

THE QUEEN'S PETS.

VICTORIA'S COWS, DOGS, CATS AND SMALL BEER.

The innumerable Pleasures She Derives From Highland Castles—Her Majesty is an Amateur Agriculturist.

THE Queen of England has three favorite dogs that accompany her wherever she goes, to Balmoral or to Osborne, writes Frank Pope Humphrey, in the St. Louis Republic. They are Roy, a black and tan collie; Spot, a fat and not particularly beautiful fox terrier, and Marco, a pretty little golden brown Spitz.

The family are all dog lovers. The Prince Consort had his favorite dogs. The only member who seems to have a special fondness for cats is the Princess of Wales. Years ago, when the family passed their summers at Aberfeldie Castle, she brought her cats with her, soft, fluffy, white Persians, most charming of pets. Her cats were an object of interest at the railway station at Ballater, where they arrived in a comfortable cage.

They sometimes wandered off the Aberfeldie grounds, and a Balmoral cottager who befriends all stray and homeless creatures, saw one day a long-haired white cat furtively skulking at the border of the wood, not venturing forth, though apparently hungry. After judicious coaxings, supplemented with proffered milk and other viands, the little creature ventured to approach. For a day or two she was fed, and then it was noised abroad that one of the cats of the Princess of Wales was missing, and the wanderer was identified as hers, to the relief of the special maid who had the cats in charge and was held responsible for their welfare. In the park west of the castle, beside a pleasant walk, is a life-size bronze of Noble, one of the Queen's favorite collies whose photographs find a place in her "Leaves."

not be permitted to depart. Having meddled with his friend's goods, how did he know what abstracted property they might be conveying away in their pockets?



MISS PRETTY, THE PROPERTY OF THE QUEEN; AND THE BALMORAL BUTTER MOLD.

In vain they entreated and flattered; Sharp was immovable, and there was nothing for it but to sit down and wait till John Brown or some one else came to their rescue. An hour had passed when a page appeared also looking for John Brown. To him the maids appealed for relief. He seized Sharp by the collar, told the girls to run, then throwing the dog across the room he, too, sprang out and shut the door, leaving the baffled creature howling with rage.

John Brown afterwards told them that if they had not touched anything Sharp would not have interfered, and if they had persisted in going out, he would inevitably have seized upon them.

It is the business of some one of the footmen to see that the dogs are en grande tenue, i. e., bathed, combed, brushed, polished, with hair parted in a straight line—where partable—from head to tail, before they enter the presence of their royal mistress. But if, after all this is accomplished, the footman does not keep a strong

Highland ponies are kept for the hills, and these are turned out in the winter. At one time several mules were imported to Balmoral. They had served in the Egyptian campaign, and were bought by her Majesty.

It was thought they might serve in the place of ponies, but the experiment was a failure. A shoe on one of the outbuildings at the Glassalt Shiel is the sole trace they have left behind.

At the Aberfeldie Mains is kept the Queen's herd of polled Angus cattle. There are two varieties of polled (hornless) cattle in Scotland, the shaggy Galloway and the smooth Angus or Aberdeen. The latter take their name "Angus" from the old district of Angus now comprised in Forfarshire. They were called "doddies" in Angus and "humblies" in Beechan. When Dr. Johnson made his celebrated tour in the western islands in 1773 he found black, hornless cattle in Skye, which he remarks, are "called by the Scots humble cows as we call a bee a humble bee that wants a sting."

The Queen began her herd at the Aberfeldie Mains in 1881. Previous to this she had personally inspected a more extinct but valuable herd at Tilford, Aberdeenshire. One of the first purchases was a heifer, the "Pride of Aberdeen 24th," for 125 guineas, a little over \$650.

In 1873 the Queen had desired to be enrolled as an ordinary member of the Highland Agricultural Society. There are no favors shown royal exhibitors at the shows of this or any other British Agricultural Society. They enter on a level with other members, and by no means always come out first.

Shortly after the formation of Her Majesty's herd she presented a splendid challenge cup for the first best animal of the polled breeds exhibited at the shows of the Cromar, Upper Deeside, and Donside Agricultural Society. Competitors are limited to those bred in the district embraced by the society. The Queen is also the patroness of the Polled Cattle Society.

The herd at Aberfeldie numbered about sixty in the beginning of 1892. At Christmas nineteen fat cattle were sold. At the Highland Society's show at Inverness the same year the Queen was a large exhibitor of polled Angus, and the Ballindallock Challenge Cup for the best cow of the polled classes was won by "Miss Pretty," who has been several years in the royal herd, though not bred at Aberfeldie. Her Majesty also took prizes for Princess Irene II and "Pretty Peggy," both home-bred animals.

The morning I saw Miss Pretty at the Aberfeldie Mains, the groom, Mr. Cobb opened the door of her cot that she might exhibit her beauties more fully in the open yard. She is a large, glossy coated, compact animal, whose lines form almost a parallelogram supported on four clean legs, and with a handsome head from out of which looked a pair of full, gentle eyes; no sign of bone or high hips, which is as it should be in a breed devoted to beef.

The monarch of the herd fixed a somewhat mischievous eye upon me as I lifted my arm and he suddenly caught sight of my plaid and knew me for a stranger. He had previously been placidly chewing his cud. He does not like strangers. Happily he was securely tied. Nevertheless I willingly backed out of his royal presence. I asked how he would make his attack, having no horns, and was assured he could "toss" quite as well without them.

Prince Arthur and another whose name I have forgotten are handsome, low-standing, broad-backed animals, weighing about 1500 pounds. These had large, wild, expressive eyes.

A long line of pedigreed cows stood in one byre, one of them, Princess Irene II., the prize winner. There was also a "Pride of Aberdeen." This is a very celebrated strain.

Yearlings in a pen came up to investigate the visitor's glove with their tongue, pretty, gentle creatures, entirely black, as the highbred polled Angus must be.

The byres and various compartments at the Aberfeldie Mains are like those of the ordinary farm, with more of the finish of the model arrangements of the Prince Consort's Shaw farm at Windsor. The farms consists of about 170 acres. The house and byres are not far from Aberfeldie castle. The groom lives in a farmhouse near the kitchen gardens which supply the daily vegetables for Balmoral Castle. The Queen not infrequently loans the house at the Mains to some friends for the summer.

The dairy at Balmoral is not to be compared with that of Windsor. It is an octagon of plain granite, surmounted by a dome-like roof. Below the dome is a row of small stained-glass windows that can be dropped. Beneath are large windows that can also be opened. Open gratings in the floor admit the air from that direction. So, as we see, the dairy possesses the first requisite for the manufacture of good butter, viz., pure air.

The floor is of tiles. A wide marble slab encircles the walls for the pans, which are of plain white pottery. In the center is a stationary table of Peterhead granite (mottled) on an oak stand.

Connected with the dairy are two cottages, one of them devoted to the dairy maid's use. There is a room with a large set kettle in which the milk pans are boiled, and here also are the presses for the skim milk cheeses which are made in the winter for the consumption of the cottagers.

Crossing a small court behind these cottages we enter the byre where the dairy cows are feeding, munching contentedly the oat straw which with turnips comprises their winter diet. There are thirteen pure Ayrshires. A large, high, comfortable byre, well-kept and sweet. The name of each cow is over her stall. The dairy maid assists in the milking, she told me. So there

are lands where the dairymaid still exists as in the old poetry.

And no dairymaid of poetry ever made more delectable butter than she who presides at the royal dairy at Balmoral; hard, sweet, and of a fine grain. It is molded into pots of various sizes, each with a crown in the centre.

Her Majesty appreciates her excellent butter, and not infrequently visits her dairy and cheers the heart of her dairymaid by expressing that appreciation. She is "always nice, gracious and kindly."

The dairy is at the east of the castle and is distinct from the home farm, which is at the west. At the home farm are kept the poultry which supply eggs for the royal table. The cottagers, too, find a market at the castle for their fresh laid eggs, for which they are paid after the departure of the Queen, when the accounts are made up and which amount to pretty little sums.

The Sugar Tree.

The sugar maple of New England has a rival.

It grows in the Andes of Chile at a height of from 3000 to 4500 feet above the sea. It is a curious variety of that most useful, wonderful tree, the palm, whose varieties also give us dates, and coco, and coconuts, and fans.

This palm is not slim and graceful like most kinds we see in tropical pictures. It is about fifty feet tall, with a very thick trunk, enlarging in diameter from the ground up to about half its height, and then tapering again to the top, where its long leaves spread out.

These sugar palms produce great quantities of sweet sap, which, when boiled down, makes both molasses and sugar of a peculiar but delicious flavor.

On one estate the trees grew in such numbers that once it was determined to count them, but after counting several hundred thousand, and more than half remaining uncounted, the task was given up.

What "larks" it must be for children when "sapping" time and "sagging off" come round! But the Chileans do not collect the sap in the way the New England farmers collect sap from the maple tree. No; instead of boring small holes in the trunk the palm is cut down and beheaded of its crown of beautiful leaves, and then the sap begins to flow from the upper end and keeps on flowing for months. Every morning a thin slice is cut off to prevent the wood from hardening and forming a crust through which the sap could not flow.



THE SUGAR PALM.

A good tree will yield nearly 100 gallons of sap. A very queer thing is the fact that the sap will not run if the tree lies with its head downward. It will only run upwards.—St. Louis Republic.

Can't Miss a Rattlesnake.

The writer saw an Indian kill a rattlesnake in a very peculiar manner recently. The rattler was about ten feet from the Indian, who was resting the rifle on his knee, apparently taking aim.

Whenever he moved the weapon a few inches the snake would move around and get exactly in line with it. Then to show how the thing was done the Indian moved about the snake in a circle, and the reptile moved as if his tail was a pivot, always keeping his head and body in line with the gun. The Indian then agreed to bandage his eyes and shoot the snake in the mouth.

The writer bandaged the Indian's eyes, and, holding the gun by his side at arm's length, the latter pulled the trigger and the ball entered the snake's mouth and passed the whole length of its body.

"How did you take aim?" was the query.

"The snake, he take aim," was the reply.

We have talked with an old hunter on this proposition, and he claims that a rattlesnake will always range directly in line with a gun or stick pointed at it.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

Obedying Orders.

Fullcassh (waking with a start media nocte and hearing step sounds in his bedroom)—"Who's there? Speak! Who's there?"

Honour Whisper From the Darkness—"For goodness sake, hush! There's a burglar just gone down stairs. I'm a policeman, and if you'll keep quiet and not strike a light I'll nab him in two twos."

Fullcassh obeys, and the whisperer, which his name is Sikes, ambles down stairs and out of back door with his booty.—Pick Me Up.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

EDUCATING THE RED MAN.

THE CARLEISLE SCHOOL IS ATTENDED BY 699 INDIANS.

CARLEISLE—The fourteenth annual report of Capt. R. H. Pratt superintendent of the Carlisle Indian Training school shows 696 pupils at the school at present, 397 boys and 299 girls. These represent 43 tribes. During the year 5 died, 240 returned to their homes and 250 remain upon farms in Pennsylvania for the winter. Six graduated during the year, making 69 graduates since the school was established. The earnings for the year were: Boys, \$143 51; girls, \$37 09. Their savings were: Boys, \$119 91; girls, \$32 83. There are 5 Indian pupils attending Dickinson college. So great was the demand for Indian boys and girls upon farms this summer that only half the requests could be met.

CARE FOR TEACHERS' INSTITUTES.

HARRISBURG—The State superintendent of public schools announces that the teachers' institutes throughout the State are progressing finely. It is probable the money received from the county treasurers to aid in the holding of the institutes will not fall far short of \$14,000, while some \$23,000 may be expected from other sources. If the attendance continues as heretofore there will be over 40,000 spectators present. The cost of a structure will aggregate something like \$33,000 and there will be other expenses to the amount of \$10,000. The members themselves, in dues, etc., give nearly \$20,000.

TWO MEN KILLED.

JAZELTON—Patrick McLaughlin and David Jenkins, two rock miners employed in the Lansford colliery, were instantly killed by a premature explosion. They had prepared a blast, and the fuse burning slowly they supposed it had gone out. Just as they reached the place the blast went off and the men were torn and mangled in a horrible manner.

WILL PROTECT THE QUAIL.

WASHINGTON—Quite a number of crack field shots in this section have decided not to have any quail this season and will endeavor to induce others to do so. It has been many years since quail were so scarce as they are this season, and these gentlemen desire to protect what is remaining in order that they may not be entirely exterminated.

THOMAS DUNNIN, of Scottsdale, a bookkeeper for the Erick Company, died at Uniontown Saturday night of spinal meningitis. A week before Dunkin went to Uniontown to marry Mary Beatty. While overheated he drank ice water, became ill and the fatal malady developed.

The largest sheriff's sale of realty held in Montgomery county for many years will take place at Norristown, November 22, when 29 premises will be sold by Sheriff Simpson. Quite a number of the properties are farms that are being sold on foreclosure.

At Huntingdon robbers broke a large glass in the show window of J. M. Laird's hardware store and stole guns and cutlery valued at \$100. Mr. Laird shot at the thieves but missed them. This is the fourth time his store has been robbed within a few months.

EMMA BUCHANAN, the colored nurse girl under arrest for murdering a baby by force-feeding concentrated lye down its throat, at Uniontown, has confessed to the crime, saying a Connellsville girl had told her that lye was good to quiet fretful babies.

GEORGE MCCREA, an oil tank builder, was found unconscious with a gash in his head beneath a bridge at Butler Saturday night. He is alive, but still unconscious. He probably fell from the bridge.

On Wednesday morning the Sharon post-office safe combination failed to work. The safe held the street box keys as well as the cash. Letters remained in the boxes. The safe was drilled open.

JACOB BANGER, an old farmer of Shenango township near New Castle was leading a cow when the animal became suddenly mad and attacked him, goring him so badly that he cannot live.

REV. FATHER GEORGE MEYER, pastor of St. Michael's Catholic church at Fryburg near Clarion, accidentally swallowed a toothache cure, and nearly died Sunday.

At New Castle, a 5-year-old daughter of James W. Clark was probably fatally burned by her clothing catching fire, while she was burning a pile of rubbish.

JOSEPH SWEENEY, 14 years old, tried to get on a road train at Natona and fell under the wheels. He died in 10 minutes.

REV. S. F. COLT, of Wyalusing, aged 83 and the father of 21 children, was married again Saturday.

"TERRY" FITZGER, a P. & L. E. brakeman was killed by the cars at New Castle.

SMALPOX has been officially declared epidemic at Reading.

GOV. PATTISON'S PROCLAMATION

Pennsylvanians Called to Observe a Day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Gov. Pattison Wednesday issued the following: "In grateful acknowledgment to God, the beneficent and the all-wise, the tribute of praise and thanksgiving the people are justly due for the never ceasing stream and constantly varied bounty of His beneficent providence. Now, therefore, I, Robert E. Pattison, governor of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in conformity with the recommendation of the President of the United States, do appoint Thursday the 30th day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-three, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer. On that day let all secular business be suspended, and let the people assemble in their usual places of worship and with great reverence and diligent consideration manifest their general gratitude by prayer and songs of praise for God's benefits toward us as a people and as individuals for our security against pestilence, for the seed-time and the harvest, for the health which has prevailed within our borders, for the abundant resources of our fruitful land, which through His benediction will again fill our homes with plenty and contentment. And let the day be marked by deeds of charity and kind remembrance of the poor."

New Hampshire Curiosity.

In Hillsborough County, N. H., there is a solid rock with a channel seventy feet deep and thirty feet wide but through its side. A flight of rude natural steps leads to the top, where there is a natural pulpit and pool for baptism.

EVERYTHING not fully consecrated to God is something the devil still has a claim on.

LIKE CINDERELLA.

Remarkable Career of "Belle" Hilton, Now Lady Clancarty.

Some people are born lucky, some have luck thrust at them, and some never get a glimpse of it during their lifetime. One of those born under a lucky star was "Belle" Hilton. She was the daughter of a gunner at Woolwich arsenal, England. She inherited no wealth, but possessed what could command it—beauty and good musical talent. She drifted to the London music halls, and while performing behind the footlights captivated the heart of William Frederick



LADY CLANCARTY.

Le Paer Trench, heir to the Irish Earldom of Clancarty. After a brief acquaintance they were married. Here "Belle's" luck seemed to have suddenly deserted her. Her husband, afraid that the Earl of Clancarty would disinherit him, abandoned "Belle" and even sued for divorce. But "Belle's" luck turned up again at the opportune time, and not only was a decree of separation refused but the husband and wife became reconciled. Soon afterward the old Earl died and "Belle" became Lady Clancarty.

Lady Clancarty, besides being wealthy, is one of the most beautiful women in England. She lives happily with her husband and her home is a center of refinement. Her beauty, her pique, and her musical powers are attractions that make her parties envied by the proudest of England's nobility.

An Ingenious Expedient

When Sir Christopher Wren built the town hall of Windsor, a shifty member of the corporation, as the story goes, insisted that the roof required further support and wished that more pillars should be added. Vainly did Sir Christopher assure him that the supposed danger was imaginary, the alarm became infectious, and the great architect was finally worried into adding the desired columns. Years rolled on, but in later times, when architect and patrons had passed away, cleaning operations in the roof revealed the fact that the supposed additional supports did not touch the roof by a couple of inches, though this was imperceptible to the gazers below. By this ingenious expedient did Wren pacify his critics, while vindicating his own architectural skill to future generations.

THE RESULT BY COUNTIES.

Party Majorities in Pennsylvania Together With the Official Figures on State Treasurer in 1891.

The following table shows the votes cast in each county of Pennsylvania for the Republican and Democratic candidates for State Treasurer in 1891 and the pluralities at Tuesday's election upon the same office. In 1891 Morrison, Republican, had 51,337 plurality over Tilden, Democrat.

COUNTY	1891		1893	
	M's'n	Til'n	Rep.	Dem.
Adams	2,904	2,508	178	159
Allgheny	32,417	17,781	20,000	10,000
Armstrong	3,691	2,611	2,000	1,000
Beaver	4,196	3,042	1,400	1,000
Bedford	3,577	3,479	824	1,000
Berks	7,239	12,883	5,000	1,000
Blair	5,893	4,419	2,600	1,000
Bradford	2,503	3,407	3,500	1,000
Bucks	9,928	7,273	1,000	1,000
Butler	2,972	2,885	1,500	1,000
Cambria	6,729	6,030	700	1,000
Cameron	682	514	268	1,000
Carbon	3,044	3,292	359	1,000
Cedar	2,736	3,407	619	1,000
Chester	7,573	7,951	2,900	1,000
Clarion	2,573	3,792	605	1,000
Clearfield	4,144	3,272	809	1,000
Clinton	1,932	2,127	145	1,000
Columbia	1,870	3,694	1,500	1,000
Crawford	3,290	3,174	1,852	1,000
Cumberland	3,331	4,322	379	1,000
Dauphin	8,908	9,319	3,986	1,000
Delaware	3,848	3,469	3,000	1,000
Erie	951	1,673	609	1,000
Essex	6,014	6,038	2,695	1,000
Fayette	4,389	4,770	700	1,000
Forest	2,462	3,000	1,000	1,000
Franklin	4,084	3,432	1,200	1,000
Fulton	802	1,947	250	1,000
Greene	1,809	3,221	1,800	1,000
Huntingdon	2,657	1,979	1,587	1,000
Indiana	3,719	1,992	2,400	1,000
Jefferson	3,721	3,925	1,000	1,000
Juniata	1,387	1,799	30	1,000
Lackawanna	9,341	9,091	1,000	1,000
Lancaster	17,846	9,072	8,340	1,000
Lawrence	3,309	1,581	2,178	1,000
Lebanon	4,111	2,329	2,892	1,000
Lehigh	5,677	7,542	2,200	1,000
Luzerne	11,998	7,798	400	1,000
Lycoming	3,579	4,377	600	1,000
McKean	2,174	1,581	500	1,000
Mercer	4,508	3,971	2,013	1,000
Mifflin	1,931	1,910	75	1,000
Monroe	4,067	1,929	1,400	1,000
Montgomery	10,196	10,749	1,700	1,000
Northampton	1,138	1,679	400	1,000
Northumberland	4,850	7,776	2,000	1,000
Perry	2,908	2,944	436	1,000
Philadelphia	101,988	73,416	32,132	1,000
Pike	319	866	450	1,000
Potter	1,501	1,286	400	1,000
Schuylkill	9,945	10,345	500	1,000
Snyder	2,237	1,529	800	1,000
Somerset	3,570	2,108	2,470	1,000
Sullivan	967	1,029	400	1,000
Susquehanna	3,853	2,464	1,400	1,000
Tioga	4,909	2,413	2,804	1,000
Union	2,291	1,468	800	1,000
Venango	2,900	2,420	1,281	1,000
Warren	2,889	2,458	1,400	1,000
Washington	9,361	8,794	700	1,000
Wayne	2,013	2,283	150	1,000
Westmoreland	8,948	8,630	2,500	1,000
Wyoming	1,789	1,465	500	1,000
York	6,289	9,027	1,400	1,000



ABERFELDIE MAINS, THE QUEEN'S FARM.

Upon the granite pedestal is the following inscription:

NOBLE.
For more than fifteen years the favorite collie and dear and faithful companion of Queen Victoria.
Died at Balmoral, 18th Sept., 1887.
"Noble by name, by nature noble."
Faithful companion, sympathetic, true.

Truly, says Sir Walter Scott, it is well a dog's life is short. For if he lived to the age of a man and then died, what should we do?

Beside the same walk a small iron tablet marks the grave of

TORU

a Chinese dog brought from the East by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in 1870. He lived but a short time, and "looked just like a little black bear," said a Balmoral gillie who knew him.