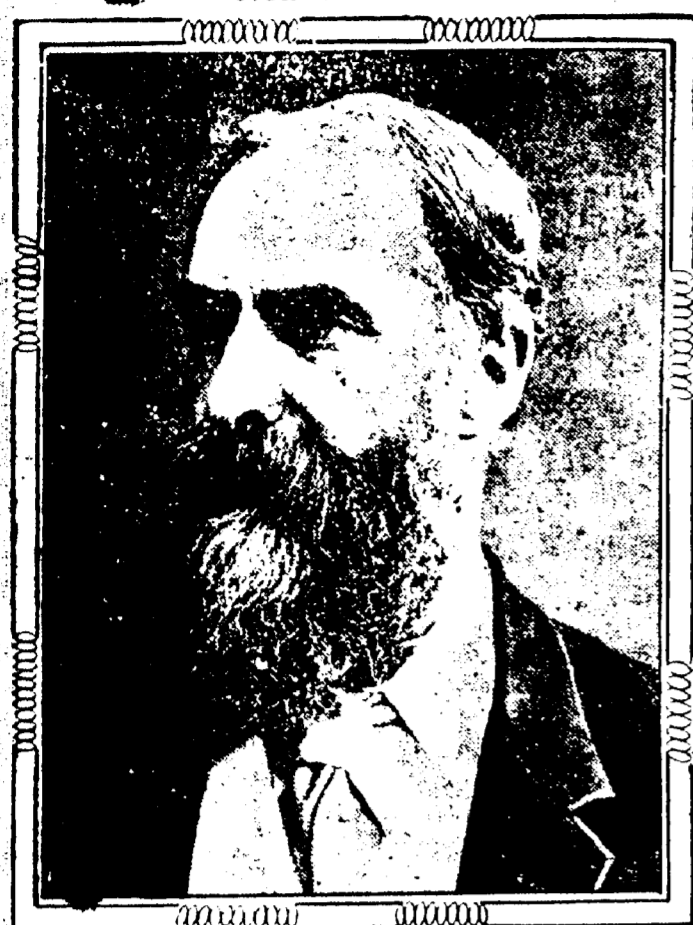


New British Ambassador.



JAMES BRYCE

Sir Mortimer Durand has been recalled as King Edward's representative at Washington. The appointment of Sir James Bryce, as his successor, meets with general approval in official circles there.

RARE APRON FOUND

BELIEVED TO BE HANDIWORK OF A QUEEN.

Minneapolis Woman Owns Embroidery Probably Worked by Mary of the Scots—Famous "Lost Stitch" Used.

St. Paul, Minn.—Through a chain of unusual circumstances Mrs. E. H. Evans, of Minneapolis, has come into possession of a treasure in embroidery believed to be the handiwork of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, during her incarceration in Lochleven, was known to have passed many hours embroidering.

During one of Lord Melville's visits to the unhappy queen she besought him to obtain a needful supply of raiment, of which she was almost destitute. Among other things, the captive sovereign obtained packets of colored silks, which she used in making beautiful pieces of needlework, some of which were sent to Queen Elizabeth.

One of the hapless queen's gowns came into the possession of a Mr. Mevius, an American customer, in the lining of which a purple satin embroidered apron was found to be sewed hidden there, doubtless, from her jailers by the queen herself, fearing it might be taken from her. This apron passed into the hands of and is owned by a Philadelphian named Sweeting.

Its counterpart in every detail, with the exception of color, is in Minneapolis, and certain historians point to the fact that the queen embroidered two, one in purple and one in black. They are both made in the famous "lost stitch," which is unknown to modern embroiderers.

Under microscopic examination it is not at all like Turkish or Chinese chain stitch, which resembles it closely, but is done in a series of little, tight French knots, which are fastened so firmly that it is impossible to unravel the infinitesimal disks of silk.

There are myriads of them in flower designs, in colors exquisitely blended, executed by a running silken cord, worked on a velvet design, strangely artistic, yet conventional, forming a border and corner pieces and four strips for the top of pleats for fullness. The wonderful evenness of the stitches indicates that the work was done by a woman with unlimited time at her disposal.

Mrs. Evans has every reason to believe her apron to be one of the two considered by Mary Stuart. The designs are identical, differing only in color. This exquisite piece of embroidery came to Mrs. Evans as a present from her sister, who gave it to her when she was a girl of 16, with the admission to take good care of it.

Mrs. Evans did not fully realize the value of her possession until she happened to see an article with an illustration of an apron 300 years old, of great historical value, the description tallying accurately with that of her own apron.

A woman whose work received honorable mention at the world's fair 1893, she spent three months trying to learn the "lost stitch" seen in the apron, and, for all the writer knows, is trying still.

Tower to Be 658 Feet High.

New York.—Metropolitan Life Insurance millions will build the biggest business structure in the world. It will be a tower 658 feet high to complete the company's home building overlooking Madison Square. It will stand on the site of Dr. Parkhurst's Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. The base of the tower will be 75.5 feet. It will rise 658 feet from the street. From the collar to the top will be 639 feet, from the foundation to the top 690 feet. The clock face will be 436 feet above the sidewalk. To tell the time Diana on top of the Madison Square garden tower will have to look up, for she is only 22 feet above the street.

COOKING BY ALARM CLOCK.

St. Louis Housekeeper Makes a Discovery of Great Value.

A housekeeper of this city has a great idea. As everybody knows, different kinds of victuals require different times for cooking, and one of the bothers of a housekeeper's life is to remember when she puts on the different things and when they ought to come off. This woman has an alarm clock, and after she puts on dinner she sets her alarm for 20 minutes later, and when it goes off it tells her the rice is done.

She takes off the rice, winds up her alarm and sets it for 25 minutes, when it announces that the peas are ready. The process is repeated and 15 minutes later the alarm clock tells her and the neighbors that the turkey ought to come out of the oven. As housekeepers like to have everything done at once and the whole meal fresh from the stove, it also suggests when to put on as well as to take off things, so as to have all ready at the same time, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some of her friends insinuate that it would be easier to remember to put on and take off her victuals at the proper time than to spend half an hour a day winding up an alarm clock, but she says that after setting her apparatus she can run upstairs and make up a bed or go out to the fence and talk with a friend without feeling the slightest uneasiness while the clock is on duty, and, besides, she thinks there are a great many unprogressive people in the world who do not appreciate a brand-new idea when they see it.

AND THE FRAUD WAS THERE.

Lecturer Really Was Doubly True to the Promise Made.

"Show me a man who thinks he has a bad cold, gentlemen," exclaimed the stranger who had secured the town hall for a free illustrated lecture, "and I'll show you a fraud!"

Instantly sixty-three men in the audience rose up. "There's your fraud, gentlemen!" said the lecturer, throwing a picture of the celebrated Cardiff Giant on the screen.

"And now, my friends," he continued, "while you are looking at this monumental example, my assistant will go through the audience with small samples of my celebrated Vegetable Prescription for the Cure of all Coughs and Colds, which I guarantee—remember, ladies and gentlemen, I absolutely guarantee—to cure each and every case, or your money will be cheerfully refunded. Small samples five cents, to assist in paying for the rent of this hall. Larger bottles, 25 cents. After I have sold \$25 worth of this wonderful remedy, ladies and gentlemen, we will have the moving pictures of the San Francisco earthquake."

A Romance of the North.

A reunion between husband and wife after a separation of more than 22 years was effected a few days ago when Michael Kobevitch, the proprietor of a roadhouse on Pilgrim river, was introduced to his wife, whom he had last seen in Prussia more than a score of years ago, says the Nome Gold Digger.

Mr. Kobevitch left Prussia at that time for the purpose of seeking his fortune in America, and she has patiently awaited his return ever since. They have corresponded all the time, and a year ago Mr. Kobevitch sold some property in the Kougarok district and sent for his wife with a portion of the proceeds. Mrs. Kobevitch had changed so greatly since her husband had last seen her that it was necessary to introduce the couple to each other.

Work Is the Law of Life.

Activity is the law of life. Idleness is more wearing than work, and monotony kills more quickly than the healthful excitement of a busy life. One must be doing, and there is much to be done. Carlyle wrote: "Cast forth thy act, thy work, into the ever-living, ever-working universe; it is a seed grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan grove after a thousand years." If you have nothing to do, it should be an easy matter to find plenty to do. Most of us, driven with work, do not have the privilege of doing what we would like to do, but are forced to do like what we are forced to do.

Real Lover of Old Port.

To a famous English diner, who passed away not long ago, the drinking of old port was something of a sacrament. When he intended to give himself the pleasure he prepared for it during the whole of a day, nursing his palate and keeping it "pure and clean." His breakfast consisted of a little porridge and milk, his lunch of a very lean and tender chop, eaten with brown bread. He drank a single cup of tea in the afternoon. All this and a rigorous abstinence from the use of tobacco during the whole of the day prepared him for the full enjoyment of his port at night.

Had to Do It.

"Mrs. Wattleton has won a prize of \$250 for a magazine article on how to live comfortably on \$1,000 a year." "Yes," she was telling me a few days ago that she just had to do something to earn a little extra money, as it had become impossible for her and her husband to get along on his \$75 a week."

THE INSTINCT OF DEATH.

Much Proof That This Sense Has Been Planted in Man.

The most convincing fact in proof of the existence in man of an instinct of natural death seems to me that reported by Tokarsky in relation to an old woman. In the lifetime of Tokarsky, I begged an acquaintance of his to obtain for me the details of this most interesting case, of which I had found but an incomplete statement. Tokarsky unfortunately could add nothing to what he had published in his article. I believe, however, that I have found the source from which his instance had been taken. In his book upon the physiology of taste, which had its day of celebrity, Brillat-Savarin relates the following: "I had a great aunt, 93 years old, who was dying. Although for some time confined to her bed, she had retained all her faculties, and her condition was only betrayed by her loss of appetite and the weakening of her voice. She had always shown a fondness for me, and I was near her bed, affectionately ready to wait on her, which did not prevent my watching her with the philosophical eye I have ever had for the things and events surrounding me. 'Are you there, nephew?' she asked, in a scarcely audible voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you would do well to take a little good old wine.' 'Give, mon ami; one can always swallow liquid.' I hastened; raising her gently, I made her take half a glass of my best wine. She brightened for a moment, and looking at me with eyes which had once been very fine, 'Thank you,' she said, 'for this last favor; if ever you reach my age, you will find that death becomes a need, just like sleep.' These were her last words; half an hour later she had fallen asleep forever. We unmistakably have here an instance of the instinct of natural death. The instinct was shown at a relatively early age, in a person who had retained all her intellectual faculties."—Elie Metchnikoff in Harpers.

KNEW WHAT MONKS WERE.

But Unfortunately Henry's Knowledge Embarrassed His Teacher.

At one time, while teaching school in Goshen, I had been telling the children all about the monks of St. Bernard, and flattered myself that I had made quite an impression, says a writer in the Boston Herald. The next day, the school visitor being present, I took the opportunity of showing the children off, and attempted to get them to tell the story of the previous day, but to my horror they displayed the profoundest ignorance of the subject.

I tried vainly to give them hints by judicious questioning, but it was not until in desperation I said: "It was about monks, you know. I'm sure you all know what monks are," that I saw a flash of intelligence on one face, while one small arm waved frantically.

"Well, Henry, you tell us what monks are," I said. "Them little things that runs along stone walls," was the prompt reply.

Silas Ormsby's Solution.

A few years ago a party of seafaring men were standing near Tucker's wharf, in Marblehead, Mass., looking admiringly at a new schooner that had that morning entered the harbor. Her tall masts were as smooth as glass, and her rigging and spotless deck looked inviting.

A young sailor named Ben Longshy was in the group, and had been looking with envious eyes at the trim craft. Presently he strolled old Silas Ormsby, the town's oracle and sheriff, and took a seat on a water cask.

Ben turned around to old Silas and said: "Now see here, Silas, what is the reason, I'd like to know, they all speak of a ship as she?"

Silas cocked his eye, rubbed his chin, and casting a quick glance at the trim vessel, replied: "I suspect, Ben, it's because it costs so much to rig her."

One Playmate for Him.

"Mamma, can't I go up to the next block and play with the Jones boys?" asked Henry, a boy of six, who was being brought up very carefully.

"No, indeed!" answered his mother. "They are very bad boys."

"Then can't I go over to see Mrs. Smith's little girls?"

"No, Henry; I'm afraid to let you go."

The little fellow left the room; later he stuck his head inside with. "Say, mamma, I'm going over next door an' play with the dog."—Woman's Home Companion.

Musicians Black-Ball Strauss.

Like Wagner, Humperdinck and Joachim before him, Richard Strauss, composer of "Salome," and many other noted works, has been rejected as a member of the senate of the Berlin Academy of Arts, an institution corresponding to the French academy. All the sculptors, painters and other artists voted in his favor. The musicians alone black-balled him.

Reasons for Total Abstinence.

Young John D. Rockefeller told his young men's bible class the other evening that he believed in total abstinence for two reasons. First, because both his father and mother were strictly temperate; secondly, his mature judgment was that, while there might be no harm in one glass, that one glass might lead to another. Therefore, one glass was too many.

CURE FOR GOAT DYSPEPSIA.

Bill Saunders Suggests a Little Ammonia in the Paint.

"Just as opium affects a Chinaman so does paint act on a goat, and that is the reason why among the scores of goat mascots in the United States navy to-day there is only one that is healthy and fat," said Bill Saunders, a bluejacket of the battleship Ohio to friends who were admiring Buckeye, the vessel's little California goat mascot.

"The first thing a goat does after he gets aboard is to fill himself up with red paint, with a little white lead for dessert. The result is the total disruption of his digestion, and soon what had been a fat, frolicsome little kid becomes a morose, lean, and dyspeptic old goat. Loads of schemes have been tried by the boys to destroy William's appetite for paint, but they never hit it once till we did. What did we do? Well, seen' as it's you, I'll let you in on the secret.

"When Buckeye was transferred to us from the Chicago of the Pacific fleet, just before we leaves for Manila two years ago, we puts before him a bowl of red paint. But there was something in the mixture besides paint. We had poured half a glass of pure ammonia into the paint.

"The minute the goat saw that paint he went crazy with joy. With one bound, he was on it. Without waiting to inspect the mixture he stuck his nose into it, and then something happened. That goat began to sneeze. For three hours he kept it up, and he never forgot the dose that caused it. From that day to this he has never tasted paint. Ammonia cured him, and that's why he's the only healthy goat in the navy."

HIS PRIDE WAS TOUCHED.

Faddist Could Not Bear Thought That Others Should Think Him Poor.

A New York uptown man made up his mind that he would not wear an overcoat one winter for health's sake, says the Sun. He sent his despised but comfortable last winter's coat to his wife's brother in Connecticut. Then a letter and an express package from the New England village went far toward making him understand how the world at large viewed his hygienic principles.

"I am returning by express," his sister-in-law wrote, "the overcoat which you so kindly sent to Bob. We feel that it is barefaced robbery to keep it. Two of our neighbors were in New York last week and they saw you out in the coldest weather wearing a little sack coat and actually running to keep warm. Ever since they told Bob that, he has felt like a thief. We appreciate the generous spirit that prompted you to rob yourself to help us, but this is too great a sacrifice. We cannot accept it, therefore we return the coat."

The uptown man honored that letter with a fit of profound meditation. "Well, I'll swear," he said. "They seem to think I can't afford an overcoat." "Of course," returned his wife. "That is what everybody thinks." Then the man bought two overcoats.

Satisfied Sense a Duty.

Although the Australian aborigine has his vendetta it is not always revenge that he seeks. Darwin tells of a native servant of a West Australian magistrate who went one day to his master, saying that one of his wives had died. He must go away, therefore, to a distant tribe and spear a woman to satisfy his sense of duty to the dead woman. "If you do, I'll send you to prison for life," said his master. For a year the man hung about, looking wretched and ill and complaining that he could neither eat nor sleep, as the spirit of his wife haunted him because he had not taken another life for her. At last he disappeared. A year later he returned in high condition. There was no legal evidence against him, but it was known that he had gone to a distant tribe, had speared a woman to death and, so, as he thought, appeased the spirit of his departed wife.

The Boy for a Cold.

Bishop Olmsted, of Colorado, was making a Christmas address to some Denver children.

"Eat heartily on Christmas day," the bishop said, smiling. "Do full justice to the turkey, to cranberry sauce, to plum pudding, to all the good things."

"But don't give way to gluttony. Don't gloat over your Christmas dainties like a Bala boy I know."

"This boy said one Christmas morning: 'My, I wish I had a cold!'

"Why?" asked his brother.

"Cause mother says to feed a cold, and if I had one to-day, wouldn't I feed it, though!'"

An Optimist.

Hawker—"I'm going to take a vacation now for two weeks."

Walker—"Is that so? Isn't it queer that your employer should let you go now, just at the busiest season of the year?"

Hawker—"O, well, they've got another man in my place. They told me I needn't come back."

A Warm One.

Eskimo Sutor—"Yes my love, I have ten sleds, 50 dogs, 100 tons of blubber and—"

Pa. Eskimo—"Aurora, tell that young man to stop letting off so much hot air. I'm afraid he'll melt the house."—Puck.

BARK CLOTH NOT WANTED.

Product of Cotton Has Displaced the African Material.

The Brachystelia tree grows throughout Uganda, portions of German and British East Africa, and Portuguese East Africa, usually from 35 to 50 feet in height, and when the bark is removed, which can be done once a year, and natives generally select trees of about two feet in diameter. The natives are not making much of the bark cloth nowadays, as they are buying cotton cloth for use in place of it. It is usually made by pounding the bark with flat stones and pulling the fiber lengthwise at the same time. The cloth if pulled with the fiber will stand quite a strain, but if pulled diagonally, tears very easily. It is usually made in sheets, averaging about ten by six feet. Many sheets have holes, and all are patched or made of two or more smaller pieces.

The bark cloth is looked upon by the merchants in this part of the world as a curio only. A firm in Mombasa shipped about 2,500 sheets to New York about the end of 1905, but made no money, so far as can be found out, and they discontinued shipments to that port. The same firm a few months later on, in 1906, shipped about the same quantity to London, with the same result, and shipments to that port have stopped. The firm has now on hand 400 sheets, which it would be glad to dispose of.

ONE FOR THE MINISTER.

Boston Divine Decidedly Scored on Would-Be Joker.

A good story is told of the Rev. Humphrey Moore, for many years a Congregational minister in Boston, who was noted for his blunt honesty and natural wit.

This characteristic was never better illustrated than at a meeting one day of the society with the long name, when Rev. Mr. Moore gave a long address which was an eloquent appeal for the humane treatment of horses and all other dumb animals.

In the audience was a young minister who evidently thought the venerable Mr. Moore had taken up too much of the time and, thinking to have a little fun with his venerable associate, said that he thought the poor overworked horse would neigh his praise and every jackass brag his approval. At this point the Rev. Mr. Moore interrupted with the remark that he expected they would, but did not think they would begin so soon.

The roars of laughter which followed the witty were not quieted for some time.

Not at All Feminine.

An amusing story, illustrative of French ideas of civility is told of Prof. A. Guyor Cameron, of Princeton, who for several years was a professor of French at Yale. While in New Haven, Prof. Cameron was very much annoyed one night by the presence of a bat in his room, and appealed to his landlady for assistance.

After climbing on several chairs, and chasing the bat about the room for some time, the woman finally succeeded in bringing it to the floor with a tennis racket, and killed it.

Telling some friends of the incident afterward, Prof. Cameron described the chase, and then added condescendingly: "Of course it was very good of Miss — and I appreciate her kindness, but really it was not at all feminine."

Bread Bags on Doorsteps.

A late home-comer, walking through the uptown residential section of Philadelphia after midnight, would be surprised to see what appears to be white crape hanging from hundreds of door and bell knobs. This is not an indication of a child's death, however, but merely a bread bag that the baker supplies his customers. For years householders had to put up with uncertainty about their bread, not knowing whether some of the numerous cats that make the night less silent had investigated and pawed over their morning loaf. But now the bakers, in order that their customers might feel more secure, have provided these white bags, which the housekeeper hangs on the door knob at night and the baker picks early in the morning.

Windsor an Expensive Castle.

No royal castle has cost the nation more in hard cash than that of Windsor.

When George IV. announced his intention of making it a family residence parliament granted him \$1,500,000 toward its reconstruction. For four years the work went merrily on under fresh grants, and the king took possession of the private apartments. That did not end the expenditure, however.

By the time William IV had satisfied himself that there was nothing more to be done the castle had swallowed up close to \$5,000,000.—London Chronicle.

The Most Precious Gem.

An official of the National Museum at Washington gives some facts not generally known concerning the relative values of diamonds and rubies. According to the latest figures obtainable, a ruby weighing as much as five carats is worth ten to twelve times as much as a diamond of the same weight, even though the latter be of the first water. The ruby, therefore, instead of the diamond, is the material that embodies the highest money value in the smallest compass.