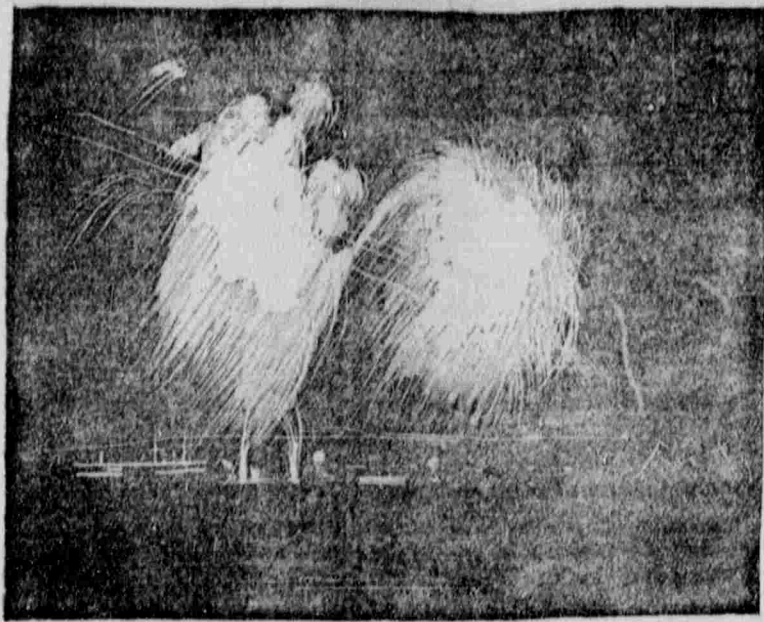


A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH.



One of the most wonderful photographs ever taken, so both professionals and amateurs say, is that depicted in the accompanying illustration. It comes from far distant Australia and is a memento of the inauguration of the Australian commonwealth.

This particular photograph was taken about 9 o'clock at night and depicts some of the beautiful fireworks in Sydney harbor.

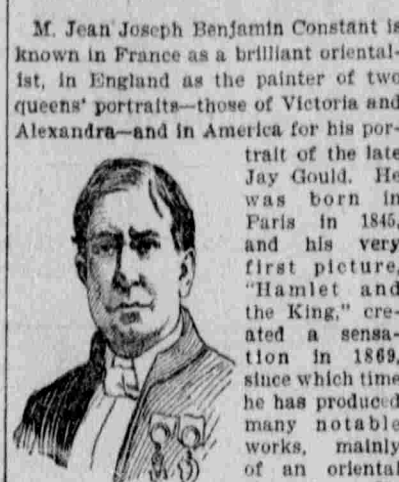
THE HIGHEST PRICED HORSE IN THE WORLD.



The honor of being the highest priced horse in the world is claimed for Flying Fox, whose portrait appears in this illustration. He is also known as the greatest horse of the century, having won many great events and the proud reputation of having brought \$41,000 more than his grand sire, Ormonde, who was sold to W. O. B. McDonough of San Francisco for \$150,000.

When it was announced that the Duke of Westminster was going to dispose of his famous string of race horses, purchasers attended the sale from all over the country, such was their fame, and the fame of Flying Fox in particular. When the famous horse was led out and unblanketed, the air was rent with cheers, but when it was found that he was finally knocked down to a Frenchman—M. Edmond Blanc—even at the great price of \$7,500 guineas, a gloom settled over the spirits of the British horsemen, for they could no longer boast of possessing the "greatest horse in the world."

FRANCE'S FOREMOST PORTRAIT PAINTER.



M. Jean Joseph Benjamin Constant is known in France as a brilliant portrait painter, in England as the painter of two queens' portraits—those of Victoria and Alexandra—and in America for his portrait of the late Jay Gould. He was born in Paris in 1846, and his very first picture, "Hamlet and the King," created a sensation in 1869, since which time he has produced many notable works, mainly of an oriental character. He has also painted the portraits of many famous personages. Constant has been an extensive traveler and has visited this country on professional trips. He has found time to produce paintings that have bestowed a lasting reputation and brought him the highest honors. But, notwithstanding his fame, he is frequently confounded with the French diplomat, M. Constant, as was shown when the latter was appointed minister to Turkey.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE MOST LONELY LIGHTHOUSE.



The most lonely lighthouse in the world is that which was completed in December, 1899, on the summit of a vast rock known as the Eilean Mòr, the easternmost of the Flannan islands, off the outer Hebrides. The nearest inhabited point is 17 miles distant, and when the lighthouse was contracted for it took four years to erect it. The situation is so exposed that all the material employed and even the horses had to be raised by crane from the boats at the landing place and swung to the summit of the rock.

It was here recently that a terrible tragedy occurred. The light having been extinguished for two nights, an investigation was ordered, when it was found that all three of the keepers had been swept away by the sea, probably while repairing an accident to the crane. The lighthouse stood intact, but tenantless, and the places of the unfortunate men had to be filled by volunteers. The light, which is of 140,000 candle power, can be seen in clear weather 24 miles.

THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AS A HIGHLANDER.

Among the most fatiguing duties of a scion of royalty are those which pertain to what might be called his masquerading, first in one costume, then in another, for the edification of his future subjects.

Now that Albert Edward has been transformed into King Edward VII and his eldest son has been created Duke of Cornwall and Prince of Wales in prospective, these duties will devolve upon him. He has already begun the "grand tour," and the accompanying illustration shows him in the costume of a doughty highlander. The next "turn" will probably be as a true son of Erin, with a duden and shillalah. Then he will doubtless pose as a genuine Canadian, and next as an Australian, provided he can find a distinctive costume. He has already worn all the naval uniforms up to and including that of a rear admiral of the royal navy.



upon him. He has already begun the "grand tour," and the accompanying illustration shows him in the costume of a doughty highlander. The next "turn" will probably be as a true son of Erin, with a duden and shillalah. Then he will doubtless pose as a genuine Canadian, and next as an Australian, provided he can find a distinctive costume. He has already worn all the naval uniforms up to and including that of a rear admiral of the royal navy.

THE CELTIC AWAKENING

A Poem For St. Patrick's Day

I.

The Celtic race is waking from the sleep of ages past,
The Celtic fire long smoldering is burning bright at last,
The beauties of our ancient speech, our bards', our heroes' fame,
Are dear as ne'er before to those that boast of Gaelic name.
They say 'tis disappearing, this language of our sires,
Which sounding once through Selma's hall awoke pure hero-fires,
That tongue which speaks of ages dim, as shell of sounding sea,
Must soon be but a memory of what has ceased to be;
They say 'tis fading, dying, that its end is nearing fast,
And now is but an echo save to those who love the past.

II.

From where the dear old Isle of Saints uprears a frowning crest,
Like emerald gems against the swell of broad Atlantic's breast,
To where the placid Liffey gives its waters to the sea,
From Antrim to the cove of Cork they say it shall not be.
From far Australia's southern clime and India's torrid plain,
From Scottish hills and loyal Wales and fields of fair Bretagne,
From east to west of our new world, from lakes to Mexico sea,
Where'er true Celtic hearts abide, they say it shall not be.
Each wind that sweeps the ocean carries that loud voice along,
They knew not how we loved it, they shall know our love is strong.

III.

Can we forget those saintly men who from the Emerald Isle
Diffused the light of purer faith among the heathen vile,
Who to the Scandinavian fierce and pagan Teuton gave
The ideal of a purer life—the Christ that came to save?
And down the ages as we come, however dark the page,
We find it brightened by the light of Celtic saint or sage,
And never in the bygone years, as many cycles ran,
Have there been wanting to our race the pride and worth of man.
Today takes up the story of that grand, effulgent past;
We were not dead, but sleeping; we are rousing now at last.

IV.

In science and in literature, in eloquence and art,
In halls of state and marts the Celts have played no minor part,
And on the field of battle, 'mong the bravest in the van,
You would ever find them foremost, these men of Celtic clan.
Then let detractors of our race the Gaelic name assail,
Their prejudice and foolish rage can nothing much avail.
If we are true unto our past, think of the deeds we've done,
We need not fear the present nor all the time to run.
Then reverence and cherish aye the Celtic tongue and fame;
If this grand old language perish, 'tis we must bear the blame.

NEIL MACDONALD.

STATUE OF VICTORY AT OSBORNE HOUSE.

One of the most beautiful ornaments of Osborne House, in the Isle of Wight, where the late Queen Victoria died, is the statue of Victory which appears in the accompanying illustration. As is well known, Osborne House is situated in the prettiest part of the lovely Isle



of Wight, which, with its soft airs, beautiful marine and inland views and many natural attractions, was the favorite winter residence of the queen, her daughter, the Princess Beatrice, being governor of the island, to which she is peculiarly attached. Here she was married to Prince Henry of Battenberg, and in the little church where the ceremony was performed lie his remains. And now another sad incident, the death of her mother at Osborne, links the present with the past.

PROFESSOR MASSON, THE SECOND THOMAS CARLYLE.



The gentleman whose portrait is given here was called by Lord Rosebery the other day the "Grand Old Man of Edinburgh." He is Professor David Masson, who is now known as the foremost literary Scotsman since the time of Thomas Carlyle. In many respects he is said to resemble the great Carlyle, though not in his gruffness, and he has not done so much strictly original work. His six volumes on the life of Milton, however, constitute a literary monument, while he has contributed to the general magazines for many years.

Professor Masson was born in Aberdeen, Dec. 2, 1822, was educated at Edinburgh university and began his career quite young in the office of a local newspaper.

A DEAF, BLIND AND DUMB GENIUS.

What patient, persistent application can do is illustrated in the case of young Orris Benson, whose portrait is given herewith. His wonderful acquirements have attracted attention several years. When he was only 3 years old, he suffered from a sickness that left him deaf, blind and dumb. At 8 years of age he was taken into the State Institution For Deaf Mutes in New York city, and for the past ten years has made most wonderful progress.



ress. He has learned to speak, though not to modulate his voice; has acquired full command of a large vocabulary, can understand all that is said to him in the sign language, can carve wonderfully well imitations of things he never saw, make mechanical toys with perfect adjustment and can work the typewriter with speed and accuracy. In fact, though not quite so proficient as marvelous Helen Keller, he bids fair to become a successful rival in history, arithmetic, geography, language, etc. But a comparison of either with the other would be invidious, as both are possessed of what is so rarely met with—that is, genius which can be judged by no ordinary standards. Their brief careers are unique, and the world is indebted to the noble men and women who have been their patient teachers for the revelation of their accomplishments.

AN ANCIENT INFERNAL MACHINE.

Here is an illustration of the infernal machine with which the assassin Freschi attempted the life of Louis Philippe some 60 years ago. It is now on exhibition in a museum of interesting historical objects and brings back the



troubled times of Louis Philippe, when the citizen king had all he could do to keep his throne, owing to the numerous riots and disturbances.

The French king was driving along the lines of the national guard on the Boulevard du Temple when the attempt at assassination was made and had a narrow escape. As it was, many of his officers were killed and wounded, but Freschi was captured and died by the guillotine. This arrangement of gun barrels on a horizontal frame was considered novel at the time and may have held a suggestion in its arrangement of the mitrailleuse, or machine gun.

A BUNCH OF HISTORIC KEYS.

These are the keys of Metz, which were given up by Marshal Bazaine on Oct. 27, 1870, to the German Prince Frederick Charles. They recall a most critical moment of French history shameful to contemplate and not easy to forget, for they bring back to memory that surrender as prisoners of war of 173,000 men, including 3 marshals, 40 generals of division, 109 brigadier generals and 6,000 other officers, for which act Bazaine was court martialled and narrowly escaped with his life.

The United Kingdom's greatest granite producing county is Leicestershire.

FOUR ARTISTS PAINTED THIS WONDERFUL PORTRAIT.



The portrait shown in the accompanying illustration is considered remarkable as being the work of four different artists, who painted it in a single night. It represents the famous Dutch painter, Josef Israels, whose residence is at The Hague, but who last year visited some friends at Aberdeen, Scotland, where several brother artists requested a sitting. Those artists were Sir George Reid, Hugh Cameron, Paul Chalmers and Israel's brother-in-law, and though they had a merry time of it and dashed off their work in a hurry, the painting has been pronounced one of the notable works of the year and is to be hung at the forthcoming Glasgow International exhibition.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Senator Teller always pronounces "Cuba" as if it were spelled "C-u-b-y." This, he explains, is due to the fact that the chief town of Allegany county, N. Y., where he was born, is named Cuba, but has always been called "Cuby" by the inhabitants.

Dr. Boyd Carpenter, the bishop of Ripon, was called upon to lay the cornerstone of a new vicarage at Wakefield not long ago and was invited by the master of ceremonies (who handed

him the trowel and the line and plummet) to "become an operative mason for a few moments." "I cannot," answered the bishop, "lay claim to the title of an operative mason, but I am certainly a working carpenter."

President Hadley of Yale university says that the modern legislature is a place where votes are swapped, while the old fashioned and ideal legislature was a place where opinions were exchanged.

General Joe Wheeler in the course of a recent interview remarked that it was harder work being a soldier now than of old because there were not so many autograph collectors in the days of the civil war.

The city of Detroit, General Alexander Macomb's birthplace, is to honor his memory with a monument. Although the general was the most distinguished military commander of the war of 1812 and held the position of general in chief of the army from 1835 till 1841, there is no monument to his

memory except that over his grave in the old Congressional burying ground at Washington.

The heir apparent to the Persian throne has sent to St. Petersburg for a tutor who can instruct him in the Russian language, and M. Shapahai, a distinguished scholar and politician, has been chosen for the mission.

When Congressmen Sulloway of New Hampshire, Patrick Henry of Missouri and Berry of Kentucky met in the house restaurant the other day, some one observed that there were "nearly 21 feet of congressmen there." Each of the men is over 6 feet in height. Mr. Sulloway being over 6 feet 5 inches.

The Marquis of Lansdowne in 1866 succeeded to the marquise and estates, which extend over nine counties, include close upon 140,000 acres and bring in a rent roll of between \$250,000 and \$300,000 per annum.

The United States seems disposed to take the lead among the silk producers of the world. During the last three years the consumption of raw silk in the United States has exceeded that of France.

The people of Oregon want to buy Governor Greer an executive mansion, but he does not approve the idea. "I am a poor man," says the governor, "too poor to accept such a favor. I am living comfortably in a house which I rent, and to buy a new house for me would be a burden I could ill afford to carry."