

CULLODEN MOOR.

The Last Battle Fought on the Soil of Great Britain.

The last battle fought on the soil of Great Britain took place in the middle of the eighteenth century.

While George II. of England was engaged in the war of the Austrian succession Charles Edward, who was called the Young Pretender, a grand son of King James II. of England, landed in Scotland and made two attempts to obtain the throne of his ancestors. He was victorious in the battle of Falkirk, but the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., having been recalled from the continent to take command of the king's forces, the Pretender was entirely defeated at Culloden moor, a plain in Scotland, four miles from Inverness. This was the last battle fought on the island of Great Britain and took place April 16, 1746, and it was also the last attempt on the part of the Stuart family to recover the throne of Great Britain.

Charles Edward Stuart escaped to France after he had wandered for five months in the highlands, pursued by his enemies. He died in Rome Jan. 30, 1788. The Duke of Cumberland gave no quarter. The wounded were all slain, and the jails of England were filled with prisoners, many of whom were executed. Among the latter number were Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock and Lovat—Lovat being the last person who was beheaded in England.—Philadelphia Press

Women Who Make Living Dearer.

Woman's abuse of a shopping privilege adds tremendously to the cost of operating department stores, and places a needless burden upon every buyer. One of the large merchants of New York city is authority for the statement that 25 per cent of the articles sent out to charge patrons are returned, not occasionally, but habitually. We are not thinking of the woman who returns garments that have been worn and declares they have never been used. She belongs in a class by herself and demands special treatment. But the woman who orders goods sent home without considering whether she needs them or not ought to be amenable to reason.—Francis Fear in Leslie's.

Suffocated.

To the grouchy looking person who had boarded his car the conductor said as he returned him his transfer: "This transfer expired ten minutes ago."

Whereupon, with a growl, the man dug for a nickel and as he handed it to the conductor observed:

"No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in the whole car."—Harper's Magazine.

Mechanical Bread Raiser.

"Oh, dear," groaned the young wife, "I don't know what to use to raise my bread. I've tried everything."

"A derrick and a couple of jack-screws ought to do it," thought her husband, but he didn't say it aloud.—Boston Transcript.

CARVED A LIVING FISH.

Part Was Cooked and the Other Part Swam Around Till Needed.

Not many years ago, being one of the few foreigners permitted to reside in the interior of Japan, I was favored with this interesting experience:

Living near a small fishing village and out of convenient reach of the treaty ports, I found it necessary to content myself to a great extent with native subsistence. However, a daily supply of delicious living fish went far to compensate for the absence of beef-steak and bread and butter.

The peddlers of fish carry their finny merchandise in shallow tubs filled with water, suspended from the ends of a yoke across the shoulders. In this fashion they trot along for miles on their rounds.

Having the advantage of first choice, I could usually select one of a size suitable for the day's needs, but one morning they were all entirely too large, and when it was pointed out that the smallest was double the size wanted he replied:

"Oh, but you can cut it in two; use half today, the other half tomorrow."

This suggestion would seem simple enough in American markets, but when he was told that stale fish was undesirable he explained that the remaining half would be as lively tomorrow or any day thereafter until used; that the operation would not hurt the fish in the slightest respect. At this point curiosity prompted me to direct the flip vivisectionist to proceed with his barbarous act.

He immediately laid one of the fish on a board and placed his long, keen edged knife just back of the gills and quickly sliced off all of one side down to the tail and so close to the ribs that you could almost see them. The part containing the vital organs was returned to the water, where, of course, owing to loss of equilibrium, it turned on its side. But to my astonishment it swam round lively as ever, seemingly undisturbed by the loss of so much flesh, and remained so until the next day when I was ready to cook it.

My native friends smiled at the suggestion of cruelty and related the story of a distinguished daimio who caught a fish sliced in this manner that had been placed in the river years before and lived this long time happy and lively as other fish. But the idea of carving a living fish made me shudder, and I never tried it again.—C. D. Welton, in New York Tribune.

SPAIN'S WOMAN WARRIOR.

The Maid of Saragossa and How She Saved Her City.

The Spaniards have erected a monument to the memory of Angostina Zaragoza, whose bravery during the peninsular war saved her city.

In July, 1808, the French were pressing hard upon Saragossa. The hardest fighting occurred at Portillo gate, where the assaulting batteries more than once reached the dilapidated earthworks. The gunners of the Spanish battery were shot down one after another, the survivors falling before they could discharge the last loaded gun.

The infantry flinched, and the French were closing in when a young woman betrothed to a young sergeant of artillery who had just fallen rushed in, snatched the lighted match from her dying lover's hand and fired the undischarged twenty-four pounder into the head of the advancing column.

The enemy was thrown back. The citizens with a cheer rushed forward, reoccupied the battery and the assault was checked.

Angostina Zaragoza received from her government a commission as sub-lieutenant of the artillery and a life pension. A few years later she was seen by an English traveler serving with her battery in Andalusia. She wore a blue artillery tunic, on the sleeve of which was a shield of honor.—Washington Star.

How to Know Hemlock.

The occasional reports in the papers of children or animals being poisoned by eating some umbelliferous plant emphasizes the importance of being able to distinguish the dangerous ones. In the case of hemlock itself, the most poisonous of all, this is not difficult. Notice first the dark green, much cut and divided leaves and the peculiar odor which botanists call fetid. But perhaps the most obvious thing and that which most easily distinguishes the hemlock from all other umbelliferous plants is the stem. This is smooth, polished, slightly furrowed and of a green color blotched and spotted with purple. No other member of the order has a stem in the least like it.—London Globe.

His Own Medicine.

A certain barrister named Jones who practiced in Lord Brougham's time was in the habit of commencing the examination of a witness with these words: "Now, sir, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it."

Brougham, like many others, was growing tired of the monotonous formula, and one morning, meeting Jones near the temple, he addressed him thus: "Now, Jones, I am going to put a question to you, and I don't care which way you answer it. How are you?"—London Express.

But Do They?

Mrs. Bacon—I see it is stated that the average length of life rose from twenty and one-quarter years in the sixteenth century to forty and one-half years in the nineteenth century.

Mr. Bacon—I suppose the latter time was when the women began telling the truth about their ages.—Yonkers Statesman.

Use in Beauty.

Strike out all the beautiful from the world, leave us only the useful—the manifestly useful—and we should lose all elasticity out of our lives, all strength out of our purpose, all energy out of our arms. It is the thousand-fold beauty, meeting our eyes at every turn, that saves us.—Charles Force Deems.

Popular Poverty.

Katie, aged seven, was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. One day, when the new minister called, Katie, upon her own invitation, went into the parlor to entertain him until her mother came down stairs. As she approached the parlor door, Mrs. Jones heard the minister ask Katie how many children her mother had, and was very much surprised to hear her little daughter reply "six."

Her mother wisely made no comment upon the startling reply of the child, but sent her out to play, and when the minister's visit was over she asked Katie why she had told him that her mother had six children, and was more dumfounded than ever when Katie said, "Because, I did not want the strange gentleman to know that you were so poor that you didn't have but one child."—National Monthly.

An Efficiency Recipe.

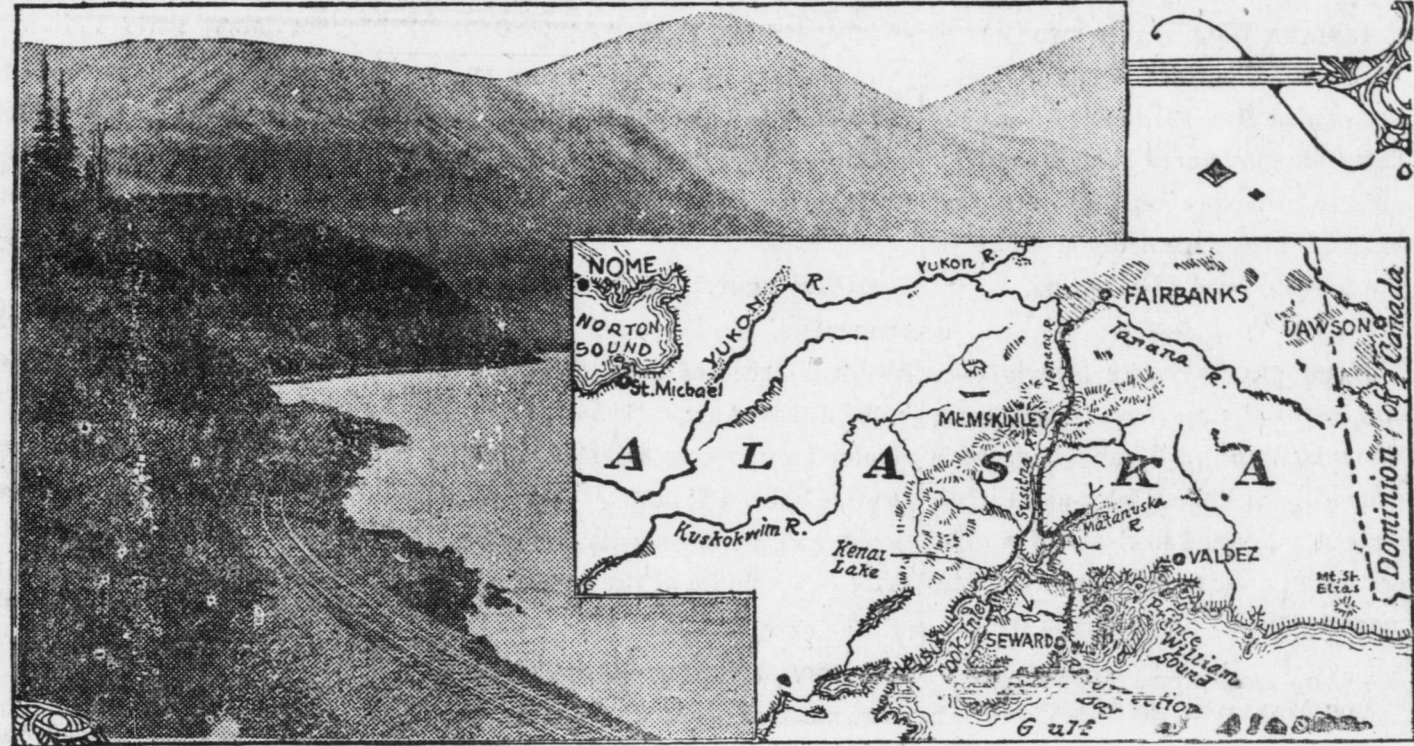
Be earnest, but be calm, no matter what happens. A man may learn to treble his day's work by systematically shutting out all feeling during office hours. What fatigues and annoys us is not our work, but the mental friction, nervous strain, muscular tension, emotional wear and tear which we allow to accompany our work. A real man is always a machine while on the job, never a machine at any other time. Recipe for efficiency: Be a plodder by day and a poet by night. Do your planning, your dreaming, your resolving, when silence and solitude open the mind for great thoughts and purposes; then appear to the world just as an ordinary business man, with nothing unique about you to rouse the neighbors' suspicions.—New York Independent.

FAMILY OF WORLD'S CHAMPION FIGHTER.



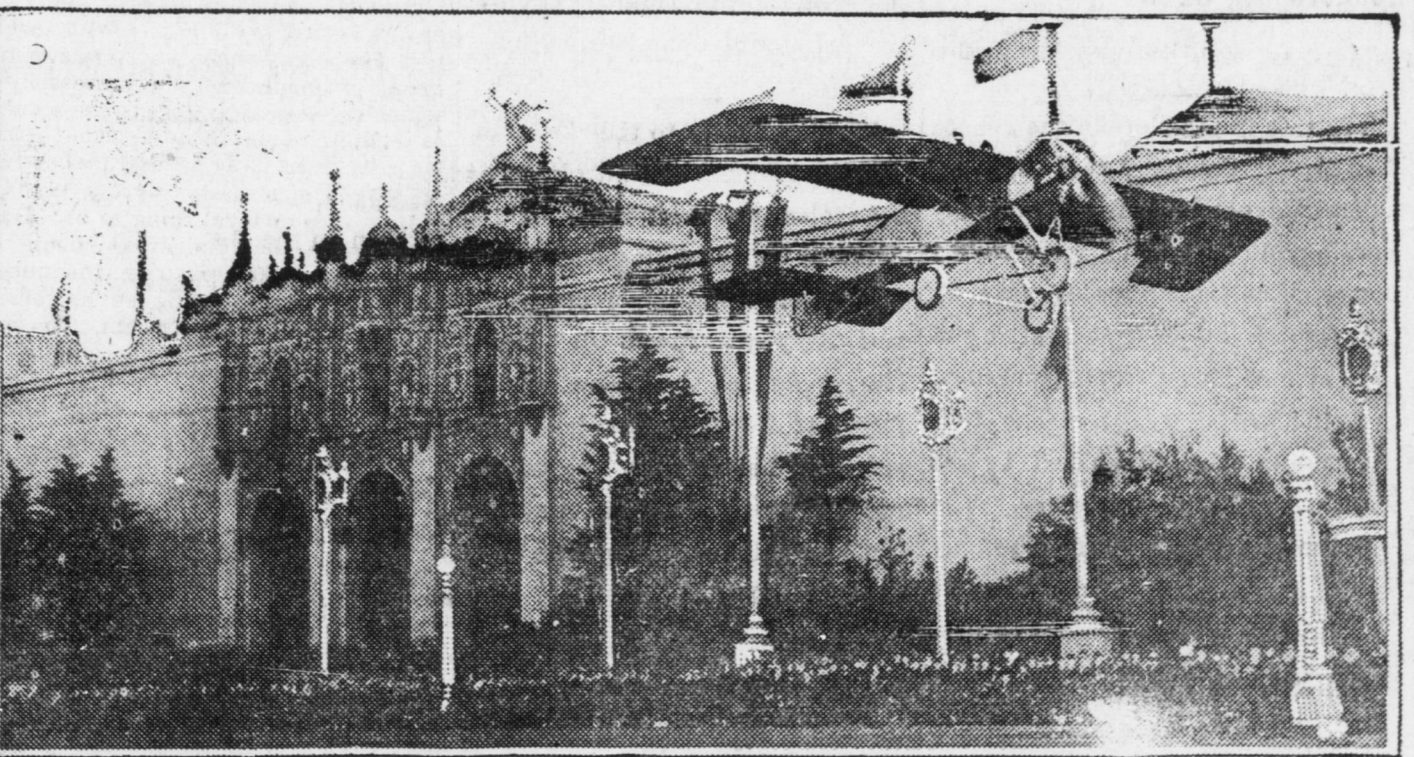
Jess Willard's wife and children at their home in Hollywood, Cal. A youthful aspirant for his father's honors is Jess Willard, Jr., seen sitting on his mother's knees.

GOVERNMENT NAMES ROUTE FOR ALASKA ROAD.



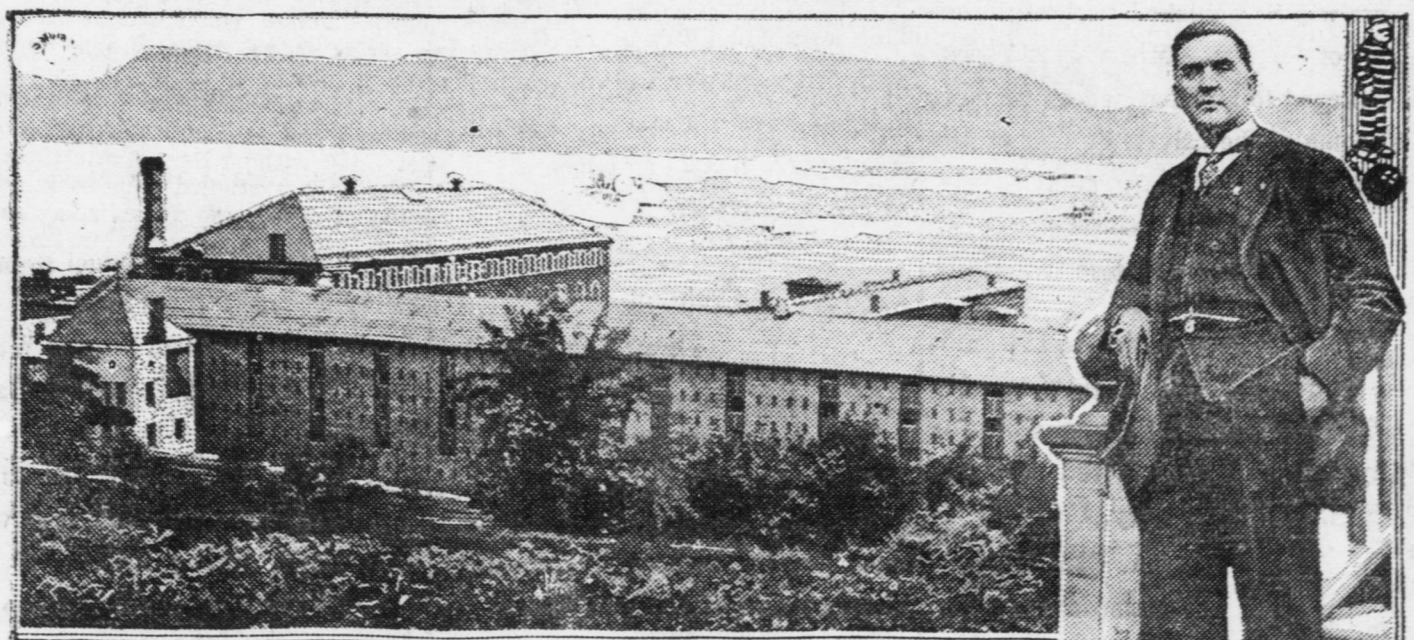
Uncle Sam's \$35,000,000 railroad will run from Seward to Fairbanks, Alaska, as shows on the map. Photograph is section of privately owned road which government will buy.

BEACHEY WAVING HIS LAST FAREWELL.

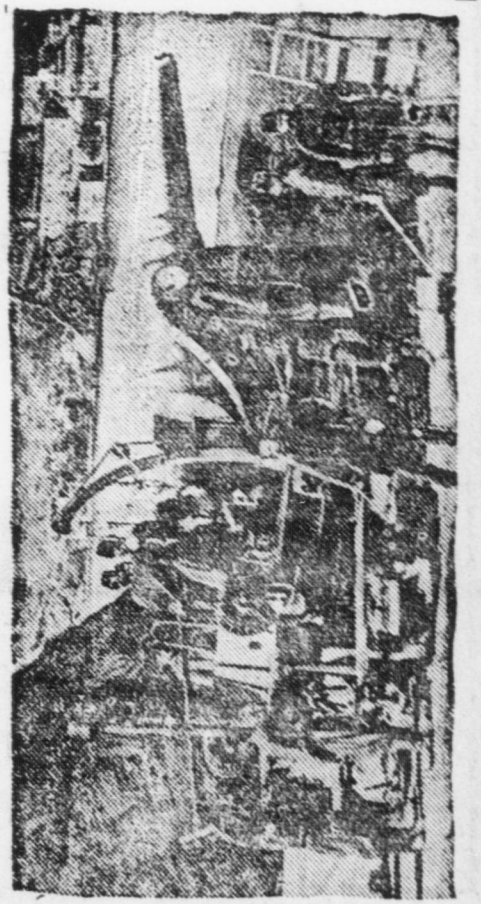


The daredevil flier, Lincoln Beachey, waving goodbye to crowds at Panama-Pacific exposition as he ascended on his recent trip, which cost him his life.

ABANDONING SING SING PRISON AT LAST.



Photos by American Press Association. Through the efforts of the "Golden Rule" warden, Thomas Mott Osborne, the New York legislature has decided to build a new home for the state's criminals. Warden Osborne is shown on the right.



MADGAR KALE BATTERY AT STRAITS ENTRANCE

This is one of the Turkish guns that the allies faced in landing their forces at the Dardanelles. There are dozens of these guns at points on both sides. Landing under great difficulties, the allies report big victories. Photo by American Press Association.

DECISION EXPECTED SOON

Italy's Premier Will Announce Policy at Monument Unveiling.

Rome, May 3.—It is understood that the council of ministers is about to reach most important decisions which are now pending but are being delayed because of the king's visit to Genoa.

From reliable sources it is said that recent deliberations of the cabinet will be announced by the premier when he speaks publicly at the inauguration ceremonies attending the unveiling of the Garibaldi monument at Genoa. It is now understood that the opening of parliament on May 5 will not be postponed, but on the other hand may be anticipated by a few days. This will certainly be the case if intervention is decided upon before May 5, as parliament will have to meet to accord full power to act upon the government. This procedure would include a partial suspension of the constitutional guarantees. Such action having been made parliament would immediately adjourn.

Vienna Rushes Force Toward Border.

Venice (Via London), May 3.—A dispatch from Udine, Italy, reports active military preparations on the Austrian side of the frontier. Trains of heavy artillery, proceeding at night, are said to crowd all roads. Night traffic in the districts of Goritz, Gradisca, Monfalcone and Tolmein, all in Austria, is prohibited without special authority.

BIG GERMAN GUN SILENCED

Weapon That Bombaraded Dunkirk Quieted by French.

Paris, May 3.—The official report given out by the French war department says it is believed that the great German gun which has twice bombaraded Dunkirk from a range of 23 1/2 miles has been put out of action. The text follows:

"Information received from a deserter is to the effect that for about two months engineers of the Krupp gun works have been directing in the suburbs of Dixmunde the installation of a marine gun capable of firing a shell over a very long range. It is this gun which may have bombaraded Dunkirk. The gun is believed to have a range of 23.5 miles.

"Only nine shells were fired on the second and last bombardment of the French seaport. There is reason to believe that the gun either has been damaged by a method of fire which the most powerful pieces do not resist a long time or that the continual presence of our aeroplanes has had the effect of stopping its fire."

Germans Take Grain In Poland.

Berlin, May 3.—The German administration of Russian Poland announces the expropriation of all wheat, rye and barley in the district. Until the coming harvest the inhabitants are to be allowed fifty-five pounds of grain per person.

WEATHER EVERYWHERE.

Observations at United States weather bureau taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:			
	Temp.	Weather.	
Pittsburgh.....	60	Cloudy	
New York.....	60	Cloudy	
Boston.....	52	Cloudy	
Buffalo.....	50	Cloudy	
Chicago.....	48	Cloudy	
St. Louis.....	74	Cloudy	
New Orleans...	78	Cloudy	
Washington...	62	Cloudy	
Philadelphia...	62	Cloudy	

The Weather.

Showers tonight and probably Tuesday; east winds.