

QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN

BELOVED AND RESPECTED BY THE WHOLE WORLD.

Her Prosperous Reign of Fifty-Eight Years Marks the Greatest Epoch in the History of Great Britain—Her Coronation a Magnificent Spectacle—Marriage of the Queen to Prince Albert.

The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India attained her seventieth birthday on the 24th of May, and on June 20, will have completed the fifty-eighth year of her reign. It has been one of the greatest periods in the world's history and marks a physical and intellectual progress unparalleled in time. Above all it is the most brilliant epoch in the history of the British Empire, ever to be renowned for the splendid galaxy of great men and women it has produced. Among these no name will stand forth more illustrious or more imperishable than that of Victoria I. As sovereign and woman her life has been open as the day, to be observed of all men, and it has been from the beginning pure, honest and unswerving. As wife, mother and queen she is peerless among women.

THE KING IS DEAD.

The eighteenth birthday of the Princess Victoria, when she came of age, was celebrated with great pomp and festivity on the 24th of May, 1837. All England rejoiced in the prospect of a youthful sovereign, who must inevitably soon be called to the throne, for the "sailor king," William IV., was enfeebled by age and disease. A few weeks later he was fast approaching his final hour. June 19, 1837, he received the final consolations of religion at the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at 2:20 o'clock on the morning of the 20th he passed to that state which king and subject alike must enter and ceased to be King of the British Empire. He died at Windsor Castle, and ere his body was cold messengers were dispatched to Kensington Palace to inform the princess that she was queen. The messengers were the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Marquis of Conyngham, chamberlain of the palace. Few scenes in Victoria's long reign are more pleasing or more affecting than those in which she heard the news of her accession and received the allegiance of the ministry and the lords of the privy council.

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN.

The messengers left Windsor at 3 o'clock in the morning and arrived at Kensington Palace, in London, at 5. The princess was sleeping in her mother's room, which had always been her custom, and was summoned hastily; she entered the presence of the messengers wrapped in a dressing gown, with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham told her their errand, and addressed her as "Your Majesty." She put out her hand, and they kissed it in homage, and throughout the recital of the news behaved with admirable self-possession and modesty. As they departed she said to the archbishop: "I ask your prayers on my behalf." An hour or two later Lord Melbourne, the prime minister, who was soon to acquire an influence with her which he never abused, and which was of untold value in the way of her education in statecraft, called and prepared her for the opening act of the stately drama now to begin. He had prepared her speech to the great council, which was to assemble at 11 o'clock in the reception-room of the palace. There were assembled the great officers of state, the prime minister and the lord high chancellor, the Archbishop of Canterbury and York, and her uncles, the dukes of Cumberland and Sussex. With these were to be seen cabinet ministers and great peers of the realm, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Lansdowne, Sir Robert Peel and a great number of others, the most famous and powerful of her subjects. Asked whether she would be accompanied or would enter the room alone, she said she would go in alone. When all the lords were assembled the folding doors were thrown open and

THE YOUTHFUL QUEEN ENTERED.

She wore a plain mourning robe, her hair dressed in close bands about her forehead and in a tight coil at the back of her head. But her aspect and demeanor won the unbounded admiration of all present. Few of those present had ever seen her save perhaps at a distance, for she had been brought up and educated in great seclusion and now her self-possession and serenity struck them with amazement. She bowed and read her speech in a clear, unflinching and sweetly musical voice, and then took the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland. Next the privy councillors were sworn, the royal dukes of Cumberland and Sussex first by themselves. As these two venerable men, her uncles, knelt before her and swore allegiance she blushed to the eyes and kissed them both cordially. It was the only instance during the long ceremony that she showed embarrassment, and her eyes revealed the tenderness of her affectionate nature as she rose from her chair out of regard to the infirmity of her Uncle Sussex and moved toward him with outstretched arms.

Her deportment charmed every beholder and the Duke of Wellington declared that had she been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

TALK OF MARRIAGE.

It was a fortunate thing for the Queen, for Great Britain also, that Melbourne was prime minister at the time of her accession. He was a Whig, but not a partisan, and his impartiality was often so great that some of the keenest of his own party followers called him a Tory at heart. To his hands was committed the first initiation of the Queen in her constitutional duties. He was no longer young, but was not old, and she gave him her confidence. He was as passionately fond of her as he would have been of a daughter, and he always treated her with a sort of parental care, and at the same time with respectful deference. The marriage of the Queen soon became a

prominent question, and it was Lord Melbourne's duty to ascertain, if possible, whether she had formed any thoughts on that subject for herself. As a matter of fact, she was already in love with her youthful cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, but he was three months her junior and far from being matured. Nothing had been spoken between the cousins, but in the respective families the idea had long been maturing that this young couple should marry. How widely this fact was known is now difficult to say, nor would it be a matter of grave consideration to the statesmen of England, for royal marriages had been rarely based on affection or personal choice, but were usually considered as affairs of state. Pondering over the subject, Lord Melbourne at last broached it to the Queen.

"Was there," he asked with some trepidation, "any individual of the other sex for whom she entertained a preference beyond all other men?"

Startled and confused, the young Queen blushed and inquired whether the information was wanted as a matter of state policy. His lordship replied that under no other circumstances would he have asked the question.

"In that case," said Victoria quite solemnly, "there is one person for whom I entertain a very decided preference."

"Will your Majesty pardon me for asking his name?"

"The individual I mean," said the Queen, "is the Duke of Wellington!"

There must have been a twinkle in her eye when she said this, but it baffled Melbourne for the moment. Many months did not elapse before it was no secret that the destined husband of the Queen was to be Prince Albert.

THE QUEEN IS CROWNED.

Meantime preparations for the coronation were going forward, and this magnificent spectacle occurred on the 28th of June, 1838, a few days more than a year after the Queen's accession.

On Feb. 10, 1840, the marriage of the Queen to Prince Albert took place and a new career of happiness and love was opened before her. The world knows the story by heart. How the Prince year after year grew in popular favor, and what a useful and prudent statesman he became, how all parties came to value his worth, disinterestedness and noble virtues; how he took part in advancing the arts and sciences, and how on more than one occasion his far-seeing statesmanship saved England from embroilment with other nations.

The Queen still mourns her husband, though she has nobly borne her sorrow and shown still further her greatness as a woman.

DEALING WITH BEGGARS.

Make Your Inquiry Into Your Brother's Need Prompt and Effective.

The Pall Mall Budget recently gave a graphic description of a gloomy house in which are kept the biographies of beggars in London during the last century. Here, also, are packets containing their photographs, their aliases, and the countless pretended miseries by which they cheated the public. Besides this, there is a room in which are cases of begging letters, labelled and indexed so that a person, on receiving such an appeal, can find whether it comes from a member of "the trade." Here are banners displaying pictures of explosions, fires and battles by which the bearers were said to have been maimed or wounded. It is a singular fact that while hundreds of these banners are carried in London, there are only ten different designs.

Not only in London, but in American cities, stories are told of the success of members of this wretched profession. A miserable cripple in filthy rags was lately arrested on the Strand while plying his trade. When he was released, his wife came for him in a carriage, and took him by night to a handsome villa in Kensington.

A certain woman, known to charitable people in Philadelphia as "good old Margaret," died, leaving her savings to a spendthrift daughter, who with them furnished a house as for a princess, paying an extravagant sum for the hangings of one room. Another beggar in the same city was found at his death to have hoarded large sums, which were concealed in his wretched garret. Almost every year we hear of men dying of starvation and cold, although they have carefully hidden, or at their credit in bank, money enough to supply their wants. Such facts as these are urged by the societies for repressing beggary to prevent all almsgiving without previous inquiry.

There is another side to this ugly picture. A woman with her starving baby wandered from house to house in the city of New York, and being turned away from them all, sat down on the steps of a church. The crowd passed her without notice, not having made inquiry into her case. When a policeman came to her the woman was unconscious and the child was dead. This is one case out of many equally pitiful. In large cities this question of charity comes almost daily before every man and woman, boy and girl. The answer is, Inquire into your brother's need. But let your inquiry be prompt and effective, as though you saw the Master where He stands watching you.

Frozen by Heat, Melted by Cold!
In Germany, the land of scientific curiosities, a substance has been produced by chemical experiments which seems to contradict the law that heat melts and cold solidifies. The new substance is called "cryostat," and is formed by combining equal quantities of phenol, camphor and saponine with a little turpentine. When its temperature is lowered below the point at which water freezes, it becomes liquid, but when it is heated it turns to the solid state.

Raising Rice.

It is not perhaps generally known under what hitherto conditions the culture of rice is carried on. It necessitates, in fact, the inundation of the tract of country where it is cultivated, and obliges the laborer to carry on his work during the portion of the year with his legs submerged in stagnant water.

SPRING SMILES.

He—"You are the only girl who can make me happy." She (coquettishly)—"Sure?" He—"Yes; I have tried all the others."

"No, Maud, dear, the quarter deck of an excursion steamer is not so called because you can get a seat on it for twenty-five cents."

"Money talks," said the oracular boarder. "It talks pretty conclusively," admitted the Cheerful Idiot, "but at times it gets rattled."

"Did you look at that bill I left yesterday, sir?" said a collector to a member of congress. "Yes," was the reply. "It has passed first reading."

He—"Why does Miss Middleage persist in singing 'My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon?'" She—"Because he can't come down and deny it!"

Undergrad Bummler (espying his tailor and his shoemaker sitting together in a tavern)—"Donnerwetter! A meeting of creditors, I do believe!"

Mrs. Grill—"Oh, dear! I've sung to this baby for an hour, and she hasn't stopped crying yet." Mr. Grill—"Probably she has been waiting for you to stop."

Miss Moneybags took sweet revenge Upon gay Willie Fleet. She heard him call her dull, and so She cut him on the street.

Teacher—"Which letter is the next one to the letter 'H'?" Boy—"Dunno, ma'am." Teacher—"What have I on both sides of my nose?" Boy—"Freckles, ma'am."

Ain't a bit of use to fret— Take life as you find it! Best world that we've been in yet— Smile and never mind it!

Ford—"Your lawyer made some pretty severe charges against the other fellow, didn't he?" Smallwort—"Y-e-e-s, but you ought to see how he charged me."

"The curious thing about my business," said the mosquito, alighting softly upon the nose of his sleeping victim, "is that it's more fun to go to work than it is to stay to hum."

Weary Wiggins (handing dipper)—"You look dry. Here's a drink of water." Way-side Husks (waving the dipper away)—"What's the use of spoiling a good thirst like I've got?"

Miss Wellalong—"I think I made quite a sensation in my antique costume at the levee last evening." Miss Marketmade—"Oh, decidedly! Everybody exclaimed, 'How appropriate!'"

Mr. Fig—"Do you know, my boy, that it hurts me worse than it does you when I give you a whipping?" Tom—"Honest, paw?" "Yes." "Just gimme another lickin' now, will you, paw?"

"She treated you pretty shabbily." "Yes. She's angry with some one." "With you?" "Oh, no, not with me." "How do you know?" "Because I'm the one she's venting her feelings on."

Though the new woman to usurp Man's rightful place aspires, She'll still permit him to get up And build the morning fires.

Johnny—"Maw, I should think it would be a heap more careless to cast pearls before chickens than to cast 'em before swine." His mother—"Why so, Johnny?" Johnny—"Cause they'd eat 'em."

Rollingstone Nomose—"Did you ever hear about Ragsey's financial difficulty?" Taterdon Torn—"No, wot was it?" Rollingstone Nomose—"Some gert give 'im a quarter, an' he swallowed it."

Weary Wiggins—"Uneasy Walker is de luckiest feller on de road." Tired Traddles—"How's dat?" Weary Wiggins—"He's a somnambulist, an' does all his walkin' in his sleep. Dat gives him all day to loaf in."

Mr. Nonintentions (carelessly)—"Aw how would you like to marry a man who had only \$10 a week?" Miss Passe (eagerly)—"Oh, George, this is so sudden, but I think we can worry along if pa lets us live with him."

Mr. McSwart (getting ready for church)—"Lobelia, what's the matter with this necktie of mine? I can't find any way to fasten the thing on." Mrs. McSwart—"O! O! O! Pat that down, Billiger! That's my new hat."

"That girl in front of us is very fond of opera," said the young woman at the theater. "She must be," replied the young man. "From the size of her hat you'd think she was afraid some of it might get past her."

"Doctor, I have an important physiological question to ask you. When I stand on my head the blood rushes into my head. Now, when I stand on my feet why does it not rush into my feet?" "Because your feet are not hollow."

At the table—"Do you know, Amaryllis, asked the Cheerful Idiot, "why the letter S is like the presentation of a cigar to a colored gentleman?" The waiter girl gave it up. "I will tell you, Angeline," continued the Cheerful Idiot, "it is because it makes the smoke smoke."

Papa, soberly—"That was quite a monstrosity you had in the parlor one evening." Grace, nettled—"Indeed! that must depend upon one's understanding of the term 'monstrosity.'" Papa, thoughtfully—"Well, two heads upon one pair of shoulders, for example."

A NEW VERSION.

Little drops of water, Falling with a thud, Though they hadn't oughter, Manufacture mud.

A Gloomy Prospect.

Mr. Finemind—My dear, my scientific works are bringing me in a fortune, and we will soon be rich.

Mrs. Finemind—Too bad. Now we will have to associate with a lot of nobodies who inherited their wealth.

Ending a Discussion.

Mr. Grumpps (hotly)—You must be crazy.

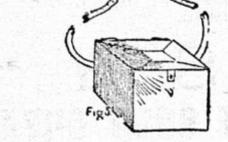
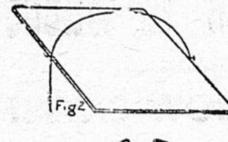
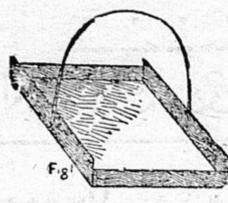
Mrs. Grumpps (icily)—Just what every body said when I married you.

During a great part of 1894, 14.4 per cent. of the laborers of France were without work.

AGRICULTURAL

Preparing Small Fruits for Shipment.

Observe strict cleanliness. Strawberries especially should be carefully attended to. Much with straw or any coarse litter. This keeps the berries from becoming dirty during a shower. When pickers are at work, watch them; allow no bad or dirty fruit to be placed in the boxes. All imperfect specimens must be thrown out. Fill boxes neither too full nor too scant. Leave calyx and stem on strawberries. This gives them a much nicer and cleaner appearance when placed on the market. They also stand a long shipment much better and keep longer. Do not allow them to be pulled off, as much fruit is then mashed. This applies to all small fruits. Never pick raspberries and blackberries with stems on. Instead of



PICKER'S STAND AND CASE.

pulling on the berry roll it off. Never expose small fruits to the sun or wind. If stands are used see that they have a cover for protection. The accompanying cuts represent a picker's stand and case, used on the Thayer fruit farms. Fig. 1 is a 6 quart case and Fig. 2 is cover attachment. Fig. 3 is a square tin box into which a quart box fits. It is fastened about the waist with a strap, and is used only for raspberries and blackberries. Be sure all boxes and cases into which fruit is placed are clean and well made. Covers must fit tightly, so no air or dust will strike the fruit.

In hauling to place of shipment always cover with canvas or some similar material. Direct all cases neatly and in one particular place. Place the consignee's name, as well as that of the consignee, upon every case. Ship only to reliable and trustworthy dealers and commission men. By neglecting proper preparation and careful shipment much small fruit goes on the market in bad condition, bringing low prices and also injury to the reputation of the grower.

Wheat Makes Better Pork.

It is generally admitted that wheat when fed to hogs improves the quality of pork. More lean is the usual result, or rather the lean is in layers in midst of the fat, when wheat and corn mixed form the diet of a fattening porker. The addition of oats, rye, barley, cottonseed meal, etc., gives still greater variety, and in equal parts mixture of four or five kinds of grain, it may be expected that the quality of the meat will maintain the highest standard.

Even when worth \$1 a bushel it usually pays to feed a fattening hog three bushels or more in producing the last 150 pounds of growth and fat. The framework of the animal is made stronger by the flint-like material of the wheat, particularly the muscles and sinews, than in the case of corn feeding exclusively. The composition of the meat is accordingly better adapted to the wants of man for nourishing and restoring decaying and broken muscles of the human frame.

Skeptical people are ready to object to feeding wheat worth \$1 per bushel to hogs worth four cents per pound gross; but if it is realized that people will use one-third more pork because of the improved quality obtained by mixing wheat in the food, we have practically the worth of the wheat in the increased price. The greater demand for any article of food, the greater the price, is the almost unexceptional rule. There is the advantage, too, of retaining on the farm the manure—gross products of the wheat, sending away not to exceed twenty-five per cent. of the bushel of wheat when converted into meat—the net selling product.

With a regular use of wheat for feeding, the farmer will plan his crop accordingly. It can always, with advantage, be mixed with oats in sowing and will usually be the "saving quality" in preventing the winds from leveling the grain in the field before it is harvested. The mixture is ready for feeding in a form that is to the desire of most practical stockmen.

It is unwise to plant all of one's acres in corn and oats for stock food when one-fifth the corn area devoted to wheat may furnish a good amount of wheat and straw for feeding purposes, whereas the corn and oat crops may be short by reason of unfavorable weather. Especially is it rash to limit the varieties of grain grown, when one has climate suitable for winter wheat and rye (valuable for winter pasture) and the failure of which can still be supplemented by spring crops. Wheat as a stock-food can truly be studied with interest.

Value of Bran in Feeding.

The feeding of coarsely ground wheat, bran and all, is in some measure an advance on the value of bran feeding, mixed with other foods. But there cannot be too much insistence on the value of bran mixed with other foods. Mr. W. C. Rockwood, in a

recent contribution refers to the subject:

Bran is one of the very best of the grain foods of all kinds of live stock. In fact, its value is not half realized. Too many farmers and stock breeders think of it only in connection with bran mash as a medicine than anything else. They consider it to be useful as a laxative, and cooling to the system; but there its value ends. In reality it is of more value to the stock raiser than any other single food for all classes and conditions of animals upon the farm. It holds no rank perhaps as fat producer; that is, not strictly speaking. In actual sound, healthy bone and muscle growing elements it is rich; and animals in thrifty, growing condition will always be fat to a certain extent, yet to an animal for the shambles something besides bran would be necessary without doubt.

After years of feeding all kinds of grain feeds, both home grown and purchased, to all kinds of stock which are usually kept on a farm, I have come to regard bran as a necessity, and consider it cheap at almost any figure.

Without doubt it commands a higher price in market than it should, in view of the present low price of wheat, but in my estimation it is still the cheapest feed a man can buy. I have made it one of the principal parts of the food for my pigs from weaning time until they are sold—with the exception of a few weeks finishing off on corn. I feed it to all breeding hogs, being especially good for sows suckling pigs. For young stock it is the standby, mixed partly with something else perhaps, such as ground barley or oats.

For the horses it is excellent as a part of their rations at any time, and while not sufficiently heavy of itself for hard work, is good when fed with other grain. It keeps the bowels in good condition and there will be no trouble with colic.

Some farmers feed straw to their horses in winter with corn meal as a grain food. Such horses get colic frequently, but if bran is given in connection with it there is no trouble, as the bran acts as a preventive of impaction in the stomach and bowels.

A STAR SHELL

Throws Into Consternation the Natives at Chitral.

A wounded Pathan, who was captured after the fight north of the Panjkora bridge, has given our political officers a most vivid account of the enemy's action on that occasion. Every movement of our men was watched by the enemy from the hill tops. They saw the efforts to construct the bridge, and reconnoitered as closely as they dared the entrenched camp of the Guides' Infantry. Then the brilliant idea struck their chiefs of launching the heavy logs upstream to wreck the bridge.

He says: "We saw the floating roadway break up, and its pieces swept away in the rapid waters. Our watchman signaled the news from hill to hill, and the clans gathered for the fray, for we believed that the soldiers separated from their fellows, were delivered into our hands. Then our mullahs came and preached to us the righteousness of our cause, and showed that Allah was mindful of his children by placing 1,000 rifles and much ammunition within their hands to grasp."

"Now, we sorely desired those guns, and the words of our mullahs excited us greatly. We saw the men from the river bank marching toward us, and we believed victory to be certain. But when they saw us they went back slowly, and we could never get close to them, for some of their guns always firing among us, and many were stricken and fell. When the men had reached their camp and the Sahibs across the river began firing upon us, too, we went back to the hills for shelter. Then our mullahs and chiefs talked together and decided that we should creep upon our enemies in the night and fall on them when the night was darkest. And every man went willingly for the guns we sorely needed."

"There were 2,000 hillmen who set forth that night to crawl up to the soldiers' camp. We lay for hours in the wet fields, with the rain falling steadily, waiting for our chief to give the signal for the great rush. Word came round from chief to chief to be ready, and every man crouched grasping his weapon to run forward. But at that very moment a devil's gun boomed forth, and lo! instead of bullets and balls coming out, there burst over us a mighty light, so great that we thought the night had suddenly become day. And we cried aloud to Allah to abate his wrath against us, and when the great light faded we all hurried away, and our mullahs had no word to say."

The explanation is that, in order to guard against any such nocturnal attempt to rush the position a star-shell had been fired from the British camp. When the shell burst it shows a brilliant magnesium light, vividly illuminating the surrounding country.

The Electric Age.

All railroads will be eventually operated electrically. The first changes from steam will probably be made, and have in fact already begun, on short suburban roads where the traffic is heavy and the trains are run at frequent intervals, and thus approximate more closely to the ideal conditions of the economical electric railway. These electric spurts will then be gradually extended until in the course of time the entire line will be adapted to the new order of affairs, and a new generation of railroad officers, less wedded to the older methods will have come into existence. So far a new, light railways are concerned, such a those contemplated in England at the present time, and which are rapidly increasing in the United States, electricity presents advantages which cannot be disputed. It has even been suggested that such agricultural roads might largely increase their income by supplying electric power for farming operations in the districts through which they pass. Some trolley roads do this now.

Absent-Minded.

Customer (with chapped hands)—Have you anything that will drive away chaps? Druggist (man of family)—Y-e-s, I keep a dog.