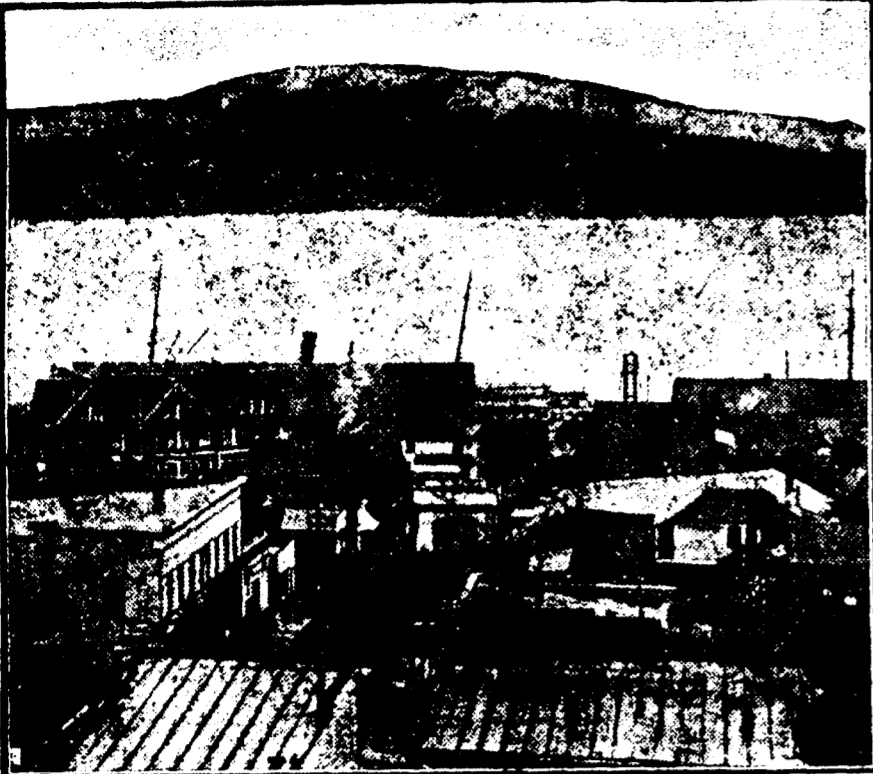


HARBOR OF PRINCE RUPERT, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



Prince Rupert, the Pacific coast terminal of the Grand Trunk railway, is a thriving place and promises to be one of the large cities of the western coast in years to come.

KINGDOM FOR SALE

Estate of Former King of Rogue River in Oregon, on Market.

Details of How R. D. Hume, a Scotchman, Ruled Vast Realm on Pacific Coast Shores and Controlled Big Fisheries.

Portland, Ore.—"For sale, a kingdom." This is the status of the estate of the late R. D. Hume, known along this coast as the "king of Rogue river."

Mr. Hume had many important interests that await the strong hand of a successor. He controlled the fisheries of the southern Oregon coast, operated extensive canneries and steamers, held fortunes in live stock, mines and timber wealth, owned a newspaper, farms, city property and a large racing stable.

His estate is the largest single holding on the Oregon coast, he paid one-sixth of the taxes of Curry county, which includes about 1,000,000 acres, and throughout his domain he ruled with all the undisputed power of a feudal lord.

The value of the Hume estate is uncertain. The new king, whoever he may be, will not have to bring a remarkably long purse to the auction. Any one who wishes may become the most powerful man in southern Oregon and have a Pacific empire by paying the price.

Mr. Hume owned the lower Rogue river and established fish hatcheries there, the only private fish hatcheries in the state. The salmon were caught by his own fishermen, kept in his own storage plants, canned in his own canneries and carried by his own steamers to market.

Wedderburn was the town that Hume built. It flourished while he lived and languished when he died. He established his newspaper. Its light has since gone out. Over miles of wooded mountain and smiling farms, over large stretches of wilderness and ocean shore, this man built up an industrial empire where his word was law.

Everything worth having there was Hume's. He employed the residents of the district to do his will. He prevented private and government interference with his rule. The years of gold passed to establish this veritable kingdom are to end only in the tumbling of the throne and the division of his empire, unless some one will buy and hold together the interests he built up.

A thrifty Scotchman, he came to Curry county poor, he left with his hands empty, but in the interval he made himself a power on the Pacific coast that was felt from San Francisco to Portland and his life reads like a romance. Dying, he asked that his bones rest on a point of rocks overlooking his vast estate and the Pacific ocean. His wish was carried out and there he sleeps, but if the estate is sold his body will be removed to California.

Salvage of the property will take place as soon as an order is entered by the court authorizing the widow, the executrix, to dispose of the estate. Unless some one succeeds to the throne and buys the property intact, it probably will be cut up and the varied interests acquired independently. But the way is open for any one who wants a "kingdom" to take up the government of this Pacific empire where Hume left off. Only it will take a strong hand to rule it as absolutely as did the monarch now dead.

Washington Tree as Firewood. Bloomfield, N. J.—The historic Washington oak tree here, under which Washington and his staff held a council of war on their way to Morristown, has been felled and is being cut up for firewood. The authorities found it impossible to save the tree after it had been struck repeatedly by lightning.

COMPANY TO CURE OR BURY

New York Men Incorporate to Treat Ills of Mankind and to Act as Undertakers.

Albany, N. Y.—The latest idea in business concerns has come to the attention of Secretary of State Koenig. The proposed company seeks not only to care for the living, but lay them away in mother earth in the best style compatible with the means and taste of the friends or family.

The papers were sent by Attorneys Ayres and Walker of Park row, representatives of the "World Medical Company of New York." The organizers are all residents of Brooklyn. In stating the company's purposes the papers say:

"For the entering into contracts with persons and their families to furnish medical and surgical treatment and the furnishing of such treatment and for the manufacture, buying, selling and dealing in drugs and medical and surgical appliances.

"For the entering into contracts with undertakers for the purpose of burying the dead and supplying the necessities therefor, and for the purpose of entering into contracts with persons and their families for the burial of such persons and their families and the furnishing of the necessities therefor."

Secretary Koenig said: "It is said that corporations have no soul, but this one certainly is long on brains; the man who thought it out is a genius. If allowed to do business in New York state the company would earn the gratitude of all those whom it freed from ailments and at the same time earn their money."

"If the company's medicine does not keep the sick from dying, the company will lose the gratitude of the patients, but they will double on the money, for it will remain for the concern to bury them. Surely we are living in an age of wonderful progress."

GERMS ARE FREED BY SALUTE

Latest Health Warning Would Do Away with Fluttering of Dainty Handkerchiefs.

New York.—While football, Marathon racing and other more or less violent forms of sport are coming in for a heavy scoring on the ground of frequent serious injury to the participants, not even the gentlest and most ladylike form of athletic exercise is being allowed to escape the attention of the vigilant muck-rakers who are devoting their energies to this particular field.

The latest outlet for the enthusiasm of the crowd to be attacked is the custom of waving handkerchiefs, commonly referred to as the Chautauqua salute. The basis of the criticism directed by hygienic authorities toward this method of greeting or showing approbation is not the violence of the exertion involved or any danger of broken heads or limbs. It is pointed out that when a large gathering of people flutter their handkerchiefs in unison a vast horde of germs of pneumonia, tuberculosis, diphtheria and other dire diseases are pretty certain to be loosed to prey on whatever victims they may find.

Ingenious devotees of the accepted Chautauqua greeting have found a way to circumvent the attack on their favorite custom by declaring that henceforth they will carry two handkerchiefs—one freshly laundered and of guaranteed aseptic qualities, which they will flutter when they wish to give vent to their enthusiasm, and a separate one for the more ordinary uses impelled by colds and similar afflictions.

Eagle on 12-Cent Stamps. Washington.—For the first time in 40 years the postoffice department is considering printing postage stamps with another design than the display of the features of some national hero. The dozen or more designs submitted for the new 12-cent stamp for registered letters show the spread eagle of the national coat of arms with the stars and stripes adorning his breast.

TACT SHOULD BE CULTIVATED

Not a Hard Thing to Do, and Its Possession is a Wonderful Help to Success.

It is generally conceded that tact is a quality which serves us well at times and in all circumstances. And while all regard it as a thing to be desired, many fail to recognize that it may be consciously cultivated. If we analyze tact we find that it is made up of certain elements:

A sympathetic knowledge of human nature, its fears, weaknesses, expectations and inclinations.

The ability to put yourself in the other person's place and to consider the matter as it appears to him.

The magnanimity to deny expression to such of your thoughts as might unnecessarily offend another.

The ability to perceive quickly what is the expedient thing, and the willingness to make the necessary concessions.

The recognition that there are millions of different human opinions of which your own is but one.

A spirit of unfeigned kindness such as makes even an enemy a debtor to your innate good will.

A patience that supplants acquisition with the opportunity for self-discovery.

A recognition of what is customary in the circumstances and a gracious acceptance of the situation.

Gentleness, cheerfulness and sincerity—and such variations as the spirit of these may suggest.

HAD TWO PATRIOTS ON BOARD

Bibulous Passengers on New York Subway Train Who Had Served Their Country.

It could hardly be denied that he had been spending his evening and much of the early morning in places where things to drink were to be had, but when once he started home he was in a hurry. Therefore he dashed at top speed across the platform and caught the subway train which was waiting.

The train was in no hurry to get out of the station, being delayed for some reason or other, so the man settled down in his seat. Suddenly he started up again and remarked loudly: "You may fire when ready, Gridley," and then including the whole carful in his benevolent gaze, said sleepily, "S an' ol' man-o'-war term. Was in th' navy once m'self."

His tones awoke another man who had been out entertaining himself lavishly and that one had some responsive chord in his muzzy mind started by the familiar Dewey phrase. This one remarked with preternatural gloom, "Don't cheer, fellers, poor devils are dyin'," and then added: "Mark made by Bob Evans, Fightin' Bob Evans. Served under him," and back into sleep he resolved.

Then the train rolled on.—New York Press.

Spies Everywhere.

"Everything blabs," said Emerson. "Be sure your sin will find you out," said Moses. "There is nothing covered up that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known," said one wiser than both. All are statements of the natural law of exposure. Every scandal that comes to public hearing but illustrates this law.

One secret sets a hundred tongues wagging. Dead men do tell tales. What is done in darkness is exposed in the glaring light of publicity. The right hand does find out if the left is smeared with blood or wickedness. Everything is headed for the surface. Nature is full of detectives who spy on us night and day, who peer within and without, and in the end make full publicity of what they find.

The Beggar's Stratagem.

For artistic methods the Parisian beggar is hard to beat. One man recently arrested was in the habit of wandering through the streets followed at a considerable distance by a Newfoundland dog. On seeing a bone or a crust in the gutter he would dart on it feverishly, and the dog would rush and snatch it from him. A terrific struggle ensued, ending in the flight of the dog bearing off the prize, while the man lay exhausted in the gutter. It is easy to imagine how kind-hearted wayfarers, after assisting him to rise, would shower coins on the poor devil driven by poverty to fight so desperately for a meager crust.

A Sermon Bell.

There are distant parts of rural England where church bells have a strong significance. When a bell is rung for five minutes at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, the fisher folk are thus reminded that a sermon will be preached at 11. If the bell is not sounded there will be no sermon, and the fisher folk arrange their dinner hour accordingly.

The convenience of the native population is taken into consideration in quaint Bantshire, where it is quite permissible for the wives and daughters of the fishermen to carry their hats to church in paper bags, to be put on and taken off before and after the service.

The Boy's Ignorance.

Son—Pa, I don't want to wear those old pants of yours; they're too big and the kids give me the laugh. Father—Never mind the kids. You'll grow into this pants. Son—But why can't I wear my old ones till I do grow into yours? Father—Is that th' best th' y' kids' mother! How kin ye expect t' grow into mine without wearin' 'em?—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

DEATH STRUGGLE IN PLASTER

Fearful Sufferings of a Martyr Were Preserved for Modern Generations.

Neither shall I dwell on the governor's palace which we visited, though it is set in a fair garden; nor on the museum, with the exception of just one thing, says Albert Hlgout Paine, in Outing. That one item is, I believe, unique in the world's list of curiosities. It is a plaster cast of the martyr Geronimo in the agony of death. The Algerians put Geronimo alive into a soft mass of concrete, which presently hardened into a block and was built into a fort. This was in 1869, and about forty years later a Spanish writer described the event and told exactly how that particular block could be located.

The fort stood for nearly 200 years. Then, in 1853, it was torn down, the block was identified and broken open, and an almost perfect mold of the dead martyr was found within. They filled the mold with plaster, and the result—a wonderful cast—lies there in the museum to-day, face down as he died, hands and feet bound and straining, head twisted to one side in the supreme torture of that terrible martyrdom. It is a gruesome, fascinating thing and you go back to look at it more than once, and you slip out between times for a breath of fresh air.

Remembering the story and looking at that straining figure, you realize a little of the need he must have known, and your lungs contract and you smother and hurry out to the sky and sun and God-given oxygen of life. He could not have lived long, but every second of consciousness must have been an eternity of horror, for there is no such thing as time except as a mode of measurement, and a measurement such as that would compass ages unthinkable. If I lived in Algeria and at any time should sprout a little bud of discontent with the present state of affairs—a little sympathy with the subjugated population—I would forthwith take a look at Geronimo, and forthwith all the discontent and the sympathy would pass away and I would come out glowing in the fact that France can crack the whip and that we of the west can ride them down.

HOW TAILOR SIZED HIM UP

Looseness of Top Coat Button Revealed the Customer as an "Easy Mark."

The tailor attempted to say "good morning," but the irate customer snapped off the greeting in the middle. "I don't want any work done," he said, "and I don't want any palavering. What I want is to find out why you sent that blithering idiot of an inventor around to my place to try to talk me into investing something in his new patent. Who told you I had money to throw away?"

"No one," said the tailor, "but I knew you were interested in new schemes and listened patiently to promoters, because your top coat button is always getting loose. That shows that somebody does a mighty lot of tugging at it. It is people with schemes to finance that have the tugging habit, so I didn't have to do any deep reasoning to figure out that promoters in general consider you worth cultivating. Am I not right?"

"You are," said the irate customer. "And, by the way, while I am here I wish you would sew on this top button. That inventive friend of yours nearly pulled it off when he had me held up yesterday afternoon."

Origin of the Word "Bloodhound."

The bloodhound was first known in England as the sleuth hound, later as the English bloodhound; not on account of his thirst for blood, but because of his pure breeding, the same as one speaks of a pure-bred, pure-blood or blooded horse. He was first introduced in England by that good sportsman, William the Conqueror. Later he was known in France as the St. Hubert, and in the eight century as the Flemish hound. There were no real English bloodhounds in America before those sent by Edwin Brough to the New York dog show in 1858. The registration of the American Kennel club shows that they were the first imported and the first ever registered.—Recreation.

Dangerous Serbian Practice.

One more has been added to the list of fatalities proceeding from the free use of firearms on all festive occasions in Servia. Mixello Drenovatch, a bridegroom of a few hours, has been the victim of a stray bullet fired by one of the guests at his wedding dinner. The guest kept firing, politely, to mark his satisfaction as each fresh course was laid on the table.

As a rule the Serb is a good shot, but the number of accidents that have occurred lately call for government attention, and it is possible that a law will be passed by the skupshtina restricting the indiscriminate use of loaded weapons at festive gatherings.

Seven Sons, All Priests.

Rev. Samuel Skrene, vicar of Lanesham, Nottinghamshire, England, has seven sons and they are all priests of the church. One is vicar of Walton, Lancashire, famous for his great church long before the adjacent village of Liverpool overshadowed it in importance. Another is vicar of St. Stephen's, Sunderland. One is in Darfeld, Yorkshire, and another is in Beccles, Suffolk. Orssett claims a fifth. Another is in Suffolk, while the seventh is in Lincolnshire. It is said by those who know the brothers most intimately that they represent different phases of church thought.

MAIL SERVICE OF LONG AGO

Records Show That the Ancient Egyptians Had a Regularly Organized System.

How the ancient Egyptians conducted a state postal service more than 2,150 years ago is shown by a papyrus in Berlin. It dates from the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who reigned from 283 to 247 B. C., when postal deliveries were confined to stations along the Nile. The papyrus is of the nature of a waybill and bears the signature of five postal officials who would correspond to the present sorters, postmen and branch superintendents. The document reads somewhat as follows:

"On this, the 16th day of Alexander, received the following: For Ptolemy the King, 1 letter packet; for Apollonius of the Exchequer, 1 letter packet and 2 letters; for Antiochus the Cretan, 1 letter packet; for Menodorus, 1 letter packet; for Chelios, 1 letter packet. Delivered the above into the hands of Nicodemus, this 17th day. Signed, Alexander."

"This morning, the Phoenix, junior, son of Heraclitus the Macedonian, have delivered to Aminon 1 letter packet and paid expenses to Phaidas, the carrier. I, Aminon, delivered the above to Theachrestus, etc., etc."

It is noteworthy that the time of the dispatch of parcels is given with routine-like regularity. Mention is further made of letter packets to the chief of the elephant hunt; to Theogenes, the tax collector; to Zollos, the chief of the exchequer at Heronopolis, and various other departmental chiefs.

FIGHTING IN SOUTH AFRICA

Brief Skirmish with the Natives, as Described by the Late Henry M. Stanley.

In the following language Sir Henry M. Stanley describes an attack of natives upon his party during one of his African expeditions: "The Leviathan bears down on us with racing speed, its consorts on either flank spurting the water into foam and shooting up jets with their sharp prows; a thrilling chant from 2,000 throats rises louder and louder on our hearing. Presently the poised spears are launched, and a second later my rifles respond with a ripping, crackling explosion, and the dark bodies of the canoes and paddlers rush past us."

For a short time the savages are paralyzed, but they soon recover. They find there is death in those flaming tubes in the hands of the strangers, and with possibly greater energy than they advanced they retreat, the pursued becoming the pursuers in hot chase. My blood is up. It is a murderous world, and I have begun to hate the filthy, vulturous shoals who inhabit it.

I pursue them upstream, up to their villages; I skirmish in their streets, drive them pell-mell into the woods beyond and level their huts, and end the scene by towing their canoes into midstream and setting them adrift."

Newspaper English.

There were two principal faults of newspaper English. First, incorrectness, which might be due to haste or ignorance, and, secondly, bad taste, which showed itself in a striving smartness, a desire to write in what these writers themselves called a "crisp style." The latter fault was the worst of the two, though he had no desire to excuse incorrectness. Bad taste was not only seen in the abuse of language; it was shown also in the protrusion of the writer's personality.

It might be said that he was an unduly severe critic of the halfpenny papers. But he thought he was justified in his criticism. These papers were often enormously wealthy, and could well afford to employ better writers or to encourage a higher standard of writing in their columns. Moreover, from their great circulation they could influence a far larger section of the public than could any other form of literature.—Sir Robertson Nicoll, in London Home Messenger.

Gave the Sign.

It was during the Spanish-American war. A wealthy merchant, who had left his business to offer his services in his country, was pacing up and down on picket duty one dark night. Suddenly he detected sounds of approaching footsteps and quickly bringing his gun into position, commanded in a sonorous voice:

"Give the countersign!" The person challenged proved to be an enlisted dry goods clerk formerly employed by the merchant before the war broke out. As their eyes met a smile played around the corners of the clerk's mouth and he answered in a low whisper:

"Cash!" Then the merchant, bringing his piece to a right shoulder, let him pass and resumed his pacing.

Safest Season.

"And you consider autumn the best month for calling in your profession?" interrogated the housewife, as she handed out the pumpkin pie.

"Ah, yes, mum," said Truthful Tim, as he tipped his hat. "It is den dat de lawn mower has been laid away and de snow shovel isn't working yet."

His Reason.

The Model—How is that friend of yours who went to study in Paris? The Artist—Oh, he's getting on famously. The Model—How do you know? Have you heard from him? The Artist—No, that's how I know he's doing so well.

SOME REMARKS FROM MARIA

Mrs. Dorkins Airs Her Grievances, While the "Head of the House" Just Listens.

"You've got to listen to me, John," she said, "whether you want to hear me or not!" She was right. John couldn't escape.

He was standing by the window, shaving himself, having just begun the operation. "What is it, Maria?" he asked.

"I'm getting tired of playing second fiddle in this house!" she exclaimed. "Get a graphophone!"

"And I'm not going to do it any longer, either! I am going to assert my rightful prerogative and have something to say hereafter in the business affairs of this household. Who made you the absolute dictator of the family? The apostle Paul? I think not, John Dorkins. When Paul appointed the husband as the boss of the home he was writing to the Corinthians. I never thought much of those Corinthian women, anyway. They were poor coots. Do you think he'd dare to tell the women nowadays to keep silence in the churches and to learn wisdom from their husbands at home? Not much! He'd be on their side. The time has come, I tell you, when women are going to declare themselves. They intend to have their say whenever there is anything to be done. What right has the man of the house, just because he has a bass voice and wears the trousers, to set himself up as a grand mogul, or a czar, or a sultan? You call me your 'better half' in a joking way, but it's no joke! I'm the submerged half, and you know it! I can't even rise to a point of order. It's contrary to the old parliamentary rules established by St. Paul and adopted by all husbands. There's going to be another set of rules adopted, let me tell you! You are not going to have things all your own way hereafter! Just as sure as you live, John Dorkins—"

"Maria," interposed Mr. Dorkins, proceeding to lather the other side of his face, "you talk like a campaign orator."

THE TEST OF A GENTLEMAN

If He Can Go Through Trying Order Given Below He Is Entitled to the Rank.

"Don't judge of a man by the that he regularly gives up his seat on a street car to a smiling young man, who beams upon him, her eyes and good will," philosophized a young professional man the other day. "This is no test of his gallantry and self-control. That's the easiest thing he does. Just watch the same man on a crowded street at the rush hour on a rainy, slippery day. Watch him try to make his way up the street against the mad rush to lunch. Watch him ward off the point of an umbrella, carried like a bayonet, in the hands of some absent-minded, giggling shop girl and then get jabbed in the ear with the tip of a steel umbrella rib on the other side. Watch him chase through the mud for his hat, which some careless pedestrian knocked off as he came pell-mell around a windy corner. See him dodge into a doorway to avoid a line of shoppers walking five abreast across the sidewalk. If he still manages to smile, manifest no ill will against the fair sex and does not swear loud enough to be heard, you may mark him down as a perfect gentleman."

Tuning a Church Bell.

No matter how great may be the care taken in making the mold, a bell has to be tuned before it will ring a clear, true note. As a matter of fact, every bell sounds five notes, all of which must blend together harmoniously. If one is the least bit out of tune the bell is spoiled.

The first of these notes is produced by the vibrations at the mouth of the bell, the second by the vibrations a little higher up, the third still higher up, and so on to the fifth, which is produced quite near the top. As the character of the sound which rings depends upon the thickness of the metal, it is possible by taking thin shavings from various places in the inside of the bell to alter the five notes until they are all in harmony.

Dance Forbidden by Uncle Sam.

Fiercest of all the wild orgies of the aborigines of North America is the festa which culminates in the fire dance of the Saboba Indians, a small tribe living close to the Sierra Madre range of mountains, which wall off the southeast of California from the desert.

Up to last year, when the Indian bureau of the United States government finally forbade the holding of these festas, the Sabobas had gathered every year at the base of old Mount San Jacinto to sing, dance and gamble, and finally to throw themselves into a pit of fiery coals, roll over and over on the burning bed, and then dance with bare feet on the red hot floor of the pit.—Wide World Magazine.

The Parthenon.

The destruction of this famous building took place in 1687, during the siege of Athens by the Venetians. The Turks held the city, and the Parthenon was used for a powder magazine. One day during the conflict a Venetian bombshell dropped into the building, and the explosion followed which badly shattered the structure. From that date the renowned building stood roofless and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. For more than 2,800 years the temple stood entire, and in its ruins is the architectural wonder of the world.