

OLIO OF EVENTS.

Last year 386 tons of imported cigarettes, valued at \$1,737,000, or fully five times as many as ten years ago were consumed in Germany.

A Rome dispatch announces that Mgr. Scalabrini, archbishop of Placenza, who recently returned from a visit to the United States, will be appointed apostolic delegate at Washington.

Mr. William F. Havemeyer has given to the New York University a special library of private or limited editions, consisting of about 300 volumes, 175 of which are rare works of American history.

Thomas W. Marchmont, who died recently in Philadelphia, bequeathed \$18,000 to the Humane society of that city, the proceeds to be used in giving prizes for exceptional bravery or life-saving at floods and fires.

A class of divinity students at the Chicago university is to journey to Palestine this winter to study the historical geography of the country on the spot. The party will be in charge of Prof. Sailer Mathews.

A Swedish officer named Elmelin has invented a dynamite gun which is said to be capable of piercing double the thickness of steel penetrable by any other known gun. The gun has been bought for the Swedish navy.

Dr. Joseph Zemp of Lucerne, Switzerland, vice president of the federal council, has been elected president of the Swiss Confederation for 1902. M. Dutcher has been elected vice president of the federal council to succeed him.

Pro. E. G. Harris who has for the past ten years held the chair of civil engineering in the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy, at Rolla, has resigned, to take the chair of civil engineering in the University of Pennsylvania.

An Irish-American of San Francisco has erected in the cemetery of Fontenoy a marble tablet commemorating the heroism of the Irish legion in the service of France who on that famous field settled a few ancient scores with Britain, May 11, 1745.

The Rev. Charles T. Wright, who is in charge of the Episcopal church work among the Indians at Leech lake, is a full-blooded Indian. He is the eldest son of the famous Indian chief, White Cloud, and as such is the direct head of the Ojibway tribe.

A line of "observation automobiles" is to be run in Washington, D. C., for the benefit of visitors. Each vehicle carries 23 passengers, and will be accompanied by a lecturer on points of interest at the capital. The fuel is kerosene, and the motive power steam.

Many of the most famous works of art by such Italian masters as Raphael, Titian, Corregio, Botticelli and Perugino will probably be kept in Italy, now that the Italian chamber of deputies has appropriated \$180,000 for the purchase by the state of the celebrated Borghese collection.

Albany has completed its filter plant and had it running for two years. The immediate result is that for 1900 the deaths from typhoid fever are one-third the average of the previous ten years, and deaths from diarrheal diseases 60 per cent less, while the general death rate has fallen one-fifth.

The German emperor has six sons, all of whom are to get their education in part at the military academy at Pion. Two of them are there now, and three have been there. The crown prince is at present at the University of Bonn, and Prince Adalbert is making a long trip on a military training ship.

There is another Emile Zola in France, an inventor, who does not lack ability in the art of advertising himself and his inventions. In a Paris newspaper this notice has appeared: "M. Emile Zola, of Plamboef, inventor of the spring nippers, notifies the public that he has nothing to do with his namesake, Emile Zola, the writer."

Superintendent of Schools Kendall, of Indianapolis, has rodered the use of President Roosevelt's late message as a reading exercise in the eighth grade classes, and as an exercise in civics and current history in the high school. He refers to the message as "an example by the president of the United States of the use of pure and forcible English."

The faculty of arts and sciences of Cornell university has decided that no student in the academic department shall be allowed to register in the Medical college until the beginning of the senior year, when he may then devote the whole of that year to studies in the Medical college. Thus the minimum time required to secure the A. B. and the M. D. degrees is made seven years.

Cleveland, O., is flooded with one-dollar bills raised to five. The raising has been done by cutting out "5's" from internal revenue stamps and pasting them over the "1's" on dollar bills. The work is a botch, and is readily detected by bank clerks and persons who handle a great deal of money, but many of the raised notes have been accepted by the innocent and the careless.

The Swiss military authorities have determined that next year the training of military balloonists shall be systematically taken in hand. The first balloon company to be formed is to consist of eight officers, 22 noncommissioned officers, 161 privates, with an establishment of nine riding and 99 draft horses, with 28 vehicles.

The tobacco business in France is a very important source of revenue to the government. The capital invested in the buildings, machinery, etc., is \$10,385,216, and the government generally realizes a profit of between \$60,000,000 and \$80,000,000. The state usually carries from \$15,000 to \$20,000 in stock, consisting of raw materials and cigars. In 1890 the net profits were \$67,276,243.53.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE

WHISPERING WATERS' DYING OF A VAGUE DISEASE.

Strange Mixup of Indian Superstitions and Modern Romance in Penobscot Tribal Affairs.

Eastport letter: The romantic days of the Indians' life in this country seem to have long since passed away. The peerless beauty of some of the Fenimore Cooper's dusky heroes lives rarely except in his historic pages.

There was a time, however, in the history of the land when stalwart young Englishmen and Frenchmen, severed by a then almost impassable barrier from their old homes and cut off as they expected from all chances of return to conventional life, found in the Minnehahas and other redskin beauties something to captivate them for the possibly disdainful coquettes who had sent them from home.

Probably there are no types of the Indian woman surviving in the United States today so dangerous as the Penobscot Indian belle.

This brings me to the romance of Mee Na Too or Whispering Waters, as they have it in the tradition.

A year ago a quartet of beautiful Indian women lived opposite the town of Eastport.

The quartet was noted for its beauty, accomplishments and everything that goes to make up attractive womanhood.

Last Christmas the quartet was broken up by the death of one of its members, known as Nee Bana, or Northern Light.

Behind her death was a romance, it was said, of a man not of her own tribe, but of a white man, and now it is a story that each of the quartet has a different version of.

So last Christmas died the three remaining members of the famous quartet, and the body of Nee Bana to its last resting place, their funeral ceremonies were weird solemnity and strange.

The three girls carried the coffin to the cemetery and at the funeral there was weeping and wailing for many days after on the little Indian island.

Not a great many white strangers have found their way to the Indian island, and the tribe views its beautiful daughters with a jealous spirit.

Four years ago, however, an Englishman, hunting in the woods by the water, came upon the spot. He was a young baronet and his romantic temper overcame his caste feeling enough to let him fall deeply in love with Whispering Waters.

He wanted to wed her, and he had then behind him, title, land and aristocratic friends. The baronet was handsome enough to have captured the heart of any white maiden, Indian like a shadow.

But to all his entreaties she turned a deaf ear, for the chief of the tribe said "nay," and his word was law. After a long and hopeless effort the young Englishman went away, and months afterwards he had neglected to take a guide book and had wandered in the woods, getting lost and starved to death.

They believe to win the Indian belle he had purposely wandered into the forest and lost his way so that he might perish in her presence.

But this is not the worst of the case. A year later Whispering Waters was married to one of the tribe, a handsome fellow, but by no means as good looking as the young Englishman. The wedding was highly accomplished.

The wedding was one of the swiftest affairs ever seen in the tribe. The bride was a white girl, and the groom was a young man of the tribe. The ceremony was performed by a Catholic priest, and the bride, in her white dress, was led to the altar.

Whispering Waters never bore her husband any children, and the first prophecy came true. Soon her husband was deserted in the house almost continuously. The physicians saw the germs of consumption in her and told her friends she had not long to live.

the falling of Whispering Waters was due to. She was dying of a broken heart, or longing to go to the happy hunting grounds to join her English lover.

So they say that her time is due to go. Whispering Waters is doomed to rejoin her lover this New Year. There is little doubt their words will come true for she has the death sickness according to the reports of her tribe.

This is not the first case of the kind, by scores, recorded in the annals of the tribe.

The early Penobscots had a black board oracle, which particular perpendicular flat cliff at the water's edge was always consulted before each big event. Over that cliff an old chief and his daughter once threw themselves to eternity because of the mutual love between her and a British officer. This was done rather than displease the tribe and the will of the oracle.

The tribe to which the quartet belongs is one of the Wapanaki or Abenaki groups, of which there are now remaining only small bands of the Penobscot, St. Croix, St. John and St. Francis.

FITZHUGH M'ADOO.

ITS ROYAL STOCKHOLDERS.

Great Northern Railway Has More Than Any American Road.

There is probably no American railroad which can boast of so many stockholders of royal blood as can the Great Northern railway. In the offices of this road are the signatures of the Duke of Connaught, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Fife, the Marquis of Lorne, and of most of the other dukes and duchesses, Princes and princesses, marquises, and marchionesses in whose veins run the traditional blue blood.

The only one who holds no stock in this road is the head of the family—King Edward VII. Another distinguished stockholder is "Bobs," Field Marshal Roberts. Most of these people were induced to invest in Great Northern stock through the efforts of Lord Stratheona and Mount Royal.—New York Times.

King Opposed to Divorce.

King Edward, it is credibly asserted, has expressed warm approval of Pope Leo's allocution against divorce. The king is wholly opposed to a resort to the courts as a solvent for matrimonial troubles. He is convinced that it is far better for public morality and society that such scandals should be carefully smothered; that if married couples cannot agree, they should privately agree to disagree, making allowance for each other's shortcomings.

He never loses an opportunity for putting this rule in practice. There are today in London's "smartest" society many who owe to his counsel—in some cases to his command—the fact that in the first flush of their disagreement they did not rush to the divorce court. Only last Sunday, at the church parade in Hyde Park, the fashionable set were becomingly edified, it is said, to see a certain cavalry colonel, who had hurried home from South Africa to make a young duke a co-respondent, walking on terms of apparently unaltered affection with the wife, to discard whom he had set all the engines of the law in motion. This salutary turning of the other cheek to the smiter was due to the king's direct personal intervention.

Sir Samuel Scott's decision refraining from taking advantage of a recent decision of the divorce making his wife a co-respondent in the Burnaby case is also an example of the king's handiwork.

Perhaps King Edward's moral view point differs from the Pope's, but they are allied in looking upon divorce as an unmitigated social evil.

Cornell students themselves now seem to be determined to root out the evil of "cribbing," which has grown up at Cornell university. Three weeks ago President Schurmann, in his annual report, called attention to this evil, and much discussion has followed. As a result of this the students met to the number of 1,500 and formally re-established their determination to re-establish on a firm base the honor system.

These figures have been gathered to show the expense of some large funerals of the past: Queen Victoria's, \$175,000; Lord Nelson's, \$200,000; Duke of Wellington's, \$350,000; Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, \$200,000; Emperor William's of Germany, \$125,000. Thirty thousand dollars were spent on flowers alone at the funeral of the murdered President Carnot.

King Edward's race horses will be ridden next season by an American jockey named "Danny" Maher. His fee from the king will be \$25,000, and it is estimated that he will receive at least \$30,000 from outside mounts. That will bring his year's income up to the combined salaries of the president of the United States and one senator.

The total catch of whales this year is stated to be only 28, and the industry seems to have almost reached the limit of nothingness. Half a century ago the American whaling fleet consisted of over 700 vessels. The catch of 1846 was valued at \$21,000,000.

Robinson Crusoe's island, as Juan Fernandez is generally known to American and English readers because of the identification of Alexander Selkirk with the hero of De Poe's tale, is now almost as devoid of inhabitants as at the time when the famous mariner was shipwrecked on its shores.

Germany proposes to respect the Monroe doctrine in the Venezuelan controversy. Germany is not looking for serious complications.



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WHEN the maid opened the door, a gust of December wind, carrying with it a few flakes of snow, followed the tall, stiff form of Crancer through the vestibule and into the hall. As the maid had spent years in the service of the Garrisons, she ventured a restrained "Good evening," but Crancer calmly stalked by her over to the hall tree. When he had put aside his things and turned to her again, she said:

"Mr. Robert is in his room, sir. Shall I tell him you are here, or will you?"

"I'll go up. He's expecting me."

At the head of the stairs he knocked at his friend's room and entered.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, old man; ready in a few minutes. Sit down and make yourself comfortable, won't you?"

Crancer took the proffered cigar and smoked in silence a few minutes while his friend worked at his cravat.

"I had a rather peculiar talk with Miles today," began Crancer in a tone that led Garrison to stop whistling and mumble an encouraging monosyllable; "happened to meet him on the street, you know, just as I was going into Hope's to look at a few Christmas things. He had such a long face as that I thought he needed jollying up a bit. Not like him to need cheering, is it?"

"Scarcely," assented Garrison, with an uneasy laugh. "But of course you know, that Charlie has had some occasion to look glum lately."

"Oh, yes; I've heard the family fortunes have been rather going to pot. Well, as I said, I started in to chaff him about Christmas gifts. I bought a few trifles, but most of the time I was showing Miles things that I said a man with a fiancée ought to be interested in, and he was. Several times I thought he was on the point of buying something worth giving, but he finally said he couldn't decide. We walked up the street together, and Miles fell to speculating in a general way as to what girls expected of their fiancés at Christmas time. He seemed to want my opinion. Queer of him to come to me with that sort of talk, wasn't it, Bob?"

"Yes, but I suppose he thought you didn't know enough about his affairs to suspect that he was talking of his own case. Men who are in love always talk glittering generalities, while they haven't a thing in mind but their own particular affair, supposing other people won't know it. What did you tell him?"

"Well, I said it depended largely upon what girls had been taught to expect. From that we drifted into a discussion as to what a man should do when his prospects changed during his engagement. Miles said that to the sort of a girl a man would really care for it would make no difference. Good Lord—the sort of a girl a man would really care for!"

"I told him a man never knows what kind of a girl he is likely to care for or what kind he is caring for, so far as that goes, and I said that if I were engaged to a girl I wouldn't take any chances at Christmas. He responded rather weakly that most girls of our acquaintance already had everything they wanted."

"Which is quite true," put in Garrison.

"Oh, yes, true as far as it goes, but you know very well that the average girl likes to think her lover has searched the town over for something out of the ordinary. Now, we men know that nothing remains to be bought as a Christmas gift that we wouldn't just as soon be without, but women don't know it and never will, and so they go on, expecting joyous astonishment every year."

"Still, I don't believe Martha's just like other girls in that respect."

"Oh, I don't mean that she cares particularly for what Miles may give her. If I may touch on such matters. But wouldn't any girl of the proper spirit expect—by the way," Crancer broke off, interrupting himself and glancing toward the half open door, "I saw a light across the hall when I came up. Is that?"

"Yes, that's Martha's room, but I think she's down stairs," Garrison went to the door and called his sister's name. Receiving no response, he returned.

"Her door was open, but she didn't answer, so she isn't up stairs. Shall we go now?"

At the foot of the stairs they encountered Miles, who had just come in. The three men chatted a moment. Then young Garrison and Crancer went out. Miles thought Martha looked at him more seriously than usual as she gave him her hand, but her eyes were bright, and when she spoke there was a touch of gaiety in her voice.

"Sit by the fire, won't you?" she urged. "You must be nearly frozen."

I like snow for Christmas, but without this freezing temperature." She pushed a chair nearer the fire and then crossed to a stand where huge roses were nodding over the edge of a cut glass jar and gathered them in her arms.

"How do you always chance to find the most perfect blossoms for me, Charles?" the girl asked indistinctly, her face hidden in the roses. She raised her head for an answer, but the man was looking into the fire. She moved the stand nearer him.

"I want these close to us this evening. Don't you think they should be? Why don't you reprove me for being sentimental, as you always do? Or are you already under the influence of tomorrow and kindly disposed toward every one, even me?"

"Even you, No. Martha!"

"Oh, well, I'll take it back if you don't like it," she hastened to say, laughing, then in a tone of almost bantering tenderness: "My dear, I wanted to tell you about some plans for tomorrow, but how can I talk Christmas when you are in such a solemn state? You'd dishearten Santa Claus himself."

"I've been thinking," answered Miles slowly, "that perhaps you may have thought the roses—may have taken them in a way—may perhaps have misunderstood them a little." He rose, took a few steps around the room and then began again with better courage. "It occurred to me after I had sent them that as they would arrive this evening you might not take them as—as my gift. I must tell you something that has been troubling me for a long time. Things are not quite the same with father and me as they were when I first met you. Perhaps you knew it."

There was questioning infection in his last words. The girl's face had paled a little, but just the faintest smile curved her lips. She was gazing steadfastly at the rose jar, on which her hand rested, and she made no answer.

"Until Christmas came I did not realize the change in our prospects," he went on steadily. "Perhaps I did not want to think that, but if it does make a difference, why, then?"

Martha was looking straight into his eyes, with an expression of infinite tenderness.

"It has made a difference. Charles, all the difference in the world. I have been wondering for weeks what you would like for a Christmas gift, and what you have said tonight solves the problem." There was a queer little catch in her voice, but she went on bravely. "And I've decided sweetheart, to give you that which I think you need most of all"—her hand crept tremulously into his—"myself."

Miles stared at her in a dazed fashion, and she smiled at him gently.

"I realize now, dear, how selfish I was to insist on being a June bride just because my mother and Nell had been married in June. The family will all be here tomorrow, even Aunt Helen from Toronto. Of course it would be such a quiet wedding, no finery, no gifts, but I thought that now, when you were in trouble, you might need me—and—"

The matter of fact Miles was alive to the whole glorious meaning of her words now, and, drawing her to him, he murmured brokenly:

"If I need you! Oh, you can't understand how much!"

The Christmas chimes were ringing as Miles left the house. A few moments later Martha stood before the gas log in her own room. A half rueful smile settled about her lips.

"And I haven't even a new white frock that will pass for a wedding dress!" she murmured.

Then she crossed to a quaint chest of drawers and drew forth a bulky package tied with blue ribbons. From a nest of tissue paper she unwrapped a man's traveling set in the richest silver. Piece by piece she laid it forth on her dressing table, breathing an occasional sigh.

"In the morning early I shall have Nell exchange it for two scarfpins, just alike, for Bob and Crancer. Really, Crancer ought to be best man, if there was such a personage, tomorrow."

THE CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

Old Legend as to How the Beautiful Ornament Originated.

Dr. Quinn, the antiquarian, tells in Harper's for November a legend of the origin of the design of the capital which characterizes the Corinthian pillar.

In the winter a young girl had died in Corinth, he says. Some time afterward her maid gathered together various trinkets and playthings which the girl had loved, and brought them to the girl's grave. There she placed them in a basket near the monument, and placed a large square tile upon the basket to prevent the wind from overturning it. It happened that under the basket was a root of an acanthus plant. When spring came the acanthus sprouted; but its shoots were not able to pierce the basket, and accordingly they grew around it, having the basket in their midst. Such of the long leaves as grew up against the four protruding corners of the tile on the top of the basket curled round under these corners and formed pretty volutes. Kallimachos, the sculptor, walking that way one day, saw this, and immediately conceived the notion that the form of the basket with the plaque on top of it, and surrounded by the leaves and stalks of acanthus, would be a comely heading for columns in architecture. He from this idea formed the beautiful Corinthian style of capital. Such, at least, is the story as the Architect Vitruvius told it 1,900 years ago.

Now the Hobson romance appears to be nipped in the bud. Nothing lasts with our naval heroes but trouble.