

Czar Nicholas and Consort.



Latest photograph of Czar and Czarina of Russia taken on their royal yacht, the Standart.

ONCE A LUMBERJACK

FORMER WOODSMAN NOW LEADING ACTOR IN NORWAY.

Rasmus Rasmussen Revisits Home of Woman Who Recognized His Genius When He Was an Ignorant Laborer.

Chicago.—From a lumberjack in the Wisconsin woods to one of the leading character actors of the Norwegian stage is the remarkable career of Rasmus Rasmussen, who now, after 20 years of success, is revisiting the United States on a mission of gratitude.

Rasmussen has an American woman to thank for getting a start in his career as an actor and singer of folk songs. The woman is Mrs. N. H. Withee, of La Crosse, Wis., widow of one of the largest timber land owners in the Badger state. Recognizing Rasmussen's genius at the time he was a lumberjack, Mrs. Withee "took him up" and paid for his musical education.

Many times the actor has offered to pay back with interest the sum Mrs. Withee advanced for him, but she steadfastly has refused to accept anything in return.

A few weeks ago Rasmussen unexpectedly arrived in La Crosse and called on his benefactor, to whom he expressed his heartfelt gratitude for all she had done for him. She will visit this summer at his villa in Bergen.

Rasmussen first came to the United States a poor peasant lad in 1882, born in the province of Romdal, one of the most picturesque parts of Norway. Rasmussen had the poetry and music of his native valley in his soul and he always had a strong desire to go on the stage. When in La Crosse it was always Rasmussen who took the lead among his fellow Norwegians in arranging amateur theatrical performances, music feasts, and other entertainments.

It was at one of these little entertainments that Mrs. Withee was attracted to the young Norwegian by his wonderful singing of the folk songs of his native land. He was invited to Mrs. Withee's home to sing. His singing and declamation enraptured every member of the family.

In a few days Rasmussen was on his way to Norway to begin his studies. After studying in Norway he spent a year in Stockholm, and another year in Berlin, under private music masters.

In 1887 he made his debut on the stage of the National theater at Bergen. Since then his career has been a chain of artistic triumphs.

In Bergen Mrs. Withee will satisfy a long-cherished wish—that of meeting the composer Grieg, a warm personal friend of Rasmussen.

Town Is 277 Years Old.

Boston.—Dorchester, the first place in the United States to have a town meeting and to establish a free school supported by popular tax and the third oldest settlement in New England, is celebrating the two hundred and seventy-seventh anniversary of its founding. The program for the celebration of the day included a luncheon to Gov. Guild by Mayor Fitzgerald and the placing of an old milestone, laid in 1734, in the historic Blake house.

Wants Good Food for Navy.

Washington.—To make sure of the soundness of the naval food supplies the navy department has requested the department of agriculture to assign some of its inspectors to make unexpected and thorough investigation of the deliveries of provisions to ships and stations.

HAVANA'S MODEL SOAP PLANT.

Forces Air Through Ducts in Floor of the Dry Rooms.

Boston.—The equipment for an interesting soap-drying plant was recently shipped from Boston for installation in Havana, Cuba. The apparatus consisted of a steel-plate fan arranged to be driven by motor, and a steam pipe heater through which the air is drawn by the positive action of the fan. From the fan outlet it is forced through ducts beneath the floor of the dry rooms and admitted thereto through which the air is drawn by the positive action of the fan. From the fan outlet it is forced through ducts beneath the floor of the dry rooms and admitted thereto through openings. Each room has a capacity for 7,000 pounds of laundry soap in ten-ounce cakes.

The air thus admitted circulates freely around the cakes of soap, which are carried on racks, and finally escapes through the outlets. Hence the return ducts convey it to the heater room. The positive pressure maintained within the dry rooms and the partial vacuum in the heater room make this circulation continuous and absolute. The apparatus is so proportioned as to dry the total quantity of soap about 1-1/2 inch deep in five or six hours.

When the air thus becomes oversaturated, fresh air from out of doors may be admitted to the heater, thereby keeping the humidity low enough to accomplish sufficiently rapid drying. All of the heating surface is enclosed in a steel-plate casing in connection with the fan, thereby avoiding all the inconvenience of scattering piping in the dry rooms and permitting of their being kept clean, and avoiding all risk of fire.

The prevailing temperature in Havana was considered in the design of this apparatus, the operation of which may be readily controlled by means of dampers.

VESSELS BUILT DURING MAY.

Total Gross Tonnage Is 27,161—Atlantic Shipyards Lead.

Washington.—During May 107 vessels of 27,161 gross tons were built in the shipyards of the United States and officially registered with the commissioner of navigation. Of these vessels 55 of 7,423 gross tons were constructed on the Atlantic and gulf coasts and 29 of 1,208 gross tons on the Pacific coast. The fleet of vessels on the great lakes was increased during the month of May by the addition of eight vessels of an aggregate tonnage of 16,444.

The largest steam vessels included in these statistics were the Henry Phipps, of 7,240 gross tons, built at West Bay City, Mich., and owned by the Pittsburg Steamship company. The City of Cleveland, of 4,568 gross tons, built at Wyandotte, Mich., for the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation company, and the William E. Brock, of 4,468 gross tons, built at St. Clair, Mich., and owned by the Great Lakes Engineering Works.

The total sail steam and unrigged vessels registered with the commissioner of navigation during the 11 months ending May 31 had a tonnage of 439,828, as compared with a tonnage of 280,400 in the same period last year.

Find Bones of Gutenberg.

Berlin.—Workmen engaged in digging the foundations of a building at Mayence discovered a tomb inclosing a skeleton which is thought to be the remains of Gutenberg, the inventor of printing. According to the chronicles, the body of Gutenberg was buried in the Church of the Franciscan Order, which stood on the spot where the skeleton was found. The remains will be given burial in some prominent church in Mayence.

THE TOO FRANK PERSON.

Some Plain Truths as Set Forth by a Woman Writer.

We all know—and respect—and avoid—such persons; the world is full of them—too full for the general comfort of its other inhabitants. And frequently what they call the truth is not abstract at all, but is merely the expression of their own particular (and frequently erroneous) opinions. Yet as they utter it they glow with spiritual pride and feel themselves in the same boat as the Christians of the Catacombs and the rest of the noble army of martyrs; never realizing that their cause is no tenet of an inspired creed, but merely an embodiment of their own pet prejudices; and their sacrifices on its behalf is neither their own life nor wealth, but merely the feelings and the sentiments of other people, says Woman's Life. Such persons are very fond of remarking that they owe it to themselves to say exactly what they think; it never occurs to them that they likewise owe it to others to conceal what they think, if such thoughts be inimical to the general pleasantness and well being of society at large; yet surely they have never been taught that their duty to themselves comes before their duty to their neighbors.

ASTONISHED CHILD OF SLUMS.

Pathos in Little Girl's Exclamation of Wonder.

It was a case of the meeting of extremes. A beautifully appointed baby carriage, enameled in white and with all its fittings and coverlets of snowy spotlessness, was being trundled along an uptown street, says the New York Times. In it lay a pink-and-white baby, nestling amid frills of lawn and lace. Approaching from the other direction was a group of little Italian children, evidently on their way home from school. Dressed in heavy-looking clothes of every possible color, the only uniformity presented was the general hue of dirt, which seemed to be common to the clothing, as well as the hands and faces, of all. Certainly the contrast between the baby in the carriage and the children on the street—many of them scarcely more than babies themselves—could not have been more marked. Something of this seemed to impress the children. Pausing for a moment, they gazed at the carriage with admiring eyes, while one little girl, braver than the rest, peering under the hood to get a better look at the occupant, exclaimed: "My! What a whiteness!"

Elephant vs. Crocodile.

An African hunter once found a large crocodile hanging in the fork of a tree about ten feet from the ground. As the place was fully half a mile from any water, it was difficult to account for the crocodile's strange position. When questioned on the subject the natives explained that it was put there by an elephant. It seems that when the elephants wade into the Lake Ngami to bathe the crocodiles are in the habit of worrying them and biting their legs. Sometimes when an elephant is annoyed beyond endurance it picks its tormentor up and puts it among the branches of a tree and leaves it there. —Tit-Bits.

Why Caged Birds Die.

"So the canary died, eh?" said a dealer. "It was a fine bird, too—well worth the \$40 you paid me for it. But I don't wonder it died. You would keep it hanging near the ceiling. That is why so many birds die. They shouldn't be kept up high at all. Their cages should be on tables, not books. Up near the ceiling the air of a room is very bad, especially at night. Indeed, at night, if you burn oil or gas, the air is insupportable up there. And particularly in rooms where smoking goes on—you know how smoke, like all other impurities, mounts—it is bad to hang birds high. Why can't the world remember the old catch: 'Birds hung high ever die!'"

Good Location for a Doctor.

Two young physicians were exchanging news for the first time since their graduation from the medical school. "I was surprised when I heard you'd settled at Beech Hill," said one to the other, laughing. "I've always heard it spoken of as such a healthy suburb. I wondered if you'd find any patients there." "My dear man," said his classmate, earnestly. "It is a healthy suburb, but it is also the stronghold of football; every family has its automobile, and there never was such a place before for giving children's parties. I'm doing splendidly, thank you." —Youth's Companion.

Love and the Man.

Men are delighted to be told that they are never absent from the thoughts of their sweethearts, but the husband finds this consciousness a trifle wearing. As bad as the clinging vine is the woman who makes her devotion too incessant. She is never tactful, never conscious that she wants to be alone occasionally, never capable of making herself add her affections a novelty to him. And this is a fatal error on the part of any woman. —Exchange.

Napoleon's Famous War Horses.

Marengo, the famous war charger of Napoleon, is said to have been the greatest horse known to modern history. The emperor rode Marengo for the last time in the battle of Mount St. Jean, where the horse received his seventh wound. The steed died at the age of 36 years.

TRICK NOT ALWAYS AMUSING.

Sometimes Hobby Is Entirely Unable to See the Joke.

This is a simple trick, and every married woman can perform it; but it requires the assistance of a confederate with a big bag of shining tinware on his back. First get a husband with an extra pair of slightly worn trousers in his wardrobe; then have the confederate—the man with the bag of tinware—come to the back door and knock gently. The wife must then peep out in a frightened way, and immediately the man with the tinware tells a tale that resembles a mining stock advertisement. The wife stops to think a few minutes. Suddenly she must rush to the wardrobe, but only after the man rattles the brilliant tinware to arouse her. The wife must walk back to the man again with the trousers. The man must take them and hand the wife a few tin pans. All the while the man with the tinware must smile happily. At last the transaction is completed, and presto change! the husband's trousers have disappeared and in their place appears some tinware on the kitchen table. This trick is very novel, and will amuse the husband greatly. The trick should not be performed while the husband is in bed, unless he has an extra pair of trousers.—F. P. Pitzer, in Judge.

"I GUESS" AND "CALCULATE"

Expressions Are Good English and Not at All American.

The accepted manner of defining Americans, either male or female, in the London comic papers or in secondary English novels is to laud their speech plentifully with "calculate" and "guess" and with "well" at the opening of each sentence. This mode of marking, or any other, is in itself totally unimportant, but linguistically it is not without interest, for while it is purely conventional as now used and has no relation to any American habits of the present day, whether good or bad, it is pleasant to note that the hard-worked insular humorist need not have gone so far afield to find the words necessary for the identification of Americans. They really had but to turn to the "New Letters" of Thomas Carlyle (volume 1, page 178) and there read the following sentence: "He has brought you a Fox's book of Martyrs, which I calculate will go in the parcel to-day; you will get right good reading out of it, I guess." —Scribner.

Worshippers Carry Fire.

While seeing many people leaving the cathedral I entered to look around the interior of the fine chancel. Inside I saw numbers of men carrying huge wicker baskets filled with triangular earthenware dishes in each of which still smoldered some glowing embers in a bed of white ash. These they carried into the cloisters and emptied solemnly into great metal bins. On reentering the building the secret stood revealed. Owing to the extreme cold each member of the congregation hires for a doppelker, or the sum of 2d., an earthen dish with a block of glowing peat under the little wooden perforated footstools with which each chair is provided.—Tit-Bits.

Penalty of Vanity.

Two tadpoles lived in a meadow pool. One tadpole was exceedingly vain and kicked around until he developed a pair of pale green legs and arose to the dignity of a frog. The other tadpole was sluggish. "Hurry up!" said the new frog. "Why, you are the slowest thing in all the meadows. Without legs you will never be noticed." "And that is just why I am not raising them," replied the slow tadpole. "It doesn't always pay to be noticed." And now the slow tadpole still swims among the rushes while his vain brother has long since been served up on crisp toast.

He Was an Exception.

The late Bishop James Newbury Fitzgerald, in an address in St. Louis, once declared that sympathy, far more than eloquence or learning, made for success in the ministry. "Too many of us," he said, "say the worst, the most inappropriate things. Thus a young Baptist friend of mine, counseling with a housebreaker in a jail, droned: 'Ah, my friend, let us remember that we are here to-day and gone to-morrow.' You may be; I ain't," the housebreaker answered shortly.

Fresh Food in the Country.

"The late Senator Fugh," said a Mobile man, "thought the charms of the country overrated. He preferred the city to the country. He used to tell how, one June day, he met a friend who had taken a house for the summer months outside New York somewhere. 'I suppose you revel in fresh eggs and vegetables out there, eh?'" said Senator Fugh. "Yes," said the New York man. "Why, we can get all those things at Bergans-Pour Corners almost as cheap as we did in town."

Care of a Canary.

When moving a canary from a small to a larger cage, you should take the trouble to satisfy yourself that the bird is not frightened in its new habitation, for it sometimes happens that it is absolutely afraid to fly down from its comparatively lofty perch, and thus gets starved to death because it cannot reach its food. If you see your bird in this dilemma, try and coax it down; and if it will not come, take hold of it gently and deposit it on the floor of the cage.

"ARAB STEEDS SANS SPOTS.

Man Fresh from Desert Shattered Fond Tradition of Circus.

Homer Davenport, who is described in the woman's Home Companion as "fresh from the Arabian desert," declares there is no such thing as a spotted or piebald Arabian steed. "Circuses are perhaps more to blame for the misrepresentation of the Arab horse than any other source," says he. "A friend of mine owns a circus, and I saw his posters a few years ago, claiming to exhibit 18 or 20 of the only Arabian horses brought to America. "He said they were captured with great difficulty and brought to New York by a special permit of the sultan; that they were of the family known in history as the Eagle Feathers horses, so much prized in the Queen of Sheba days; that they were snow white, with big markings in their spots of the tip of eagle-feathers. "We don't have to believe everything we read on the circus posters. In this case I am mighty certain these 'spotted Arabians' were bought at Albany, Ore. "The most peculiar part of this spotted horse business is this, and it is not a very strange reason when you know it, that spotted anything is created by a mixture of different races, of different breeds, and that likely accounts for the fact that the Arabian desert in all its history has never produced a spotted or piebald horse; possibly from the fact that there is never any mixture of blood."

HAD TO BE ON TIME.

Dinner Giver Would Allow His Guests No Latitude.

Closely parallel to the flag end of the Euston road, and visible from it at various turnings is a street which belongs to few men's London. It is a dingy, granite paved, populous street of no attraction, the sort of street in which you might expect to see on a fine day a dancing bear.

Yet this street has known better times and eager guests. In the house he knew as No. 45, now obliterated by a big new warehouse, Dr. Whittam Kitchener entertained his fellow wits and gourmets. He had ample means to ride his three hobbies—optics, cookery and music. His dinners were often elaborate experiments in cookery, and the guests had to recognize this fact.

Five minutes past five was the minute, and if a guest came late the janitor had irrevocable orders not to admit him. For it was held by the mythical "Committee of Taste," of whom Kitchener was "secretary," that the perfection of some of the dishes was often so evanescent that the delay of one minute after their arrival at the meddiant of concoction will render them no longer worthy of men of taste.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Hire the Fewer.

A Washington man, wishing to take his family into the country for the summer, one day crossed over to the Virginia side of the Potomac to look at a small farm with a view to renting it, says Harper's Weekly.

Everything was to his liking and negotiations were about to be completed when the question of hiring also the farmer's cow came up. It was an excellent cow, the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give six quarts of milk a day.

"Six quarts a day!" exclaimed the Washington man. "That is more than my whole family could use."

Then, suddenly observing the calf following its mother about the pasture, he added: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire the small cow. She's just about our size."

Poker Game in the Box.

Several police officers were relating the other day how they avoided the police before they were themselves policemen. The conversation had drifted to poker playing.

"I've never seen a place as good to play in, without a chance of being caught by the police, as a number of young fellows had in Westport," said William Emmons, jailer at headquarters. "Now, of course, that was a long time ago—when I played poker. In a big icebox, in a deserted butcher shop, there was room for a table and five men, and when we closed the door not a gleam of light escaped. The sides of the box were packed and we could make all the noise we wanted to without being heard outside. Cold feet? Never had them in my life in a game—not even in the old icebox."—Kansas City Times.

Their Probable Next Meeting.

Gen. Booth, of the salvation army, speaking in London of his visits to Norway and Sweden and Denmark, described his interview with the king of Denmark: "At parting we shook hands again and again and his majesty said: 'Gen. Booth, we shall meet again, and wherever we do meet I shall be very happy to see you.' 'Yes, your majesty,' I replied, 'we shall meet again—over the river, your majesty. I trust we shall meet over the river.' He said: 'Yes, over the river.'"

Girl Friends.

Nell—Did you tell her I couldn't come? Belle—Yes, and she seemed surprised. Nell—But didn't you explain to her that I've got the chickenpox? Belle—Yes, that's what surprised her. She said you were no chicken.—Catholic Standard and Times.

ON THE USE OF A \$5 STAMP.

Several Officials Didn't Know What They Are Intended For.

If you came into possession of a five dollar postage stamp what would you do with it? The five dollar stamp is the highest denomination the government manufactures. They are on sale at all first-class post offices, says the Kansas City Star.

Harry Harris, treasurer of the post office, was exhibiting a bundle of them which had been received recently.

"Very pretty," said the visitor. "But what are they used for?"

"Why, postage, of course—no wait a minute."

Mr. Harris pondered. "The weight limit on first-class postage, which is the most costly, is four pounds," he said. "At the established rate of two cents an ounce a four-pound package would require only \$1.28 in stamps. Couldn't use the five-dollar stamp there, could you?"

"It might be used on a third-class matter where the rate is one cent for each two ounces. The limit of weight on this class is four pounds except it be in the case of a single book."

Mr. Harris did some figuring and ascertained that the book would have to weigh something like 65 pounds in order to use the five-dollar stamp.

"But, of course, anybody would send the book by express for 50 cents," he reflected. "I'd risked if I knew what they use 'em for. Ask Reilly."

Mont. Reilly, assistant postmaster, was puzzled and he checked up the question to Joseph Harris, the postmaster. The P. M. wouldn't even hazard a guess, except that they were used in the post office when the regulations called for a large cancellation of postage to cover matter sent out under the second-class rates.

A five-dollar stamp, he admitted, couldn't be exchanged for cash or for stamps of smaller denomination. Then Mr. Harris summoned A. F. Meador, chief clerk of the stamp division.

"We sell about 100 of them each year for use as postage on first-class matter, mailed to foreign countries," said Mr. Meador. "The foreign rate is double that applying to domestic matter. The stamps are purchased principally by corporations having stockholders abroad. Reports printed in book form are mailed as first-class matter to these stockholders."

THE WORST PART OF IT.

Comments on Broken Mirror Much Worse Than Actual Cost.

There was a cigar store opened up town the other night, and as the building was not provided with steam heat a gas radiator was supplied, says the New York Press. Three hours later a huge plate mirror directly behind was cracked from top to bottom by the unequal expansion in a tight frame.

"Bad luck to have a mirror break," commented a customer as he stood at the cigar lighter. "You'll have seven years' bad luck."

"I won't mind the glass breaking," the cigar man explained to a friend. "I can pay for a new glass, and I'm not superstitious, but I can't have the new mirror for a week, and meantime every man who comes in here is going to tell me it's bad luck to have the glass smashed. Sure, it's bad luck. Don't I have to stand here and pretend I'm hearing that fool remark for the first time? I'm liable to kill some one before the glass is replaced. I've heard it at least 50 times so far, and this is only the first day."

Suppressing a Nocturnal Disturber.

There has just been enacted at Basel a piece of police prudence which the champion among the official martinetts of Berlin might have envied, says a Geneva letter to the London Pall Mall Gazette.

A journalist given to using his typewriter late at night proved himself somewhat trying to his fellow lodgers or occupants of the house, who, failing to procure a cessation of the annoyance by private protest, at last reported the matter to the police as a nuisance.

The case was not exactly simple, though it was certainly novel, but police intelligence finally overcame the difficulty. They summoned the journalist for creating a nocturnal disturbance, and the tribuna imposed a fine of one franc, with the alternative of four hours imprisonment.

Indian Philosophy.

The other day Elsie, the oldest living Tonkawa Indian, was making some purchases in one of our hardware stores, and the enterprising salesman called her attention to a washing machine which he said would make "Blue Monday" a day of pleasure. Old Elsie admired the gaily painted machine, but when she was made to understand for what purpose it was intended she sniffed the air in contempt. "Me no wash. Pale face wash, wash—all time wash. Wash Monday, Monday, Monday, heap wash. Indian no wash; all time dirty. Pale face wash; all time dirty, too."—Tonkawa (OKIA) News.

Providing for an old Dog.

A Kentucky Judge recently showed his affection for an old bird dog by formally committing him to the county farm, sending this order of commitment to the superintendent: "Dear Sir: You will please receive and safely keep the body of 'Dewey Johnson.' He is a little old, but he has been raised a gentleman and has always kept the very best of company. His associates have been governors, generals, majors, judges, doctors, etc. You will please credit the old gentleman to magisterial district No. 3."