NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

New King of Saxony Is Interested in Military Affairs, Politics and the Fine Arts.

The new king's full name is Frederick August George Ludwig Wilhelm Maximilian Earl Maria Nepomuk Baptist Xaxler Cyriakus Romanus. He was born at Pillnitz, August 8, 1832, and is four years younger than the late King Albert, who was his brother. He received a thorough military training and graduated at the Bonn university.

In the German war he commanded the Second Saxony infantry division. As commander of the First Saxon division he distinguished himself in the war of 1870-71. When Albert became

KING GEORGE OF SAXONY.
(Popular in Military, Art and Educational circles.)

king, Prince George was made commander in chief, and in 1888 he was appointed a Prussian field marshal by Emperor William II. He was married on May 11, 1859, to Infanta Maria of Portugal. She died in 1884. Six children were born to them.

King George has taken an active interest in the politics of his country, and has filled many important government posts, figuring prominently in the tax reform laws. No important changes are expected to follow his succession.

The new king of Saxony is known for his military tastes and considerate treatment of private soldiers. He sternly put down the mistreatment of soldiers by officers and severely punished petty brutalities on the part of subalterns and noncommissioned officers. His secret decree on the subject, in 1891, attracted great attention when the Vorwaerts divulged it. The king is a capable musician, plays the piano has good taste and technical finish, and often gives musical parties at his house, where he and his daughter, Princess Mathilde, play duets. King George has attended chamber music concerts assiduously, and is the patron of many musical undertakings.

THE ADMIRAL CHUCKLED.

Head of Bureau of Navigation Had an Amusing Exerience with a Fresh Interviewer.

Deservedly or otherwise Admiral Crowninshield has the reputation of being grim and unpleasant in his bearing toward newspaper men. One day a correspondent, a newcomer in Washington, called upon Secretary Long at the navy department in order to obtain from that official, whom he knew personally, an introduction to Crowninshield, then head of the bureau of navigation. Long was out but Crowninshield sat beside his chief's desk awaiting the secretary's return. The correspondent mistook the bureau

ADMIRAL CROWNINSHIELD.
(At Present in Command of the European Naval Station.)

chief for a private secretary and, according to a contributer to the Saturday Evening Post, addressed him thus:

"Is the grim destroyer in his conning tower?"

"The which in his what?" asked the admiral.

"The devourer of hapless literary wights—Crowninshield—is he in his office?"

"Not at present," responded the admiral, smilingly. "What did you wish to see him about?"

"Wanted a picture of his tremendous highness for publication in the—"

"I can tell you who his photographer is," chuckled the admiral, courteously writing down an address, "but I happen to know that Crowninshield hasn't any prints of himself on hand just at present, the popular clamor for his particular style of beauty having exhausted the supply."

Saloons Closed on Payday.

Taverns in Sweden are closed on Saturday, which is pay day, while the savings banks are kept open until midnight. This plan induces the workmen to invest their money where it will pay them interest, instead of in alcoholic stimulants.

Wild Duck's Swift Flight.

A wild duck can fly at a speed of 90 miles an hour.

CRANBERRY FLOWERS.

Beauties of a Bog Blossom with Which But Few of Us Are Familiar.

One of the daintiest of wild flowers of June is the blossom of that time-honored concomitant of roast turkey, the cranberry. While, however, everybody knows the berry, few are acquainted with the flower, for the peat bogs where it blows in the choice fellowship of the stately pitcher plant and the golden club, and of many a rare orchid, are quite remote from the beaten paths of travel, says Country Life in America.

The cranberry plant is a small, slender, somewhat trailing shrub, with the neatest of evergreen leaves, from amid which a few threadlike stalks lift their nodding flowers. When fully expanded the pink lobes of each corolla are curled back like a lily's, and from the heart of them the compressed stamens protrude in the shape of a spear-point or beak. The imaginative may see in this long-beaked little blossom a resemblance to a tiny crane's head, whence some hard-pressed etymologist has thought to derive the word cranberry—that is, crane-berry.

Those who like to make a place on the home table for oddities and rarities of the plant world may well include in their list for June a few sprays of the cranberry vine in bloom—the unfamiliar, alert blossoms, looking brightly out from their green bower, being sure to delight all flower-loving visitors.

TOOK DOWN THE WALL.

Drum-Maker Made a Bass That Was Too Big to Get Through the Door.

It was in the days when big bass drums were in vogue, and the bigger they could be made the more they were appreciated, says the Baltimore Sun. It was a common thing then to see a great bass drum moving along behind the band, apparently on a pair of little legs, vigorously pounded by little arms and completely hiding the man. There was great rivalry among the bands to have the largest drum, and the makers would stretch the skin to the fullest extent to make it cover the barrel of the largest circumference.

One ambitious drum maker, determined to outdo all previous performances, got his material together in a back room of his little one-eye house on a narrow street and built his drum. It was the largest, certainly, that had ever been constructed, and its tone was as deep and sonorous as a cathedral gong. There it stood, the pride of East Baltimore and a monument to the fame of the engineer who constructed it. But, unfortunately, the engineer had failed to take measurements of the door and window. The small room was nearly filled with the immensity of the product of his laborious zeal in a good cause. But it was of no earthly use there, and to land it on solid earth the maker was finally obliged to remove part of the wall, and the cost of this Caesarean operation greatly reduced the profits of the production.

NICKNAMES OUT OF STYLES.

It Is Now Counted Almost a Crime to Call Even an Intimate Friend by One.

The present fashion of using the full Christian names of persons young or old, when addressing them, instead of a nickname, as used to be the rule, is a more sensible thing to do than fashion usually prescribes, but why it should be counted a crime for an intimate friend, in a moment of forgetfulness, to revert to the old nickname, it is hard to understand.

To call her child "Bessie" as once she was called, rouses the ire of the parent of "Elizabeth." "Anne" brings you up with a frown and a sharp reminder should you call her "Annie," though you may never, in her case, have learned of the change from the old style. "Will," as a rule, doesn't care a fig himself what you call him, but be quite sure his mother does, and will say to you reprovingly: "William, if you please," if you chance to call him "Willie." Two persons who had been close friends had a quarrel which parted them for life over one's persistence in calling the child of the other "Babe," instead of "Gladys," which was her name.

Dumas Born in Martinique.

Something in the soil or climate of Martinique has in the past operated to produce great people. In addition to its having been the birthplace of Empress Josephine, it also produced the greatest of modern novelists, Alexandre Dumas, pere. Dumas was the son of a retired French officer by a mulatto. He left Martinique early in life and spent the balance of his days in Paris, for the reason that, owing to race prejudice, there was no chance for him to rise in the world or to become famous in the literary profession in America or the American islands.

Had No Full Moon.

The month of February, 1886, was in one respect the most remarkable in the world's history. It had no full moon. January had two full moons, and so had March, but February had none. Do you realize what a rare thing in nature it was? It had not occurred since the creation of the world, and it will not occur again, according to the computation of astronomers, for 2,500,000 years.

The Work of Mount Pelee.

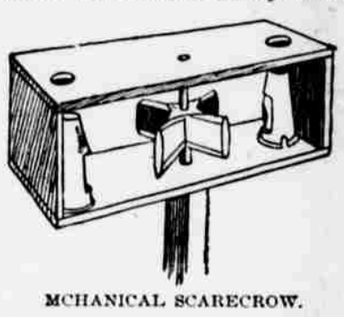
Sea soundings near Martinique show that in some places where there was formerly a depth of 200 meters the depth is now in excess of 1,200.

FARM & GARDEN

INDIANA SCARECROW.

It Flashes Beams of Light Over a Field to Frighten Creatures Bent on Depredation.

In designing the light-throwing apparatus shown in the accompanying cut Alexander C. Davis, of Lafayette, Ind., seeks to provide an inexpensive animated scarecrow, adapted to be operated by the wind, to flash beams of sunlight or lamplight over a field to frighten away any bird or animal bent on depredation. The device can be mounted on a post at any convenient place and serves to frighten hawks, crows and other birds in the daytime and owls and rodents at night. It consists of a fixed frame of any desired



MCHANICAL SCARECROW.

shape, open on two sides for the free passage of the wind, with a lamp in each end of the frame for night use and a central revolving wheel which carries a number of mirrors to reflect the light across the field it is desired to protect. The flanges on the blades are shaped to catch the wind on one side only, and even a slight air current will set the wheel in motion. Any ordinary lamps or lanterns may be used, those shown being partially protected by metallic hoods, which also serve as reflectors, with openings only on the sides towards the mirrors. When this scarecrow is in use at night it throws streams of light round and round the field, while in the daytime sudden flashes of light from the sun serve the same purpose.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CORN FOR THE SILO.

When the Ears Are Just Thinking About Glazing Then Is the Proper Time to Cut Them.

My time for cutting the corn for the silo is as near as may be when the ears are just thinking about glazing. When it is too old for me to eat, it is old enough for my silo. I do not intend to run counter to the scientific fellows by saying I am not robbing my silage of dry properties it might have acquired if I had not interfered, but I have imprisoned for my cows the sweet juices and flavors so much relished in the mangers, writes a Pennsylvanian to the National Stockman. If the corn lacks moisture in the latter part of its season, the lower blades will dry and drop before the hardening process is operative at the ears. Then that corn should be cut, for what it may gain in dry matter above it is losing in dry matter below. If one has a small silo and a few acres, and the filling is a small matter of two or three days, then he can bide his time and cut when everything appears to be just right. We have 16 acres growing for the silos, and as we like to fill slowly, our cutting will extend over a period of possibly three weeks. By filling slowly we consider we get about 20 per cent. more in our silos than by simply filling them and passing on. Silage does not begin to do its business settling for about a week, and it is our rule to cut quite rapidly for two or three days, then proceed more slowly by stopping a day and cutting a day alternately. We use low wagons and a corn harvester sometimes, but when an acre turns off 20 tons or more the harvester we have doesn't succeed in getting it in very far. We have a man in the silo and instruct him to keep the outsides somewhat higher than the center. This man is supposed, as Bob Seeds would say, to "keep a-goin', keep a-goin'."

Buy from a Distance.

Those who endeavor to improve their flocks of poultry by selecting the most prolific hens from which the young stock will be produced next year make no mistake, but there is much carelessness on the part of some in the selection of males. Neighboring farmers frequently exchange eggs, in order to add new blood to their flocks, but they fail to notice that by such practice, continued during several years, there is no out cross made. Every farmer who desires to improve his flocks should send to some distant breeder, either for fowls or eggs, and aim to secure pure-bred stock of some kind. This should be done every year. The result will be fewer cases of diseases, more prolific hens and better quality of poultry for market.—Prairie Farmer.

Value of Salt for Sheep.

The value of salt for sheep is shown by an experiment in France, where three lots of animals were fed on hay, straw, potatoes and beans for 124 days. One lot had no salt, one had half an ounce of salt each day, and the other had three-fourths of an ounce. Those that had half an ounce gained four and a half pounds each more than those which had no salt, and one and one-quarter pounds more than those which had more than half an ounce. The salted sheep clipped one and three-quarters pounds more of wool and a better fleece than those that had no salt, showing better results in the wool.

KILLED THIRTY-ONE.

Many Startling Crimes Committed by Jane Toppan.

Administered Morphine and Atropine to Her Victims—Passion to Slay and Burn Developed in Childhood.

Not since the days of Lucretia Borgia and the other subtle poisoners of the middle ages has there been a known equal to Miss Jane Toppan, who has been locked up in the Taunton, Mass., insane asylum for poisoning Mrs. Mary D. Gibbs at Cataumet, Mass., last August. By her own confession the nurse has killed 31 sick people who were under her care during the past ten years. Some she murdered by giving morphine and atrophine, and others with poisons she cannot remember, and when not gratifying her passion by killing people she set fire in the houses where she was a guest, or was employed in a professional capacity.

When Judge Bixby, Miss Toppan's senior counsel, first visited her she told him her dreadful story without eliminating the revolting details, and named 31 people whom she had killed by administering poison. She seemed to gloat over her success in hiding from the physicians the true causes of death in these instances, and then she wanted to know of the lawyer how she could be insane when she knew she was doing wrong every time she killed any one.

Miss Toppan began her revelation to Judge Bixby by admitting at once that she had poisoned Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Gordon and Alden P. Davis, just as the three indictments against her charged. Doses of morphine and atropine were used, she said.

Then she told how Mrs. Davis had called upon her at Cambridge last June to collect a note. She said that she was seized with a paroxysm to kill, a recurrence of the oft-repeated influence. In this state she gave mor-

JANE TOPPAN.
(Massachusetts Nurse Who Poisoned 31 of Her Patients.)

phine to Mrs. Davis. The old woman partially recovered, but before she was well enough to leave for her home at Cataumet Miss Toppan was incited to try again, and this time death followed the injection of diluted morphine and atropine.

First she spoke of recent cases, those of whose deaths Judge Bixby had read in the newspapers. These were the deaths of Mrs. A. O. Brigham, daughter of Mrs. Toppan, the woman who had taken her from an insane asylum; Miss Florence N. Calkins, the housekeeper; Mrs. Edna H. Bannister, sister of Mrs. Brigham; Miss Myra Connors, of the Episcopal theological school at Cambridge, the woman who had given her employment at the institution hospital and who had giver her a summer's outing at the marine biological station at Wood's Hole, and Mrs. McNear, of Watertown, who had befriended Miss Toppan in many ways.

She went back over the preceding years and mentioned the names of the others whose lives had been put in her professional keeping by doctors, but which trust she had violated.

The lawyer said: "Miss Toppan, you must be insane."

"Insane?" she repeated. "How can I be insane? When I killed those people I knew that I was doing wrong. I was perfectly conscious that what I was doing was not right. I never, at any time, failed to realize what I was doing.

"Now, how can a person be insane who realizes what she is doing, and who is conscious of the fact that she is not doing right? Insanity is complete lack of any feeling of responsibility, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the lawyer, "that is so. But you have no remorse, have you?"

"No," declared the nurse. "I have absolutely no remorse. I have never felt sorry for what I have done. Even when I poisoned my dearest friends, as the Davises were, I did not feel any regret afterward. I do not feel any remorse now. I have thought it all over, and I cannot detect the slightest bit of sorrow over what I have done."

Upon successive visits of her counsel Miss Toppan added details to the narrative of crime. She supplied no additional names.

Wyoming's Vanishing Town.

In a short time the town of Carbon, Wyo., once a lively little city of nearly 2,000 population, will disappear from the map. Its days of prosperity are over. The Union Pacific railroad which owned the land and operated the coal mines there, the sole subsistence of the town, has declared the mines exhausted. The railroad tracks will be moved and Carbon will remain six miles from the main line of the road, a deserted village in a desolate country beside a lot of abandoned holes.

USING THE SMOKER.

Upon Its Proper Manipulation Depends the Profitableness of the Bees and Hives.

No one should be without a bee-smoker, even if they have but one colony of bees. Good manipulation of the bees and hives depends upon a smoker. The smoker in your hands when working with the bees always makes you the master, while without it the bees are usually boss. The smoker is the beginner's sure guide to success, if he acquaints himself with the proper use of it. There are many different styles and makes of bee-smokers, but they all answer the purpose very well. A smoker will cost all the way from 50 cents to $1.50, but the cheapest will let you out of many a difficulty with the bees. Fuel to be used in smokers may consist of cotton rags, shavings, but decayed wood that is well dried is perhaps the best.

The beginner is apt to use the smoker too severely at first, and finally experience will teach him to use it sparingly. It is not only useless to smoke bees too much, but it is damaging to their best welfare at any time. Occasionally we find a very vindictive colony that requires severe smoking, but this is exceptional, and not the rule by any means. It is best to try at first to handle the colony without smoke at all, but if they resist use but little smoke at first, and in most cases a very small amount will answer much better than severe smoking. I have seen colonies driven into a fighting mood just because they had received too much chastising in the way of severe smoking. There are seasons of the year that bees are more gentle than at other times, and while they will allow themselves to be handled without making any resistance at all during the season they are gathering honey at other times they will promptly rebel.

After the close of the honey season they become very irritable and usually smoke must be used to put them in condition for handling. It is best to molest them as little as possible after this time, other than see that each colony is in proper condition, and all have queens.—A. H. Duff, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

SETTING BROKEN LEGS.

A Poultry Operation Which Seems Delicate, But Is Really Easy to Perform.

A broken leg of a fine young pure-bred pullet was mended by winding carefully with surgeon's plaster, which

SETTING A BROKEN LEG.

can be bought for a few cents per roll at the drug store. It is not the same as court plaster. Wind closely, the courses overlapping, but not so tightly as to stop circulation. The bird was turned loose at once and received no further care, but the leg seems as good as ever after four or five weeks. D. H. Bunnell, in Farm and Home.

Affluence.

"Is her husband so very rich?"

"Rich? Why, she can even afford to economize on her clothes!"—Brooklyn Life.

A Pictorial Person.

Tattooed on the body of a man who lost his life in the south West Indies docks recently were a crucifix, elephant, tombstone, dog, eagle, figures of Punch and Judy, cross flags and the word "love" in large letters.

A Rarity in Camp.

Great excitement was caused recently in a Colorado mountain camp by the offering of a sirloin steak as a prize at an entertainment.