

GIVEN TO NOTED BRIDES.

Some of the Many Elaborate Presents That Have Been Bestowed Upon Royals.

When Princess Louise was married to the marquis of Lorne, now the duke of Argyll, she received some curious presents. The queen gave her the customary set of opals and diamonds bestowed on English royal brides and also a couple of emerald and diamond earrings for bracelet or necklace.

The bridegroom's parents gave an emerald and diamond tiara. Clan Campbell sent as a gift to the wife of their future chief a lovely diamond and pearl necklace, with a pearl and sapphire locket, while a most curious bracelet of barbaric appearance came from the tenantry and peasants of the Loch of Mull, made of pieces of the odd green serpentine of Iowa mounted on a gold band, says Cassell's Magazine.

Princess Beatrice on her marriage was the recipient of various pieces of handsome jewelry from her own family. As the queen's favorite daughter she had many friends. No English princess ever had so many books given her or so many small artistic presents. She had always been interested in the artists on the Isle of Wight and they sent her a white Morocco-bound album containing a water-color sketch from each. The women of Bristol gave her an elaborately carved linen chest.

It is supposed no English princess ever received so much jewelry on her marriage as Princess Louise of Wales when she married the duke of Fife, for its value was estimated at \$750,000. She had a ruby horseshoe pin from her brothers, a diamond bracelet from 112 girl friends and seven diamond stars from a number of men friends.

When the duke of York married Princess May, who had been engaged to his brother, the duke of Clarence, who died before the wedding, it seemed that the people of Great Britain were pouring jewels at her feet, says the Chicago News. The queen gave a necklace and tiara of diamonds, the women of England a diamond and pearl necklace and earrings, 1,000 people gave a pearl necklace, while the girls of Ireland and England gave a superb diamond and pearl tiara. Innumerable smaller, but no less lovely, gems were included in the list.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

The "Galleries" Are an Important Part of Them as They Are Now Conducted.

Goldwin Smith, describing in his history of the United States the convention which framed our federal constitution, says that it "sat with closed doors, as every assembly must if it means really to deliberate, not to talk to the galleries and the reporters."

Once in four years, after the great national conventions for the nomination of candidates for president and vice president, says Youth's Companion, many persons are of opinion that spectators ought to be excluded from these assemblies. It is not proposed to exclude the reporters, which would be done were the doors strictly closed, in the sense referred to by Prof. Smith, but to limit the convention to the delegates and alternates, the newspaper reporters and perhaps a few distinguished guests.

The system which permits the presence of many thousands of visitors, applauding and shouting, permits them also to exert great influence over the deliberations of the delegates, and renders the convention subject to the control of passing frenzies of emotion.

As conventions are now conducted, the spectators, or, as they are popularly termed, "the galleries," play a not unimportant part. They do the cheering; they raise banners; under an enthusiastic leader they have been known to start a march through the hall in behalf of some candidate whose name is before the convention. The delegates are naturally influenced by such demonstrations; and yet it is far from certain that the galleries typify "the people" outside, for the galleries are often packed in advance with friends of a particular candidate.

However desirable more deliberate conventions, state and national, may be, the proposed change does not make headway. It would take away "half the fun" of a convention, and would thereby disappoint a great number of people. But, after all, "the fun" is the last thing to be considered when men are selecting the rulers of the nation.

A Wedding Souvenir.

A Belgian bride of recent date made an ingenious application of the autograph idea. She asked every guest to write his or her name in pencil on the train of her white satin gown. These she will embroider later in silk and keep as a souvenir of the occasion. The same original young woman had in her bridal bouquet some myrtle grown from a sprig planted by her from an older sister's bridal bouquet. A wedding feast in Belgium begins at three o'clock in the afternoon and lasts until nine.

Book No Time to Make Her Choice. Brother Tom—Yes, I like him well enough, Polly; but how did you ever happen to marry a man a head shorter than you are?

His Married Sister—I had to choose, Tom, between a little man with a big salary and a big man with a little salary.—Stray Stories.

Mysteries of Nature. She—As a rule, big, strong men are good-natured and jolly. He—Yes; and as a rule, weak little women are pert and saucy.—Chicago Daily News.

A POINTER ON HORSES.

It Takes at Least Three Months for a Country Horse to Become Accustomed to City Pavements.

"The mare is worth the money, and I would take her if I were you, but don't get rid of the old horse for at least three months."

"Why? Isn't the mare sound?" "Sound as a bullet, but she hasn't had her urban acclimatization."

"What's that?" The veterinary surgeon, or doctor of comparative medicine, as he best likes to be described, says the St. Louis Republic, smiling indulgently upon his friend who was considering the wisdom of purchasing a handsome black mare to succeed the old gelding he had driven for years, and said: "Don't you know that all country-raised horses have to become acclimated to the city before they are fit for anything like hard service on stone pavements amid the din of traffic? It is a fact, and the ignorance many men have of it puts a pretty sum in the pockets of the dealers every year."

"Why is it I don't pretend to say, but you can bring the toughest of country horses into St. Louis and put them to work and they soon get sick. Of course the hard pavements hurt their feet, but that is not the only thing. The action of the continuous noise seems to have an effect through the nervous system. In addition to becoming footsore the country horse develops a slight catarrhal fever, which is liable to result seriously unless properly treated, but is not dangerous if the horse is taken care of and is not worked too hard while green."

"That is why I advise you to hold on to the old horse until the mare has gone through the acclimatization process." The D. C. M. then went on to tell of instances where men have purchased excellent horses from country owners, paying a reasonable price, and after using them for a few weeks discover what they suppose to be weakness in the animals, and sell them for about one-half their value.

"The best plan," he said, "is to buy a country horse at least three months before you will require steady work of him. In that time it will have had its inevitable city sickness and will be ready for any sort of strain, provided, of course, it is constitutionally sound. But buying any sort of a horse is something of a risk. A competent veterinary surgeon can tell if the animal is in good health, and can make a fairly accurate estimate of the chances of it remaining so."

"The queerest case I ever knew of came under my observation when I was a very young man and thought I knew all there was to know. A man living on a plantation in the south bought a saddle horse that had been bred and reared in the limestone country around Nashville, Tenn., where the roads are hard as flint. The horse was a beauty, and to all appearances was as sound as could be, but after my friend had ridden him for a few weeks he developed tender feet. Everything the vets. could think of was done for him, but nothing did any good. Finally the owner sold the horse for a mere song to an elderly man who wanted a gaited horse for 'easy work.' The new owner took the horse to a city and in a few months the animal was sound again. Then he got so spirited that the elderly man sold him for fear he might throw him. The purchaser was another planter. He also rode the horse on soft ground, and he hadn't used him a month before the lameness returned. There was another sacrifice sale, and the horse fell into the hands of a police sergeant at Memphis, Tenn. The sergeant was warned by a man who knew the horse that the animal's feet were tender, and he snapped at the first offer he got for the saddle. It was from a cattle dealer who was notorious for riding horses to death. A horse that could last a year under him was considered extra tough. The cattle dealer used that horse steadily for three years, then sold him for twice what he had paid, and during the entire time the horse never showed a sign of tenderness but once, and that was when his owner had ridden him into Mississippi, where the roads are soft. The horse could stand rock pavements all right, but a dirt road seemed to give him corns. He was like the man who got sore feet from riding in carriages."

NEW RULES OF THE ROAD.

The Increase in Noiseless Vehicles Makes Some Changes in the Old Ones Necessary.

All the world rides these days, but the city of Paris seems to have gone fairly wheel-mad. A stormy campaign against ill-managed automobiles is now in progress there. The police bicycle squad, just organized to control careless drivers, arrested 30 scooters during the first day it was on duty, says Youth's Companion. We Americans, particularly those of us who dwell in cities, will soon have to deal with the same problem, and make sure that the man who walks and the man who rides shall each "get his rights." We have been substituting rubber for steel in tires, even in horseshoes, and replacing stone pavements with asphalt—that is, endeavoring to make vehicles run without noise. Since bicycles and automobiles are as swift as well as silent, every day develops new dangers to be guarded against in the streets.

The simple old rule of the road was: Give pedestrians the right of way and turn to the right. The new rules must cover more ground than the old. Still, the pedestrians, who will always be in the majority, must have the right of way. But it may reasonably be required that they shall keep their eyes open, not loiter on crossings and never invade bicycle paths or driveways.

As for riders and drivers, it should not be permitted to propel vehicles at such a speed that they cannot be quickly checked, turned or stopped. Bells or whistles should be attached to rubber-tired vehicles, and at night such vehicles should display lights, visible behind and before—sensible lights, moreover, and not so brilliant that they blind the rider and all who meet him.

In Paris the automobile and the bicycle, badly mishandled, have terrorized the community, and the man who walks and the man who rides are mutually hostile. Perhaps this country will order things more wisely. The case demands only a spirit of consideration and a modicum of common sense.

Not the Same Kind of a Smile. "I wonder why Mrs. Gayboy always looks so solemn. She never smiles." "Perhaps it is because her husband smiles so frequently."—Chicago Post.

DESPISE NO ENEMY.

A Maxim for All Foreign Ministers to Consider When at Their Stations.

If we were asked to suggest a maxim which should be obligatory on all foreign ministers it would be this: "Despise no one, not even an empress of China with 300,000,000 of subjects." A foolish contempt has been the foundation of European policy in China, and Europe has now to pay for it—it may be a bitter price, says the London Spectator. Just think of the mass of illusion, all of it accepted as axiomatic truth, which the events of the past month have dissipated. It was supposed that the proudest court in Asia regarded the incessant aggressions on its independence, aggressions often dictated by obvious or admitted greed of cash, with despairing humility, with no idea of revenge, and with no hope of repairing counter blows. We now know that the empress and her Manchou counselors regarded those aggressions with furious though suppressed rage; that they were prepared to brave Europe rather than not punish them, and that they had in profound secrecy summoned their only experienced general, Tung, who has been crushing Mahomedans in the west, and had imported Krupp guns, shells and rifles; had collected 70,000 of their best troops, and stood ready when the hour arrived to dismiss the legations, to shell the whole fleet of Europe at Taku, and to defend Peking by force of arms. It was supposed that the people at large were utterly indifferent to the insults pressed upon their empire; that they hardly knew of the foreign pressures, and that when they did know they regarded them as affairs of Peking and not of China. We now know that hatred of the foreigner for his arrogance was diffused through all the Chinese provinces; that a secret society of "respectable" men had been formed everywhere to give expression to that hatred, and that the populace in the north was excited to the point not only of committing murder, but of running the risk of death. It was supposed that there was no man in the empire except the empress, and it is now perceived that she has beside her princes who are audacious generals who can plan successful ambushes, statesmen who arranged a national explosion in such secrecy that, as Mr. Brodrick admitted, the British ambassador had no suspicion of its approach. Above all, it was supposed that was an article of faith—that the Chinese would not fight. Look, it was said, how they fled before the Japanese. Surely any European force, half a regiment, will scatter any Chinese "army." It is now known that though Chinese soldiers fight badly they died in heaps in the Taku forts; that they "repulsed" 600 Russians and Americans with heavy loss; that they knew how to surround, so as to drive to despair, a European division; that though unable to win a pitched battle, they are able to harass, to intercept, to maintain contests behind walls and entrenchments, which, as they can spend a thousand lives for one, are in the aggregate most embarrassing and to their enemies most costly. Any single power, it is said, even Italy, for instance, could defeat China, and now all Europe in combination is challenged to reach Peking, only a hundred miles from the sea, and recognizes that the task is a formidable and maybe an exhausting one.

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TAKE THE SHORT CUT.

Pedestrians in Chicago Business Center Use Hallways to Save Time and Avoid Weather.

In these days of blistering heat more people are using the hallways of public buildings than usual. It is not known to very many thousands in Chicago that a great deal of heat, rain or wind of any sort may be avoided by walking through buildings with passageways which connect street with street, says the Chronicle. There are more of these buildings than is generally known, and a great deal of disagreeable weather may be avoided by taking these short cuts. Not all the people seen entering skyscrapers and retail shops are going in there to make business calls or purchases. Many of them are merely using the hallways for convenience. By so doing they can walk under cover, through ways which are cool in summer and warm in winter, for a considerable distance, sometimes coming out into the open air a block from where they started. Those whose business requires them to be on the streets must know these secret ways and always take advantage of them.

ENEMIES OF LOBSTERS.

They Have Not a Friend Among All the Denizens of the Deep, Not Even Their Relatives.

Everything that swims is an enemy to the little embryo lobster, including himself—for the larger ones eat the little ones in the most wanton fashion. The little fry lobsters shed their shells 17 times on an average during the first year of their existence. After they are five years old they shed them about four times a year, says the Lewiston Journal.

The range of the lobster is about 1,600 miles, from the straits of Belle Isle on the north to Cape Hatteras on the south, and 50 miles out to sea. It was long a mooted question whether they went up and down the coast, like shad, mackerel, blue fish, etc., or whether they remained stationary like the oyster and clam.

This was settled by the fish commission in a very curious and interesting way. They attached a zinc tag to a lot of them at various points, and set them free. These tags were numbered, and a record kept of them in a book. Fishermen were given a prize if they would return them to the commissions by mail, with a statement as to where and when found. By these means it was soon discovered that they travel back and forth out to sea, instead of up and down the coast.

Lost-ragrow to an immense size, the largest one thus far captured weighing 27 pounds. It is supposed that they grow much larger than this, but they are in very deep water, and too large for any traps that are made. Once in awhile a fisherman in deep water will drag his line over a big one and hook him by accident. Occasionally, nearer shore, a large one will attack a lobster creel in an attempt to secure the bait inside—and will become entangled in the slats of the creel and be lifted out by the fishermen. These are the only known ways of securing them.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

He—"I asked your father's consent by telephone." She—"What was his answer?" He—"He said: 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right.'"

—Harvard Lampoon. "I don't care much about the circus," said the boy. "I only go to give father an excuse for going." This terrible falsehood illustrates the influence of heredity.—Detroit Journal.

First Fly—"Say, what are you doing in that ash barrel?" Second Fly—"Do you see that baldheaded man at the window? Well, I'm going to put ashes on his head so I won't fall off."—Chicago Daily News.

She (poetical)—"Do you notice, darling, what beautiful azure tints the sun lends to the bosom of the ocean?" He (practical)—"That, my dear, is the dye out of some of those cheap bathing suits."—Illustrated Bits.

Cutton—"Were you careful, when you took your bicycle apart and cleaned it, not to lose any of the parts?" Dryde—"Not to lose any of them? Why, when I put the machine together again I had nearly a dozen pieces left over!"—Answers.

The Professor—"Wonderful! Your bump of love for your fellow man is abnormally developed!" Mr. Bloomly—"That was developed in 1863." The Professor—"Ah, indeed!" Mr. Bloomly—"Y-a-a-s; kicked by an army mule."—Indianapolis News.

"Faith in a familiar maxim put me in prison," said the convict. "Someone said a policeman was never around when he was wanted. I hadn't got my hands on the horse before a cop came around the corner and nabbed me."—Philadelphia North American.

SOME QUEER FIGHTS.

How an Oyster Killed a Duck and a Toad Put a Snake to Flight.

"I have witnessed some queer fights in my time," said my friend, the naturalist, as he leaned back in his armchair in a cozy cottage at Spring Lake, "and been told of others equally strange—and they were not between men or nations, either."

"Who were these combatants?" "Beasts, birds and fish. The domestic and the wild, and very often those two classes pitted against each other. I once heard a terrible outcry among the geese swimming on a pond, and on going to see what the matter was beheld an immense gray eagle which had buried his talons in the back of an ancient gander. The latter was making all the noise he could, and, on seeing me, swam directly toward me. The eagle tried to rise with his prey, but his purchase on the wind was not strong enough to lift the load. When they were within reach I seized the bird and held his head under water until he was drowned. The old gander then gave a satisfactory squawk and waddled off toward the barn."

"When I was a little fellow I was one day fooling about a village blacksmith shop, which was built of logs. A squeak down in one corner attracted the attention of the smith and myself. We saw a large toad backing into the room from under a log, and a 15-inch parter snake came with it—the snake having swallowed one of the toad's hind legs. The blacksmith-caught up a pair of rather warm tongs and caught the snake, which dropped the toad with great alacrity. We expected to see the latter hop away, but instead of doing that he turned about, leaped into the air and came down on the snake's back. He bit again and again, and at last the reptile turned tail and disappeared under a log, while his toadship sat down and blinked at us both in satisfied and victorious content."

The speaker spun story after story of queer encounters he had seen or been told about. One of these, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, was between a bumblebee and a locust. The bee went for his enemy, which evidently felt the "point" of the attack—and tried to get away, but the hot little insect was too much for him. They fell to the ground together, and the tussle continued for a few minutes, when both fell over as if exhausted. In a little while the bee revived and flew away with the air of one who had paid dearly for his victory. The locust was left dead upon the turf. There was also a hen which had raised a brood, which afforded some entertainment for a colony of rats installed in the neighborhood. After three or four of the chicks had disappeared the hen began to open her eyes and being open, they rested on a small fowl that was edging up to a speck of bread that he found a fat and angry hen upon his back, digging away with beak and claws. A moment later he found himself lifted into the air, and then chucked into the water of a convenient tub and held there until he was drowned.

The oyster that whipped a duck was probably as greatly surprised at the outcome as was the fowl himself. The oyster was enjoying his meal, and after the fashion of his kind had opened his shell until the greater portion of his body—if it can be called that—was revealed to view. The duck was a diver, and when he saw a juicy oyster open to his advances he made a jump for it. But the bivalve was too quick. The shell snapped together, and then came a struggle for life. The oyster was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, but the bunch had weight enough to keep Mr. Diver's head under water until he was drowned.

"That's a pretty lie," was my natural comment. "There is no lie about it. The body of the duck held the whole outfit up and kept it afloat, and the duck was picked up by a friend of mine while the body was still warm."

"I heard of a fight between a hen and a hawk that showed unexpected pluck. The old hen was peacefully scratching away with her brood, when there was a whirr of wings in the air, and a hawk, with his wings close to his body, landed among the frightened little ones. The hen laid out her plan of campaign and never wavered in carrying it out. Her wings extended, the feathers upon her tough old neck became a ruffle, and she met the hawk headforemost. As soon as she touched the ground she went for him. There was an exciting round, and luck went with courage that time. The hen's beak entered the eye of her opponent, penetrated his brain and laid him lifeless at her feet. He measured just four feet from tip to tip."

"I once saw a large spider and a small spider in pursuit of a housefly. The small one caught him and had started for his parlor, when the big spider pounced down upon him, colored the fly and started off. The little one then crept up in the rear, bit the other fellow on the leg and ran away. The big fellow began to swell up, and in less than five minutes was dead. A hawk was seen to swoop down into a poultry yard, steal a hen and fly to the top of a tree. A swallow pecked at the hawk until he let go of the hen, more swallows flew up, and in a few minutes they had driven the hawk to the ground and killed it by pecking his eyes out. In a fight between a parrot and a rat the bird pecked his eyes out, killed him with beak and claws and then sprang up to her perch and chanted: 'Polly wants a cracker.'"

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

The senior bachelor of arts of Dartmouth college is now Arthur Livermore, of Manchester, England, of the class of '29. Gov. Thomas, of Colorado, spends his vacations in the mountains of his home state, where he amuses himself by high climbing and long-walking tours. Secretary of War Elihu Root is an expert chess player and generally amuses himself during his unoccupied evenings by a game with a friend or in solving some particularly difficult problem. Russian women in reduced circumstances have reason to bless the czarina, who has organized an association of such persons. They are almost constantly employed in making embroidery for court dresses or for ecclesiastical purposes. Li Hung Chang's wife, Marchioness Li, is reckoned a great beauty in China and is also one of the cleverest women in that country. Though close to— or perhaps over—60 years old, she does not look a day over 35. Her wardrobe is something tremendous, including between 3,000 and 4,500 garments, of which 550 are of the finest fur. The volatile Parisians, whose chief joy in life consists, apparently, in overdoing everything, have already tired of Sousa's music. A little while ago they were going into transports about it and writing and reading all sorts of stuff concerning its merits. Now they turn from it with scoffing and describe it as the "savagely boisterous tunes of the far west."

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Seven young women students of the Massachusetts state normal school of North Adams have gone to work as servants in a big hotel at Patchogue. Their reasons for the step, as given to a reporter, are as follows: "Sea and air," Miss Wood; "exercise," Miss Southworth; "travel," Miss Haddock; "society," Miss Conlon; "woman's rights," Miss Case, and "need of money," Miss Young.

Senator Heifield, of Idaho, is probably the biggest man in the United States senate and one of the largest men that ever sat in either house of congress. He is comparatively young, only 41 years old, and of even greater physical proportions than Jeffries, the pugilist, who is an unusually large man. Senator Allen is taller than his fellow senator from Idaho, but not so stalwart. Mr. Heifield was once a cowboy in Kansas and has always been engaged in stock raising.

WON A SALOON AT DICE.

'Count' Houghman's Last Half Dollar Made Him a Business Man of Leadville.

"I see by the papers," said a Chicago sporting man who formerly lived in the west, relates the later career, "that an old and one-time noted gambler, known as 'Count' Houghman, died recently at a sanitarium in southern California. I knew the count over 20 years ago in Colorado. He was a well-educated German, whose title was given him as a joke, and, being willing at all times to stake everything he had on a single turn, his history was a long succession of astonishing ups and downs."

"One of his most picturesque adventures in that connection occurred in Leadville in '78 or '79, when the great silver boom was at its zenith. The count was just then in one of his temporary periods of financial depression and had walked into camp in the wake of a small army of other adventurers with a lone half dollar in his trousers' pocket. A little while after his arrival he strolled into a big saloon on the main street and noticed the proprietor lounging at the bar, playing idly with a dice box. 'I'll throw you once for 50 cents,' said the count, fishing out his solitary coin. 'All right, stranger,' replied the saloon man, and rolled out the dice. He lost, and in ten minutes the count, by persistently doubling the stakes, was \$40 or \$50 ahead. At that juncture some friends passed by and invited him to come along and get some supper."

"Can't do it, boys," he replied, absorbed in the game, 'but I'll wait until you get back.' They walked away, joking about a man who would rather gamble than eat, and it was upward of a couple of hours before they reappeared. The game was then apparently over, and the count was leaning against the bar, alone, at the same place where they had left him. The other man was waiting on customers."

"Well, how did you come out?" they asked. 'Pretty well,' said the count; 'I won the saloon.' They thought he was joking, but it was a simple statement of fact. His phenomenal run of luck had stayed with him, and the saloon keeper, getting desperate under repeated losses, kept raising the stakes until finally the entire establishment changed hands. The last bet included the fixtures and license, and when he won the count promptly took possession and hired the late proprietor as head bartender. The affair made a lot of talk, even in those wild and woolly days; but to the best of my recollection the count's ownership lasted only about a week. He had a streak of bad luck at cards and the place slipped out of his fingers almost as easily as it slipped into them."

The Muir Glacier.

The grand feature of the Alaska excursion—the Muir glacier, the largest in the known world—was named after Prof. Muir of California, who first explored it some 20 years ago. It is about 35 miles long, with a width of 14 miles in its front portion to 100 miles further back. It rises from 100 to 250 feet above the surface of the sea, and extends under it at least three times as far.