

WIFE OF GERMANY'S ENVOY TO UNITED STATES.



The Countess von Bernstorff, whose husband is Kaiser Wilhelm's envoy to America, is among the newcomers in Washington's diplomatic set. She plans a brilliant season for the embassy.

HAULS MUCH MONEY

Van in Washington Carted Millions of Dollars Through City.

Wagon Has Carried Bills That Would Cover Road Fifty Miles Wide from Atlantic to Pacific—Some Comparisons.

Washington—Visitors to Washington who have their eyes open may see or twice a day, a big closed wagon drawn by three sturdy white horses drive up Fifteenth street and back up against the curb at one of the entrances to the treasury department. There is nothing especially to distinguish this wagon from lots of others, except that there are usually two men on the front seat beside the driver and two other men standing on the back step. But when the visitor notices the number of packages that are taken off the wagons, this extra complement of attendants ceases to occasion comment or surprise. It seems to be quite natural, and the comings and goings of the wagon attract little attention.

Yet there is a romance about it every man, woman and child in the country who has spent a dollar bill or any other amount in currency, for that matter, in the last 25 years. For every piece of paper money that has been issued in the United States during that time has first ridden in that wagon, and the total equals all the money there is in the world today.

A recent calculation produced some rather remarkable comparisons. For instance, the report says it would take a string of hay wagon 20 miles long to hold the money that has passed through this old van in the packages were piled one on top of the other they would make a monument 15 miles high. If the bills were placed end to end the string would be 250,000 miles long, or equal to ten times the distance around the world. They would carpet a road 50 feet wide from New York to San Francisco. Their weight in coal would supply the average family with fuel for 250 years. Had an expert begun counting this money in the days of Columbus he would have been half through when President Taft was inaugurated.

So it is rather an interesting old wagon after all. Its trips are not long, although they are so important. It brings the currency from the bureau of engraving and printing, where it is printed, to the treasury department, scarcely half a mile away. The money is packed in bundles, each weighing 12 1/2 pounds, and each containing 1,000 sheets with four bills to the sheet. The value of each package depends, of course, upon the denomination or "size" of the bills it contains. One package which was composed altogether of \$10,000 bills and was worth \$40,000,000 was once hauled. That was an exceptional bundle, but even when the bills are of the lowest denomination, one dollar, the packages are worth \$4,000 each.

It is because of the value of its loads that the old wagon is accompanied by four men, two in front and two behind, besides the driver. Uncle Sam is not taking any chances on a "hold-up" even if the drive is so short. Each of these men is heavily armed and ready to tackle any man or party of men that should attempt a "Wild West" display in the neighborhood of the wagon.

Stumble Kills Aged Couple. Pottsville, Pa. From injuries sustained from a fall in her kitchen, due to tripping over a piece of carpet, Mrs. Mary Kirkpatrick, in the eighty-third year of her age, died here yesterday. It is a striking coincidence that her husband, James Kirkpatrick, died a short time ago in almost the identical manner, from a broken hip.

DIAMONDS AT LITTLE ROCK

Mineralist Makes Discovery of Peridotite Near the River West of City Hall.

Little Rock, Ark.—There may be a diamond field under the city of Little Rock, if the speculations of J. F. Whitlock, a mineralist, have worth. He claims to have discovered peridotite, an igneous rock formation that is the native bed in which diamonds are found, on the bank of the Arkansas river, within the limits of this city. The rock is said to be of the same nature as that in Pike county and in South Africa, from which diamonds have been taken.

It was Mr. Whitlock's yacht, which lies anchored in the river just west of the city hall, that led him to this discovery. The present low stage of the Arkansas river has exposed portions of the bank that have not been out of the water before for years. While on his yacht Mr. Whitlock's attention was attracted by fragments of a peculiar looking rock which was found in considerable quantities on the bank near the water's edge. He gathered up several specimens, examined them closely and then carried them to Commissioner Tucker's office and compared them with specimens from the South African and Pike diamond fields. Both he and Commissioner Tucker are confident that the olive-green rock is peridotite.

"In practically every well that is dug in Little Rock, iron ore contains mica is found," says Mr. Whitlock. "This goes to indicate that the rock under the city was formed by volcanic action. Now, it is a well known fact that peridotite is formed by volcanic action. Hence the fact that this rock has been found gives every reason to believe that there is a vast bed of peridotite under the city. This might or might not contain diamonds. Large quantities of peridotite are found which do not contain diamonds."

CHAUFFEUR SWAPS HIS BADGE

Indiana Man Gets Rid of Number 1313, Which He Declares is Veritable Hoodoo.

Indianapolis, Ind.—James R. Shiell, an automobile driver, is willing to swap by the present administration. And why? Because city officials the other day went very much out of their way to relieve Shiell of registration badge No. 1313, and now he is wearing badge No. 2171. If there is any hoodoo in his new number, it has not developed.

When badge No. 1313 was given Shiell he predicted nothing but bad luck could follow and his expectation was met with good measure. Two days after receiving the number he was discharged by Oscar Rouse, by whom he was employed. A few days later the Rouse machine was burned, while a member of the family was cleaning it.

But even this was not all. While wearing the number Shiell met with a motorcycle accident and his machine was wrecked. Then he went to the board of public safety and demanded that the number be changed. Alfred M. Cook, deputy city controller, and John B. Wood, clerk of the board, finally consented.

The former records concerning the badge were erased and a new number was given Shiell. Any driver wishing No. 1313 can get it by calling at the office of the board.

Pokes Squirrel with Gun.

York, Pa. An accident similar to that which caused the death of Samuel Smith, at Bittersville, almost cost the life of Ira Eberly of Dallastown. Eberly had knocked a squirrel from a tree, but it was only wounded, and dragged itself behind a fence. With the butt of his gun Eberly tried to poke it out, when the weapon was discharged, the shot tearing his cap almost to pieces and the powder spattering his face.

THE CHICKEN AND THE CAR

Not to Fear of the Poultry, the People the Collie and Poodle Who Were in the Mixup.

A sort of house that took but minor case is reported in the Green Flag. It says that as a motor car was passing quietly through a village in New England a chicken passed by it and suddenly crossed the road just in front of the automobile.

The sudden dash of the chicken and car startled a pony, driven by two little girls, one of whom had a poodle in her lap. The poodle jumped out to give chase to the cat and fell on the road right in front of the car, causing its driver to pull up suddenly.

Just as this happened a collie traveling with its mistress in the car leaped out and chased the poodle, which frightened the pony so that it bolted toward the car. Seeing this, the chauffeur drove toward the gutter, but as the dogs were fighting there had to take another course, colliding finally with a stone wall and totally wrecking the machine.

The owner of the car brought an action for damages against the owner of the chicken, claiming that it was responsible for the damage. In giving judgment the court argued that there was no doubt as to the chicken having been the proximate cause of the accident, for had it not crossed the road the cat would not have scared the pony; had the pony not been scared the poodle would not have got out of the pony trap; had the poodle not done so the automobile would not have stopped and the collie and poodle would not have been in the gutter; had the collie and poodle not been in the gutter the cat would not have lunged round to see things through, had the cat not remained on the scene the chicken would not have been trying to scale the wall, and had the chicken not been trying to do this the chauffeur would have kept his nerve and saved the machine from accident.

Yet though the chicken caused the accident the chicken's act was not in itself violent or dangerous. This chicken would doubtless have made a tender broiler; it was gentle and inoffensive, and not being ferocious nature its destruction of the automobile was unconscious and free from malice. Therefore the chicken not having exceeded its common law rights the action could not be maintained and judgment was accordingly entered for the defendant.

Bribery in Elections.

Bribery, according to an expert on the subject, first became a recognized mode of securing votes in the reign of Charles I. It was afterward improved upon by George III, who lost no opportunity of endorsing its claims as a good government. "If," he wrote to his chief adviser on one occasion, "the duke of Northumberland requires some gold pills for the election it would be wrong not to satisfy him." The king was not altogether selfish in this matter of spending money, for the gold pills came out of his own medicine chest, the civil list, whereas his successors drew upon the secret service cash for the corruption of the voters.

In those days the British constitution worked on the principles of Mr. Quinton Dick, a wealthy West Indian planter, who explained his manner of election thus: "At the last election I spoke to my constituents, 'Gentlemen, I said, 'my opponent is a very rich man with a large family. I am a very rich man, and I thank God that all I care for in the world is covered by my hat.' I put my hat on my head, and they returned me. That, sir, is the practical working of the British constitution."—London Daily News.

Smuggling Partridge Eggs.

A singular custom of smuggling by means of a dummy baby was brought to light by the city customs officials at northern station in Vienna.

Partridge eggs have for a long time been extensively stolen from preserved estates in Hungary, smuggled into Vienna and sold to poultry dealers, who hatched the eggs in incubators, brought up the birds by hand and sold them below the prices asked by more honest dealers.

A special lookout for smugglers has resulted in the arrest of two peasant women. Arriving in Vienna in the national Slavonian costume, each of them carried a baby in her arms, and so closely "packed" that only the face was visible.

The women were noticed to be a little agitated as they passed the customs, and they were followed home. It was then discovered that while one baby was a living child the other was a dummy. It consisted of a wax head, partly hidden by a shawl and a cap, while the cushion was filled with more than 600 partridge eggs.

Curiosity Squelched.

At dinner the professor of history was seated between two young ladies, who, in accordance with their training in the art of conversation, sought to draw him out upon the subject in which he was most interested. They did not meet with much success, his answers were short—"Yes," "Oliver Cromwell," "No," "1492," and the like. Finally one of them in desperation ventured:

"Professor, we were wondering only this afternoon, and none of us could remember, how many children did Mary, Queen of Scots, have?" "This was too much," "Madam," said the professor, frowning her with squelching dignity, "I am not a scandal monger."

WAS AN INSPIRATION

FIRST SINGING OF SANKEY'S MOST FAMOUS HYMN.

"The Ninety and Nine," So Powerful an Aid in Evangelistic Work, Was Not Planned by the Writer.

The religious faiths of the world have produced many remarkable and beautiful lyrics, such as Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," the "Nearer, My God, to Thee" of Sarah Flower Adams and Cowper's "God Moves in a Mysterious Way." Many of these were written under peculiarly dramatic circumstances, as was particularly the case with those of Cowper and John Henry Newman alluded to above, writes F. Roddell in the Milwaukee Sentinel.

But wide as has been their use and their application among Christians of all creeds and sects, there is one hymn that overshadows all others, whether we consider its widespread popularity or its wonderful evangelistic power. This hymn is "The Ninety and Nine," by the late Ira D. Sankey, long the musical associate of Dwight L. Moody. These two men together were the greatest soul winners ever known, and the success of their united work was undoubtedly largely traceable to Mr. Sankey's songs in general, and to "The Ninety and Nine" in particular. Its unique origin has often been described, but will bear repetition.

"When leaving Glasgow for Edinburgh with Mr. Moody, Mr. Sankey bought a penny religious paper. Glancing over it as they rode on the cars, his eye fell upon a few verses in the corner of the page. One day they had an unusually impressive meeting in Edinburgh, in which Dr. Bonar had spoken on 'The Good Shepherd.' At the close of the address Mr. Moody beckoned to his partner to sing something appropriate.

"At first he could think of nothing but the Twenty-third Psalm, but that he had sung so often, his second thought was to sing the verses he had found in the paper but how could it be done when he had no tune for them? Then a thought came—to sing the verses he had found in the paper anyway. He put the verses before him, touched the keys of the organ, and sang, not knowing where he was going to come out. He finished the first verse amid profound silence. He took a long breath and wondered if he could sing the second the same way. He tried it and succeeded. After that it was easy to sing it. When he had finished the hymn the meeting was all broken down—throats were crying and ministers were sobbing all around him."

Hundreds were converted then and there, while in subsequent years other thousands of souls were gathered in through the singing of "The Ninety and Nine."

Clearly the song was the result of a sudden inspiration so far as its musical setting was concerned, and it may be doubted if there was ever a similar case of spontaneous and subsequently successful composition.

"The Ninety and Nine" literally sang its way around the world. The simple paraphrase of the Scripture parable appeals to all sorts and conditions of men, and the world's hymnology is the richer for that Sunday afternoon inspiration in the Scottish capital which came to Ira D. Sankey.

Not in a Set.

The first time Mrs. Kendall, the English actress, went to Chicago the city editors sent reporters over to interview her.

Among them was George Ade, then working for the Record.

"How do you like Chicago, Mrs. Kendall?" he asked.

"Oh, I have not been here long enough to answer that, but I know I shall like it, and I know I shall dearly love Chicago. I have met some charming Chicago people."

"Indeed," said Ade, "whom do you know?"

"Why, I have met Mr. Armour and Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Higginbotham and several others. Do you know them?"

"Well," said Ade, "I have heard of them, but then, you know, all these you have mentioned are in trade God-morning."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Forceful Style.

A teacher at an evening school had before her a class in which were many very rough lads.

"Suppose," said the teacher, "I should say, 'Look out, boys; here comes the police!' Would that be correct?"

There was a silence. Finally a little fellow said, "No'm, that wouldn't be right."

"Well," inquired the teacher, "how should it be said?"

"Cheese it, cullies; here comes a cop!" was the reply.—Tit-Bits.

GUIDE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

Probably Compiled by One Who Has Suffered from the Bad Manners of the Human Herd.

Persons traveling on the continent will find the most economical means of travel a canoe or small Oxford punt. These are the only two places where you are not expected to keep tipping.

Having partaken of a seven-course dinner on a transatlantic steamer, it is well to remark "Punk food" sharply upon arising from the table. Other wise the crew will think you are not used to any better at home.

Upon returning from a country boarding house where the only excitement is wondering what form the ham will take the next meal, it is well to speak of your vacation as a "delightful experience at a quaint old place close to nature." This sounds romantic and doesn't mean a thing.

Young gentlemen desiring to play stuss over Sunday in the rear of a beer saloon may allude to their absence as "a week-end spent on a duck farm."

When invited on a yachting trip always arrange to sit on the right of the main sheet. Occasionally rap the deck sharply with your heels. This will please the owner of the boat immensely. If you can arrange to tie a few knots in the main sheet, all hands will usually take a pleasant little swim before the day is over.

No picnic is complete without a young lady who thinks she sees a snake. It is not good form, however, to comment upon the bugs in the butter and the grasshopper in the pickle bottle. One must not be too literal in summer.

Those sitting on the rear seat of an automobile should always sing. Close harmony and the odor of gasoline make a very classy combination.

It is not proper for young ladies to go in bathing without a chaperon. If you have a chaperon, however, not much of anything else is necessary.

At the seashore never throw sand in a gentleman's shoes. Put it down his neck. It will get to his shoes ultimately. If he's in a hurry for some in his shoes, he can put it there himself. There is plenty of sand.

If you should find a magazine lying around at a summer hotel, carry it up into your own room immediately. If you don't the owner is almost sure to come back and take it away.

Explosion Wrought Havoc.

A terrific explosion occurred at Dillington ironworks, near Workington, England, recently, causing damage estimated at £20,000, and so wrecking the place that work will be suspended for some months, throwing about 200 men out of work. Eleven gas-filled boilers are used at the works to generate steam for blowing the furnace, which supply the furnaces with the blast, and it is supposed that there was an explosion of gas. The report was terrific and the effect disastrous. Three of the boilers were blown into fragments, while a fourth was found in a field a considerable distance away. The latter is reported to have flown through the air at a terrific speed, at a height of about 60 feet. Just like an aeroplane. Part of another boiler or crashed into the fitters' and blacksmiths' mill, bricks and stones were shot up as high as the works chimney and then rained down on the works yard and the high road leading into the village. About 50 men were mortally injured and pig-litters were working at the front and back of the blast furnaces, a hundred yards away, at the time, but they all had a remarkable escape from injury.

A Brave Man.

Former Gov. William Sprague of Rhode Island celebrated last month his seventy-ninth birthday. He is the only surviving war governor.

A reporter questioned Gov. Sprague one day at Narragansett about bravery.

"There is a finer bravery shown in civilian than in military life," the veteran statesman said. "I remember one of our Providence fire chiefs.

"A green fireman resigned from the Providence service because his chief, he said, was cruel and inhuman."

"How cruel and inhuman?" they asked him.

"Why, the fireman whined, 'at last week's tempest fire he ordered me to carry a section of hose right in between two walls that were just on the point of tumbling."

"And what did you do?"

"I returned, of course. I told the chief it was as much as a man's life was worth to go in there, and I wouldn't do it."

"Well, what did the chief do then?"

"Ha, ha, ha. The crazy fool carried the hose in himself!"

The Dirigible Soap-Bubble.

The catastrophe of Republic reminds me of what a French engineer and constructor, M. Gandillon, told me quite a year ago. "The weak point of all dirigible balloons is that the safety margin in every detail of their construction is too low," says a Paris letter to London Truth. "In ordinary steelwork, say a bridge, the stress put upon the rods is but a fraction of what they could really stand. In air machines, where lightness is the paramount consideration, it is necessary to cut things very fine indeed. So that if you read in the papers that the France dirigible balloon made a run to Verdun at the rate of 42 kilometers an hour, it means that at this speed all her parts were strained nearly to breaking-point, and that she would have been quite unable to make say, 45 kilometers." A dirigible balloon is still somewhat of a soap-bubble.

THE SUPREME HOUR

CALCULATION OF THE DATE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Prof. Weston Has Delved Deeply Into Ancient Records and Is Satisfied as to Correctness of Time.

Prof. J. H. Weston of Portland, Ore., makes a very interesting calculation, fixing the date of the crucifixion of Christ on April 18 at noon, in the seventy-fourth Julian year, or the twenty-ninth year A. D. He does it by computing the position of the sun and moon.

According to Prof. Weston, the full moon occurred at 7:41 Jerusalem mean time, on the 17th day of April, 74 Julian. This was a Julian Sunday, and was the thirteenth day of the moon by the Jewish calendar. It was a rule of law among the Jews that the day began at sunset; hence the calendar of Calippus invariably called the day following the sunset immediately after full moon and a Sunday (sabbath day). Thus the full moon occurred at 7:41 in the morning of the 17th of April, Julian year, and that in the calendar of Calippus, or the thirteenth day of the month, was a Jewish holiday.

The Passover was always celebrated on the fourteenth day of the moon next following the solar ingress into the first degree of Aries, the vernal equinox, and it must always, by law, be celebrated on the fourteenth day of the moon, as shown on the calendar calculated by the professor.

In the Julian year 74 the sun entered Aries at 25 minutes after 5 p. m. on March 22, which was a Tuesday. The new moon following was at 10 minutes after 1 p. m. April 2, a Saturday. Full moon, then falling on the seventeenth at 19 minutes to 5 a. m., Lewis Tertullian, the Latin historian, to be correct in affirming that the Passover feast was on the eighteenth of the calendar of April.

Again, says Prof. Weston, modern ecclesiastical authorities on chronology find it impossible to assume that Christ was born later than 4 B. C., and Tertullian clearly states the nativity occurred in the forty-fifth year of the Augustan monarchy, and the twenty-eighth after the death of Cleopatra, thus in the seven hundred and fifth year of Rome, or 4 B. C. Christ was more than 32 years of age for his ministry began the third year before the crucifixion. He was 33 years old in 29 A. D.

Tertullian says the crucifixion was at the end of Daniel's 70 weeks of prophecy. This ends about the commencement of the sixteenth year of Tiberius and the second year of the two hundred and second olympiad. More exactly, the sixteenth year of the reign of Tiberius began on August 19, 74 Julian, and the first year of the two hundred and second olympiad ended on July 14, 74 Julian, and this date also ended Daniel's 70 weeks. The crucifixion is reported to have taken place three months before the end of the olympiad. Tiberius used round numbers and the fractional year is one-fourth minus. Accordingly, says Prof. Weston, it would seem impossible to set any other date for the crucifixion of Jesus Christ than Monday, April 18, Julian year 74, at noon (sixth hour), Jerusalem.

The Stork and the Eagle.

"A West Philadelphia teacher was talking about wild animals and birds to a class of little girls," said Secretary Dick of the board of education in relating some of the amusing incidents that happen in the public schools.

"She had told them about the carnivorous animals and beasts of the jungle and began asking questions about birds of prey.

"Can anyone in the class tell me," she asked, "what bird it is that is so strong that it can fly down out of the sky and carry off a small child with ease?"

"There was a moment's pause, and then a little girl in the rear of the classroom frantically raised her hand. 'I know,' fairly shouted the bright pupil, under stress of great excitement, 'it's the stork, 'cause one of 'em brought a baby to our house last night!'"—Philadelphia Record.

A Royal Baby Carriage.

Princess Juliana of Holland has joined the ranks of the caravanners. A marvelous construction—should it be called a "carambulator" or a "car apram"—has been devised for the little Dutch princess wherein, when the weather is cold and the sun shines only in certain parts of the Het Loo, she can be conveyed from the palace to the sunshine.

It is, as a matter of fact, a giant covered perambulator containing a stove and seats for nurses, besides the bassinette for the royal baby; and it is, of course, drawn by a horse. If she were an English princess she would at once be nominated patroness of the Caravan Club.

The Queen of Holland herself is said to have invented this new baby carriage for her daughter. It is not the first time she has displayed ingenuity of an inventive character.

All the same to her. "I must warn you, dearest," he said, "that after we are married you will very likely find me inclined to be arbitrary and dictatorial in my manner."

"No matter," she replied cheerfully, "I won't pay the slightest attention to what you say!"—Presbyterian Standard.