided which pillow I wanted.

I frankly confess I envy her. But I am keeping my eyes wide open and trying to grasp every helpful message that comes my way. Perhaps some far away day even I shall be able to surprise my wise little friend and pass her some little suggestion, in return for those she has given me.

HOME-MADE CANDIES.

Lemon Taffy.—Melt three-fourths tablespoon butter, and add three fourths cup each molasses and brown sugar. Heat to boiling point, add pinch of cream of tartar, and boil ten minutes. Take from the fire, flavor with a teaspoon of lemon extract, and beat until the mixture is creamy. Pour into buttered pan, cool, and mark in squares.

Peanut Bars.—Brush square pans lightly with oil and cover the bottom thickly with shelled peanuts. Make syrup of two pounds of sugar, one cupful of water, half teaspoon of cream tartar. Boil ten minutes or till it hardens when dropped in cold water. Pour this over the peanuts, let harden and break into bars. Walnuts, pecans, almonds or mixed nuts may be substituted for peanuts.

Pop Corn Balls.—Dissolve an ounce of gum arabic in half a pint of water, add a pound of confectioner's sugar and boil, stirring all the time. Cool a little in a saucer, and if still flavor with rose, orange, or lemon, and pour over nicely popped corn. Form into balls and set aside to harden.

Stuffed Dates—Remove the seed and fill with cream filling, made of a tablespoon of cream, thicken to a dough with confectioner's sugar.

Chocolate Caramels.—Boil slowly together one pound of brown sugar, one-half cupful of cream and one tablespoon of butter until it is like very thick molasses. Take from the fire, flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour into buttered pans, mark in squares when partly cold.

DRESDEN POLICE.

In That City the Police are Permitted to Impose Fines.

One advantage accrues to the respectable member of the community from the minuteness with which the Dresden police look into the affairs of every inhabitant of the city, writes a correspondent. If he is a careful man and always carries papers which may serve to establish his identity, he is practically immune from the indignity of being arrested and marched off to the police station unless, indeed, he commits some especially heinous crime. Does he drive faster than the law permits, does he cross a bridge on the left hand side or ride his bicycle through forbidden streets, he is stopped by the guardian of law and order and requested to give his name. If he has papers with him the policeman may then and there impose a fine of from one to three marks. If then he admits that he is in the wrong and pays the fine the incident is closed. If, however, he wishes to appeal from the policeman's decision he may do so. Even in that case he is not arrested, but a day or two later he is notified to appear in court and answer to the charge against him. But then if he is found guilty the lowest fine that can be imposed is three marks. That this custom of permitting the policeman personally to impose small fines is little understood by foreigners is shown by a remark made to me a short time ago by a gentleman who had lived in Germany the greater part of his life and in Dresden for a number of years. In reply to my inquiry as to whether there was any question of corruption in the police department he replied:

"No; none whatever as far as the higher officers are concerned. The individual men, however, may be bribed occasionally. For instance, if I were to walk on the grass in the Grosser Garten and a policeman caught me at it, I would give him a mark or two and that would end the matter."

COMPLIMENTS FOR THE KING.

Again and for all time does the Irishman show himself the finest artist in witty compliments in the world. These compliments to King Edward from sons of the "sister island," which are going the rounds of the English press, are triumphs over political rancor. Thus wit performs a service of utmost importance.

Two London journalists, on their way from Dublin to Cork, accosted a craggy native at a Queen's County station.

"Well, Pat, what do you think of the King of England now?"

"King of England, is it?" replied the Irishman, and there stole over his face an expression of drollery as he went on in a stage whisper' "Sure, avic, ye'll want a viceroy over there, I'm thinkin'. Himself an' herself are not goin' back to yez at all!"

Another quaint anecdote of the same epoch-making trip comes from Galaway. An old dame in that "City of the Tribes" who had spoken with the king was questioned as to what she thought of his majesty. She delivered herself of a long and enthusiastic eulogy to the effect that "Edward the First of Ireland" was "a grand man intirely," closing with the remark that she had "only wan thrifling fault to find with him."

And what was this fault?

"Och, sure, they kept the poor man so long in the Phaynix Park beyant that they have him talkin' with a sthrong Dublin accent!"

Proud Father—"My baby girl has been learning to talk for six months now." Experienced Father—"Well, it will take her longer than that to learn not to."

MONEY KINGS OF EUROPE

THE JEWS ARE THE LEADING FINANCIERS.

Little Known Facts About Their Wealth, Power and Position.

Foremost among the money kings of Europe, as the great financiers of the world are called, stands the name of Rothschild. Without attempting to trace the history of the present family, which has been told so many times, it is nevertheless interesting to note its rapid rise. Before the middle of the eighteenth century there were no Rothschilds known to fame.

The father of the first Rothschild was a Jewish merchant of the name of Mayer Bauer, who resided at Frankfort. He intended to make his son a Rabbi, but the latter preferred a business career, and started in Frankfort as a money-lender. By law he was required to hang out a sign, just as public-houses do. Bauer chose a red shield—in German, Rothschild. He prospered so well under that sign that he discarded the family appellation of Bauer and borrowed the one on the sign. Rothschild, therefore, is purely an adopted name.

From a money-lender he became a banker and, in 1802, just over a century ago, he made his debut as a financier on the international stage by raising a loan for the Danish Government. Four years later, when Napoleon invaded Prussia with his army, young Rothschild bid a huge quantity of silver and other treasures belonging to a Prussian nobleman in his garden, where they remained for years until they were reclaimed by their rightful owner, who received all his wealth plus 5 per cent. interest, which earned the banker the title of

"THE HONEST JEW."

At his death, in 1812, he left five sons and five daughters. The most famous of these was the third son, who came to England in 1800 to buy cotton goods for his father at Manchester. Five years later he settled down in London as a banker and financier, and during the following century he and his offspring played no mean part in the financial history of this country.

When the sturdy, far-seeing Jew arrived at the capital England was at war with Napoleon, and fully convinced that she held the winning card he backed her for all he was worth. When Wellington's drafts on the British Government came in from the Peninsula in 1810 and there was no money in the National Treasury to meet them, Rothschild took them up and renewed them from time to time until the hard-pressed Chancellor of the Exchequer could redeem them. But Rothschild did not oblige the Government for nothing. He paid all the bills less a heavy discount, every one of which was subsequently redeemed at par, giving the financier a huge profit.

At the Battle of Waterloo he made a big haul on the London Stock Exchange. Receiving news that the French had been defeated through a Dutch paper brought to him by a captain in his employ, he hastened at once to inform Lord Liverpool of the glad tidings, who strange to say, refused to believe it. Rothschild then made his way to the Stock Exchange, which had just received a rumor that Blucher had been defeated. All stocks were subsequently depressed to the lowest point. Rothschild bought up almost everything, and two days later, after the victory had been confirmed, sold out at a tremendous profit. He is said to have

MADE OVER $5,000,000

by this one important item of news.

He died in 1836 and was succeeded by his son Lionel. He was the first Jew who ever sat in the House of Commons, and his son, the present Lord Rothschild, was the first Hebrew financier admitted to the House of Lords. England owes much to this family of Jewish financiers. They made London the financial centre of the Continent by the stipulation they imposed upon foreign Governments that all drafts they issued were to be repaid in London. They saved the Suez Canal from passing into the hands of the French Government by lending $30,000,000 at the right moment. They also raised the $1,000,000,000 war indemnity demanded by Germany from the French after the Franco-German War. This famous peace treaty was signed at the Baron Rothschild chateau, on the outskirts of Paris, the firm having long ago established branches at Paris and Vienna.

Although honored by almost every Government of Europe, the Rothschilds have not been permitted to enter Russia. They have a prejudice against Spain. Many are inclined to think that they favor war for the interest they obtain on their loans. This is far from the case, and during at least one critical moment of late years, when there was imminent danger of war between England and a European Power, the whole influence of the Rothschilds was thrown unhesitatingly and steadily in favor of peace.

LORD ROTHSCHILD,

is regarded as the ablest of the present generation. No one has ever interviewed him. Nor has he ever written a book, or an article or made a speech upon any topic of public interest or the least public importance.

Although the wealth and power of the Rothschilds were never so great as to-day, other money kings have sprung into existence within the last generation who have wielded no small influences in the affairs of the world. One recalls the name of the late Baron Hirsch. He made most of his money by building railways in the Balkans and in speculating on the European exchanges. He is renowned for his magnificent bequest of $35,000,000 to improve the conditions of the poor Jews of Austria. It is to be regretted, however, that although the wealthy Baron's intentions were of the best, the application of the enormous sum has scarcely realized the hope of the munificent founder.

Another famous Jew who made millions in railway construction was M. Jean Bloch, the eminent Warsaw banker and political economist. M. Bloch, although influential as a money king, was much better known by his writings, and especially by his prophetic encyclopaedic work on the "Future of War." M. Bloch was a statesman and a seer as well as a great railway builder and financier. He spent his money lavishly in the promotion of his ideas, and on his death he left large sums to be devoted to public charities and to the education of girls.

In Scandinavia the manufacture of dynamite gave Alfred Nobel an almost regal position. The dynamite king abstained during his life from taking any part in public affairs, but on his death he left a fortune of $10,000,000 to found prizes to be distributed annually in lump sums of about $40,000 each to the five persons who have rendered best service to their fellow-men.

The Nobel prizes are awarded annually: first to the man who has made the most important discovery in the domain of physical science; secondly, to the man who has made the most important discovery or introduced the greatest improvement in chemistry; thirdly, to the author of the most important discovery in the domain of physiology or medicine fourthly, to the man who has produced the most remarkable literary work of an idealistic nature; and, fifthly, to the man who has done the most and the best work for the fraternity of the nations, the suppression or reduction of standing armies, and the formation and propagation of peace congresses.

It is worth while to record the testimony of this master of many millions as to the evil of inherited wealth. Speaking shortly before his death, he said: "I am a thorough Social Democrat, but with moderation. Experience has taught me that great fortunes acquired by inheritance never bring happiness; they only dull the faculties. Any man possessing a large fortune ought not to leave more than a small part of it to his heirs, not even to his direct heirs—just enough to make their way in the world."

In Denmark the only money king is Jacobsen, the brewer. Jacobsen I. presented to his country or spent in scientific or philanthropic purposes about $5,000,000. The Carlsberg fund which he founded celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in 1901, when his son, Jacobsen II, handed over the famous brewery, the source of all their wealth, to the fund, only reserving for himself and his family one-third of the income for fifty years. Jacobsen also presented Copenhagen with the largest private collection of sculpture in the world, the estimated value of which was not less than $8,000,000.

Of American money kings one could write at great length, but their influence has not been particularly felt in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of that famous financier, Mr. J. Pairpont Morgan. The associated capital of the enterprises with which he is connected in one shape or another has been stated to amount to no less than $9,000,000,000, a sum easily written down on paper, but almost impossible for the human mind to grasp.—London Tit-Bits.

HOW YOU MAY KEEP YOUNG.

"Don't Worry," One of the Most Important Rules.

There's no trouble at all about keeping young if you know what to do. Sarah Bernhardt says that she has kept her youth by the aid of hot water and soap.

"When I am tired I take a hot bath," she says. "When I am nervous I take a hot bath and massage. When I am depressed nothing exhilarates me and puts me in form so soon as a hot bath. Every night when I am playing, as well as when I am at leisure, I take a hot scrub before going to bed. Yes, I scrub my face with soap and hot water twice, and sometimes three times in the twenty-four hours. There is no beautifier like soap and water, and no preservative against illness, nerves and age that compares with hot water."

Clara Barton keeps young by not puttering.

"I don't putter," she says, "that's what ages women—puttering. When I am not working I either rest or play. When I see a woman breaking down with nervous prostration, I wonder when women will learn to stop puttering. Sleep is a great thing for women. Half the women don't sleep enough. I've cultivated the accomplishment of napping. I shut my eyes and go to sleep when there is little in my work. It isn't the work that wears women out—it's fretting and puttering. Here's the way to keep young: Stop worrying and go to work."

"Indulging in a fit of ugly temper not only shortens a woman's life, but makes her old and ugly before her time," says Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, the apostle of dress reform. "Control your temper, for every time you allow it to control you you spoil your good looks and injure yourself physically. Not only that, but the woman who governs her temper is the woman who wins in this life; and, as a rule, she makes the best match, because men like sweet tempered wives. Then, anger curdles the blood hinders circulation and consequently makes the complexion bad and dulls the eye."

One woman who is beautiful, though 60, gives her recipe for retaining youth as: "Have great patience with fools." Worrying or being annoyed by the foolishness of others only makes unnecessary lines on brow and cheeks.

Here are a few rules for the guidance of the woman who would be beautiful at 60 or 80, with a fresh complexion—not one of parchment—and bright eyes and mental faculties active:

Sleep eight hours during the twenty-four. Don't drink hard water. That long-lived race of people, the Chinese, drink only rain water, if they can possibly obtain it.

Avoid food that contains lime. Every article of food contains lime, but of course there are some that are freer from lime than others. Onions are admirable youth preservers; so are fish, rice and eggs.

Eat fruit of all varieties. Fruit contains a large amount of acid, and this neutralizes the effect of those elements which make old age creep fast upon us.

Not long ago a German discovered that all you had to do to live forever and be beautiful forever was to eat a sufficiency of lemons. There was only one objection to the plan, but that was fatal. You had to eat daily one lemon for each seven years of your age.

When, therefore, you arrived at the second or third century, your length of life would be of very little use to you, for it would take all your time to eat the prescribed quantity of lemons.

She—"Is old Closefist mean?" He—"Mean? Why, he lives in the suburbs, and has made a complaint to the authorities to prevent cyclists from pumping the pure air of the place into pneumatic tyres!"

It is nearly safe to say that the most disappointed man in this wide, wide world is the man who expects to get a letter by a particular post from his girl, and receives instead a peremptory note from his tailor.

KINGS AS SPECULATORS

REMARKABLE FIGURES ABOUT ROYAL INVESTMENTS.

How King Edward Buys Stock—Late Queen Invested Her Money.

Sovereigns, like other people, are very much on the look-out for sound and, if possible, profitable securities in which to invest their spare cash, but their mode of investing money differs somewhat from that of the ordinary individual.

For instance, if King Edward wished to put, say $5,000 into railway stock, he would purchase the stock in the names of two members of his household, one being usually the Keeper of the Privy Purse. A month or so later, if His Majesty decided to hold the stock as a permanent investment, the stock would be then registered in his name; if, however, by selling the stock a good profit could be made, King Edward would probably instruct one of the purchasers to sell, and the amount made on the transaction would be placed to the credit of His Majesty's private banking account.

As a matter of fact King Edward rarely puts any money into speculative securities, and since his accession to the Throne has confined his financial dealings altogether to first-class securities, which are purchased as permanent investments.

The late Queen invested a great deal of money very profitably, and was guided in all such matters by the advice of a certain well-known member of the Court who is one of the soundest financiers in England. He at one time held over $1,500,000 worth of stock in his own name which he purchased from Queen Victoria, who placed unlimited confidence in his judgment.

The most systematic speculator among European Sovereigns is the Emperor of Russia, who has the keenest insight into the workings of the money market and rarely makes

A BAD INVESTMENT.

The Czar has made it a rule never to lose more than $100,000 in one twelvemonth in financial speculations. This sum seems no doubt very large, but it must be borne in mind that the Emperor of Russia is one of the richest men in the world, and the loss of such a sum in one year would cause him but little, if any, inconvenience. Only once did the Czar actually lose in one year the limit to which he is prepared to go.

That was five years ago, when His Imperial Majesty purchased a large number of shares in a Russian gold mine that turned out to be absolutely worthless. They were purchased on the advice of a certain gentleman in whom the Czar had great confidence; but it afterwards turned out that this individual knew the shares to be a very bad investment, and induced the Czar to buy in order that he himself might get rid of his own shares in the mine, which he probably could not otherwise have done.

The Czar conducts all his financial transactions through an agent, and once every half-year such shares as His Imperial Majesty wishes to retain for any time are registered then in his own name.

The Czarina, like all great Russian ladies, was at one time a keen speculator on the Stock Exchange, but some years ago she lost heavily over certain transactions in American shares, and since then has rigidly avoided any risky speculations. The Czarina in her dealings in American securities is said to have lost

$250,000 IN ONE WEEK.

The Austrian Emperor has a great deal of money invested in land, a form of security he prefers to any other. Some years ago he deputed two agents to go to England with a view to purchasing building land that gave promise of becoming valuable. The agents were over two years in this country, but failed to do any business owing to the niggardly policy of their Royal Master, who is one of the closest men in Europe as regards money.

His agents could have secured him some building land near Birmingham for $2,500 per acre which a short time ago was actually sold for $5,500 per acre. The Austrian Emperor, however, declined to pay one farthing more than $2,800, and so lost what would have turned out to be a profitable investment.

The Sultan of Turkey used to be a most reckless speculator. Some years ago, he, however, lost very heavily owing to the defalcations of the Minister entrusted to look after his financial transactions. The Minister fled for his life to the Argentine Republic, where he died some time ago, and the Sultan has since practically given up all speculative operations in stocks and shares.

The Empress of Germany is the financial adviser of the Kaiser. In all matters relating to his private purse the Emperor acts upon the advice of the Empress, who sets her face absolutely against having anything to do with speculative investments.—London Tit-Bits.

READY FOR PROMOTION.

A young rising Scotch artist, who afterwards became a distinguished President of the Royal Scottish Academy, was painting on one occasion amidst the rugged scenery of the West Highlands of Scotland, in close proximity to an isolated and rudely-built thatched cottage, such as are usually inhabited by the hardy peasant crofters of North Britain.

While engaged in giving the rough stone exterior of his dwelling its annual coat of whitewash, the Highlander espied the future Academician engaged on an important picture, and, thinking probably that landscape painting was but an elementary and poor use for the brush of a youth who had nearly reached the state of manhood, said to him: "Man, yer a big callant to be pentin' picturs; can ye no' learn to pent hooses?"