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Hereafter if you want to locate the war cloud in any quarter of the habitable globe just notice which way the American mule is headed.

Russia will spend \$50,000,000 on her navy in the next twelve months. Evidently it was armament and not disarmament that the Czar had in mind.

Money honestly made and honestly spent is as nearly the root of all physical comfort as money dishonestly made and dishonestly spent is the root of all evil.

A treasurer of the city of Glasgow, who stole \$800,000, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude. One hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year is a pretty fair salary even for working a treadmill.

A Massachusetts scientist claims that he is the discoverer of the system of wireless telegraphy which has made Marconi famous. Litterateurs are not the only people who have plagiaristic troubles.

What Porto Rico needs is a system of railroads penetrating the interior in order to bring to the coast the products of the country, such as coffee, sugar and tobacco, and to carry supplies into the interior. Such a system would be expensive and would encounter tremendous engineering problems, for Porto Rico consists merely of peaks of a group of exceedingly steep mountains which thrust themselves out of the sea. The level places are formed by the inwashing of the sands by the waves and the deposits of detritus from the mountains. The interior transportation is now done by means of high, two-wheeled carts drawn by the magnificent native oxen.

In the year 1890 the wealth of the United States, according to the eleventh census, was \$65,937,091,197. Mr. J. K. Upton, who was the special agent having these figures in charge, estimated that the increase in the ten years had been forty-nine per cent. In the decade which will soon close it is fair to assume that the increase has not been less than from 1880 to 1890, so that it ought to be safe to say that we shall close the nineteenth century with the enormous wealth of about \$100,000,000,000. Considering that in 1890 we had somewhat less than one or two billion dollars, it can be seen that there have been rather liberal opportunities for making and accumulating money, comments the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

The relative size of the Dutch and English populations in South Africa, according to J. W. Jagger, President of the United Chambers of Commerce of South Africa, is as follows:

	White	Dutch	English
Cape Colony, with			
Beechamland	460,000	265,200	194,800
Basutoland	650	300	350
Orange Free State	93,700	95,100	15,600
Natal, with Zululand	52,000	6,500	45,500
Transvaal	203,650	80,000	123,650
Nordesia	10,000	1,500	8,500
Totals	820,000	431,600	388,400

* Nearly all adult males.
"English" means, of course, non-Dutch Europeans. Were adult males only taken into account, as potential federal electors, there would be a large English majority.

Theory of Lubricating Oils.
In a lecture on "The Relations of Physics to the Mechanical Arts," Prof. Abbe stated that Prof. Reynolds was the first to show lubrication is simply a case of the flow of a viscous fluid through a narrow channel. When the journal presses on its bearing, the intermediate space is probably 1-10000th of an inch in thickness. This space being filled with oil constitutes the thin film that converts the rubbing and tearing of the metals into the sliding and rolling of liquid molecules. Like myriads of minute steel friction balls, the results of the difficult researches in molecular physics of Stokes, Kirchhoff, and Helmholtz have thus a direct application to the lubricating action of oils.

THE MARCH OF MEN.

If you could cast away the pain,
The sorrows, and the tears,
From all departed years;
If you could forget the sighs
What think you: would you be as wise,
As helpful, or as strong?

If you could lay the burden down
That bows your head to a frown
Shun everything that wears a frown
And live a life of smiles;
Be happy as a child again,
As free from thoughts of care—
Would you appear to other men
More noble or more fair?

Ah! not a man should do his part
And carry all his load,
Rejoiced to share with every heart
The roughness of the road;
Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs befitting,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human kind.
—Chas. E. Buxton, in Harper's Weekly.

AN ENGINEER.

By C. Y. Maitland.



ERHAPS you might marry a worse man, Evelyn. Indeed, in my mind, you might go a long way before you found a better."

Evelyn Archer tossed her head, and gave a long, sharp glance at the man of whom they were speaking, and showed meanwhile, a gleam of snowy teeth, in a doubtful smile.

She was standing on the platform of a busy railroad station, dressed for a journey, in a neat, stylish, rich suit.

The man indicated was Dick Harrington, and he was on a locomotive, in a rough, smoke-begrimed suit, with sleeves rolled up, to show brawny arms, a hat tossed back, revealing his black, curling hair, and a strong, clear-cut, smut-stained face; his head was bent forward and his ears awaiting the signal for starting.

No one would have wondered then at Evelyn Archer. She was so exceedingly dainty and beautiful; he so dreadfully coarse and dirty. And yet once, Dare, in his Sunday clothes, and his face as clean as other men's, asked Evelyn to marry him. She did not say "No," severely. She could not, with Dare standing, so strong and handsome, before her, and his pleading, earnest eyes on her face.

She told him, with all the gentleness of her nature, that she had known him but a little while; that she was too young, as yet, to think of loving any one; that she was quite sure he had made a mistake in caring for her—and many more such simple yet significant words, which made him understand that he was rejected.

She was going home now with Kate Albee, her chum.
Will Merrill, Kate's lover, who knew Dare well, was pleading his cause.
"You think that he is not good enough for you, Evelyn," said Will.
"Not that precisely, but I am sure I ought to find a husband a little higher in the social scale than an engineer. I can't get over it. I like him. I think him fine-looking; but a man who has pride or ambition will not plod along through life looking like a chimney-sweep."

"Some day you will find him out—some day he may do something to surprise us."
"If he would only do something now, perhaps I might like him a little," laughed Evelyn.
"Just wait! You will not forget what I have told you?"
"No."

But the bell rang just then, and they entered and took their seats, and before the train left she had quite forgotten it.

Why should she not? She could not feel the heat of the locomotive, or the drift of dust and cinders in her face. She was clean and cool, and could not have a thought but of pleasure, just then.

So on they rode, eating their dainty lunches; reading the clean-paged novels they had brought along; buying a great cluster of pond lilies at a station; gazing out on the varied, swift-moving panorama of towns, villages, open country and shadowy forest, and chatting, laughing and feeling—as should all who have youth and strength and not a care on earth—perfectly happy.

The journey ended in good time, and still fresh and unwearied the two girls stepped out on the platform, and looked for the carriage which was to convey them to Kate's home.

Some one was in the way, and as Evelyn stepped aside, a voice said: "Are you Miss Archer?"
She looked down—and saw a small boy beside her, holding a bouquet of flowers.
"Yes, I'm Miss Archer," she replied.
"The man on the engine told me to give them to you," said the boy.
She looked, but there was no man on the locomotive just then, so she took them, and said:
"Tell him I thank him."
And she hurried away after Kate, for fear that he might make his appearance, and thus compel her to speak to him.
But there was no danger. Dare was very near—quite near enough to see her gloved fingers close over the flowers, and the smile upon her lips, and he asked nothing more. He was too proud to let her see him just then, so she need not have harbored a fear.
One lover was of very little account to Evelyn Archer, for she had scores of them. They were all sorts—good, bad and indifferent, she said—and they gave her but little trouble.

This one—well, if he had been any thing else in the world, or she had never seen him dressed up and looking so very handsome, she would have cared nothing about him, but as it was—well, he made her, to say the least, very uncomfortable.

"Oh, Evelyn!"
That was what Kate said to Evelyn, one morning, when Evelyn, hearing a sound of many and excited voices, hurried into the breakfast room.

"What is it?"
"There has been such a dreadful accident, and Dare Harrington—poor Dare Harrington—"

Evelyn's lips parted and then the words froze upon her lips.
"He stood by his engine to the last. They say he might have saved his own life if he would, but he stood at his post and died there."

"No, he didn't!" put in Will Merrill.
"He stood at his post like a hero, and he is jammed into a jelly, but he isn't dead."
Then Evelyn found strength to gasp:
"Where is he?"

In a little while, without clearly knowing how or why, she had crossed the long station, which had been transformed into a hospital, and was standing by wrecked and broken Dare Harrington.

They said he would die; but, in spite of that, they hacked away at him and deprived him of one arm, and finally left him splintered and bound and bandaged from head to foot, and Evelyn took up her place beside him, and raved at everybody who proposed taking him away.

Then for days she heard of nothing but his death, which might at any moment be expected, and she lived in a state of horrible expectation.
But he could not die; life was very strong and in high favor with him, and he clung to it, and fairly drove death back.

In the end, one day he woke to consciousness, and found Evelyn Archer sitting near him, reading, and looking almost as white as the one hand which lay helplessly on the coverlet before him.

Then by degrees he came to know that she never left him, and that all the tender attentions which he received and which he so loved, were from her hands.
After awhile he spoke to her, and had the supreme pleasure of seeing her turn white and burst into tears, and clasp her hands as though all the happiness on earth had suddenly fallen upon her.

"I shall get well, after all," he said, one day. "Then what can I do?"
"They say," she said, "that the company will do wonders for you, because you were so brave and true."
"I cannot go on the engine again. Well, you did not like the engine, did you?"
"No!"
And Evelyn looked ashamed of herself.

"I would have left it, if I had thought it could have made any difference to you, but I knew you could not fancy me."
"Dare!"
"Evelyn!"
"I suppose I have a right to change my own mind on a subject if I choose?"
"Well, have you changed your mind toward me?"
"Yes; you know I have."
And he declared that he wouldn't mind being jammed up again, if the result could possibly be as satisfactory.

And Evelyn would not mind if her husband worked in a coal-mine, or the blackest place on earth, for she learned how good and true a man he was, which is, or should be, a better knowledge than anything on earth to every true, sensible woman!

Study of Character.
"I always like to be on good terms with a subject for whom I am making a bust," said a prominent sculptor of Washington recently. "The fact is an artist, in order to secure the highest possibility in portraying the features of a subject, must study his character as well as the mere formation of his features. He should know the 'man' as well as the 'clay.' If the artist holds a subject in contempt, or despises him, his feeling will be sure to find expression in his work. If properly exercised the power of showing character on a face, which the casual observer would not see there, is justified and cannot be said to be untrue to nature."

"For instance, I have found lines of character after conversing with a subject which I could not see when he at first entered my studio. A face is a very delicate thing to study, and its lines are no more or less than a reflex of the mind that controls it. Even the man who expresses pride in his own self-control and on the fact that his face tells no tales will show that phase of power, if he really possesses it, and his expression is very different from that of the man who is expressionless, because he has no emotion to conceal."—Washington Star.

Floor Made of Historic Wood.
The floor of the London Coal Exchange is constructed of wood inlaid so as to represent the mariner's compass. Woods of many kinds went to the making of the pavement, among them black ebony, English oak of various hues, white holly, elm (English and American), red and white walnut and mulberry. Some of the slabs of wood, of which there are altogether 4000, have interesting historical associations. One piece, forming the hift of the dagger represented in the City Corporation arms, is a part of a tree planted by Peter the Great when he worked as a shipwright at Deptford. The black oak used in the floor was part of an old tree discovered more than half a century ago in the bed of the Tyne, where it was supposed to have lain for four or five centuries.

HOME LIFE OF THE BOERS

AN INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THE WOMEN OF THE VELDTS.

Life in the Transvaal is patriarchally simple—The Boer Women Are Good Shoppers—They Teach Their Children to Fear God and Hate the English.

To really know what a people are one must know their home life. The Boers are probably less understood than any other people who claim a national existence. This is partly due to their isolation in the great continent, Africa, a place far out of the beaten track of travel and unmolested by copy seeking journalists. It is also partly due to the character of the people themselves; there is nothing so much that the Boer desires as to be left alone.

The average Boer home is on a great farm where the homestead stands in the center of a tract of land often numbering a dozen miles. The nearest neighbors are miles away and the family may not see them for weeks at a time, except at the meeting house in town, where all go on Saturday to remain for the service on Sunday.

The Boer woman is very little like the trim, handsome Dutchwomen of her ancestral Holland. She is seldom pretty. Her complexion is her principal charm, and she guards this carefully whenever she goes out. She is never seen outdoors without a great peaked bonnet on her head, her visits to church being made behind an almost oriental seclusion of veils. This is necessary to preserve the pink and white of her skin, for the climate would otherwise soon tan it to the color of sole leather. Her eyes are small and set close together, and her features are irregular. Her cheeks are broad and flat, and her hair is naturally light in color, although time and weather soon bleach it from its early straw color. At a very early age she loses all her teeth, for she is constantly chewing sweet cake and confectionery. Her figure is thick and almost waistless. While still a young woman she begins to grow fat, and by the time middle life is reached she is often so unwieldy that the only exercise she is able to take is to waddle clumsily from one armchair to another. She is clad in a loose, saunterly made gown devoid of trimming and apparently waistless. The day garments of the Boers are also their nightclothes, so the gown is generally wrinkled.

The education of the women of the veldts is very simple. The older ones, or at any rate many of them, are unable to read and write, even among the better classes, but the younger people show an immense interest in letters. There are no free schools and only the children of the well-to-do are able to attend the academies in the towns, for heavy fees are charged all scholars. One reason why the Boer children are fond of their school and cry if they are compelled to stay at home is because it is a break in the monotony of the day. Life is dull in the Transvaal.

Life in the Dutch republic is patriarchally simple. The Boers until recently cared nothing about the gold or diamonds with which their rich provinces were teeming; they wished to live quietly and peacefully on their great farms, raising sheep and goats and enough produce to supply their family's simple wants. When the vronw wants a new gown or nyaherr a new pair of corduroy trousers or a high crowned hat, he gathers up some ostrich feathers from the birds in the camps, or drives to market a few of his cattle and comes back amply supplied with what clothing the family thinks it needs for the year.

The life of the Boer housewife of the better class is almost colorless. She rises with the rest of the family at daylight, and, after a chapter from the Bible read by the male head of the house, a basin and towel are passed around to the members of the family by one of the Kafir maidservants. Each one dips a corner of the towel into the water and carefully brushes it over his or her face. Then the hands are dipped in the water and dried and the basin and towel are passed on to the next one. After this breakfast is served.

When the meal is over, the housewife ensconces herself beside a little table in the window of the living room. A shining coffee urn stands on the table and from this the vronw now and then fortifies herself with deep draughts of strong coffee drunk from queer, handleless cups. Should a guest drop in during the day he will be served with coffee and sweet cakes, and between meals coffee will be given to any member of the family who may want it. The children play about the vronw and the servants come in and out to receive orders, but the housewife does not stir. At noon, when the sun shines down hot and bright on kopje and karoo, doors and windows are closed and the entire family retires for a noontime siesta. When the sun has gone down, every one goes to work again, although there is not much labor done by any of the white people, the Kaffirs, Hottentots and Zulus toiling while the Boer or his wife or daughter directs them. The story that President Kruger's wife does her own cooking is therefore a fiction. Like all people who live in southern latitudes, the Boers are lovers of their ease and consider it beneath their dignity to do anything that one of the black servants can do for them.

Only two meals a day are served. Dinner, which is put upon the table in the evening, is the principal one. In their gardens there are plenty of vegetables, such as cabbages, cauliflowers, Indian corn, cucumbers, potatoes and carrots. In the orchards are all sorts of fruits and the vineyards are heavy with great bunches of luscious grapes. When the evening meal is over, the cattle are driven home to

the kraals and for awhile the family may sit out on the "stoep" or around the door watching the night come on, the southern cross and the stars shining with wonderful brilliancy in the dark blue of the tropical sky. When bedtime comes, the watch dogs are turned loose and the family retires to its feather couches.

The houses are one-storied, built of mud as a rule, and painted white or red. They are soon covered with luxuriant vines, and are, therefore, picturesque. They contain from four to six rooms, the voochuis or parlor being opened only on state days. The walls of all the rooms are painted green or blue or mauve, and the parlor is hung with pictures representing scenes from the Bible. In the parlors of houses in the large towns one may now and then hear a piano or organ, played by the daughters who have been away to school. The parlor is not remarkable for its luxury even in the best houses, wooden benches and tables and a gorgeous family Bible being about all it contains. Some very modern folks have a large photograph album, but photographers are, as a rule, but little patronized. A folding door generally divides the parlor from the dining room, which is just behind it.

On Sunday every family goes to church. If too far from town, worship is held in the parlor. All the Boers belong to the Dutch Reformed Church, and the minister, or predikant, as they call him, is a more important person even than the rector in an English village. He settles dogmatically all mooted questions of morals, and when any of his parishioners departs from the straight and narrow pathway, as it is understood in the Transvaal, he is hauled before the predikant and his elders and roundly lectured for his failings.

The great social events of the Boer woman's life are the days when the predikant comes to dine with her family at weddings, christenings, confirmations and the Nachtmal. Those who cannot go to church every Sunday on account of the distance from town hitch up the six spans of oxen to the white covered wagon, and, laden with presents from the farm to be presented to the predikant, go trundling over the karroos and mountains to the nearest town where they take communion on Sunday in the church and afterward partake of a feast at their town houses, for nearly all the well-to-do Boers have town houses and farm residences. The town houses are closed except at such times as they drive in to church. Sometimes they have two country houses between which they divide their time, according to the plentifulness of grass in one place or the other. Women and children pile into the great ox wagons in which they sleep and live until the new home is reached. The food is cooked over an open fire which is kept lighted all night, for, while the days are warm, the nights on the karroos are very cold. Beside this there is danger from the wild beasts that roam over the lonely plains and from wandering bands of black banditti. To sleep thus under the stars with the howl of the jackal in one's ears and the danger of death always at hand would try the nerves of a man, but the Boer woman has no nerves. Indeed, she sleeps as soundly under the sky as in her feather bed under the tin roof at home. She can shoot as well as the men, and if there were a night attack would probably shoulder her own gun and help drive back the marauders. Not alone unerring shots, but fine horsewomen as well, in the old days when there was strife between the blacks and the whites, parties of Boer women have often alone and unaided defended the laager, or fort, from the savages who expected to find them easy prey. Intensely patriotic, they teach their children to love freedom, fear God and hate the English. This is about their creed. Schooled in a rough school and with Dutch obstinacy in their blood, the Boer women will be dangerous enemies to the all conquering Britains, for they will, like the Spartans of old, send their husbands and brothers and sons and sweethearts out to repel the invaders with the injunction, "With your shield or on it."—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Longest Flight of Cannon Shot.
The longest distance ever covered by a cannon shot is said to be fifteen miles, but that probably was several miles within the possible limit, according to Captain E. E. Zalinski, the retired army officer, who ranks among the highest authorities in the world on munitions of war. On the point of possible range, Captain Zalinski says: "Under existing conditions, and with the guns, powder and projectiles available, I believe it possible to fire a shot to a distance of eighteen miles. The distance will be greater when a powder is produced that will exert a uniform pressure on the gun throughout the course of the projectile from breech to muzzle."

A Gentle Reminder.
The up-to-date child has a way of entering into a conversation that is sometimes amusing and sometimes annoying. On a car not long ago the question of fare or no fare came up between the conductor and the mother of a little girl.
"How old is she?" the conductor asked.
"Five," was the answer.
"Why, no, mamma, don't you remember I am seven," the discussed one interposed. In that case it was both amusing and annoying, but not to the same persons.—New York Sun.

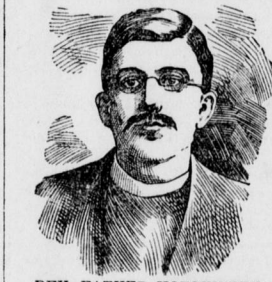
Story With a Moral.
A dray horse's awkwardness never amuses anybody as long as he sticks to pulling a dray.—Zanesville (Ohio) Courier.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

HOW MARRIAGE CEREMONY IS PERFORMED.

Father Hotovitzky, Who Joined Julia Dent Grant and Prince Cantacuzene, Explains the Meaning of Various Acts—Betrothal Is Always the First.

Since the recent marriage of Miss Julia Dent Grant to Prince Cantacuzene at Newport, R. I., much curiosity has been felt in regard to the nature of the Greek church ceremony which was necessary in order to render the marriage contract valid under the laws of Russia. Father Hotovitzky, pastor of the Greek church in New York, met this general desire by furnishing detailed information on the subject. In brief, this distinguished prelate says: "The sacrament of matrimony in the orthodox Greek church consists of two rites—that of betrothal and that of marriage. In the former the man and the woman affirm their mutual engagement before God; the rings are the pledge of their union is blessed with prayers, invoking upon them the grace of the Holy Ghost; of that grace the crowns which they wear are the visible



REV. FATHER HOTOVITZKY.
In ancient times it was the custom to perform the rite of betrothal apart from that of marriage, but now the latter is performed immediately after the former. As a rule both rites must be performed in a church in the presence of witnesses, but in an exceptional case the rites may be performed in a private house. In the rite of betrothal the priest, preceded by a lampad, makes his appearance in the church, holding in his hands a cross and a testament, which he lays on the lectern. Then he approaches the bride and groom, who are already standing in the aisle, and blesses them thrice with two lighted candles, which he hands to them, and then conducts them back to the lectern swinging a censer. When he reaches the lectern the ceremony begins. First he takes the rings, which he has already received from the bride and groom in advance of the service. With the golden ring he makes the sign of the cross thrice above the groom's head, with the words, "The servant of God, N., is betrothed to the handmaid of God, N., in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." This he repeats thrice, then slips the ring on the fourth finger of the groom's right hand. The same proceeding is repeated with the bride's silver ring. After the betrothal, it is prescribed by the canons of the church that the sponsor—the groom's best man—shall change the rings thrice from one to the other, so that the bride's silver ring remains with the groom, and the groom's golden ring remains with the bride. The rings are given in token of the lifelong union into which they are entering.

"Next comes the rite of marriage. When this stage is reached the priest asks them each separately whether they have spontaneous wish and the firm intention to contract the conjugal union with each other and whether they have not promised to contract that union with some one else. On receiving their affirmative answer to the first question and their negative to the second, the priest proceeds to the actual rite of marriage. This rite begins with blessing the kingdom of the most holy Trinity, and with the great Ectenia. To this Ectenia are added petitions on behalf of the new consort, that they be granted a blessing upon their marriage, chastity, well-favored children, and joy in them; a blameless life, an unfading crown of glory in the heavens, and an abundance of the good things of the earth, so that they may be enabled to assist the needy; that the Lord may help the wife to obey her husband, and the husband to be the head of his wife; that he may remember also the parents who reared them, as parents' prayers make firm the foundations of houses. Next the priest puts a crown on the head of the groom, repeating the words: 'The servant of God, N., is crowned for the handmaid of God, N., in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' This he repeats, placing the crown on the head of the bride, after which he blesses them thrice, saying, 'Oh, Lord, our God, with glory and honor crown them.'

"After the ceremony of marriage and the blessing a psalm is sung, in which the essence of the sacrament of matrimony is set forth: 'Thou hast set upon their heads crowns of precious stones; they asked life of thee, and thou gavest it them.' After this lessons from the gospels and epistle are read. The epistle lesson speaks of the importance and of the mutual duties of the consorts; the gospel tells of Christ's presence at the wedding at Cana in Galilee. The readings are followed by the triple Ectenia and the Ectenia of supplication, ending with the chanting of the Lord's prayer. Then a cup of wine is brought. The priest blesses the cup and presents it alternately to the husband and wife to drink from, three times to each. This common cup signifies that they must live in an in-

disoluble union and share with each other joy and sorrow. The priest then takes the wedded couple by the hands and leads them three times around the lectern; the best man and attendants follow, holding the crowns above the heads of the newly married pair. During this, the same hymns are sung as at an ordination. This ceremony is symbolical of the solemnity and indissolubility of the conjugal union. The priest now takes the crown from the pair and addresses to each words of greeting and good wishes. To the husband he says: 'Be thou magnified, O bridegroom, like Abraham, and blessed like Isaac, and increase like Jacob, walking in peace and performing in righteousness the commandments of God.' To the bride he says, as he takes off her crown: 'And thou, O bride, be magnified like Sarah, and rejoice like Rebecca, and increase like Rachel, being glad in thy husband and keeping the bounds of the law, for so is God well pleased.' After the crowns have been removed the couple bow their heads at the priest's invitation, listen to his wishes and give each other the kiss of love. Before dismissal the priest prays that the pair may preserve their union inviolate."

ODD FACTS ABOUT THE CZAR.

In Russia the czar's will is the only law, and it follows that he can name any man he likes as his successor—a barber, for example. As a matter of fact, the czars have lately observed the laws laid down by their predecessors, but they used not to, and there is no power to compel them to do so.

The czar commands an army of 2,532,496 men, who know no higher law than his will. He has a personal estate of more than a million square miles of cultivated lands and forests, besides gold and other mines in Siberia. His wealth is simply incalculable, and probably inexhaustible. Public documents give no account of his income, as they do in other monarchial countries.

Although the position of the czar may appear an enviable one, it has many disadvantages. The mortality among czars is probably higher than among match factory operatives. Peter III, grandson of Peter the Great, was murdered in 1762. Paul, son of Catherine II, was murdered in 1801. Alexander II, was assassinated by the Nihilists in 1881. The late czar, Alexander III, died prematurely through the constant fear of assassination. The czar possesses the most splendid collection of jewels of any person in the world—monarch or millionaire. These, of course, are of more importance to his wife than to him.

MISSING BASTION.

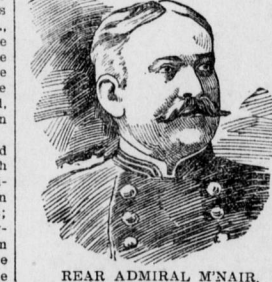
Search has been made at Oxford, England, for the missing bastion of the city wall. An extraordinarily fine piece of the wall surrounds the garden of New college, and makes it really the most beautiful in Oxford. But between this and the bastion which formerly existed in the garden of the rector of Exeter college all trace had been lost except the fine mediaeval carving in the house facing the Bodleian, which was, as known from documentary evidence, abutting on a bastion.

Excavations now being made in the angle between the Bodleian and the Sheldonian theater reveal ample traces of the missing bastion and a number of ancient tobacco pipes and glass bottles, resembling those in which benedictine is sold, with a protuberance on the top of the bulb to receive a seal.

The next bastion was, as has been mentioned, in the garden of the rector of Exeter; the next is in the premises of the furniture-maker opposite Balliol; and the next adjoins the ancient church of St. Michael's, in the Cornmarket, famous for its perfect Saxon tower. The bastion opposite Balliol is particularly interesting as having formed the prison of Latimer and Ridley before their martyrdom.

M'NAIR'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

All of the glory that has come to Admiral Dewey might have been bestowed upon Frederick Y. McNair. The latter officer was the commodore in command of the Asiatic squadron before Dewey was given the assignment. Commodore McNair was tired of sea duty and did not expect a war with Spain. Hence, when the navy department offered to relieve him of command a few months before the commodore's expiration of sea duty, he



REAR ADMIRAL M'NAIR.
made no objection. George Dewey was then given the appointment. Had McNair been anxious to continue in Asiatic waters it is believed that he could have done so. Naval officers also believe that he would have been successful, for, like Dewey, he was trained under Farragut and he won meritorious mention for bravery in the attack on Fort Fisher.

Every man has his price—Calvary