

LUCK IN MOLES.

One Firm Believer Explains Her Theory to a Friend in the Turkish Bath.

They were in the Turkish bath-house and a loosely-draped sheet exposed a mole on the left shoulder of the blond one. That started the conversation, relates the New York Sun.

"Have it removed!" she echoed in response to the suggestion of her dark friend. "Well, not just now. It would be somewhat of a trial, I'll admit, if it was a little higher up, but my evening gowns are not cut down to it yet.

"Even if fashion decreed that they should be, I would hesitate about parting with it. Have you one? No? Well, perhaps that has nothing to do with the case after all. I don't know that ordinary moles have any effect on the fortunes of their possessors, but there is something about this one of mine that makes it very dear to me. Oh, there's no secret about it and I don't mind telling you.

"You know I am quite superstitious about many things. Well, this mole is not the first to appear in our family. In fact, my great-grandfather, my grandfather and my father each had one, and as there were no sons of my parents the family mole seems to have descended to me. None of the other girls has one.

"What happened to my great-grandfather's mole does not appear in the family records and he probably kept it to the end of his days. Not so with my grandfather. He yielded to personal vanity and got rid of it in the old-fashioned way by tying a silk thread around it. Luck promptly turned against him and he died poor.

"My father started in life with little or nothing, but was successful in a central New York business, and while still a young man amassed a comfortable fortune. About this time some new electrical treatment for the cure of skin blemishes was widely advertised and my father fell a victim to it and had his mole taken off. Shortly afterward he decided to give up his business in New York to enter what looked like a more promising field in California.

"We all moved out there and the country and climate were admirable, but business was not and complete failure followed. Of course, you may think that the removal of the mole had nothing to do with this fact, but I am firmly convinced that it had all to do with it.

"Now, I have been fairly prosperous in my limited career, and I intend to avoid the errors of my ancestors and cling to my mole."

WORMWOOD FIEND IN FRANCE.

Absinthe Is Constantly Transforming Thousands of Workmen Into Criminals.

"As whisky is the curse of Scotland, absinthe is the curse of France. And while unadulterated whisky is slow and relatively harmless in its effects, absinthe is a deadly poison and exacts a terribly rapid retribution, says a London newspaper.

Pass along the Paris boulevards any evening at the "absinthe hour" and remark the beverage in three-fourths of the glasses before the men sitting outside the cafes. You will know it by its pungent odor of aniseed.

The habitual absinthe drinker, though as a rule he confines himself to one "Pernod" at a sitting, is not content with one per day. Before dejeuner, during the afternoon, before dinner and in the evening, after work is over, absinthe is the favorite drink with thousands of workmen in Paris. What is the result? Not so much that they get hopelessly intoxicated as that they gradually become besotted and brutalized, and finally, when the insidious, relentless poison has finished its work, lose their reason and end as criminals or madmen.

What is true of the Paris workman—indeed, of the workmen in all large towns—is doubly true of the Paris loafer. Constantly worshipping at the shrine of the wormwood fiend, he invariably succumbs in the end, and when a man has become a slave to absinthe there is nothing of which he is not capable.

Of course Frenchmen also consume other varieties of alcohol. Rum, brandy, vermouth and numerous similar and dissimilar digestives, are freely taken. The Parisian seems to be always drinking, yet he seldom gets drunk.

Too Small for Him.

"In the earlier days in the northwest," said M. H. Spencer, of Spokane, Wash. "I was mining in Idaho. At that time we used to have dances there quite frequently in the various camps. The male members of one camp would go into their jeans and make up a pot to defray the expenses, and when all arrangements had been made invitations would be sent out to the other camps for the members thereof to attend. The principal cost of these parties was for liquor, and the amount supplied varied in direct ratio with the amount contributed by the hosts. There would be five, ten, twenty, or even more gallons, as the case might be, of whisky. Cockeys' Leary named these dances for all time when, in answer to a query as to whether or not he would attend a certain shindig soon to be given in a neighboring gulch, he made reply: 'Now, you can bet I ain't going. It's only a five-gallon dance.'"

His Just Reward.

"Never did have any luck," complained Si Engrose. "I'm always left out in the cold."

"Never mind," replied Job Scumfiter. "You won't be in the next world."

Philadelphia Press.

HARD LUCK FOLLOWED HER.

The Lately Wrecked Steamship Rio de Janeiro Had Been Unfortunate All Along.

"The Rio de Janeiro, which was engulfed with the loss of so many lives off the Golden Gate recently, had a narrow squeak of it in the winter of 1895-6—I don't recall the month," said a Washington man who formerly lived in Honolulu, reports the Washington Post. "A few days after she struck out from Yokohama for San Francisco via Honolulu she ran into a typhoon—the same typhoon that battered up the United States cruiser Baltimore and came near sending her to the bottom. The Rio de Janeiro was, of course, compelled to heave to and keep her nose to it. She was hove to for days before the typhoon wore itself out. Then it was found that the vessel was so shy of coal that, even proceeding under half steam, there was only about an even chance of her making Honolulu or of getting back to Yokohama, for she was about midway between the two ports when the storm abated.

"It was decided to push on for Honolulu under the scantiest possible allowance of coal. The last shovelful of coal had been thrown into the furnaces when the Rio de Janeiro was still more than 200 miles from Diamond head, Honolulu's signaling station. Then, by direction of the skipper, the crew began to rip out the steamer's woodwork to feed the furnaces. The staterooms went first and then the deck floorings. Every bit of wood of the size of a toothpick was yanked out of her and chucked under the boilers to make steam, and thus the Rio de Janeiro was enabled, to creep along until the operator at Diamond head made her out at dawn one morning, saw that there was something wrong with her, set his whistles going and started the tugs racing out of the harbor.

"When the Rio de Janeiro was picked up by the tugs her boilers were cold. There wasn't enough steam in 'em to move a pinwheel. She had just managed to limp into sighting distance and that was all. She'd have been proper derelict if her woodwork hadn't been used for fuel, for her sailing rig was of the signaling yard order and incapable of doing much more than steadying her. I went aboard of her when she was pulled into the harbor and she surely was the most gutted and internally dismantled looking apology for the well-fitted passenger steamer I'd made a few voyages in that can be imagined. A lot of through passengers from Yokohama for San Francisco concluded that they didn't like the Rio de Janeiro any more when they debarked at Honolulu and they waited over for the next steamer."

AN AUTHOR AND A DOG.

Thought He Could Hit the Indian's Ugly Canine, But Found He Couldn't.

"I was at Elk Rapids, Mich., one summer," said the bookman, "and as I was strolling around one day I met an Indian with a dog. It was a real Indian dog, long-bodied, short-legged and the homeliest canine I ever looked at. I had no sooner set my eyes on him than I felt like throwing clubs and running him into Lake Michigan. The Indian saw my feelings in my face and said:

"'Tie dog up. You throw. One cent a throw."

"The idea tickled me, and I told him to go ahead. While he was tying the dog to a bush I collected a hatful of stones from the beach and got ready for business. The Indian drew a line within 30 feet of his canine and told me to go ahead, while he picked up a stick to tally as I threw. I didn't want to knock that dog's head off or break one of his legs, but I did want to plunk him once or twice for his looks. I thought it would be the easiest thing in the world, but that was where I made a great mistake. As true as you live, I threw exactly 100 stones at that dog and never grazed him. He was tied by a long rope, and he was lightning on the dodge. At the one-hundredth stone I gave up in disgust, but next day I made up my mind to hit that dog or die. On that day it cost me \$1.70 for throws, and still no hits. On the third day it cost me two dollars and at the end of the week I was out seven dollars and hadn't a tally. I was getting lopsided, and my wife coaxed me to give up throwing and go fishing. The Indian and his dog were on tap, as usual, and when I turned them down the crafty old buck smiled blandly and said:

"All right. You come back next year and throw more—throw thousand times—throw ten thousand times—and I make wholesale and maybe you hit dog!"

Feccular Presents.

Two elephants were once offered to King Edward, and not long ago two fine Bengal tigers arrived at Sandringham. "I have accommodations at Sandringham," he said, "for horses, cows, dogs, cats, mice and even rats, but I must draw the line at tigers."

The German crown prince received a fine steak from a society of butchers on his eighteenth birthday recently, which reminds us that Bismarck once received a lump of coal from some miners. But the record in gifts belongs to a speaker of the house of commons (Mr. Brand), who received an old pair of trousers, carriage paid.—St. James Gazette.

The Absent-Minded Burglar.

"Stranger—You seem pretty flush. In on some clever operation recently? Jimmy Doree—Yes.

"Somebody let you in on the ground floor?"

"O! no. No confederate. Just my usual lay; second-story window."

Philadelphia Press.

KING EDWARD'S BEST CROWN.

The Royal Headpiece Is a Jewelry Shop All by Itself, and Its Cost Was \$1,900,000.

At the coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra four crowns will be used. The chief one, known as Queen Victoria's crown, was the one actually used in the ceremony of crowning the king; the second one was used in crowning the queen consort, and the other two were worn by their majesties during the services following the actual crowning, says the New York Sun.

These, together with the sword of state, the scepters and coronation ring, all taken from the tower by order of the earl marshal of England, were in the custody of the dean of Westminster during the coronation services.

The Queen Victoria crown, also called the state crown, is a dazzling mass of precious stones, 3,093 in all, and many of them have interesting histories. There is a magnificent sapphire which is said to have come from the ring of Edward the Confessor. Then there are 16 small sapphires, 11 emeralds, four rubies, of which one belonged to the Black Prince; four double-shaped pearls, 278 other pearls, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 147 table diamonds and 1,274 rose diamonds.

With all this mass of jewels the whole crown weighs only 39 ounces. It was made in 1838 for Queen Victoria's coronation from jewels taken from old crowns, and is valued at \$1,800,000. The cap is of crimson velvet lined with white silk, and has an ermine border.

It is not the most costly royal crown in Europe; that distinction is asserted for the crown belonging to Portugal, which is valued at \$8,000,000. The crown which represents the smallest outlay is that of Roumania. It is made out of a bit of old iron captured at Plevna.

The most beautiful crown is that of the king of Denmark. It is simple in design, but of artistic workmanship, the leaves by which the circlet is surmounted being curved and veined by precious stones, and each leaf ornamented by a magnificent jewel.

The oldest crown in Europe, which is also the smallest, measuring only six inches in diameter, is the iron crown of Lombardy.

The one crown which is distinguished as the sacred crown is that of Hungary. It is revered by the people, being regarded as a palladium. Two nobles of ancient lineage and a troop of halberdiers guard it night and day in the castle of Buda, where it is kept.

In olden times no king could reign in Hungary unless the sacred crown had rested on his brow, and if he died before he had been crowned his name was stricken from the record of kings. Even a pretender acquired a quasi title to the kingdom if by force or stratagem he could possess himself of it.

Twice the crown has disappeared, but how or where it was found the first time is unknown up to this day. The last time it was found buried in the ground. A magnificent sapphire is its bright particular ornament. This is surmounted by four beautiful green stones of some unknown kind, lapidaries disagreeing as to what the gems are.

HIS BIG COÛRES DINNER.

It Was Partaken Of at the Free Lunch Counter of a Saloon with a Public Fork.

Away back in the remote past there lived a young Memphis man who had a penchant of posing as a favorite of high society, says the Memphis Scimitar. His disposition to assume pretentious roles that he did not merit was manifested in various ways. Sometimes he would remark, in the most off-hand manner imaginable, that he was terribly concerned over having to attend a certain ball at such and such a place on a certain night, and at others he would be heard to say something about an invitation to go to some big function, which all his associates knew was several degrees out of accord with his social standing.

One morning he asked permission of the manager of the office in which he was employed to be absent from ten to twelve o'clock, explaining that he had been invited to a swell dinner at the lunch hour, and that failure to attend would result in nothing less than social ostracism to him.

His request was granted.

About 11:30 that day the manager of the office chanced to drop into a saloon near by, and was astounded to see the would-be society leader eating at the free lunch counter.

He said nothing, but went his way without being observed.

That afternoon when the young man returned to work the manager asked him how he enjoyed the dinner.

"It was the biggest thing that has come off for a year," was the reply, "never saw anything to equal it," and he went on to describe in detail the 14 imaginary courses composing it.

Then the manager quietly interposed the inquiry if the lunch he took at the saloon was the first course.

This was an attack direct, but the young man was not abashed. With perfect self-possession he turned, glared at his employer, and said:

"Sir, my reference to a 14-course dinner was simply a way I have of answering impertinent questions."

The Ring of a Blas.

Mistress—Honora, didn't I see Mr. Syler kiss you this morning?

Maid—I'm astonished, Mrs. Syler, that you should think such a thing! Mr. Syler of all men! Why, you know, he never kisses even you.—Boston Transcript.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Lady (to new servant)—I do not tolerate gossip, but—if you know any interesting news you may tell me.—Meggenorfer Blaetter.

"Ambiguous"—My novel is on sale at last," exclaimed young Penner; "did you know it?" "Yes, indeed," replied the old curmudgeon, "and I assure you I lost no time in reading it."—Philadelphia Record.

"I hear you have fallen in with the physical culture craze, Mr. Younghusband." "Yes, I am trying to get into prize-fighting condition, so that I can put the baby at our house asleep."—Indianapolis News.

"I do not see," said Prince Ching, "where you and I will get any fame out of this." "Tut, tut," replied Li Hung Chang, "wait until the historical novelists take up the subject."—Baltimore American.

"Tainted."—"I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree." "Shure, an' Oi niver noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Oi'm thinkin' as how he'll be fatter outgrowin' it, sor."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What can I do for you?" asked the druggist, who had been aroused from his sleep by the violent ringing of the night-bell. "W'y, m' fr'en," said De Kanter, "I want to look at yer city directory, an' seee what my dresh is, sho I can go home."—Philadelphia Press.

GOT MORE THAN HE WANTED.

Tale of Government Mine Inspector Who Exacted Too Much of the Manager.

"When I was mining in the Transvaal in 1894," said Parker Johnson, of Denver, Col., according to the New York Tribune, "an amusing thing happened. One of the government mining inspectors had made himself obnoxious in many ways to the mine managers. He was one of those characters who are jealous of their own dignity and seek to impress their importance on others by taking full advantage of any power that they may have. The inspector had made himself a general nuisance to the mine managers by requiring them to do a large number of unnecessary things and to make to him numerous absolutely frivolous reports. Finally he sent out an order to the effect that all accidents that occurred in the mines, no matter how insignificant they might be, must be reported to him. The result of the injury and the cause thereof he wanted fully stated.

"One of the mine managers, who was an American, resolved to satisfy his curiosity to the full, and at the same time, if possible, to render the inspector ridiculous and teach him a lesson. The following are exact copies of some of his reports to the inspector. The story was too good to keep, and so it later found its way into the columns of the Johannesburg Star. When the inspector read them there it was said by one who was present that he used high Dutch, low Dutch and jack and game Dutch in expressing the feeling that overcame him:

"To the Mining Inspector—Dear Sir: I regret to have to report two trifling accidents. First—A boy named Pife slipped off the ladder in the ladder way, and, falling a short distance, slightly sprained a leg and arm. Cause—Handicapped with a new pair of shoes. Second—A boy named Jack, by getting caught between the mechanical haulage cars, had his stomach squeezed and face scratched. Cause—Kaffir stupidity."

"In his next report," continued Mr. Johnson, the mine manager waxed poetical and gave free rein to an exuberant mind. It was as follows:

"To the Mining Inspector—Dear Sir: One wore upon another's heels doth tread, so fast they follow. I have three accidents to report for the day:

"'Dick, a native, while toying with a lathe in the toolshop, lost a finger. Cause—Curiosity.

"'Dan Boza, a native, while cavorting on the veldt, fell and broke his leg. Cause—The red, red wine.

"'Machatanu, a native tramboy, while buckling up his belt had the fingers of one hand torn off. Cause—This accident is wrapped in mystery and is inexplicable. Machatanu swears by all the gods he can conjure up that somebody shot him. Several companions testify to the same allegation. The most careful surgical scrutiny elicits no information of a satisfactory nature. Some of the superstitious natives declare that it is a Divine visitation for sins, the Kaffir being noted for his irreligion. Indeed, I am constrained to conclude, in the face of all the laws of science, that it is a case of effect without cause."

"After receiving these and similar reports and having them published it entered even into the dull brain of the inspector that he had bitten off more than he could easily masticate, and the objectionable order was recalled."

Facts About the Century.

An industrious calculator has been searching out some interesting facts concerning the new century. He points out that the twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks but one day of being exactly 5,218 weeks. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1951. Fifteen out of the hundred years will begin on Wednesday and the same number on Friday. Fourteen will begin on each of the other days of the week.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How to Put It.

Mrs. Grossly—There's a man out here who's intoxicated.

Mr. Euphastic—Oh, don't say that. Why not say: "The gentleman is drunk?"—Boston Journal.

QUEER NEW YORK STORY.

Why a Fortune Goes Begging in That City of Bustling Thousands.

Owing \$1,000,000. That sounds like a serious debt, but if there is no one to claim the money it may not amount to much after all.

Five years ago the courts decided that New York city must pay a royalty for the use of a patent, which, for a long time, it had been enjoying free. It has taken ever since then to figure out exactly what New York owed, and the announcement is now made that, with interest reckoned in, the sum the city will have to pay is a little over \$1,000,000. The only thing left to do now is to find some one who has a right to call for this money and give a receipt, says the Little Chronicle.

About 40 years ago steam fire engines were first used in New York city, and for some time it seemed impossible to regulate the pressure of water in such a way as to keep the hose from bursting while the engine was at work. Accidents to the hose were constantly happening just at the most critical moment in a fire, and yet skillful inventors, who were studying the matter, could think of no way to prevent the trouble.

One day a very young mechanic had an inspiration. He had never had any wonderful ideas before that, and there is no record that he had any other, later, but he happened to think of a good plan for keeping the fire engine hose from bursting.

He interested some friends in his invention and secured a patent, but the city of New York, having seen his apparatus, coolly adopted it; other cities followed the example, and the result is that the relief valve invented by the mechanic has been used on our steam fire engines ever since without his getting either fame or fortune for it.

He had no money to fight New York city with, and long ago he sold out his rights for a small sum to a man who for years has been known as one of the most eccentric personalities in New York city. His name was H. B. Hadlock; he weighed 300 pounds, wore long curly hair, liked to appear at breakfast in a dress suit and do all sorts of queer things. One of his fads was to live at the hotel and occupy the very room that used to be Daniel Webster's stopping place when he was in New York. But if Mr. Hadlock was peculiar in some ways, he had good brains under his wig-like curly hair, and his great knowledge of our patent laws, made many people who knew what he was seeking for feel sure that he would some day compel New York city to pay for its infringement on his patent.

So as the years went by and trials and retrials took place, one man after another advanced Hadlock the money to go on with the fight taking in return his promise for a slice of the fortune he expected to win in the end. New York city is not the easiest opponent in the world to overcome, and from time to time Hadlock found himself face to face with some of the most brilliant lawyers in the country, but he held his own against them and finally won.

And then before his success had taken a form to benefit him he died. The mechanic is believed to be dead; if Mr. Hadlock had any heirs they are yet to be discovered; the various people who have advanced money in the matter are scattered no one knows where. It is likely that during the long years of waiting they have lost faith and forgotten all about it, perhaps destroyed the paper which would prove their claims. About a quarter of a million has been spent in the fight, but even if this were all paid off, there would be a nice little pocket full left for anyone who had a right to demand it.

As it stands, however, there is a judgment against New York for \$1,000,000, with a strong prospect that the city will be none the poorer because of it.

SPINSTERS IN CLOVER.

Comfort Insured by a Company in Denmark Which Assures Them of Comfort in Old Age.

In Denmark the spinster's state has been robbed of much of its horror. In fact, there's a premium on spinsterhood. A celibacy insurance company has been founded, and between an insurance policy and a husband a Danish maiden's heart is rent with indecision, says a London exchange.

Matrimony is interesting but problematic. Insurance in a good company is a safe proposition. How shall a wise woman choose? If the holder of a policy in the celibacy is still unmarried at 40 she is considered immune and gets a life annuity. If she marries before 40 she forfeits her policy and premiums.

In Sweden and Norway there are several old maids' homes, and at least one of them is a most attractive institution. A very wealthy man, dying more than 200 years ago, left most of his fortune to the old maids among his descendants.

A superb home was built and furnished, and managed by salaried trustees. Any old maid who can prove blood relationship to the founder of the institution is entitled to a place in the home. She has a private suite of rooms, a private servant, private meals, and is subject to no rules save such as ordinary good behavior demands.

Why doesn't some one do something for the American old maids who cannot master the art of transforming themselves into bachelor women? The Opposite Extreme. People may be so opposed to parading their own good qualities that it may almost become a conceit.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

George Speyer, the well-known banker of Frankfurt, Germany, has given 1,000,000 marks to the city to promote scientific instruction.

When that very limited monarch, Louis Philippe, was asked to pardon Barbes, he replied: "He has my pardon; now I will see if I can get him that of my ministers."

Senator Hansbrough, of North Dakota, has true western contempt for farming down east. Some one was talking to him a few days ago about the success with which Maine farmers overcame the difficulties of poor soil. Mr. Hansbrough remarked: "Oh, they don't know anything about farming down there. Why, they tell me that Maine farmers have to shoot the seed into the rock."

Dr. Milan Soule writes that hypnotic suggestion has enabled him to afford complete or partial relief in several instances. An accomplished and well-known medical man gravely assured him "that he had frequently cured his wife of seasickness after the acute stage had passed by compelling her attention while he slowly read aloud the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew."

The disposition of Queen Victoria's numerous pets is a matter of no small concern to the persons who are closing up her affairs. The late queen was a great lover of cats. When the court moved it was accompanied by a feline caravan. There were Persian cats, Manx cats, Angora cats, Maltese cats, tabby cats and nondescripts, and they all traveled in state. They were placed in wooden boxes with an open wire front, and had plenty of clean straw to lie on.

Prince Chigi, of Rome, who sold his famous Botticelli's "Virgin and Child," so that it ultimately found its way into the collection of P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, has been sentenced by the lower Italian court to a fine of \$63,000 for selling his painting to a foreigner. The higher court, however, holds that the fine should not have exceeded \$400, and this, through amnesty granted upon the accession of King Victor Emmanuel, now amounts to only \$40.

RUNS HOTEL SINGLE-HANDED.

Unusual Tribute of an Aged Maine Widow to Her Late Husband's Memory.

Women sometimes adopt strange methods of showing respect and affection for departed husbands. A widow living up on the Maine coast was certainly the first to run single-handed a big boarding house as a tribute to her husband's memory, says a New York exchange.

The guests are people who go to the place to attend a Methodist camp-meeting. The woman's husband was a clergyman, and he had conducted the boarding house for the benefit of visitors to the camp-meetings for more than 21 years.

Two years ago he died, leaving his widow the house and enough to live on comfortably. She did not do what her friends expected and go to live with her children, who are prosperous; nor did she decide to live alone in the house and enjoy ease in her old age. She just kept on running the boarding house as her husband had done, and as she had time on her hands she decided to run the hotel on her own plan.

That proved to be economical enough, although desire for economy was not her inspiration. She did not undertake to act as chambermaid, manager, clerk and bellboy all in one because it was necessary for her to follow such a sparing plan, but because she wanted to have her hands full of work.

So she cleans every day, from June to September, 31 rooms, makes up 41 beds and looks after the comfort of their occupants, though she is 75 years old. She has not a solitary assistant in the labor of running the house. Her work begins at six o'clock in the summer mornings and continues until ten at night. She cooks the three daily meals, in addition to cleaning every room, and washes all the dishes.

Nothing in the administration of the house is handed over to assistants. For the three months preceding the middle of September this work continues without interruption from morning until night every day. After the guests have left there is a winter's rest for the old lady not interrupted until the annual cleaning comes.

Every room in the house is then put into order, the carpets are taken up and the walls and ceilings whitened; and all of this is done by the aged owner, who would not submit to having a helper for anything in the world.

Contrast Between the Poles.

Mr. Arctowski, the geologist of the Antarctic expedition in the steamer Belgica, calls attention to the difference in the distribution of ice around the two poles of the earth. The floating ice of the north, he says, comes from true glaciers which are pushed down through valleys until they reach the water, but the glacial caps themselves do not meet the sea. At the south, on the contrary, perpetual snow is encountered at the sixty-fifth degree of latitude, and it is probable that the floating ice of the Antarctic originates from a layer covering the whole polar crown.—Science.

The Kaiser's Palace.

It is a rare privilege to be permitted to visit any of the kaiser's palaces. He thinks he is entitled to at least as much privacy as the lowest of his subjects, and his orders in regard to visitors are strict. As the Neues palace is regarded as above all others a haven of rest, few tourists are permitted within its precincts.—Chicago Inter Ocean.