

INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF CHINA'S RULERS.



Prince Chun, the regent of the empire, is holding the baby prince on his knee. The youngster standing at his side is the infant emperor of the great Chinese domain. Both children are closely guarded day and night and their future is one of uncertainty.

CLIMB MT. RAINIER

Trip Made Possible by Abatement of Volcanic Action.

Party of Explorers Return to Seattle After Successful Ascent of Peak—Moss-Grown Rock Covered Under Several Feet of Snow.

Seattle, Wash.—The party of explorers banded together under the name of Mountaineers have returned from their Mount Rainier trip. They report that volcanic action, which has grown more feeble each year, has almost entirely disappeared, and moss-grown rocks, always visible four years ago, are now buried under several feet of snow. They climbed to the summit of the mountain over the new and previously untried northeastern side, visible from Seattle.

The route had been avoided by climbers and tourists because of its mystery, precipitous slopes and difficult passages. Walls of rock and ice forbade any save daring climbers, under military discipline, to make the ascent.

This route was first taken by I. C. Russell in 1892. Maj. E. S. Ingram made the journey in 1905 and pointed out to the Mountaineers where he had seen the moss-grown rock near the crater, denoting subterranean heat. Heavy snow now covers the spot. Great jets of steam that shot upward at that time have disappeared or now feebly give evidence of their existence. Asahel Curtis predicts that traces of volcanic life will disappear entirely within a few years.

The climb from Winthrop to White glacier was over ice, no rock being visible after the climbers passed Big Cleaver, at an elevation of 10,000 feet. Mr. Curtis says the Mountaineers named the northeastern summit in honor of Geologist Russell, who named and mapped the glaciers.

The country above our camp, 9,500 feet above sea level, said Mr. Curtis, "was most beautiful. Wallace wall is a sheer precipice 5,000 feet in height and we timed avalanches in their descent. They were so far above us and so remote that as they dislodged themselves they seemed to hover in the air like ice particles, but we knew they were falling through space with terrific speed. On several occasions we found that they were 3 1/2 minutes in falling.

"We planted the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific banner in the snow while the wind was blowing 45 miles an hour, but were unable to make it stay. The gale broke the flagstaff short off. Shortly afterward Maj. Ingraham brought another staff and set it firmly in the rocks at the crater and there we left it waving in the wind."

The journey to the summit, over the route taken, measured about eighteen miles. Camp Curtis, the temporary home of the party and the scene of nightly camp fires and jollity, was 9,500 feet above sea level. Columbia Crest, the utmost peak, is 14,526 feet in height.

Friends met the men and women climbers at the train and they were warmly greeted by more than 500 people. Dressed in their climbing costumes and carrying heavy marching knapsacks, camp supplies and poles, their noisy steps resounded along the station platform, but they denied that they were fatigued, and all were elated at the achievement of the trip of exploration.

RETURNS TO HIS FIRST LOVE

Matrimonial Tangle New York Supreme Justice is Trying to Unravel—Has Three Wives.

New York.—Supreme Court Justice Bischoff has a matrimonial tangle to unravel. The man in the tangle is John Cotton Smith, a rubber salesman. Three women, all of whom are Mrs. Smiths, and wives of John Cotton Smith, are interested.

The case was brought before the court by Elsie F. Smith, the third wife, whose action for a separation will be heard in a few days. Smith is now living with Mrs. Smith No. 1, and is not opposing the action. He is claiming that his marriage to Nos. 2 and 3 was void, as his divorce from No. 1 was fraudulent and void. Of the three marriages, only one child, a boy, was born to wife No. 2.

The first Mrs. Smith was Lillie Brown of Kansas City, who became Mrs. Smith in 1888. Three years later they separated and Mrs. Smith went home to her parents. Smith says he met one, John O. Roop in Philadelphia in 1892 who got him a divorce. Smith says he learned years afterward that the whole proceedings were fraudulent.

Before he learned this, however, he had married Annie Rowe in Brooklyn. That was in 1894, but a divorce followed several years later. Then he married the woman who is suing for separation now. A few years ago, Smith says he learned that he had never been divorced from the first Mrs. Smith. He wrote out to Kansas City, only to learn that she had married Lieut. Lorenzo Grodor Russell, United States army, then stationed in a Kansas army post.

The marriage was not a happy one, and when Lieut. Russell was sent to the Philippines Mrs. Smith-Russell got a divorce. She was about to be married to a wealthy real estate man when Smith's letter came. Smith left Mrs. Smith No. 3, and Mrs. Smith No. 1 joined him. They are now living at the Hotel St. Paul and Smith says they are very happy together.

GIVEN FREE USE OF TIMBER

Settlers in National Forest District in California Get Nearly Seven Million Feet.

San Francisco.—Uncle Sam gave away nearly 7,000,000 board feet of timber for domestic use of people in this national forest district last year. District Forester F. E. Olmsted has just compiled a statement showing that the exact amount given away was 6,886,287 feet board measure, having an estimated value of \$14,362.20.

The forest service grants free timber to the value of \$20, which is a good pile based on its value standing in the woods, to settlers, farmers, prospectors and others for domestic use, and to school and road districts. This free use is confined to those who need it for domestic purposes. It is not given away for any kind of commercial use. To get free use of timber settlers apply to the nearest forest ranger for permit.

Never Missed Vote.

South Norwalk, Conn.—Nathan Roberts, a retired sea captain, 96 years old, walked two miles to the East Norwalk polls the other day and cast his vote for the seventy-fifth time in his home town.

White Capt. Roberts has been around the Horn and the Cape of Good Hope many times, he has never missed a voting day at home since he became a voter.

SURELY SAVED THEIR LIVES

'Old Pomp' There When His Marse Charlie and Marse William Fought DUEL.

There was nothing of Pomp on any more than rolling stones of the importance of his position in the days before the war, when he was a conspicuous figure on a southern plantation of the best sort. "I being up Marse Charlie and Marse William," he often said, "saw 'em fight their own family loved I saved both dear lives once, besides all de rest I done for 'em."

"Two jess like dis," Marse Charlie an' Marse William dey take dem jess jess jess to a young lady dat come avisting de house, an' somebody had fill deir toothful hands all up wid talk about duels, an' dey jess' promukated to hab one, an' fin' out which ob 'em was to hab de young lady.

"Marse Charlie he was seventeen short an' fery, and Marse William he was sixteen, slim an' cool, but dey was bofe sot an' 'termined on de duel.

"Course dey didn't tell me 'bout it, but I 'spected it, same as I always did, 'kase I looked after dem boys for deir paw an' maw, when dere was company.

"So I watched out, an' I follered, an' I crep up to where dey was beginning to take 'pistion fo' de duel, an'—an' I jess' broke it up."

"How did you do it, Pomp?" each listener is sure to ask.

"How did I do it, chile? Why, I jess' emptied a pail o' water right on Marse Charlie's bald, an' I tuk an' spanked Marse William—dat's how."—Youth's Companion.

SET AVERAGE MAN THINKING

Could There Be Anything Sarcastic In What She So Quietly Set Forth?

"How sad it is," said the Average Man to the Average Woman, "that you are a tiresome creature—considered, of course, from a purely impersonal standpoint."

"I am interested," said the Average Woman. "Pray go on—as far as you like. I'm in the mood where real candor is the only thing I care for. Why then, am I tiresome?"

"Because of your limited range. For example, your conversation is exclusively confined to babies and bridge, servants and cigarettes, clothes and cottolins."

"How interesting!" exclaimed the Average Woman, "and how true! That suggests an idea I shall reform."

"In what way?"

She smiled ambitiously. "Hereafter," she said, "I shall widen my range of thought to include business, sport, woman and the quality of tobacco and rum, interspersed occasionally by the telling of indecent stories."

The Average Man had nothing to say. Indeed, for the first time in his life he was actually thinking.—Life.

Really Poor Penman.

There is a certain Philadelphia physician of considerable prominence who is renowned among his friends as the worst penman in the Quaker city. He used to write them letters and then feel hurt when they could not read them. When he wrote to persons who were not familiar with his scrawl they frequently would not know whom the letters were from. Some time ago he introduced a typewriter into his office, and this rendered the body of the letter intelligible, but did not clear up the difficulty over the signature. Now, however, says the Record, he has had made a rubber stamp bearing his name and address in printing. He signs his name in the usual scrawl, but alongside he impresses his stamp. It is a little humiliating, he says, but he no longer has any trouble about persons to whom he writes not knowing from whom the letters are.

What Roads Owe to Salt.

Roads, we are told, owe a great deal to salt. According to one theory, the oldest trade routes came into existence as a result of the traffic in salt. One of the oldest roads in Italy is the "Via Salaria," along which the people of the Sabine country obtained their salt from the salt pans of Ostia. Salt was the main merchandise carried in the trans-Libyan caravans of the days of Herodotus, and salt is one of the chief elements in the trade along the Sahara caravan routes to-day. Salt and salt fish, it is interesting to remember, entered largely into the commerce of the Carthaginians. The latter, by the way, was considered a delicacy in those pre-Christian days.

Forced to Guess Answer.

It beats all what odd question reach some of the departments of government in Washington. Not long ago the treasury received a letter from a Pittsburg man who had made a bet, asking: "How many cents are there in a bushel?" The answer was not easy to offer. If the man had asked about pounds he might have received a definite answer. As it was, he got in reply a guess from a clerk, that "roughly there are something like \$320, or 32,000 pennies."

On the Installment Plan.

"I dreamed last night that I bought a fine set of books, so much down, so much a month."

"Phaw! There's nothing remarkable about that. People actually do that every day."

"Wait a minute. I dreamed I finished paying for them."

PLEASURE TO BE PAID FOR

How Wise Mother Directed Little Daughter's Steps in Ways of Common Sense.

She was a very little maiden, and she thought that Willy Smith, who saw her at a party, was the very best boy she had ever seen.

"Mummy," she told her mother the morning after the party, "I want to write every day to Willy Smith, I said I would."

"All right, darling," was the cheerful reply.

A very lucky letter went off that day to Willy Smith. But the next day when the small damsel had finished writing her massive, she looked up at her mother.

"Must I pay two pennies every time I write to Willy Smith?" she asked, plaintively.

"Why, of course, darling," said the mother.

"But if I pay two pennies every day to write to Willy Smith, I won't have any pennies of my own."

"No, that is true."

"Mummy," in a pleading voice, "won't you give me two pennies for my letter?"

"No, dear. I don't care to write to Willy Smith. Why should I spend my pennies on him?"

"Then," with a sigh, "I think I won't write any more to Willy Smith. I'd rather have my pennies."

The modern parent seems to be adopting Herbert Spencer's advice—to leave the children to be taught by the penalties that life inflicts.

NO PLACE FOR HAUGHTY MAN

Aged Servitor's Caution Couched with Little Sentiment and Much Sense.

A haughty citizen once strolled in to the supreme court at Washington when an argument was being heard and took a seat in the audience reserved for lawyers. After he had been there a few minutes an attendant came over and asked him: "Are you a member of the bar?"

The haughty person wasn't, but he took out his card with a flourish and handed it over.

The attendant received the card gravely, carried it to the clerk, who glanced at it and gave some instructions.

A moment later the haughty citizen was touched on the shoulder and asked to retire.

"Why?" he asked. "I sent up my card. It usually gives me a seat in any court in the land."

"Certainly," said the attendant, "but please retire."

The haughty citizen did retire. When he got out in the corridor he fumed and fussed a bit.

"Sir," admonished the aged negro at the door, who has been there for many years, "think it over. Don't do no persiflakin' 'bout it, co'ld you. If you should git in contempt of them you ain't got nobody to appeal to but God."—Saturday Evening Post.

Cats Watching Sparrows.

Every afternoon just before twilight a row of cats of all ages, stags, gauges, breeds, tribes and then a few other kinds thrown in to sort of even up the balance of things, can be seen in the yard next to St. Andrew's church, at Eighth and Shipley streets. All of them are squeezed as close to the wall of the church building as they can get, and there they lie in wait for sparrows which infest the creeping vines that grow all over the wall of the church on the south side.

Every moment or so some luckless sparrow alights too near the ground or chirps too loud, and some cat immediately makes a running jump up the vine, and before the bird can fly from under the leaves it is cat food. Sometimes as many as 25 can be seen in a row watching for their evening meal of birds.—Wilmington News.

The Leather Bottle Inn.

On the Dover road at Northfleet, just where the old road, down which David Copperfield trudged on his weary pilgrimage to Dover, breaks away on its temporary parting from what is now the main road, is an old inn named the Leather Bottle. Over the door hangs a veritable leather bottle. The uninitiated Dickensian is momentarily deceived into the belief that here is the Leather Bottle of Pickwick fame, and is disgusted when he discovers that this is still four miles farther on. Nevertheless, this is one of the few "real Dickens inns" still remaining. Dickens, when on his long country tramps, often turned in there for refreshment, and the chair he usually occupied is still to be seen—priceless in the eyes of the host.—London Chronicle.

The Blue and White in Greek Flag.

The Greek flag is an unpretentious piece of blazon consisting of nine stripes of blue and white alternately, with a white cross on a blue ground in the left hand corner. The navy flag has a golden crown in the center of the cross.

Blue and white are the national colors of Bavaria and were adopted by the Greeks as a delicate compliment to the Prince of Bavaria, who accepted the invitation to ascend the throne of Greece when that country had succeeded in wresting her independence from the Ottoman empire.

Danger Avoided.

Daughter—Is it really bad form to go shopping without a chaperon? Mrs. De Style—Excessively. Young ladies who shop without a chaperon are always sure to forget themselves and buy things.—Brooklyn Citizen.

QUEENSLAND'S WATER TREES

Wise Provision of Nature That Is One of the Curiosities of the Region.

One of the curiosities in natural history in the colony of Queensland is the provision by nature of a supply of water in the form of certain trees. On the rocky slopes of the mountains, especially those of the Great Dividing Range, there are several kinds of trees in Queensland from which water can be obtained, including three species of eucalyptus and a gum which is the largest of the back country trees, a box and mallee.

The first named is the most preferred, as yielding the greatest quantity. This tree resembles the red gum in appearance, the leaves being a little narrower and of a silvery color. It grows chiefly on sandy or light loamy soil and throws out numerous lateral roots at a depth of about nine inches from the surface of the ground. The position of these roots was ascertained by the blacks by repeatedly jabbing the points of a spear or sharpened stick in the soft earth at a distance of about six or eight feet from the trunk of the tree. The soil was then removed with a wooden shovel or some 20 feet or more and the root cut off at either end. This was then cut up into lengths of about 18 inches, the bark knocked off and the length stood on end in some receptacle to contain water. In many cases the blacks used a bag made of the entire skin of the male wallaby. As soon as all these pieces were placed on end the operation, beginning with the first placed, put the end in his mouth, and by a vigorous puff expelled the remaining water. The size of the roots chosen was, with the bark on, about the thickness of a man's wrist. The larger ones being more woody and less porous, contain little or no water. The water is beautifully clear, cool, and free from any unpleasant taste or smell.

PLEASANT FOR THE TRAVELER

Russian Method of Safeguarding Car Necessarily Led to Some Appreciation.

The late William E. Ingersoll, the noted life insurance manager, was an authority on insurance rates.

"Mr. Ingersoll knew the rates all over the world," said a New York man, "and he was a very high authority on the subject. He was a very high authority on the subject. He was a very high authority on the subject."

"A traveler in Russia, he said, noticed that the train was all decorated with flags and banners, and at every station a company of soldiers, and a band playing the national anthem. The traveler asked a barker, the reason of all this ceremony. The barker, lowering his voice, replied: "I don't mind telling you, sir—but in the strictest confidence, be it understood—that a carriage in this train has been engaged for his majesty. His majesty, as a matter of fact, won't set off till this evening. Thus the plot hatched against him may take effect on this train, you see, and our glorious sovereign will be saved."

"The brakeman touched his cap and passed on, and the traveler, suddenly grown pale and nervous, stared from the window anxiously."

High Title Denied Washington.

A friend calls attention to the fact that Washington, although commander in chief during the Revolution and again in 1798 during the French war, which did not really happen, did not bear the title of full general. On July 2, 1798, President Adams nominated him "to be lieutenant-general and commander in chief." This was followed by the act of March 3, 1798, of which the sixth section read "that a commander of the army of the United States shall be appointed, and commissioned by the style of general of the armies of the United States," and that the present office and title of lieutenant-general shall thereafter be abolished. President Adams, jealous for the executive prerogative as commander in chief, made no appointment under this act and Washington died as lieutenant-general.

Europe's Highest Village.

"The highest village in Europe" is the inscription on a post card which shows a group of wooden cottages on a bleak hill, with no sign of vegetation in sight and having as a background a range of ice-covered mountains. The name of the place is Cumeau in the Canton Wallis. It lies 2,047 meters above the sea level, where Monte Rosa raises its gigantic head into the clouds. The village consists of four families, and the latest census gives it a population of 26. "The storms of spring and fall and the snows of the winter months," says the sender of the card, "make life a dreary one, and still the people look happy, and doubtless they are so."

A Careless Messenger.

After a messenger boy had eaten his lunch in a Pearl street restaurant, Harry Bohrer, the manager, found a package on the table, and opening it he discovered that it contained \$23,000 in currency and also sufficient negotiable securities to make a total of \$50,000. From the papers in the package he believed the valuables belonged to the state bank, a few doors away, and hurried there with the money. The cashier quickly identified the parcel and Bohrer was given a reward.

DON'T STUDY NATIONAL AIRS

American Visitor in Great Britain Returns with His Feelings Perturbed.

"I wish I grew a man lately back from a tour of the British Isles," that is, the British barometers would take a course of instruction in what constitutes the American national air. Band concerts are the rage all over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. During the summer season, probably as a compliment to the hundreds of Americans who are flying away gold for their benefit, they present daily what is generally called American national airs.

The majority of these barometers think "Dixie" is the national air, because they sagely observe it is the only one which Americans applaud. The Star-Spangled Banner is distasteful and lugubrious enough under the best of circumstances, but to hear the Scotch bagpipes have a fling at it is indelible misery. The man who wrote the "Columbia" hymn would not know his own work as performed in King Edward's domain, and even the "Kentucky Home" and other negro ballads get a touch between an Irish jig and a Scotch waltz which robs the American visitor of any pleasure which he might experience in hearing songs from home. It may be that British, Scotch and Irish guests on this side of the water get as much discomfort in hearing Annie Laurie, I hope they do, for it would establish a sort of international musical balance.

PASSING OF PARLOR CARPET

Modern Methods of Living Turn to the Rug as the More Sanitary.

Modern methods of living are asserting themselves more and more every day. For some peculiar reason man always has assumed the prerogative of supplying what he considered the utilitarian portions of the home, and to woman has been delegated its ornamentation, but in the last few years ideas have been changing in this regard and women have become not only the largest buyers, but the finest judges of the necessities, as well as the luxuries of everyday existence.

Only a few years ago the height of womanly ambition in household decoration or idea was a Brussels carpet in the "best room," a floor covering that was often put over a cushion of straw and left to gather dampness, dust and germs, sometimes for years, in the unused parlor. Anyone who has been around at spring cleaning and caught a view of the dirt which has settled through the carpet was certainly appalled at the sight. For many years this floor covering was considered the acme of elegance, and the woman in comfortable circumstances who would have had the temerity to substitute

hardwood floors and rug for the old Brussels carpet would have been considered as decidedly eccentric and extravagant.

Haunted Alaska Island.

To the south, 200 miles west of Kodiak, distant about 100 miles, and forming one of the Semidi group, is the island of Chirikof, the haunted island of Alaska.

Enshrouded for a great portion of the time with almost impenetrable fog the Tanna Tribune says this lone island is an object of terror to the natives, who will not go near the island, saying it means certain death to invade the canny confines, and there are few men in the far north who have the temerity to test the truth of the many and weird tales told of this forbidding and barren island. Shipmasters and sailors passing the place assert that the agonizing cries of Russian sailors sent there to starve or die of torture are sometimes heard on quiet nights, while the clink of chains and the sound of blows are testified to in an affidavit by a white man who once attempted to remain there for a week and who lost his reason.

Legend Proved True.

A curious legend surrounding a country estate in the Meon valley, Hampshire, which has been fulfilled with painful reality, has set the whole country-side talking. The story concerns the death at Corhampton house, Corhampton, of Mr. Campbell Wyndham, J. P., who on the death of his mother on September 8, last year, succeeded to an estate around which a legend runs that a male heir will not live over 12 months after succession. Mr. Campbell Wyndham was the first male heir for generations. In the last stage of his illness, Mr. Wyndham prophesied that he would die in bed 12 months to the day his mother passed away, and by a truly remarkable coincidence, he died a few minutes after midnight on that very day.—London Mail.

Extreme Politeness.

"Although he overcharged me terribly," says the returned traveler, "the cab driver who took me over Paris was most polite."

"All Frenchmen are," we observe.

"Yes, but this one got off his box and helped me find the necessary furniture in my French-English dictionary, so that I might say what I thought of him."—Exchange.

Will Stick to Dad.

"Come indoors immediately," called a nurse to a small boy whose father was going out. "You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty."

"I don't want to go to heaven," was the aggrieved reply. "I want to go with father."—Brooklyn Citizen.

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