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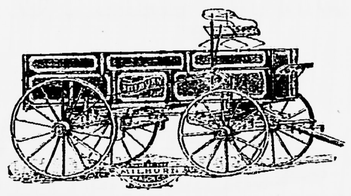

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THE TIMES and "Farm News" or "Womankind" one dollar one year.

Resignations From Presidents' Cabinets

From the beginning of the Government until 1876 there had been 207 cabinet officers appointed by the Presidents of the United States, and of these seventy-seven had resigned their offices. Eight of the twenty-seven Secretaries of State had retired from office prematurely, twelve of the thirty-one Secretaries of the Treasury, twelve of the forty Secretaries of War, thirteen of the thirty Secretaries of the Navy, eleven of the twenty-seven Postmasters-General, fifteen of the thirty-eight Attorneys-General, six of the fourteen Secretaries of the Interior. There was no Secretary of Agriculture before 1876, but that office would not enter into consideration anyway, for no one yet has resigned it.

Of the Postmasters-General, two resigned because of the death of a President. Whenever the Vice-President of the United States has succeeded to the Presidency by the President's death, the members of the cabinet have tendered their resignations to give him an opportunity to select his own advisers. In rare cases the new President has asked some of the old cabinet officers to remain. As a rule, he has chosen his heads of departments from his own political friends and advisers.

Montgomery Blair resigned the Postmaster-Generalship in Lincoln's cabinet because he was not entirely in accord with the President's policy. William Dennison, an appointee of Lincoln's, resigned because he did not get on with Lincoln's successor. Marshall Jewell went out with Secretary Bristow, whom he had supported vigorously in his attack on the Whisky Ring. R. J. Meige, Jr., resigned because of failing health after a service of nine years. Samuel Osgood gave up office because the seat of Federal Government was moved from New York City.

Men soon tire, as a rule, of the labor demanded by the Government, with its accompaniment of nervous anxiety over the distribution of offices and the question of party policy in little things and great. Dissatisfaction with the drudgery of the office and its meagre rewards has led many men to retire from cabinet positions. Mr. Cleveland has been singularly fortunate in holding his cabinet together for two years.—Harper's Weekly.

A Man Who Dives Sixty Feet Into Seven Feet of Water.

There is a pool of black water twenty-four feet in diameter and seven feet deep in the middle, tapering to two feet of depth at the edges. Before the diver appears a party of clowns play around the pool. A stream of water gushes up from a pipe standing in the middle, and the fountain is radiant in greens and reds and blues. The pipe falls over, and three men drag it away. Louis Golden marches confidently to the edge of the pool. He watches the men with a great deal of care as they take away the pipe. If they should forget to remove it the consequences might be serious. A boat lies at one side of the little lake and a canoe rocks at the other. There is a log floating near by. The diver thrusts one foot into a sling at the end of a long tackle, and a gang of men walk away with the rope. Up, up, up he goes, as if his journey would never end.

Now the diver stands upon a plank stretched between two of the iron trusses that support the roof of the building. He looks no bigger than a ten-year-old boy. One of the clowns looks up at him and yells through his curved hand, "All clear below!" His voice has the sound of a dirge.

The diver then poises himself on tiptoe. Twice he bends his knees swiftly, as if trying their suppleness. Then he stretches his arms horizontally and moves them with the movement of flying. He leans far forward—further—further—further—and then launches himself from his foothold. His body seems to lie flat upon the air. Swifter and swifter it flies. Within a few yards of the water the hands meet above the man's head. He bends forward a trifle. In this position he crashes into the pool, just at the middle of it, plunges to the bottom, and goes to the furthest wall. Suddenly doubling, he comes to the surface, swimming in the opposite direction, and the crowd makes up for its lost hearts by clapping hands furiously.—

Shattered Cups and Superstition.

A friend who often stayed with the Lesseps family says that the count never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast a beautiful Dresden teacup was broken. "Ah!" cried the countess, "a disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so."

"Are you so superstitious," asked the count, "as to really believe that two more will be broken?"

"I know it."

"Then let us get it off our minds." And, taking two of the cups by the handles, he dashed them together. The anger and dismay of the countess proved conclusively that she had not seriously held to her superstition. It also loosed any hold the absurd idea may have had on the minds of the children. —Kate Field's Washington.

An Asparagus Fortune.

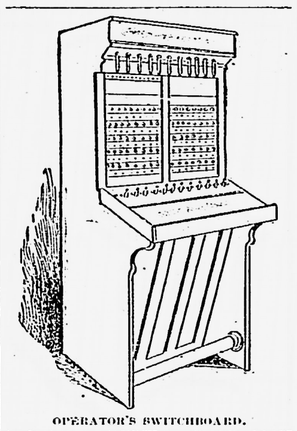
A Frenchman who settled in South Carolina a few years ago planted 150 acres of asparagus. At the end of six years he sold his farm and returned to his native country with a fortune of a quarter of a million dollars.—Richmond (Ky.) Times.

NO RING UP OR OFF.

Novel Switching Apparatus for Chicago Telephones.

The Chicago Telephone Company is now installing what is known as the "Express" system of switching apparatus in connection with all metallic circuit 'phones, according to the Chicago Post. The plan will work many improvements in the service and do away with some of the worst annoyances. It will save time and prevent many mistakes. Nearly 100 circuits are now furnished with the improvement, and within a few weeks 1,800 will be added. The new system cannot be applied to the old style or "grounded" lines, as a return wire is necessary.

Among the greatest improvements will be positive control of his line by the subscriber while his 'phone is in use. It will be impossible for the operator to "break in" by mistake while he is talking, or to interrupt before a conversation is finished. It will be unnecessary for the operator to ask the old familiar question, "Did your party answer?" The operator will know without asking. When a subscriber's 'phone is attached to the new system the little crank of the ringing



OPERATOR'S SWITCHBOARD.

apparatus will be removed; there will be no further need of it, as the act of lifting the receiver from the hook rings the bell at the exchange office, and the subscriber may be sure it will continue to ring until the operator answers him.

A little electric lamp of one-half candle power is placed in the switchboard over the switch "jacks" of each circuit. If the receiver of the 'phone on that circuit is lifted the lamp is lighted and remains so until the call is answered and the connection made. The operator answers the call, asks what number is wanted, and rings for it. This action lights another little lamp which shows until the call is answered. While the two subscribers are talking both lamps are dark again, but as soon as either finishes and hangs up his receiver his lamp lights again. If both lamps are lighted the operator knows the conversation is finished, and she pulls the plugs and breaks the circuit. As long as either of the lamps burn she knows the wire is "busy," and will not "break in" or allow anyone else to make the connection on that circuit. She does not need to listen or to ask questions. The service signals are "visible" instead of "oral." The signal lamps are in absolute control of the subscriber alone. He can light it or put it out by simply lifting the receiver or replacing it on the hook. There will be no "ringing up" or "ringing off." The lifting or replacing of the receiver does it all.

How They Get Oil of Lemon.

Although the lemon industry in the United States has not reached any very large proportions, yet Florida lemons are occasionally to be found in the market, and Southern California will no doubt soon contribute.

The oil is contained in the tiny cells in the yellow rind of the fruit, and is removed by hand pressure, hence the term, "hand-pressed oil of lemon."

The operator holds in the left hand a sponge and in the right a piece of the lemon peel, and by pressure against the sponge breaks the oil cells; the sponge soaks up the oil, and a dish held in the lap prevents any being lost. When the sponge has taken up enough of the oil to be squeezed out, this is done, and the process repeated over and over again.

The tediousness of the method will be apparent, says the International Confectioner, when it is estimated that about 1000 lemons are required for the production of a single pound of oil.

The Good That Onions Do.

One of the healthiest vegetables, if not the healthiest grown, is the onion; yet, strange to say, but few people use it as liberally as they should. Boiled onions used frequently in a family of children will ward off many of the diseases to which the little ones are subject. The principal objection to the promiscuous use of this vegetable is that the odor exhaled after eating is so offensive. A cup of strong coffee taken immediately after eating is claimed to be excellent in counteracting the odor.

Banks—"The Chinese should engage some New York boarding-house keepers to sail their men-of-war." Tanks—"Not to serve meals for them, I hope?" Banks—"No; to repel boarders."—Judge.

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EARTH'S JOY.

Over the hills she came,
Followed by singing birds
Filling the air with flame
And melodious words.

Sudden the valleys grew
Golden, and all the streams,
Waking to music, knew
Joy at the end of dreams.

Whither she took her way,
Blossom and bud and leaf
Gladdened again the day,
Hushing its voice of grief.

Stars in the sky above
Sang, and the quickening sod
Felt in its heart the love—
Spring—and the touch of God!

—Frank D. Sherman, in Harper's Bazar.

MARGARET'S LOVE.

LIGHT by the old sun dial I saw her first; about her was a blaze of sunshine; blood-red and virgin-white roses bent their beauteous heads beside her. A hundred sweet scents mingled with the warm odor of ripening fruit, and the drowsy hum of a solitary bee was the only sound that disturbed the summer stillness.

I had met her brother a month before in London. We had been school fellows once upon a time, and when, after years of separation, we encountered and recognized each other, he gave me an invitation to come and see him.

Having accepted his invitation and apprised him of the day and hour of my arrival, I certainly expected to find some sort of a conveyance awaiting me at the small rustic station.

Such was not the case, so, with the solitary porter's assistance, I engaged a fly to convey me to my destination.

When we stopped before a pretty, low-storied house, whose white walls were nearly covered with ivy and other creeping plants, a neat maid servant opened the door. The expression of astonishment which the sight of my luggage for a brief instant called forth was quickly suppressed as she bade the driver deposit it in the hall and ushered me into the dining-room.

I had not been there many minutes when the master of the house entered.

"My dear fellow," he began almost before he had opened the door, "I don't know how to express my regret. I have been so busy lately—I am writing a series of articles for the Weekly Gazette—that I put your letter aside and forgot to tell my people you were coming."

"Pray, don't apologize, if I am in the way," I began.

"No, no; not at all," he hastily interrupted; "only I am sorry you had to come from the station by yourself. Would you like a little refreshment now, or will you wait till dinner time? We dine in half an hour."

"I should prefer waiting," I replied.

"Then come up to my room at once. Your own shall be got ready while you are at dinner."

Thus speaking, my host led me to his chamber, an apartment of ample dimensions, but crammed with books, pamphlets and periodicals.

Telling me to make use of whatever I might require, he begged me to excuse him, as he had still a few paragraphs to add to an article he wished despatched by that night's post.

"If I am not back by the time you have finished your toilet you are pretty certain to find my sister in the drawing room," he added as he left me.

I made the best of myself that was possible under the circumstances, and as I brushed my hair was even able to smile at Robert Elliot's short memory and the surprise which my coming must have been to his sister.

He did not return, so I ventured downstairs unaccompanied. An open door showing an interior of softly-tinted harmony of books and pictures and flowers, with lace drapery fluttering in the gentle breeze, and a delicate tone of blue pervading the furniture, guided me to the drawing-room.

It was empty, however, but as I gazed around at the many signs of taste and refinement scattered about, my preconceived notion of Miss Elliot, as a middle-aged spinster in spectacles and wiry ringlets, who ruled her brother and his household with impartial severity, and who attired herself in sad-colored garments, began to waver and grow dim.

There was a youthful appearance about this room somehow, a homelike carelessness of arrangement, which together with the open workease, fitted up with very fragile-looking tokens of industry, a gold thimble set in a rim of precious stones, gilded scissors, and a very fairy's web of dainty embroidery, relieved my mind of the fear lest I might be domiciled with one of my special horrors— a strong-minded, straight-backed female, delighting in Dorcas meetings, coarse calico and flannel petticoats.

The smooth, green lawns, the surrounding beds dazzling in pomp of purple and gold, scarlet and blue, tempted me through the open window, and the quaintness of the floral arrangements lured me onward from path to path.

And so, walking slowly along, I turned a corner and came face to face with my "Queen of Beauty," my "Star of Light." Her clasped hands resting on the moss-grown stone, her eyes dreamy and downcast, the rich blood mantling in her cheeks, and the pale cream hue of her dress suiting admirably the magnificent brunette coloring of skin and hair.

Screened from view by a clump of evergreens, I stared on spellbound. I had seen many handsome women. Being an artist, I was acquainted with every style of beauty, the classical, the piquant, the stately and the placid, but never before had I beheld so perfect a face, so perfect a figure.

Of what was she thinking? Of whom was she dreaming? Was she wrapt "in maiden meditation fancy free?" As I watched her I almost prayed that the passionate nature, which must of a surety be combined with such tropical southern type of beauty, might still be slumbering unawakened, and that I might be the happy prince who should summon it to life; that mine might be the kiss that should call it forth; that—

There was a noise of swift footsteps crushing the gravel of a neighboring path, and ere I had time to move from my place of espial a gentleman came hurrying forward, a glad, joyous expression on his face.

At the sound of his hasty approach the white jeweled fingers were unclasped, the fair face aroused from its abstraction, the dusky, luminous eyes were lifted, and with a calm smile Margaret Elliot returned the newcomer's greeting.

"Elliot, is Mr. Vernon a relative of yours?" I abruptly asked, as we smoked an ante-nocturnal cigar and chatted over old school days on the lawn before retiring to rest.

"Well, not at present, but he soon will be, I suppose."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Why, Margaret and he are to be married next month."

"The deuce! I beg pardon, but I gave my pet corn a most unkind knock against a stone. How dark it is to-night."

"Do you think so? I had just been remarking how brightly the stars were shining."

"Had you? But surely Mr. Vernon is a great deal older than your sister."

"Yes, certainly. He is nearly sixty and she is twenty."

"What an awful difference. I consider such unequal marriages ought to be forbidden. They are horribly wicked and wrong. How can you allow it, Robert?"

"Well, you see, the circumstances are rather peculiar. Vernon has been fond of her from a child. Many years back he did my father great service, so when he died, eighteen months ago, he made Margaret promise to marry him."

"And what are her feelings? Does she like him?"

"I think so. She seems quite reconciled and happy. For my part I think her a very lucky girl. Vernon is immensely rich. Besides his estates here he has a house in town and a shooting box in Scotland. Then he comes of a good old family, and will spoil and indulge her to her heart's content."

"Oh! well, I shall turn in now. Good night."

Six weeks later in my studio, at Kensington, I read the announcement of the marriage of "William Gale Vernon and Margaret Alice Elliot."

The sun was sinking down from the blue vault of a cloudless sky. The sea lay rippling and glistening, each little wavelet reflecting a separate sparkle. I had been on the beach all morning sketching in a desultory sort of way, and was now returning to the hotel in search of some solid refreshment. Brighton was unusually full—that is to say, if Brighton can ever be unusually full—and the King's road was thronged with a fashionable crowd.

I was in an extremely lazy mood and even with the hotel in sight sat myself down on a seat facing the road, and fell to idle scrutinizing the folks as they went by. All at once my attention was engaged by a group of three. They had passed beyond me before I had observed them; but I could perceive that the occupant of the bath chair, drawn by a man in livery, was a gentleman, and that the lady who walked by his side was young was evident by the carriage of her shoulders and the contour of her form, while from the poise of her head I further concluded that she was good-looking.

Some subtle attraction impelled me to rise and follow them; with langour and fatigue forgotten, I set out in pursuit.

I slackened my speed as I came up to them, and turned slightly so as to catch a view of the lady's face.

"Mrs. Vernon!"

The color in her cheeks deepened by ever so faint a tinge, and for one brief second there was a flicker of something in her eyes that sent an odd tremor through me. But the next moment she was the well-bred woman of the world again, as she smiled and extended her hand.

From her I turned to the occupant of the bath chair, and my emotion was simply one of shocked surprise as I recognized her husband in the frail, emaciated frame before me.

When I saw him two years before he was hale and hearty, with hair scarcely touched by the frost of time; but now his limbs were feeble and shaking, and his scanty locks white as driven snow.

"My husband is a great invalid," came the quiet remark, as though in answer to my pitying astonishment.

Mr. Vernon looked up quickly.

"Yes, but I have no cause to complain, for my dear wife makes my hours of pain and sickness so bright with her care and attention that I found more happiness in ill-health than during my long life of health and vigor.

That chance meeting led to many others, and I was speedily on terms of friendly intimacy with them. They were living very unobtrusively, the doctor having enjoined strict seclusion and quietude as necessary to the recovery of his patient, who but a short time previously had been smitten by a stroke of paralysis.

Mr. Vernon always accorded me a cordial welcome, and it soon became customary for me to spend a couple of hours every evening in their apartments.

When we were alone together his conversation had but one subject. Margaret's goodness and accomplishments, and on this theme I was ever an attentive listener.

One evening our discourse had taken the usual direction. There had been silence between us for a while, when my companion broke it suddenly:

"It has frequently occurred to me, and more persistently during my illness, that I ought never to have allowed Margaret to consider herself bound by her promise to her dying father. I ought to have known that such discrepancy in age was too great and unnatural ever to be productive of happiness."

"But," I remonstrated, "Mrs. Vernon appears to be happy."

"Yes," he said, sadly, his face reflecting the glow of the sunset sky, "she appears to be happy, but she cannot be so in reality. See what I am; what a shattered remnant of humanity, what a crippled wreck of a man, and think of her, with her youth, her beauty and her perfect health, and even when I was well and strong there was too much of May and December about the union for it ever to be a well-assorted one. My only excuse is that—that I loved her dearly."

I attempted neither response nor consolation, for words fitting to the occasion would not come.

After a short pause he spoke again: "Lying awake, as I often do, I please myself by thinking what would be best for my darling's happiness. I know I cannot live long. Nay, nay," (for I was about to utter an impetuous objection), "the doctors have spoken plainly to me, and have told me that my span of earthly days is nearly over; and so," he went on bravely, "I plan out the by-and-by, when—when she shall have mourned for me a little—she will meet some one who will be to her more than I ever have been or could be. I—"

There was a tap at the door, and Bennet, Mr. Vernon's personal attendant, appeared.

"If you please, sir, you are wanted immediately," he said, addressing me.

I left the room to find awaiting me a messenger, bearing the tidings of my mother's dangerous illness.

I made a hasty adieu and started for London at once.

For days and weeks I watched by her bedside, and when at length the crisis was favorably passed, a winter residence in the south of France was ordered.

I was making the necessary arrangements for our sojourn abroad, when the news came to me that Margaret Vernon was a widow.

Dear Jack; The wee wife lays upon you imperative commands to put in an appearance to-morrow evening. Dinner at 7 sharp. Thine, TED FORMAN.

Furthermore, she bids me say that a bed shall be at your disposal.

Ted Forman was one of the best fellows that ever stepped, and his wife the dearest little woman that ever spoilt her babies. So the following day, at precisely 10 minutes past 7 p. m., my rattat sounded through No. 19 Pembroke Gardens, W.

"That's right," old fellow!" called out Ted's hearty voice, and Ted himself emerged from the dining-room. "Come and meet your doom like a man and a Briton."

"What's up now?" I inquired, unbuttoning my overcoat.

"What's up? Why, your fate awaits you in the drawing-room. My little woman has settled it all completely to her satisfaction; and I'll tell you what, my boy, if I hadn't been tied up pretty tight in my matrimonial noose I'd have gone in for myself—aye, and cut you out, too. She's no end of a fine girl; but, come along, and judge for yourself."

Ted threw open the drawing-room door, and Mrs. Forman rose to welcome me.

"Mr. Frazer, permit me. Mr. Frazer—Mrs. Vernon."

A white, ringless hand was extended, and a musical voice said:

"I have the pleasure of a previous acquaintance with Mr. Frazer."

I had been commissioned by Mrs. Forman to choose some music for her, and with her roll of pieces under my arm was hastening to lay before her the fruits of my selection.

"Are the ladies in?" I inquired of the servant who answered my knock.

"Yes, sir. They are in the drawing-room, I believe."

"Thank you—you need not announce me."

The warm perfumed air of the cosy apartment struck pleasantly comfortable after the chill blast outside. As I closed the door a slender figure moved from behind a curtain, and for the first time since her husband's death Margaret and I were alone.

I had taken her by surprise, and she flushed and trembled strangely, and her voice faltered as she essayed some commonplace remark.

A quick, sudden hope sprang up within me; my whole soul was filled with irrepressible longing, and like a torrent that could not be stayed my tongue was loosened in passionate, vehement pleading. I do not remember what I said, only that in burning words of eager entreaty my story was told. When at last I ceased, she stood motionless, with drooping head and fingers closely entwined.

"Give me one word of encouragement," I urged; "only one little word, my love, my queen."

"What would you have me say?" she murmured.

"That you like me a little; that—that you will try to like me more."

With a sobbing catch in her breath she stretched out her hands:

"Like you a little! Oh, Jack, I love you with all my heart."—San Francisco Bulletin.

When Mr. Vaux Danced With the Queen.

The story often told, that the late Hon. Richard Vaux had danced with Queen Victoria, has been denied quite frequently since his death, but, as a matter of fact, he did dance with the Queen. He was not her partner, it is true, but danced in what was known as the Queen's cotillion, at the ball given in her honor in 1837, when he was Secretary of the United States Legation. Mr. Vaux was selected by the Queen herself as one of seven persons to join with her in the dance. In the course of the evolutions in the cotillion, he danced with the Queen. This statement was made by Mr. Vaux to a well-known Pennsylvanian who served with him in the Fifty-first Congress, while he was filling out the unexpired term of the late Hon. Samuel J. Randall.—Philadelphia Record.

The Hindoo Plant Trick Revealed.

A French scientist, M. Ragonneau, has discovered that the formid acid with which ant hills is impregnated, greatly stimulates the growth of seeds. After a little experimenting with this acid the learned Frenchman was able to duplicate perfectly the Hindoo trick of making a plant grow with great rapidity. His further researches have led him to believe that this discovery may be profitably applied to agriculture. By infusing ants in boiling water acid as strong as vinegar can be obtained. M. Ragonneau has achieved the best results and most perfect growth by using earth moistened with a solution of 5000 parts of water to one of acid.—Atlanta Constitution.

A SILVER FLEET.

A DUKE'S UNIQUE NAUTICAL COLLECTION.

Models of Famous Men-of-War—A Novel and Instructive Exhibit Which is Highly Prized by the Royal Sailor.

INTERESTING and novel in the way of curio collections is the silver fleet of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg, which occupies the long gallery in the ducal palace at Coburg. The Duke was formerly Duke of Edinburgh, and is the second son of Queen Victoria.

The Duke's reigning passion is warships. He has models, in silver, of seventy-four-gun line-of-battle ships, fifty-gun frigates, twenty-gun sloops of war, ten-gun brigs and models of similar vessels of the old navy that made Great Britain for so many years the "Queen of the Seas," and models also of the armored battleships and swift cruisers of the present day.

The largest model is that of the ill-fated Victoria that was sunk, with nearly five hundred souls, off Tripoli eighteen months ago by an unlucky blow from the ram of the Camperdown. This little silver and gold model is six feet in length, and is complete in every detail of the original.

Another interesting model is that of the old line British ship of war Magnificent. She was an ordinary wooden vessel, and on the night of December 16, 1812, she was anchored between the reef of Chasseron and the reef of Isle de Rhe, in sixteen fathoms of water. A hurricane drove her close to the reef, and she would have been wrecked had not Captain Hayes, by a daring manoeuvre, spread all sail, cut the cables, and, when the ship swung around, stood out to sea directly between the dangerous reefs, and thus saved his ship and 590 men. Her commander thenceforward was known as "Magnificent" Hayes. The Duke has this story of the Magnificent, in all its details, engrossed and hung in a frame above the model.

Another model is that of the Japanese ironclad Matsusima, Admiral Ito's flagship and the vessel that has given such distinguished service in the China-Japan War. Like the new American Navy, the Matsusima is painted white.

A remarkable curiosity is a paraffine wax trial model of the Royal Sovereign. These wax models represent merely the hull of the vessel, and they are made in England after the plans of a ship are accepted and before the building is begun. The wax model is always made to a scale, and then floated in a large tank 400 feet long and ten deep, and by it the draught, resistance, speed and horse-power necessary are determined.

The queer-looking craft Twelve Apostles, belonging to the Russian Navy, is also reproduced. The ship is an old one, noticeable principally for the peculiar arrangement of its armor, the great sheets of metal rising above the upper deck and curved inward at the top, forming thus a sort of covered and shielded promenade, the guns protruding through this screen at irregular intervals. A more remarkable model is that of the new yacht of the Czar Nicholas II., now building at Copanhagen. She will be christened The Standard. The yacht has two funnels and a double screw. The interior decoration is in the Louis XV. style, but made rather more ornate than in the original. The sides and ceilings of the saloon, dining-room, music-room, smoking-room and other apartments are covered with Watteau panels, painted by the most proficient Parisian artists. All the adornments and furnishings are in the highest Parisian style, and the colors are half-tones throughout. But the Russian weakness for gold and silver has been lavishly indulged, and the columns that support the deck are covered with sheets of the pure metal. The stairway leading from the social hall down into the Czar's apartments has porcelain steps and heavy silver balustrades, the latter being covered profusively with the finest chasing.

The private rooms of the Czar are almost amidships, and consist of a dining-hall, smoking room and boudoir. The dining-hall is capable of seating forty guests, and is lighted by concealed electroliers that illuminate the room without being apparent themselves. This room is hung in white silk painted with Watteau panels. The carpets are so heavy that the foot sinks into them as into a bed of moss; they are a delicate shade of blue, with a fine scroll running over it. The furniture is silver and gilt, each chair bearing upon its back the royal crown.

But the gem of the silver fleet is the Duke's old ship, the Galatea, in which he sailed around the world and made such a lively sensation in Australia. The model of the Galatea is of pure silver throughout, wrought in the highest style of the silversmith's art. She is four feet in length from outwater to the stern post, and all the fittings, rigging, battery, boats and cabin furniture are exact representations of the originals. She is shown under full sail, courses, topsails, topgallant sails, royals, skysecrapers and moon rakers, staysails, studding sails, jibs and flying jibs, just as she took the trade winds on her voyageout.

The Duke's love of ships comes to him naturally. According to British custom he was brought up and trained as cadet, midshipman, lieutenant and captain in the Royal Navy, a service to which the junior branches of the royal family are mostly devoted. He was a good seaman and was never above his business. As Captain of the Galatea he doffed his title and was known on board as Captain only, being addressed, even by the foremast hands, merely by the modest epithet, "Sir," on duty, and in the privacy and freedom of the berth deck as "Our Little Man."

He frequently unbent from his dignity as commander and Prince so far as to bring out his fiddle in the dog-watch and play tunes, especially jigs and reels, to which the men would dance of a calm evening with true sailor's zest. His crew loved him one and all, and even with his officers he was a favorite.

The Czar lately ordered the distribution of $25,000 among Russian soldiers employed as journalists.