

It appears that the Chinese emperor's unpopularity was partly due to his edict against wearing queues. Many countries have been disturbed by slight causes, but it remained for China to make an international issue of a hair cut.

Golf is expanding its influence. It takes no note of climate and attacks age as well as youth. They who know best tell us that with a clear day, a breeze that invigorates but does not interfere, a field well adapted to the exigencies of the occasion, it is a game which the gods of Olympus would have been glad to play.

Mysterious disappearances of children are becoming so common as to occasion little surprise. The daily press frequently chronicles such occurrences. In many cases these kidnapping crimes are executed by those who have some real or fancied personal interest in the child, but in others the motive plainly is revenge or extortion. There are few crimes in the whole calendar of moral depravity or fiendishness which can be compared with this, and no effort should be spared to wipe it out completely. The laws provide no adequate punishment for either kidnapers or blackmailers, but the limit of the law is the least penalty which should be imposed whenever one of these social harpies is convicted.

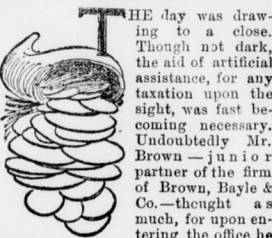
A notable gift for purposes of education, says Harper's Weekly, was that of \$250,000 lately made by Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago to establish a Teachers' college in connection with the University of Chicago. This Teachers' college is an experiment, and Mrs. Blaine's gift, as appears, provides not for its permanent establishment, but merely for its maintenance for five years, a period which is thought to be long enough to test the idea and determine how useful it is. The new experimental college is described as an outgrowth of the university extension movement in the United States being an attempt to organize college work in science, literature, and art in such a way that persons engaged in the active work of teaching can get the full advantages of a college training. If it succeeds, it will form a new link between the public schools of Chicago and the university.

After less than two years' trial of a law making life imprisonment, instead of death, the penalty for murder in Colorado, agitation has begun for a revival of the death punishment. Advocates of the gallows assert that its banishment from the state has resulted in an epidemic of crime. They point to the wanton disregard of life in the San Juan counties and in the Cripple Creek district, but disregard the other fact that in the more important counties of the state, where civilizing influences accompany settled conditions, there has been no increase in the number of murders, but rather a decrease of crime generally. While this decrease, probably, is not the result of the abolition of the death penalty, it is more than an offset to the crimes committed among the lawless element which forms so large a part of the population of a mining district. Friends of the new law will meet any attempt at repeal by proposing a further amendment to the law taking away the pardoning power in cases of conviction for murder, thus insuring that every person sentenced for life shall pay the full penalty.

Those who favor and those who oppose the wearing of corsets will both find ammunition for their verbal warfare in two recent incidents, one of which occurred in New York and the other in Newark, observes the Washington Star. A popular German actor, who has for many years played female parts, died suddenly; and his death is now said to have been caused by his wearing stays. He had taken on flesh to a large extent during the summer vacation, and in order to make any sort of a figure on the stage it was necessary for him to lace to an extraordinary degree. The pressure of flesh on his heart, due to tight lacing, was what brought about his end. So much for those who oppose the use of artificial aids to the female figure. But there is another side to the story, or, to be more precise, another story. Recently in Newark a didn't-know-it-was-loaded fool fired a pistol point-blank at a young woman. The bullet, for of course the pistol went off, struck the unfortunate girl in the breast. But she lived, and the doctors say that the bullet hit a corset steel and that this happeningsaved her life. With these two bases for argument, there would seem to be no reason why the friends and the enemies of the corsets cannot manage to get farther apart than ever.



### THE GOLD COIN.



THE day was drawing to a close. Though not dark, the aid of artificial assistance, for any taxation upon the sight, was fast becoming necessary. Undoubtedly Mr. Brown—junior partner of the firm of Brown, Bayle & Co.—thought as much, for upon entering the office he had hastily turned toward the button board, and in an instant a myriad of sparkling electric lights glowed here and there over the room.

In a moment he had crossed the broad space in front of the office door, over to an alcove inclosed by a low wooden railing, and drawing up a cushioned revolving chair, seated himself at his desk. Here he set diligently to work in a manner that would have been worthy of a more experienced accountant. A sudden shove at some papers sent a bright, glittering object upon the floor.

Mr. Brown stooped and picked it up. "A \$5 gold piece," he ejaculated in surprise. "How came it there?" "Well!"—he laughingly began, but broke off suddenly as the door opened and a woman entered.

Mr. Brown placed the coin upon the desk and viewed the intruder with suspicion. The effort seemed wasted. The woman, a trim-looking little person in spite of her shabby attire, advanced and paused just outside the wooden barrier. "Good afternoon, Mr. Brown," she said in a low, sweet voice. "Mrs. Mahony met with an accident this morning, and I have come to clean in her stead."

"That so? How did it happen?" asked Mr. Brown, slightly interested. "She slipped on the icy pavement," replied the woman in the same rich tone, "and sprained her ankle." "Very, very unfortunate," commented Mr. Brown. "I suppose she'll be laid up for a week or two, now eh?"

The woman nodded her head. In a few words Mr. Brown informed her where she would find the needed requirements for work, and then, greatly relieved, took up his task again as she turned away. "The sound of light footsteps approaching soon after caused him to glance casually about. It was the woman, tripping along with a pail in one hand and a mop in the other. She had removed her bonnet and shawl, and her light brown hair, thickly streaked with gray, now unconfined, encircled her face like a halo. It was a face too refined for a scrub woman. A similar thought occurred to Mr. Brown. He hastily snatched up the gold piece and called after her as she passed.

"I was kidding up my desk," he explained, when she had turned, "and came across this little coin. Won't you accept it as a souvenir of the year?" "What is it?" questioned the woman, peering forward. "A five-dollar gold piece," replied Mr. Brown, holding it out to her. "But, much to his surprise, she made no effort to take it. Instead, she grew deathly pale and would have fallen had he not rushed forward and caught her. He drew up a chair, into which she wearily sank. "I'm all right," she said, after a while, in answer to his inquiries. "No; I cannot take the gold piece, I'm poor, I know, but I'm proud with it, and I cannot accept charity." Then, noticing the disappointed look upon his face, she continued: "I suppose I should tell you; I have not always been poor. Once I was quite well off—rich, though," she added, with a little irony. "It may not appear so now. Then I had a little boy," she went on, "whose chief delight was to play with gold coins. The sight of that one unnerved and brought it all back to me for the moment. That was all."

arms, stifling her words with kisses upon both brow and cheek. Then came the story of his flight from home. He told her how an old, benevolent gentleman had found him roaming about and given him shelter. But cold and hunger had done their work, and he succumbed to a long illness. Later, when no information could be obtained of his parents, he was taken abroad by his benefactor and educated as his son. Upon his return to America he had entered the partnership of the firm, and at the death of his foster parent inherited wealth in no small degree.

A chimy jingling upon the floor broke the silence that followed. "What is it?" queried Mr. Brown. "Is it the gold piece?" "Yes," murmured his mother, recovering the coin; "we can now keep it between us, Walter, for it has given you back to me and I am returned to you"—Nancy E. Johnson, in Boston Post.

### THE PHANTOM WILL.



MARIE ROEGARDS stood looking from the kitchen window of the New England farmhouse that had sheltered her for the past fifteen years. Her uncle and aunt, the Winthrops, had adopted her when she was left an orphan two years of age, and they had never regretted it, for she had been a joy and comfort to them in their home, while their only child, a son, had brought to them nothing but sorrow.

Mr. Winthrop had spent his life perfecting his farm, of which he was very proud, and the thought that after his death his son Duncan would squander it away in a very short time so vexed him that, after his wife's death, he made a will giving everything he had to his adopted daughter, Marie, excepting \$1000 bequeathed to his son. The whole neighborhood knew that such a will had been made, but now that the old man was dead and buried it was not to be found, and Duncan's name was mentioned in whispers of foul play.

Marie stood looking sadly upon the fields of waving grain and watching the birds flutter here and there. How happy they were together. Watching them made her realize her own loneliness so she turned her gaze upon the highway and saw Duncan Winthrop approaching the house. Presently he stood before her, a young man that can be described by the one word profligate.

"I am going to sell the farm next week, and come to tell you, so you can vacate these premises," said he, while watching the effect his words had upon the face before him. "You are going to sell the farm!" repeated Marie, in a dazed way, trying to realize all that meant for her. "Yes, I need the money and must have it." "But where can I go?" "That you must decide for yourself. You have had a good home here for fifteen years, and it is about time you began to get your own living."

"But Father Winthrop never intended to leave me destitute. He told me that he had made a will providing for me, and it will surely be found." Duncan Winthrop smiled and pulled from his pocket a paper which he opened and held up for Marie to see. It was not such an elaborate affair as wills are nowadays, but a small sheet of letter paper, on which was written, in as few words as possible, John Winthrop's wishes in regard to the disposal of his estate after his death, and signed by three witnesses.

"Is that the will?" questioned Marie in astonishment. "That is the will," was the curt reply. "Where did you get it?" "I stole it. Do you think I would let anyone else get possession of it? It makes all the difference in the world to me who has it, and to make myself wholly safe I think I'll destroy it now." So saying, he walked to the kitchen stove, where a small fire was burning, and placing the open paper upon the coals, stood and watched the flames devour it. Marie, spell-bound, watched it also.

"I shall inform Lawyer Ferris immediately what you have done!" she exclaimed, as the last bit of flame flickered out. "Will you?" returned Duncan, with a laugh, replacing the cover upon the stove. "And how will you prove it, for I shall say I didn't?" "They will believe me." "Perhaps, but as long as you can prove nothing I can snap my finger at what they believe. So now you must see it will be necessary for you to find new lodgings very soon." Then he left the house, and Marie stood irresolutely watching him pass down the road out of sight. Mechanically she approached the stove and lifted the cover. There, as though mocking her, lay the will in ashes, but every word visible still, and she read through, great tears rolling down her cheeks at the words: "I give and bequeath to my beloved daughter, Marie Richards, the farm and everything upon it." Suddenly it occurred to her that if she could preserve the ashes in as perfect a state as they then were it would be proof enough to establish Duncan's guilt and her own claim. For several minutes she stood debating in her mind the safest way to accomplish it. Pres-

ently securing a piece of tin about the size of the will she carefully slipped it under the ashes and lifted it from the stove. So far so good, but it was not yet safe, for a breath of wind or a sudden jar would turn it to dust. Smearing a sheet of white paper with mastic, with the help of a table knife she gently pushed and lifted the phantom will from the tin to the paper and pressed it into place; then, to protect it from injury, she fastened over it a thin sheet of tracing paper, and, behold the will was preserved! Something wrinkled and ragged on the edges, but every word visible. It was accepted by the probate court as a genuine will, and the property was disposed of as Farmer Winthrop wished it to be, for no one was inclined to prosecute Duncan for what he had done. He received his \$1000 and was never seen in that neighborhood again.

Of course, the farm continued to flourish under one so capable as Marie. In a few years she married the son of a neighboring farmer, and to-day, after a happy, prosperous life, she is a pleasant-faced little old lady, very fond of telling her grandchildren the story of the phantom will.—Alice Gray, in Boston Post.

### WISE WORDS.

Brutes leave ingratitude to man.—Colton. Slight small injuries and they will become none at all.—Fuller. We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.—Voltaire. No one will dare maintain that it is better to do injustice than to bear it.—Aristotle.

What is often called indolence is the unconscious consciousness of incapacity.—H. C. Robinson. All wish to possess knowledge, but few, comparatively speaking, are willing to pay the price.—Juvenal. Everything without tells the individual that he is nothing. Everything within persuades him that he is everything.—Doudan. Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of trick and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity in another.—Colton.

What right have we to pry into the secrets of others? True or false, the tale that is gabbled to us, what concern is it of ours?—Bulwer. It is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.—Shakespeare.

Indians as Treless Runners. General Crook is credited with having declared that on one occasion he saw an Apache lope 1500 feet up the side of a mountain without showing the first signs of fatigue, there being no perceptible sign of increase of respiration. Captain H. L. Scott, of the Seventh Cavalry, has related some astonishing feats performed by the Chiracahua Apaches forming Troop L of his regiment. He tells how nine of these Indians, after a hard day's work, by way of recreation pursued a coyote for two hours, captured the nimble brute, and brought it into camp; how, on another occasion, the scouts gave chase to a deer, ran it down some nine miles from camp, and felled it in alive. Old-timers in the Rocky Mountains declare that in the days before the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad was built the Puma Indians of Arizona would recover settlers' stray horses along the overland trail by walking them down in the course of two or three days. After this one may begin to believe that "Lying Jim" Beckworth, whose remarkable adventures early in this century are preserved in book form, was a much-maligned man, and that he spoke no more than the truth when he said he had known instances of Indian runners accomplishing upward of 110 miles in one day.—Chicago Chronicle.

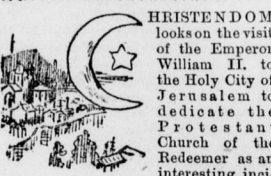
Toughest Pudding on Record. Some time ago, writes a volunteer, I spent a week with a garrison battery in a south coast fort. On the last day the sergeants sat down to an exceptionally fine dinner, the crowning glory of which was a large plum pudding. I had made the pudding two days before, had it boiled, and now, re-heated, it made its appearance amid the welcome shouts of my brother warriors; and I naturally felt a bit proud of it, for I hadn't been a ship's cook for nothing.

"Seems mighty hard," remarked the sergeant-major, as he vainly tried to stick his fork into it. "Have you boiled us a cannon ball, Brown?" "Or the regimental football?" asked another. "Where did you get the flour from?" questioned Sergeant Smith. "Where from?" I retorted. "From Store No. 5, of course." "The deuce you did!" roared the quartermaster-sergeant. "Then, hang you, you've made the pudding with Portland cement!"

And so it proved. That pudding is now preserved in the battery museum.—Weekly Telegraph. Ready to Be Thrilled, and She Was. An Ohio lady visiting Boston for first time has been doing the sights. "I had my greatest thrill down at Copp's Hill burying ground," she said. "Yes, that's just the place for the historic emotions," commented her interlocutor. She smiled. "As soon as my sister-in-law and I got into the place," she said, "I found myself almost stepping upon a grave with an inscription on a queer little iron-cover sort of tomb. I jumped back, feeling the way you do when you step on a grave, and read the inscription, just three initials, no name or date. 'Isn't it pathetic?' I said to my sister-in-law. 'Oh, I don't know,' she answered. 'B. W. W. means Boston Water Works.'"—Boston Transcript.

## THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S TRIP TO PALESTINE.

### Is It William's Dream to Be the Pope of Protestantism?



CHRISTENDOM looks on the visit of the Emperor William II. to the Holy City of Jerusalem to dedicate the Protestant Church of the Redeemer as an interesting incident, not only by reason of the memorable chapters of history which the visit recalls, but also on account of the possible political consequences.

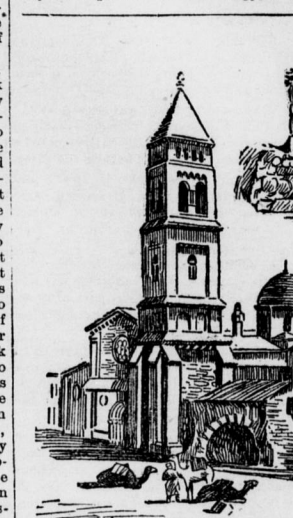
William II. is not, by any means, the first Emperor of Teutonic stock to set foot in Palestine. For nearly two centuries the expulsion of the infidel from the Holy Land was held to be the sacred duty of the heads of the Holy Roman Empire. In the Second Crusade the Emperor Conrad organized the great expedition which cost the loss of many thousands in the march across Asia Minor; ultimately reaching Ptolemais, he laid siege to Damascus in 1148. It is true that the siege ended in catastrophe, but the German bearer of the cross had, at least, done his best to succor the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem. About forty years later the Hohenstaufen Emperor, Frederick I. (Barbarossa), led a German host to Constantinople, and thence across Anatolia, but he was not fated to see Syria, being drowned in a Cilician river. His grandson, Frederick II., was more fortunate. Proceeding by sea from Italy to Ptolemais, he obtained, in 1229, the surrender of the whole of Jerusalem, with the exception of the Mosque of Omar, and the res-



THE JAFFA GATE OF JERUSALEM.

toration to the Christians of the towns of Jafa, Nazareth and Bethlehem. In the Church of the Sepulchre he crowned himself King of Jerusalem, claiming the title by right of his wife, Yolande, daughter of the Latin Emperor of Constantinople. In 1240 Richard, Earl of Cornwall, who, though an Englishman, became King of the Romans and German Emperor, headed an expedition to Palestine, and by treaty with the Mohammedan ruler of Syria, obtained terms even more favorable to the Christians than Frederick II. had secured. In 1274 Rudolph of Hapsburg, having gained the imperial crown, pledged himself to join in a crusade, but troubles in Germany detained him and he failed to fulfill his vow. Thus we see that, in his visit to the Holy Land and in his declared intention to promote the

that William II.'s visit to the Holy Land has been prompted by motives that appeal to a modern ruler's mind more strongly than do sentimental associations. There is a Near East as well as a Far East which awaits European colonization and exploitation. The present condition of the former region presents a dismal contrast to its former prosperity, to revive which only the impact of Western energy and



CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, DEDICATED BY THE KAISER AT JERUSALEM.

methods is required. Under the Seleucid sovereigns Syria was the seat of a splendid empire, and it continued to be a populous and opulent province under the Roman sway. Antioch was one of the four chief cities of the Roman dominion. Later, under the Omayyad Caliphs, Damascus was the capital of Islam. For many centuries after Greece had decayed, and the sceptre had passed from Rome to Constantinople, the vast peninsula now known as Anatolia was the most densely peopled, most flourishing, and most highly civilized part of the Mediterranean world. Under favorable circumstances it might regain much that it has lost. If, through an arrangement with the Sultan, the Germans were permitted to undertake the task, they would undoubtedly be able, through the construction of railways and the stimulation of industry and trade, to regenerate the whole of western Asia from the Tigris to the Bosphorus. The suspicion that William II. has designs in this direction has, naturally, excited jealousy in Paris and St. Petersburg. France has long considered that she has a species of pre-emptive right to Syria, and has, more than once, assumed a tutelary role toward the Christian inhabitants of that country. Russia, from her coign of vantage in Armenia, contemplates the prospect of absorbing Anatolia from the northeast, and has no desire to see her path obstructed by German interposition. The Russian censor allows the well-known St. Petersburg paper, the Novoye Vremya, to declare that "the political significance of the German Emperor's trip to Palestine is beyond all doubt. He evidently desires to familiarize himself

and bears the badges of a general and the cords of the guards. The trousers are tight-fitting, and have broad red stripes, and are worn with high yellow boots. The scabbard of the sabre is of brown leather. The light-colored helmet is adorned with the Prussian eagle in front. The photographs represent His Majesty alone, on foot and on horseback, in company with General von Piessen, Grand Master of the Horse; Count Wedel and Adjutant-General von Scholl, who are also in tropical uniform, and, lastly, His Majesty alone in British uniform.

The Holy City, and all of the cities and villages of the Holy Land which the German imperial party included in its itinerary, made elaborate preparations to receive their august guests. Roads throughout the country were repaired and hundreds of new ones are in course of construction. One of the principal and most historic roads, leading up Scopus and over the Mount of Olives, has been transformed into



OLD DOORWAY OF ST. MARY THE GREAT, NOW BUILT INTO THE NEW CHURCH.

a beautiful carriage drive. This was done to please the German Empress, who was anxious to reach this holy site without fatigue. In the times of Titus, with his war hosts, it was nothing but a narrow mule track. Along this road David flew from Absalom, and to reach this spot, where the Saviour wept over Jerusalem, it has been climbed for centuries by Romans, Moslems and Christian knights. Great improvements were made to Jaffa Gate, through which the Kaiser and his party enter the city. A wide carriage roadway has taken the place of the narrow passage between it and the tower of David.



JERUSALEM STREET, SHOWING ENTRANCE TO THE PRESENT HOSPICE OF THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

the surrounding domes. It has cost more than 1,200,000 marks (\$300,000), containing in its corner stone (laid in 1893) a document written by the present Emperor of Germany, eloquently extolling the desire of "my royal grandfather to accomplish what is only now possible," referring, of course, to the instance of King David, who wished to build the Temple at Jerusalem, but was forced to hand it over to his son Solomon. The document also declares that this church "shall stand as a monument to the faith opened to evangelical Christendom through the reformers, and as a visible witness to the unity of faith in which the evangelical churches of Germany are bound with each other and all outside"—a clear indication of the purpose matured five years ago in the Kaiser's brain to stand as the "Pope of Protestantism."

Thrilling Dive. At the recent water sport exhibition in London of the Ilex and Scottish Swimming Clubs several startling feats were shown. The hardy Scots aroused great enthusiasm by showing how a company of hardy Highlanders could swim across a stream in action and keep their rifles in readiness for work. But the crowning feat was the twin brothers' diving act, done by two members of the Ilex Club, evenly matched in height and weight. The distance dived was not excessive, but it required nice judgment for the two young men, hand in hand and clasping each other's bodies, to leap at exactly the same moment, turn in air with the same curve and descend, a beautiful picture of harmonious repose, plump into the tank. Between 1870 and 1897 the deaths per thousand from consumption in Philadelphia decreased from 3.42 to 1.96.



THE KAISER IN HIS "TROPIC UNIFORM" FOR TOURING IN THE HOLY LAND.

security and welfare of his fellow Christians in that country, William II. is recurring to a duty which was recognized by the German Emperors for almost two hundred years after the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem was founded by Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of that very Lorraine which in our day has been restored to Germany. It is generally believed, however,

with Asia Minor, the theatre of the German colonization movement in the near future. All recent efforts have tended to impel German emigration to that quarter. Forty new photographs of the Emperor William have been taken in the tropical uniform which he wears on his journey to the East. The uniform is of a thin light brown material. The coat is comfortable and a little loose,