

LATE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF CHINA



The late empress-dowager has been described as the Semiramis of China, and her hold upon the empire and emperor was remarkable. The emperor, indeed, was nothing but a figure-head, and to all intents and purposes the empress-dowager was queen of China.

FATE LINKS A PAIR

NAMES OF WAR VETERANS AND HOME TOWNS THE SAME.

Postal Error Reveals Lives' Parallel from Youth to Letter Age—One Lives in New Jersey, Other in North Carolina.

New York.—Coincidences remarkable in character and numerous in occurrence have characterized the lives of George W. Anthony of Burlington, N. J., and George W. Anthony of Burlington, N. C.

The mistake of a postal clerk, who sent a letter addressed to Anthony of New Jersey, to Anthony of North Carolina, which was opened by the latter in the belief that it was meant for him, brought about their meeting.

Both were successful, the New Jersey man in a large market house, and the southerner in a lucrative lumber trade.

When they met, as the result of correspondence, both were widowers and, in the recital of their sorrows, learned they had lost their wives about the same time.

Both are guessing now as to what experience they may next share in common.

GETS MAIL TWICE A YEAR.

Eccentric Woman Causes Postal Authorities All Sorts of Trouble.

Warsaw, Ind.—There is at least one woman in Indiana who does not believe in the rural free delivery of mail. Miss Mandane Little, aged 60, of near Perceton, Kosciusko county, refuses to allow the postman to bring letters, papers or papers to her home, preferring to have a box in the general delivery of the postoffice at Perceton.

But more strange is the fact that Miss Little calls for her mail only twice each year. On her last semi-annual visit she obtained 28 copies of one weekly newspaper, several park passes and third and fourth-class matter.

For five years a Warsaw publication for which Miss Little is a subscriber, has been trying to get a receipt from her, but without success.

THOUGHT WORD OUT OF PLACE

"Peace" on Wedding Decoration Surprised Old Gentleman.

Whether it was a mistake or a joke, or simply an example of bad taste, is a question that is still puzzling most of the passengers. But no matter about that, it certainly was a floral masterpiece.

Everybody in the car admired the offering, and when the boy set it down on the floor all leaned forward to examine it more closely.

"That is a mighty pretty posy you've got there," he said. "Who, may I ask, is dead?"

"Nobody I know of," he said. "This ain't for a funeral; it's for a wedding."

The old gentleman sat down heavily. "Good Lord!" he said. "What idiot ever ordered 'Peace' inscribed on a wedding decoration?"

The rest of the passengers smiled, and many of them being married, wondered as well, but nobody ventured an explanation.

RHODES BELIEVED IN GHOSTS.

"Empire Builder" a Superstitious as Well as Untidy Man.

In his recently published book of travel, Mr. A. K. Colquhoun has set down some reminiscences of Cecil Rhodes, whom he knew to have been afraid of ghosts.

"At one time he shared a house in Adderley street, Cape Town, with two other men, and that house was haunted. The ghostly visitant tramped about at night, and so powerfully did he affect the nerves of his fellow lodgers that neither Rhodes nor the other two would ever sleep alone in the house."

My informant has himself occupied the house, and, without knowing its reputation, was disturbed by footsteps in the night. He complained to Rhodes next morning, and learned the fact that the empire builder was not proof against superstition.

The traveler describes Rhodes as the worst dressed man he had ever seen. "His old felt hat was battered and dirty, his trousers bagged at the knees, and his coats at the pockets."

JOHNNY ON BATHS.

Mrs. Phelps-Stokes, the young and brilliant Socialist worker, recounted, at a Socialist meeting in New York, her amusing experiences amongst slum children.

"On the subject of baths in winter she said: 'I expostulated the other week with one of those mothers, who at the beginning of cold weather see their little ones up in blankets, freezing them with the return of spring. I persuaded this mother to bathe her children regularly. Then, recently, I visited her again.'

WOMAN CLAIMS GLACIER.

Expected to Dig Some Precious Material from Property.

Philadelphia.—Mrs. Mary E. Hart, formerly of Los Angeles, who has just returned to Seattle after visiting Alaska, has the distinction of being the first person to stake out a mining claim on a glacier while it was still in action.

Sidney Moose, with the local architect firm of Hunt & Gray, was on board the Seattle, which has just returned from a trip to the Klondike, and he states that for the first time in nine years passengers were able to make a landing at Muir Glacier, near Skagway.

The glacier is considered far from safe, but Mrs. Hart, with natural love for adventure, stepped triumphantly ashore and was followed by others eager for the experience of landing upon the forbidden ice field.

It was found that the moraine, a deposit freighted with precious ore, which is always carried with the ice in this section, had already become quite solid, and Mrs. Hart forthwith staked out a claim.

HAVE FASCINATION FOR WOMEN.

Captive Wild Animals and Snakes Interest the Fair Sex.

"One of the most interesting things to me in connection with this job," said the veteran keeper of the Zoo, "is the peculiar fascination women have for certain animals and their lack of interest in others. Of course, as a rule, men are more interested than women, generally speaking, in wild animals. But the masculine interest lies in an admiration of the physical qualities or a curiosity to find out at close range how the creature lives. The woman's feeling, on the other hand, nine times out of ten, is one of rapt fascination impossible to overcome when she is close to certain creatures of the woods."

This emotion never manifests itself for the eaters of grass. For the elephant or deer the average woman feels no real interest whatever. It is toward the devourer of flesh, particularly the feline, that your wife or sister or cousin feels drawn in that inexplicable way. You must spend days in the lion house in order to appreciate fully the way in which women stand spellbound before these cages.

But the greatest of all is the fascination of the reptiles. I have seen women become absolutely unconscious of the outer world in their contemplation of motionless snakes. A few days ago a woman stood for more than two hours before the king cobra. She looked like the wife of a working man who made fair pay. I'll bet that if you gave her a book on snakes she wouldn't read a hundred words of it."

IN THE DAY OF THE AIRSHIP.

How Men of That Age Will Look Back at Present Generation.

"We who are used to flight can hardly realize the crawling life of men before the twentieth century. They were bound to roads and railroads. They could not ride direct to any given spot. They were confined by roads and railroads, and they were a hurried race that chafed at these restraints. Imagine, then, this race suddenly released of such vexatious barriers, entering into a new realm, as free as the sea, and reaching all men alike, so that every man's farm or factory was a harbor from which he could sail as directly as the wind would let him to any spot in the world; and, bear in mind, from the first with a rapidity that equaled that of the ordinary railroad trains of the day and surpassed any speed permitted by law to private vehicles on their crooked roads. It was indeed this advantage of speed which encouraged as much as anything else the commercial development of the flyer.—Albert White Vorse, in Success Magazine.

THE REVENGE OF THE BEAVERS.

"At the reservoir at Saddleback pond recently at Rangely beavers' work in dam construction was found to interfere with the water supply from Saddleback stream. These busy engineers had constructed a tight dam which had retained considerable of the supply of the mountain reservoir, and workmen each day tore out their work only to find it rebuilt on their next visit. Good-sized tree sections had been hauled in and placed in the dam by the beavers. After several destructions of the beavers' dams there was again found to be a stoppage in the supply of water through the main pipes. The dam had not been rebuilt, but on close investigation it was found that these cunning engineers in revenge apparently had built a dense screen across the strainer, which had prevented the flow of water through the main pipe.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

SERVIAN PROVERBS.

Some of the Servian proverbs are interesting. One is: "What is taken by force or unjustly is cursed." Others are as follows: "God does not settle his accounts with men every Saturday, but the day comes on which he settles them." "The devil never sleeps." "Where big bells ring the little bells are not heard." "Boss to a stranger, complain only to a friend." "If you wish to know what a man is, place him in authority." "Who readily lies readily steals." "In evil days the man shows what he is." Another of their sayings: "The fools build the houses, the wise men buy them when they are ready," would probably in this country be reversed.

AFRICAN SALT.

Mons. Lapicque informs the French Society of Biology that 25,000,000 human beings in the Congo region commonly employ salt of potassium in stead of salt of sodium for seasoning their food. They obtain this salt from the ashes of certain plants. Recently, since the opening up of the country, ordinary salt has been largely imported, but the negroes regard it as impure, and abandon with regret the use of their familiar ashes. They take the imported salt only because it is cheap.—Youth's Companion.

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

"You say your titled son-in-law holds threats over you?" "Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "He has us where we can't give him any argument at all. Mother and the girls say we must yield for the sake of the family honor."

"Is there—er a skeleton in the closet?" "Not at all. He simply announces that unless he has his own way he'll get naturalized and be a plain American citizen."

A GOOD TIME.

"Did you have a good time last night?" "I should say so. It cost me \$100." "Did you spend that much?" "I don't know whether I spent all of it or whether my wife took it away from me when I got home this morning, but that's what it cost me."—Houston Post.

OLD SONGS STILL WELL LIKED.

Simple Music Appreciated Above Strains of Grand Opera.

They had a concert the other night at Pittsburg, at which only the old songs were sung, says the Ohio State Journal. It was a popular entertainment. The great majority of people like the old songs—like them the best. And they are very happy when the old songs are sung by people who know how to sing. They even like an old song badly sung, but when it is fairly sung they are in raptures.

It may be successfully contended that a majority of the people would rather have "Ben Holt," "Annie Laurie," "My Old Kentucky Home," "How Can I Leave Thee," "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and such love string of songs, than the most voluptuous arias from the finest Italian, French or other operas that ever were rendered on the stage. This is not defending the taste, it is only describing it.

It is often that one sees an adept in music enjoying these artistic strains, and he envies him truly. He cannot understand it, but he sees the joy and he wishes he could appreciate it, too. Thus there are some worlds that all cannot enter, but that does not prevent one getting close up to the walls of Zion and enjoying the good old songs, when he has a chance—yes, a chance.

BREAK EGGS FOR LIVELIHOOD.

Work of Men in City Cakes and Cracker Factories.

For more than a week the men had been out of work. One Monday night, however, when he came back to the lodging house he reported "good luck."

"Break eggs" was the reply. "I've got a position in a cake and cracker factory. They have people in those concerns who do nothing but crack eggs. They begin at eight o'clock in the morning and keep it up till six at night. In that time, they tell me, a man who has become an expert can break 9,000 eggs, or an average of 1,000 an hour."

And he doesn't smash them all at one clip, either. He tackles them singly and disposes of them in groups of five. That is, he has to avoid any accident with his hands. Five of them are broken into a bowl and then added to the general stock.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated his friend. "What a monotonous grind. How much do you get for it?" "One dollar a day to start with," said the lucky man. "When I get up to the thousand-an-hour mark I'll get \$1.50."

CHURCH NICKNAMES IN CHINA.

In the American Magazine, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, writes on "The Curiosities of Sleep," saying: "It might be incidentally mentioned, for the relief of insomnia, that the risk of any individual peep into a trance and remaining in it long enough to be buried alive exceedingly slight. There is no authentic instance of this having ever occurred. I took occasion to investigate this question some years ago, and am commiserated with a number of living undertakers, and they all unanimously denounced it as one of the myths of the nineteenth century. One of them, at the time president of the National Funeral Directors' association, informed me that he had repeatedly investigated every instance of 'burial alive' reported in the newspapers for 15 years past and found every one of them to be in his own language, 'a pure fake.'"

COSTS TO BE CHARITABLE.

A New York truckman left his big white horse within seeing and smelling distance of a big pile of fine fur on an old woman's apartment. The Post says the horse craned his neck and showed his desire for a bite plainly enough, but the old woman shook her head.

"Gwan, y' old blarney," she exclaimed. "But the horse did not 'gwan.' Instead he advanced one hoof upon the sidewalk."

"Would you see that, now," the woman said. "Well, 'tis such a human way 'y' have."

DAIRIES AND HENHOUSES IN ARCHITECTURE.

Before the young architect fresh from Paris had been with the New York firm a week he confessed to complete disillusionment. "The only thing I see ahead of me for a year or two to come," said he, "is dairies and chicken houses. When I left America four years ago there were not a dozen dairies in the United States that had received the attention of a good architect. Now I find that every man who owns a large estate is paying a big price to big architects for giving their best brains to cow and chicken houses, which certainly indicates, I think, that in some branches of art, anyhow, America is going some."

WHOLE LAKE LITTLE ENOUGH.

Wilson, the poet, better known as "Christopher North," is the author of many of the wittiest things he did not say are attributed to him. One morning after a "gran night," with a group of his cronies and an abundance of "whisky" and wit, he awoke with a throat like a lime kiln and called out for the landlady of the little inn on the shore of Loch Lomond, where he was spending his holiday: "Bettle, guld dame, I'm unco dry. Fetch in the loch."—New York Journal.

THIEVES NOVARE SPECIALISTS.

One Steals On Glass Eyes, Another Convention Cups.

There has recently developed among thieves and burglars a movement toward special lines of work, so that we now have specialists among "crooks" as well in the learned professions.

During the past year the establishment of a well-known New York firm of opticians was broken into. The place contained a significant stock of valuable lenses, telescopic instruments, gold chains and similar goods worth several thousand dollars.

The robber took none of these things, though they were lying around ready to his hand, simply secured about 100 glass eyes and decamped. Two other shops were likewise robbed of glass eyes during October.

Large numbers of convention cups are stolen from different churches every year, both here and abroad. In one Presbyterian church, where every communicant is provided with a special cup, during the past year 218 of these miniature chalices have been stolen.

WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

Problem That Seemed Sotly Solved by Canny Scotman.

"I canna' leave ye the Nancy," a good old Scotchman said. "Ye're too auld to work, an' ye'dinna' live in the ainshouse. Gin I ye main marry anither man, wha' keep ye in comfort in yer auld age?"

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse. "I could na' a anither man, for what wad I do a twa husbands in heaven?" And pondered long over this; but sudden his face brightened.

"Ye have nae Nancy," he said. "Ye ken auld John Cleimons?" "Is a kind man, but he is na a member of the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, gin ye'll marry him, with the auld name in heaven, John's nae Christ."—Success Magazine.

PEOPLE NEVER BURIED ALIVE.

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WASH SOCIETY; ANGLICANS AS LITTLE WASH SOCIETY.

Anglicans as little wash society, and Baptists as Lark-wash society has, of course, regard to the administration of baptism in the three communities; but other salient points frequently form the basis of little. Thus, in Celestial Christians, Congregationalists are known as the One-man-good-as-an-other society, Wesleyans as Hand-shakers—in consequence of the custom of their social gatherings—while Presbyterians figure as Women-can't-tak-in-public society.—Tit-Bits.

A DECLINING JAPANESE INDUSTRY.

The making of cineter blades in Japan has once a flourishing industry and the workers formed a close and powerful corporation. But the industry had declined for years, and now only two makers are left—Messrs. Sonkyaha and Myamoto. No young Japanese has come forward to offer himself as an apprentice, and the question was referred to the Mikado with a view of perpetuating the industry.

THE MIKADO HAS COME TO THE RESCUE.

The Mikado has come to the rescue and has founded two scholarships of \$500 to induce two lads to offer themselves by initiation into the art and mystery of making cineter blades.

A REMINDER.

Hi Tagardy—Some people scoff at it homopathy, but a few little sugar pills cured me last week of—Lowe Comerdy—Jove! Old man, you just remind me of something my wife told me to bring home to-day. Hi Tagardy—Ah! some medicine? Lowe Comerdy—No; a sugar-cured ham.

HAD TO CATCH HIM ASLEEP.

Jane—I see that a Washington judge has ruled that it is legal for a woman to take money from her sleeping husband's clothes. Ann—I can't see that the decision will do me any good. "Why not, dear?" "My husband is troubled with chronic insomnia."