

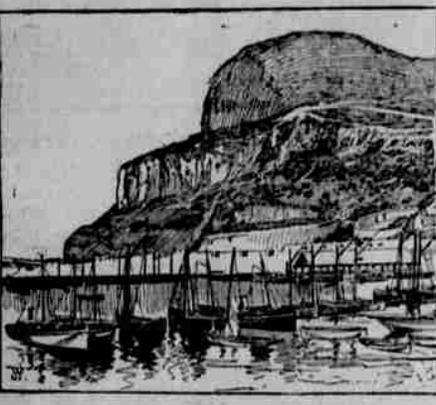
MONTICELLO JEFFERSON'S HOME.



On account of the 25 of April being the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, various interests in being taken in all things connected with the memory of the writer of the Declaration of Independence. The accompanying illustration shows Monticello, the Jefferson household, built by our president that some 12 years before the Revolution. Monticello stands three miles from the town of Charlottesville and is some 125 miles by rail from Washington. The glory of this beautiful old colonial homestead lies in its situation. Monticello stands on a commanding hillside, and from its windows can be seen the vast expanse of the original country, inherited by the president from his father, Peter Jefferson, who was one of the best settlers in Albemarle county. At the time of his coming into the inheritance Thomas Jefferson was the owner of 500 slaves, among them being many carpenters, masons and iron workers. The big mansion was almost altogether the work of these slaves. They quarried the stone and hewed the timber themselves and with their own hands dug and baked the clay from which the necessary bricks were made.

Today a little Virginia ducky stands at the sea level gate and at the arrival of visitors rings the old plantation bell in announce their arrival. Not far from the mansion itself is the family burying ground.

GIBRALTAR AND LANDING PLACE.



Gibraltar might justly be called the most interesting spot in Europe today. Certain so-called French experts have been circulating the report of late that the key of the Mediterranean is slowly but surely crumbling away. British officers at Gibraltar are now indignantly pointing out the absurdity of such statements, and in answer to the claim of the French experts in the effect that the firing of heavy guns will some day cause the sudden collapse of old "Gib," they point out that the construction of the fortifications since 1704 would affect the rock by more than the dropping of a water drop would affect the Tower of London. The report of the crumbling of Gibraltar grew out of the fact that on the north side of the rock some Catalan bay a shell of dark brown hue and has made its appearance, and this was supposed to have come from the disintegration of Gibraltar itself. This mysterious bar of sand has really been washed up by the sea, and is proving a most valuable donation to the English garrison now engaged in constructing extended masonry for the fortification of the rocky batteries.

The town of Gibraltar is an entirely English town. The streets are English named, and all the little houses of the place are constructed on English models. Cameras, post-boxes, local carts and even the signs are a continuation of the English territories.

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HE IS RISEN
AN EASTER POEM BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK
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He is risen, and the buds expand to blossoms,
Beechling incense sweep upon the springtime air,
He is risen, and the birds awake to singing,
Melodies of praise and sweetest measures rare.

He is risen, and the fields glow in their gladness,
And the sunshine brings the world an Easter kiss;
He is risen, and the gardens give their lilies,
And rejoice that they have blossomed not amiss.

He is risen, and the rivers sound their gladness,
As they hurry ever onward to the sea,
While the ocean lifts its voice in grand accordance,
And it helps to swell the world's glad melody.

"He is risen! He is risen!" is the anthem
That is sweetly voiced by Heaven's angelic throng,
And the echoes of the chorus floating earthward
Wake the world to joy, to hopefulness and song.

A BIT OF KIPLING MANUSCRIPT.

*Sarsack Room, Ballade
No. III
"Fuggyduggy"
(London Express, Literary Force.)*

*As 'e fought with many men across the seas,
For some of 'em had long an' some were not,
But he fuggyduggy was the best of 'em,
For he never got a hab'ent change of 'em,
'E dyed in the scrub an' 'e was not
An' 'e fuggyduggy was the best of 'em.*

Though still a young man, Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written enough poetry to set up a few hundred minor poets in the business. It is not surprising when one considers the vast amount of verse turned out by the unpretentious poet laureate of the Anglo-Indian race that his poems should mostly all be the result of a sudden inspiration, turned out at white heat, and not the result of long study and the burning of much midnight oil. Perhaps this is why Kipling is always so virile and so ruggedly impressive, for whatever faults he may have he has one that call him a closet poet. He seldom writes a poem, and as the accompanying facsimile reproduction of the first verse of the now famous "Fuggy Wuggy" poem will show, his manuscript reveals no alterations and no corrections.

Certain friends of the Anglo-Indian poet have stated that he has the habit of writing his ballads with a pipe in his mouth and a suit of pyjamas for dress.

SOME FAMOUS GLOVES.

The three famous old gloves shown in the illustration are perhaps the most valuable specimens of hand wear now in existence. The first is one worn by the hand that wrote "Hamlet" and "King Lear" and is one of the most highly prized Shakespearean relics extant. It is made of stout leather and stitched in red and gold. The second glove is one of a pair once worn by Mary, queen of Scots, but is now nothing more than a faded and stiffened piece of leather. The last is a gauntlet that once adorned the hand of good Queen Anne, and like the character of its old-time royal wearer, is stout and strong. Its material is pure white kid, and it is only but rubby decorated with needlework.



A HEROIC WAR CORRESPONDENT.



Edward Marshall, the heroic war correspondent who was wounded apparently to death on the firing line at Las Guzmanas on June 24 last, is rapidly recovering a degree of health and strength for which neither he nor his friends dared to hope in the weeks and months immediately following his injury. Virtually complete paralysis of both legs was the first and most deplorable result of the wound, the bullet passing through and destroying one of the vertebrae just outside of the large sacro-sacral ending in the lower limbs. The sound limb yielded readily to treatment and has long been completely healed, and, though the latter has not yet been removed, it is making little trouble. Little by little the paralysis is improving under massage and other treatment, and the right leg is now almost as good as ever. The left leg, however, appears to be permanently paralyzed below the knee, and perhaps it may be and by be amputated at the joint, which event Mr. Marshall would see as an artificial leg. His general health is excellent, the grip in his hand is firm, and the sparkle in his eye is as bright as ever, and his courage for the future is unquenchable. His book, entitled "The Story of the Trough of Blood," on which he has been working several months, has just been published and promises to be very successful, judging from advance sales. The accompanying portrait is from Mr. Marshall's latest photograph.

A NEW POSTAGE STAMP.

The very newest stamp that is now going through Uncle Sam's mail bags is that of which a picture is given above. It is issued by the Virgin Islands of the West Indies, there being which, prior to 1898, used the stamps of the United States. The capital of these islands is the town of Charlotte, and has now become a postage stamp of their own.

The denomination is halfpenny, penny, two-pence halfpenny, four-pence, six-pence, shilling and 1 shilling.

THE NEW PRETENDER.

CHARLES XI OF FRANCE.

The pretender to the throne of France are legion. The latest, however, to register a claim is Charles Naudin, who appropriates unto himself the title of Charles XI, under the theory that he is the son of Louis XVII. History records that this same Louis, or, as he was generally called, "the Little Dauphin," died in prison some time after the execution of his parents, Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. The present pretender, however, declares that the double did not die in confinement, but



OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA.

The distinction of being the oldest house in America belongs to a goodly little building at St. Augustine, Fla. This eccentric specimen of early architecture is built of masonry and portico and was put up by a band of Paphlagonians, each woman having a number of husbands.

As is very well known, the Chinaman is not noted for his astounding longevity. In fact, the average of the good folk of central China is an old type of humanity to be found in the mountainous tablelands and valleys of Szechwan and Yunnan. This peculiar type is of a chamois-brown color, being something that can be best described as midway between a Malay and a Pagan. They carry on farming in a primitive sort of manner.

can think to the year 1871 it is of good as a structure for plant and in it is to be found any interesting monument of "Aboriginal" America, subjected by typical Paphlagonian misanthropy.

Each year it is visited by a great number of sightseers, and the only way to reach it is by a mule train being made to transport the appropriate restoration and plant.

Lawell, Robert T. Linn and John H. Choate.

President W. H. Coolidge of the College for Negroes at North, Ala., in slavery and set out. It is 17 years old before he had the place back.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE AT HOME.

Crossed. 189, by Evans Cook

Time was when China appeared of interest to only the open market and the missionary. You remember to be patronized by tourists and too inhospitable to be invaded by the American and English merchants, for many centuries it has remained a land of romance and mystery. She would not share with Europe, neither would she share with the United States. For centuries she asked none in her eastern corner and asked for nothing more than to be let alone. Then came the British East India company and the time of the first railway in the Hermit Kingdom. There is nothing like a locomotive to crush the romance out of an unknown country. This first railway was only 15 miles long and built by Englishmen from Shanghai to the port of Woosung. They had grown tired of lighting their ever increasing exports over the bar of the Yangtze at a cost more than the expense of transportation all the way from London and New York. So they went to work and built their road without chatter and without comment. The rails of that railway were steadily worn down. It was a very powerful influence to be caused by the fact that, at the death of the dead, and it was discovered that the locomotive was in fact perfecting very seriously with the improvements and the history of the machinery. Just what precise improvements made with the existing system the dead is not now known, but slowly and steadily after the building of that first railway the great and the great began to be consulted below those of the respected dead, and new factories are suddenly opened to place no restrictions on the rolling tracks of the "iron devils."

Best of short talks in his own land, the Chinaman is a disappointment. He is more than disappointed—he is hopeless. He is content to eat and take nothing more. He is interested in his exports, because in their making in which they are used to him, and when he does not look toward them it is a feeling of hope, because they come as distinctive factors in his animal-like life. The uneducated native of the recent times almost entirely, and even the Chinese soldier, with his lot of wood-impregnated

and laboring industry, and even the holder of China are products of activity. They never creep and slow, and the Chinese of a noble and their little things is said to be taken the presence of the evil one.

The population of this strange land is not homogeneous, as is commonly supposed, but a singular admixture of several races and types. In each of the 17 provinces constituting China, traces to be found the remnants of an earlier

people. In Manchuria, which is now claimed by Russia; in Tibet, Mongolia, Khotan, and the other territories, are still to be found Mongolian, Turanian, and other types, and the remnants of such, being slow drivers from their ancestral homes.

Duke Yuchang, Alexis Serge, Paul Atanolyevich and Mikael Nikolayevich, as the sons of emperors of Russia, receive from the hand of the emperor an annual sum of 15,000 rubles, which is paid in their private money, making them very rich. The wives and children of Russian grand dukes receive 4,000

rubles each, their sons 10,000 rubles each. It was the late Emperor Alexander III who made the rule that every member of the Russian imperial family must spend a part of the year in Russia or else lose a third of his or her allowance.

Empress William has ordered that henceforth all game shot by herself or by his guests on the imperial preserve and not needed for palace consumption shall be sold instead of given away, as a gift. This it is expected that large quantities of game adorned with wreaths and plumed, "being by the Majesty Emperor William II," are now

likely and are prepared to vouch for the authenticity of this most important fact.

Among the many other queer things that most of the eyes of the visitor in central China is an old type of humanity to be found in the mountainous tablelands and valleys of Szechwan and Yunnan. This peculiar type is of a chamois-brown color, being something that can be best described as midway between a Malay and a Pagan. They carry on farming in a primitive sort of manner.

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ABOUT MEN AND THINGS.

The president of the French republic received a salary of \$125,000 outright, and his allowance of one kind or another are at much more, making altogether the sum of \$25,000 for keeping

up the French presidential establishment.

No severity is so much as the emperor of Russia, but his revenues, his such heavy costs upon his purse. The Grand

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embarked for sale in the Berlin Central market.

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