

The New King of Great Britain.

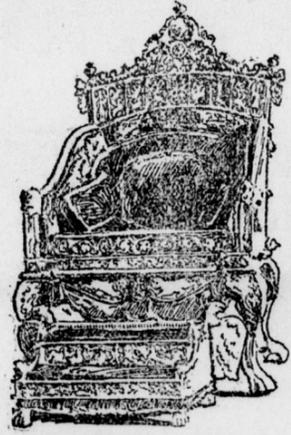
A Sketch of the Career of Edward VII., as Prince of Wales.

ALBERT EDWARD, known for more than half a century as the Prince of Wales, and now King Edward VII., was born November 9, 1841. The second child and the eldest son of Queen Victoria, his advent into the world was greeted with great rejoicing. As the first child of the royal couple, now the Empress Dowager of Germany, had proved to be a girl, the British nation was naturally anxious that the second should be a boy.

When the Queen's confinement was expected Prince Albert sent couriers in hot haste from Buckingham Palace to the various dignitaries of church and State, whose presence at the expectant birth of an heir is demanded by royal etiquette. They gathered in the ante-room close by the Queen's bed chamber. Among them were Archbishops and Bishops, arrayed in silk shovel hats and gorgeous aprons; members of the Cabinet, headed by the Prime Ministers; nurses and doctors by the score.

For four hours this assemblage awaited for the event. Their patience was rewarded. When it was announced that the wishes of a nation had been fulfilled, and that a boy had been born there was universal congratulation. Prelates and statesmen embraced one another with uncontrolled effusiveness. Cannons on the grounds without thundered the news to all the surrounding district. Thousands of church bells took up the glad tidings and pealed out the announcement to an expectant nation. Early in the morning the privy council met in state to ordain prayer and thanksgiving from one end of the country to the other.

A few weeks later, on the occasion of the Prince's baptism in the royal chapel of Windsor, he was shown from the balcony to a huge crowd of persons, who went wild with delight. The boyhood of the Prince was un-



THE THRONE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

eventful. His early education was conducted under the tutelage of the Rev. H. M. Birch, rector of Prestwich; Mr. Gibbs, barrister-at-law; the Rev. C. F. Farrer and Mr. H. W. Fischer. He then studied for a session at Edinburgh, and later entered Christ Church at Oxford. Here he attended public lectures for a year and afterward resided for three or four terms at Trinity College, Cambridge, for the same purpose.

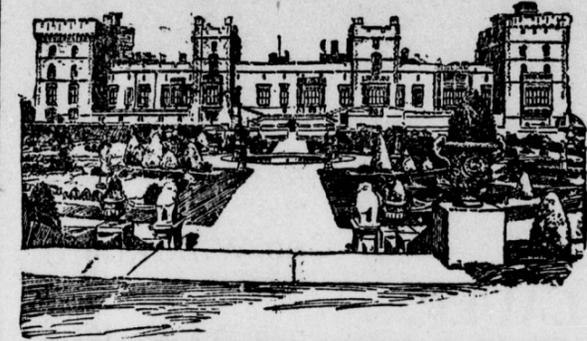


EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

In the summer of 1869 the Prince paid a visit to the United States and Canada. Everywhere he was received

with boundless enthusiasm. He danced at a ball given in his honor at Washington, where he was cordially welcomed by President Buchanan. The United States, indeed, was prepared to receive him with open arms. At Hamilton, the last place in Canada where he made a halt, he had spoken some kindly words which awoke general approval here.

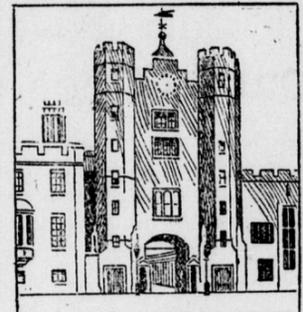
"My duties," he said, "as representative of the Queen cease this day."



WINDSOR CASTLE, OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE KING.

but in a private capacity I am about to visit before my return home that remarkable land which claims with us a common ancestry and in whose extraordinary progress every Englishman feels a common interest."

His first stop on American soil was in Chicago. Thence he passed on to St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Baltimore and Washington. For five days he was a guest of President Buchan-



ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

an. He visited Mt. Vernon and planted a chestnut tree by the side of Washington's tomb. From the capital the Prince and his party set out for Richmond, then a centre of political intrigue, and soon to prove the focus of disaffection against the Union.

His next halt was made at Philadelphia, where he visited Independence Hall and other places famous in Anglo-American history. From Philadelphia he took sail for New York, landing at Castle Garden on October 11. He was driven through Broadway to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, escorted by the Mayor and other civic dignitaries, and cheered on his way by vast crowds of citizens who had gathered to do him honor.

Albany, Boston and Portland were visited in turn, and from the latter place the Prince and his party embarked for England on October 20. In 1862, accompanied by Dean Stanley, he made a journey to the East, including a visit to Jerusalem.

The young Prince was now of a marriageable age. Speculation was rife as to who would be the lady of his choice. The question was settled in the early part of 1863, when his engagement was announced to Princess Alexandra, the eldest daughter of the King of Denmark. She was three years younger

than the Prince, and, though comparatively poor, was beautiful and accomplished. The marriage was cele-

brated in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on March 10, 1863. All England rejoiced over the event. Tennyson, the recently appointed poet laureate, wrote one of his finest poems, "A Welcome to Alexandra," on this occasion.

The Princess soon made herself very popular with all classes of the British public, not only by her outward grace of manner, but also by her virtues and amiability. The Prince himself has

always shared in this popularity, although the sterner Puritanism of his potential subjects have often been shocked by stories of his dissipation.

He is a fervent sportsman, and has never been without a string of thoroughbred racing horses. He is as fond of a good dog as of a good horse. His kennels at Sandringham are fourteen in number, built of brick and iron, with every modern improvement that architects and dog fanciers could suggest.

The affection and esteem in which the Prince has been held was never better amplified than in December, 1871, when he was attacked by typhoid fever, and for some weeks hung between life and death. The anxiety of the public was intense, and the news of his recovery was greeted with great joy. On his first appearance in public to take part in the memorable "thanksgiving service," in St. Paul's Cathedral, on February 27, 1872, the streets along the line of his route were covered with a cheering multitude.

He has had five children, the eldest of whom, Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, was born January 8, 1864, and died in January, 1892. The second son, George Frederick Ernest Albert, Duke of York, born June 3, 1865, married Princess Mary of Teck, July 6, 1892.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TAKEN IN AMERICA, 1860.

Louise Victoria Alexandra Dagmar, born February 20, 1867, married the Duke of Fife in 1889. Victoria Alexandra Olga Marie was born July 6, 1868, and Maud Charlotte Mary Victoria, born November 26, 1869, married Prince Charles, the second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, on July 22, 1890.

The Duke of York, the next male heir in the direct line of succession, now becomes the Duke of York and Cornwall, and has followed the naval career with great diligence, having attained the rank of Commander, and served on the West Indian station in command of the gunboat Thrush. He married the Princess Victoria of Teck in May, 1893, and has four children, three Princes and a Princess, the eldest of whom is Prince Edward Albert, now seven years old.

Long-Lived Birds.
It used to be believed that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is on record. But parrots have been known to live 100 years. One lost its memory at sixty and its sight at ninety. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schoenbrunn at the age of 118 years. Another golden eagle was kept in the Tower of London for ninety years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with eighty and 100 years of life.—Albany Argus.

Santa Clara County, California, produces a greater income from the soil than any other county in the United States.

Of the 65,000,000 admission tickets purchased for the Paris Exposition 18,000,000 remained unused.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RIVER.

Mysterious Canyon of the Gunnison Explored at Last.

The black canyon of Gunnison River, an affluent of the Colorado, is one of the most remarkable geological formations of the West. It is a ghastly gash



(Two Eiffel Towers and a Washington Monument could stand on top of each other in the Gunnison Canyon.)

in a desert land, so deep that the rays of the sun cannot penetrate to its depth, so that the river is practically a submarine water course.

For the first time in history the depths of this canyon have been traversed by daring explorers. The feat was accomplished, at the risk of their lives, by a party of five, whose object was to find out if there was not some path by which the waters of the Gunnison could be conducted out of its tunnel and made to irrigate the drought-parched farms of the neighboring region.

The exploration yielded conclusive evidence of the impracticability of the ditch plan.

Observations.

A furtive nature never can endure an open door.

The best worldly bank is laughter. Weeping is social bankruptcy.

It takes not only humor, but sense to enjoy a satirical story directed toward one's self.

No isolation is so appalling as being alone amid a crowd.

There was never a man who was not made nobler by loving the right woman.

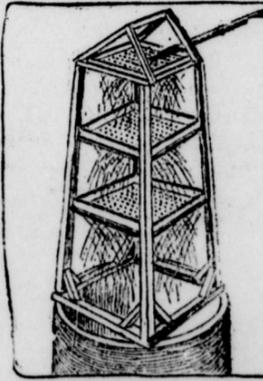
To outwit a foe is better than to slay him.

To know one's self is wisdom; not to know one's neighbors is genius.

Inclination is often miscalled duty. Genius and patience are never very far apart.—Philadelphia Record.

Air Currents Cool the Water.

In some parts of Mexico it is a customary plan to place water in a porous jar, and when it has moistened the outside the jar is swung in the air by the straps attached to the handles, the action of the air currents cooling the surface of the jar and eventually the contents. The invention, which we illustrate below, is a simple method of cooling water by aeration and evaporation, which has lately been patented by a New Jersey man. It applies practically the same principle as the Mexican method, except that here the entire quantity is subjected to the action of the air instead of a small portion. The device consists of a series of perforated trays suspended in a wooden frame over the water receptacle, with a feed pipe at the top. As



SIMPLE WATER-COOLING APPARATUS.

the water trickles from one tray to the next it forms a spray, which is partially evaporated by the air currents. The latter may be either natural or artificial, and the moisture taken up by the air serves to cool the remainder of the water as it falls into the tank below.

Good Work by Schoolboys.

Good for the Wilton schoolboys. On the first day of the holiday vacation ten of them went to the home of a poor widow and tackled her woodpile with their saws and axes, and they stuck to the job until they had completed it.—Portland (Me.) Eastern Argus.

Even the highest personages in Turkey are not exempt from suspicion. Their movements are watched and reported to the palace by an army of spies, who swarm in every quarter.



Mr. Dream-maker.

Come, Mr. Dream-maker, sell me tonight
The loveliest dream in your shop:
My dear little lassie is weary of light,
Her lids are beginning to drop,
She's good when she's gay, but she's
tired of play,
And the tear-drops will naughtily
creep.

So, Mr. Dream-maker, hasten, I pray:
My little girl's going to sleep.
—S. M. Peck, in The Christian Register.

A Novel Spider Collection.

A Belgian teacher of natural history gives an account of an experiment made by him to test the abilities of children as collectors. The result was simply astounding. The teacher asked a boy to collect all the different kinds of spiders that he might see during his vacation rambles.

The lad, who, evidently, did not share the absurd fear which most persons have of these harmless and useful creatures, accepted the task with alacrity, and for weeks he scoured the country round about his home for spiders, going about three miles in every direction.

He brought back to school more than a hundred species, of which no less than ten had never been supposed to exist in Belgium, despite the careful explorations of Prof. Becker of Brussels, who is famous as a collector of spiders.

The little collection that he made in so remarkable a manner is a highly prized addition to the cabinet of the school.

Why Bees Work in Darkness.

Bees go out all day gathering honey and work all night in the hive, building their combs as perfectly as if an electric light shone there all the time. Why do they prefer to work in the dark? is often asked. Every one knows that honey is a liquid with no solid sugar in it. After standing it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance, or granulates, and ultimately becomes a solid mass.

Honey has been experimentally inclosed in well-corked flasks, some of which were kept in perfect darkness, while the others were exposed to the light. The result was that the portion exposed to the light soon crystallized, while that kept in the dark remained unchanged.

Hence, we see why the bees are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are placed in their hives. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this, it would, in all probability, prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.

How Chinese Ducks Swim to Market.

Chinese farmers do not take their ducks to market in crates, but drive them into the waters of the grand canal and compel them to furnish their own motive power. Usually the duck "crop" of a whole district is brought together and started to market in charge of men in boats, and the sight of several thousand birds swimming in a compact mass along China's great water road is a novel one indeed. Julius Ralph, the traveler, met such a procession one day. The mass of ducks was several acres in extent, and went along at a pace much faster than could be expected, being kept in formation by long bamboo poles with palm leaves at the end. Suddenly several boats came up in the opposite direction—a big "chopboat" and two or three smaller vessels. They were sailing swiftly before the fresh breeze directly upon the neck of ducks, and there seemed to be no way of preventing a terrible slaughter. The big "chopboat," like a house blown before a gale, sped toward the advancing feathered host, and at last the birds that were in the way were almost under her bows. Then there was a fluttering of wings and a bobbing of heads, the immense flock broke apart, a crack opened before the "chopboat" and widened until there was a canal broad enough for the vessel to pass through. Not a single duck was run over.

A Dog's Senses.

A young girl was crossing the Public garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to the Charles street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, that is far enough now, Marco, you need not go with me any further, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasantly conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth:

"Please let me go a little further, it is such a fine morning?"

"No, dear, I'm going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the gardens. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—Boston Record.

Those First Little Trousers.

And the next morning nurse put on Roggie's new little trousers and Reggie's new little trousers; and, oh, but they did look funny—you can see how funny they looked—these tiny boys in their tiny trousers!

And you should have heard little nurse laugh.

"Ha! Ha!" she laughed. "Oh, you funny little black spiders! Ha! Ha!"

And Roggie did not like to have nurse laugh.

And as soon as they had eaten their bread and milk, as soon as they had eaten their breakfast, they ran out on the veranda where papa was reading his paper.

And what do you think their papa did when he saw them?

Why, he threw his paper high up in the air and he laughed. "Ha! ha! what little men are these? Come here and I'll put you both in my pocket!"

And he caught Roggie up in his arms and pretended he was going to put him in his pocket.

And Roggie did not like to see his father laugh, and Reggie did not like to have his father laugh; and they wriggled and screamed and ran away down the path to the garden where mamma was watering her roses.

And what do you think mamma did when she saw them? Mamma didn't laugh. Oh, no. She put her little lace handkerchief up to her eyes; and she cried: "Oh, oh, where are my babies! Oh, oh, will they never come back again!"

And Roggie did not like to see his mother cry, and Reggie did not like to see his mother cry. So they took hold of hands and toddled on down the path to the big silver poplar tree where dear Arabella and dear Araminta stood singing and swinging, both in a swing together.

And Arabella laughed, "Ha! ha! he! he!" as she swung high up in the branches.

And Araminta laughed, "Ha! ha! he! he!" as she swung high up in the branches.

And Roggie did not like to have Arabella laugh, and Reggie did not like to have Araminta laugh. And so they ran down the path as fast as they could go. On and on and on they ran till they came on the little brook in the little meadow.

And Roggie sat down on the bank by the brook and cried.

"I want my dress on," he cried. "I don't want these trousers."

And Reggie sat down on the bank by the brook and cried.

"I want my dress on," he cried. "I don't want these trousers."

And Roggie cried: "I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers away!"

And Reggie cried: "I'll throw them away, I will! I'll throw these trousers away!"

And those little rogues, they did! They pulled off their new little trousers, and they threw them into the brook!

And mamma came running down the meadow path to find them. And, oh, how she laughed when she saw them!

"Ha! ha!" she laughed. "Oh, you dear little things! Have you thrown your trousers away?"

But she cuddled them close in her arms and kissed them.

"There, don't cry!" she said. "Mamma is glad you threw them away. Yes, I am glad you threw them away."

And Roggie smiles through his tears.

"Nanny is looking," he said. "See, see! Old Nanny is looking!"

And Roggie smiled through his tears.

"See! Old Nanny-goat is looking!" Yes. There on the other side of the brook old Nanny stood, with a look of surprise in her wise eyes, watching those little trousers as they floated away down the stream!—Gertrude Smith, in Little Folks.

A Brick-Hearted Elm.

In New Brunswick, N. J., is an elm tree that literally has a heart of stone, if flintlike bricks and mortar may be so classified. A long time ago the elm was one of three large trees planted around the grave of a famous Indian chief, but with the growth of the town two of the trees were cut down to give place to a street. The remaining elm at once began to die at the heart, and in a few years the trunk was honeycombed by insects. Then at a Fourth of July celebration the punk-like heart caught fire and burned out. Supported by a thin shell of a trunk, the tree threatened to fall in any high wind. Then it occurred to its owner, Mrs. Elmendorf, to have the inside filled with brick and mortar. This was done, and for years the big tree has rested on its stony support, getting its nourishment through the bark and shading the home of its benefactor.

There is but one ten thousand dollar greenback in circulation.