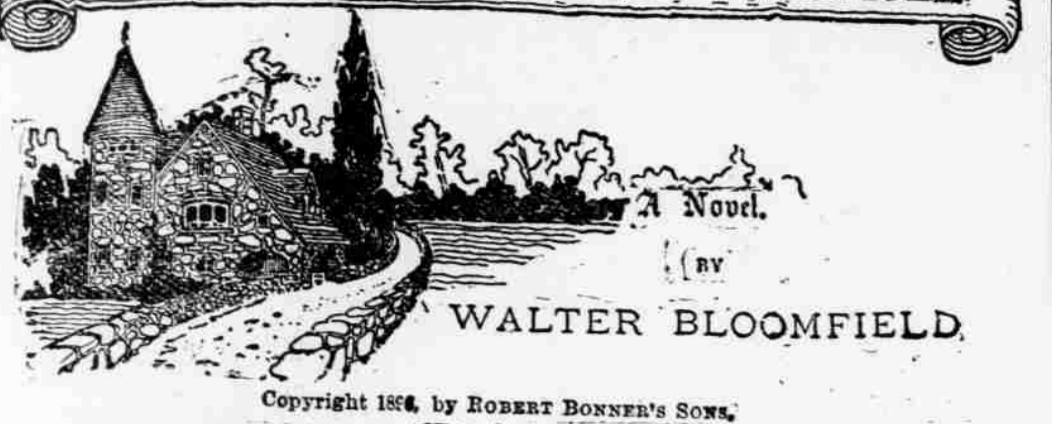


# Holdenhurst Hall



WALTER BLOOMFIELD.

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### CHAPTER XI.

Continued.

With swelling sails and flying the Venetian flag the Orlo Malpietro kept her course. A light breeze was blowing, contrary for the Turks, but favorable for us, so that we approached each other but slowly. The Turks had fired only four times, and our vessel had not been touched. Armed with pistols and cutlasses, our little band lay upon the deck close to the side awaiting whatever might be in store for us, and as we lay I could not dismiss the hope that no harm was intended to us, that our alarm was ill-founded, and as minute succeeded minute, and still the Turk did not open fire upon us, I expressed my opinion to the captain, who lay at my side, but he vouchsafed me no reply.

The left horn of the crescent of Turkish ships being now quite close, the intention of the Turks was perceived, for the foremost vessel left her fellows and bore right down upon us, still, however, without firing. "They hope to take our property and lives undamaged, but remember—death, not captivity." These were the last words I heard the noble captain speak. After a few minutes of almost breathless silence the Turkish frigate foiled the lee side of the Orlo Malpietro and, with a wild shout of triumph, an overwhelming force of Turkish sailors leaped aboard the frigate. And when ensued a most bloody hand-to-hand fight, and at first, the Venetians had much the better. Our enemies were too close upon us to permit of the employment of any weapon but the cutlass, but of that we made very effective use, for being close to the side of the vessel, and our whereabouts unknown to the first party of Turks who boarded us, they leaped as it were upon the points of our blades, and so suffered great loss. But the odds against us were a thousand to one, and with fatal effect the Turks hastened to avenge the defeat of their fellows. Captain Perugia fell dead at my feet, his heart transfixed by the broad blade of a ferocious Turk whom he had partly disabled; nearly all our little band were dead or dying, and above the din of the fight resounded the shrieks of the women imprisoned below.

I felt faint and sick, and was besides bleeding from a wound in my shoulder, yet miraculously, in some way which I am unable to describe, I contrived to back out from the fight and flee below to the women whose condition was truly pitiable. I did so not because of cowardice, for I believe I fought as well as any man, Venetian or Turk, that memorable day, and certainly from the moment the frigate was boarded I had abandoned all hope of escape, but the warning of the noble Perugia, "Death, not captivity," still rang in my ears, and I resolved that my last minute should be spent in an endeavor to save these unhappy creatures from so horrible a fate. I reached my cabin, and with a mighty effort pulled away a few of the bales so as to allow the door to open wide enough for me to enter sideways, but I had to contend with the strength of the women within, who, not knowing but it was the enemy who sought admittance, pulled the door the other way with all their might. As I entered the cabin, and before I could speak to its frantic occupants, the Turks rushed down the companion and began to remove the bales. I stood close by the side of the door, and the first who entered I laid low with a pistol shot in the head. My triumph, however, was short, for the next instant a fearful blow from a mace stretched me at full length on the floor, yet was I only partly stunned, being conscious of yelling Turks all around—of Anita and her maid being bound and carried out, and of my own ankles and wrists being bound in such haste that the blood started from my flesh. And then kind nature came to my relief and I remembered no more.

November 19—I was never able to ascertain how long I remained unconscious, but this I know full well, that when I came to myself again I was a prisoner aboard a Turkish frigate. The wound in my shoulder had been cleansed and dressed, and my wrists and ankles unbound, but my limbs were hugely swollen by the barbarous usage to which they had been subjected, and the least movement occasioned me acute pain. Two young Turks, hardly more than boys, sat watching me intently, conversing softly in their language, of which I comprehended not a word. I was lying in a rudely furnished cabin, not unlike a dismantled gunroom, and looking around me I perceived nothing of my own; companions, my girdle containing my money and papers, the Venetian merchant's chests of sequins—everything was gone. The terrible incidents which immediately preceded my present miserable condition, and the horrors probably awaiting me, crowded vividly upon my mind, and, exclaiming vehemently against my ill fate, I fell into a delirium, and so remained for I knew not how long.

When again I recovered myself I was reposing on a pallet on the deck

of the same frigate in charge of the same two young Turks, who sat cross-legged on either side and eyed me with an air of grave curiosity. We were close to a port the like of which for magnificence I had never seen. The sea was dotted with small crafts and rowing boats, but not more than two other Turkish frigates were in sight. With a heavy heart I observed that the vessel I was aboard held the Orlo Malpietro in tow, and that both the masts of the frigate were cut away, and her name effaced from her prow roughly as by an adze. My emotions were strangely conflicting. I had lost everything except my life, and doubted not but it would have been better had I fallen like the brave Perugia, but the face of nature was glorious beyond description—pen or brush, wielded by whatever hand, would equally fail to depict it. On a calm sea under a cloudless sky we drew nearer and nearer to a beautiful city whose gilded minarets and domes shone resplendently in the summer sun. The prospect was so entrancing that as I regarded it I momentarily lost thought of my dreadful plight. Approaching it yet nearer, a dome of enormous size and superb proportions met my gaze, which I thought could be no other than the Mosque of St. Sophia in the city of Constantinople. And such, indeed, it was.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### ROGER TRUMAN: HIS RECORD CONTINUED.

November 22—Though gradually recovering from the effects of the terrible strain to which I had been subjected in the recent fight, and the cruel wounds inflicted by my captors on my ankles and wrists, I was still unable to help myself in any way. The vessel I was aboard being arrived alongside the quay, it was found necessary to carry me ashore, which was accordingly done by the same two young Turks who had tended me since the day of my capture. I was placed on a litter and secretly strapped to it; not, I believe, because of any fear that I should attempt to escape, but to prevent my falling off. These preparations made, there came to me a Turk, older and more handsomely dressed than the young Turks, my attendants, who regarded me with great attention for several minutes. He then stooped to where I lay bound, and, slightly raising my left hand, took a gold signet ring from my third finger, and proceeded to examine it as one would examine anything rare and strange. With an air of great calmness and satisfaction he placed my ring on the corresponding finger of his own hand, and then gave an order, the purport of which I did not understand, but one of the young Turks went away and returned almost immediately, carrying a piece of crimson silk. The silk was placed over my face, so that I could see nothing, and the litter upon which I lay was lifted and carried I knew not whither.

It seemed a long time before my face was again uncovered, but I have since thought that it was perhaps not more than ten or fifteen minutes. When next I saw the light of day I was in a small square apartment, furnished as simply as the cabin of the Turkish frigate I had just vacated. It had but one window, and that long and narrow, and the wall wherein it was set being of great thickness it seemed little more than a slit. However, it sufficed to admit the sunshine, which streamed in upon me with so much brilliance that it dispelled the despair engendered by my unhappy situation. The old Turk, still wearing the ring which he had taken from me, was present when my face was uncovered, and the straps of my litter unloosed. I addressed him in English, French and Italian, but he returned no answer, busying himself in issuing orders to my attendants and some other Turks then present—for my benefit, as I afterwards found. A carpet of exquisite workmanship and color was brought in and laid upon the floor, and afterward luxurious cushions, covered with rich yellow silk, were placed around by the walls. On some of these latter was I carefully laid, and the litter on which I had arrived was carried away. A bowl of sherbet and a dish of delicious fruits were set down within my reach, my two young attendants took up positions near to me with their legs crossed, upon cushions inferior to those on which I lay, the other Turks withdrew, and a moment after sounds reached me as of the door being barred on the outside.

In this small room, then, was I kept a close prisoner for many days—how many I know not, for I had lost count of time. I was liberally supplied with food, and my wounds were carefully tended, so that I made rapid progress toward recovery. My sufferings were now chiefly mental. I wearied my brain in the endeavor to think why I was thus incarcerated, and what was intended to be done with me, but failed to satisfy myself. The uncertain fate of the unhappy Anita increased my anxiety, but I could learn nothing, neither could I act in any way, my attendants being faithful to their trust, and always refusing to

heed the interrogative signs which I made to them. When I was able to walk about my prison I experienced some relief by looking out of the window, an employment to which my guards had no reason to object, for I was confined on the topmost story of a tall tower. The view from my prison was extremely beautiful. Nestling among the groves of plane and cypress which crown the apex of the triangular figure presented by Constantinople, I could discern what appeared to be another but smaller city, very jealously immured, and from the extraordinary splendor of its marble and gilded kiosques, its pavilions, gardens and fountains, I was sure it could be no other than the superb palace city called the Seraglio, the home of the Grand Turk himself. Every day I would stand for hours at my window feasting my eyes on the wealth of natural beauty before me. Occasionally there would be a large assemblage of persons within the gardens enclosed by the outer walls of the Seraglio, the gates would be opened, and a procession of grandees, blazoning with jewels and brightly colored silks, come forth, accompanied by the music of strange instruments, the strains of which would sometimes faintly reach my ear, but I was at too great a height to make out the principal figures in the procession, and though I guessed that on such occasions the Sultan was about to ride through the streets of his city I did not know so positively.

At last all trace of my bodily injuries was gone, and I enjoyed as good health as is possible in a young and vigorous man denied outdoor exercise and oppressed with anxiety. I knew not how long I had been in my prison, but I observed that the days appeared somewhat shorter than when I was first brought there, and that the heat of noon was less oppressive. I was about to assert that these facts led me to reconsider my position, but that would not be accurate, for its consideration was never for a moment meted out to me, which must be, I thought, at once useless and expensive to my captors. One morning my heart was feverish from prolonged thinking of these things, and I was more than usually oppressed with a sense of my powerlessness to help myself, when I was startled by the sound of my door being unbarred. I did not know the hour, but from the appearance of the city below I knew it was too early for the arrival of my guards, and the regularity of their attendance was a prominent feature in the maddening monotony of my life. Soon my curiosity was turned to inexpressible delight as a middle-aged gentleman in European dress entered my room and extended his right hand toward me, saying in excellent English, "Good morning, sir. Is your name Truman?"

I could not restrain my joy at hearing my native tongue spoken once more, more especially as the words employed were of a kindly sort, and the question such as caused my heart to beat fast in anticipation of release from my bonds. I stepped forward to seize the proffered hand of the Englishman (for such I conceived he was) with so much eagerness that he retreated a few paces to where my guards were now standing, and involuntarily held up his arm to keep me off. "Softly, my friend," said the stranger, "I intend you no mischief. Be seated, I pray you, and tell me truly and briefly how it is you come to be here, and to inspire me with confidence he patted me gently on the shoulder and sat himself down on a cushion. Seating myself by his side, and suppressing as well as I was able the great excitement under which I labored, I narrated the whole of my story just as I have recorded it in this volume. The stranger gave careful attention to my recital, at no point interrupting me with a question or comment, but sitting quietly stroking his long brown beard. When I had finished my story he still remained silent for a minute or so, and then, looking up at me, said:

#### THE DANGERS IN DUST.

Whether the bacilli that cause tuberculosis in the human being are the same as those which cause it in other warm-blooded animals, and even fish, or whether they merely change their appearance with their environment, is a question for the bacteriological expert. That we may become infected from other animals has not the vital interest that the undoubted fact has that we can, and do, become infected by the germs that other men carry about, and that the home, the place where we take refuge from the ills of life, is precisely where this dread disease attacks us. Inside the four walls of our houses is where these deadly germs are implanted, are nurtured, and bring forth their harvest. It is at home we must begin to defend ourselves. It is the part of wisdom to do away with the dust-catching draperies and carpets. Have the rugs shaken and beaten out of doors. If you must have carpets, sweep them with wet tea leaves sprinkled on them. Wipe the furniture with a moist cloth, not flirt the dust around with a bunch of feathers on a stick. Dust is dangerous. Remember that better to have some critic write "Sloven" in the dust upon the mantelpiece than cloud the air with it and poison your whole family.—Everybody's Magazine.

#### Eastern Man Fond of Eggs.

At Tamboon, Mass., a man ate ten hard-boiled eggs and topped the feast off with a raw one, all in less than ten minutes, to win a wager.



Chicago has a citizen whose name is Read A. Bible.

The Russian population of Siberia now numbers not far from 8,000,000.

The average annual contribution in American Protestant churches is \$12 per capita.

Letter boxes with electric bells in them as letter thief telltales are shortly to appear in Paris.

A child of five should weigh forty-one pounds and have a chest girth of twenty-three and one-half inches.

There are only seventy brokers in the Paris Bourse, against 1100 of New York Stock Exchange and the 3000 of London.

The reach of a searchlight for practical use is 700 yards, but torpedoes can be used effectively from 1200 to 4000 yards.

Kilkenny Castle is one of the oldest inhabited houses in the world, many of the rooms being much as they were 800 years ago.

Japan has only half as many miles of railroad as New York State, although it is three times as large and has six times its population.

A special train on the Northwestern Railroad made eighty-one miles—between Trenton and Norfolk Junction, Neb.—in six minutes running time.

At a recent meeting of the medical faculty of Queen's University, Ontario, a proposal was received from a man in need of money to mortgage his body to the institution. The communication was shelved.

The operating expenses of a bank with a capital of \$10,000 is 2.34 per cent. of the loans and discounts, but the operating expenses are only 1.33 per cent. if the bank have a capital of \$1,000,000 or more.

The Norwegian corps of skaters, a force peculiar to the army of that country, is a body of soldiers armed with rifles, who can be maneuvered upon ice or over snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry.

#### "HAMLET" WITH VARIATIONS.

##### A Limerick Performance With Unique Features.

The following is a limerick copy of a play bill used at the Kilkenny Theatre Royal, Ireland, over 100 years ago: "On Saturday, May 14, 1733, will be performed, by command of several respectable people in this learned metropolis, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the tragedy of 'Hamlet.' Originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hay, of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works. 'Hamlet' by Mr. Kearns (being his first appearance in that character), who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipe, which plays two tunes at the same time. Ophelia by Mrs. Pryor, who will introduce several favorite airs in character, especially 'The Lass of Richmond Hill' and 'We'll All Be Unhappy Together,' from Rev. Mr. Diddin's 'Oddsies.' 'The part of the king and queen, by direction of Rev. Father O'Callaghan, will be omitted as too immoral for the stage. Polonius, the comical policeman, by a young gentleman, being his first appearance in public. The ghost, the grave digger and Laertes, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian. The characters to be dressed in Roman shapes. To which will be added an interlude, in which will be introduced several sleight-of-hand tricks by the celebrated surveyor Hunt. The whole to conclude with a farce, 'The Imposter.' Mahomet by Mr. Kearns, tickets to be had of Mr. Beard, in Castle street. The value of the tickets as usual, will be taken (if required) in candies, butter, bacon, cheese, soap, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes, in every particular, to accommodate the public. 'Note—No person whatever will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.'—Detroit Free Press.

#### Turkish Booksellers.

A writer who spent much of his early life in Turkey observed that Turkish books and booksellers were among the curious features of the country. "The Turkish bookseller," he said, "has a soul above trade. He rarely or never attempts to push his wares, and treasures some of his more valuable books so greatly that he can hardly be induced to sell them, although they form part of his stock in trade. Many of the books displayed by the bookseller are in manuscript, which the old-fashioned Turks esteem more highly than print." The Koran he may not sell. He gives it away—in return for a present of its value in money.

The honey bird of South Africa is about the size of a sparrow, and has a shrill, hissing cry, with which it attracts the attention of men, whom it conveys to trees, sometimes miles away, where wild honey is stored.

#### SILVER DOLLAR BRINGS \$2000.

##### Ninety-nine-Year-Old Coin Joins the Collection of Seven.

A United States dollar, now in its ninety-ninth year, yesterday began the long trip from Denver to Portland, Ore., after having lain in a Denver collection of coins for more than eighteen years. Though the dollar is about the size of those coined during the present year, and contains about the same number of grains of silver, it brought in the neighborhood of about \$5.35 per grain of pure silver in its composition, and all this because it has been in the one form for nearly 100 years.

The Denver Republican says the dollar is one of the coinage of 1804, of which there are only seven known to be in existence. It was bought by the late J. V. Dexter, at the Chapman sale of coins in 1885. At that time the coin had but lately been secured from a collection in Berlin, being the only one of the dollars that is known to have been in a foreign collection. Mr. Dexter paid \$1000 for the dollar, having to bid against several other collectors, the price being at that time the largest that had ever been paid for one of the coinage named. Since then one of the other coins had been sold for \$1200, a record that held good until yesterday, when G. H. Brown, of Portland, Ore., paid \$2000 for the coin to R. G. Parvin, who succeeded to the ownership of the Dexter collection. Mr. Parvin did not willingly part with the coin at that price, for he has held it as the key piece of his numismatic collection.

About a year ago The Republican printed the story of the Parvin 1804 dollar, and it was copied extensively throughout the country. As a result Mr. Parvin has been receiving letters from all parts of the country. A Chicago man tried to buy the dollar, offering up to \$1500, and failed. Then a man in St. Louis tried to secure it for a collection to be exhibited at the World's Fair. During these negotiations Mr. Parvin thought that he had discovered the limit of bidding, and that no man would go over \$1500 in trying to get the coin. So when he was asked by Mr. Brown to put a price upon it he replied that he was not willing to dispose of it, but had set his price at \$2000. Mr. Brown did not wait for the slow progress of the United States mail, but telegraphed to send on the old dollar. Since then telegrams have been coming at the rate of one a day. Yesterday, while Mr. Parvin was reluctantly packing the dollar in a candy box and labeling it there came another telegram to hurry up the dollar anyway, and to send it C. O. D. If there was no other way. So the dollar started west.

The scarcity of dollars of the 1804 vintage is explained by an accident at sea. The larger part of the silver dollars of that year were struck off to pay United States soldiers and sailors doing duty in Tripoli, North Africa, and were shipped to that place. The vessel that carried them away from this country was never heard from again, so the entire cargo is supposed to rest somewhere upon the floor of the Atlantic Ocean. Just seven copies of the dollar of that year are in existence, two lying in the mint at Philadelphia and the others being private collections. In 1858 some copies of the coin of 1804 were struck off, being known as "re-strikes," but all but two of them were called in, the record show, and destroyed. One copy of the "re-strike" is in the mint at Philadelphia and the other is owned in England. No counterfeits of the 1804 dollar was ever known.

#### A Queer Schoolroom.

One of the most remarkable schoolrooms in the world is surely that of "La Petite Roquette," the French prison for juvenile offenders. The system of this prison is that of solitary confinement, the whole building being so constructed that each of the detached cells is overlooked by a warden stationed on a small observation tower. The schoolroom consists of 200 cells in the form of an amphitheatre, from each of which the teacher, and the teacher only, can be seen. Each of the youthful offenders takes his place in silence, the first in the furthestmost cell and the others in rotation. The closing of one of these cell doors opens that of the next cell. The voice of the teacher is the only sound to be heard in the building. The solitary confinement in "La Petite Roquette" is certainly more severe than our English methods of dealing with juvenile offenders.—London Daily Chronicle.

#### An Indestructible Ware.

The United States Consul at Liege, Belgium, writes to the Department of Commerce and Labor of a remarkable form of indestructible crystal ware, resembling fine translucent china, which is manufactured in that city. He says he has seen plates of this hardened crystal hurled upon a stone floor and go "skipping" the whole length of the building without suffering the least damage. A dish of this ware can be used as a hammer for driving a nail into wood, and can be plunged into boiling water and then into ice water without receiving any harm.

#### Rubber on the Ware.

With an ever increasing use of rubber in manufacturing, it is disappointing to have to record a gradual diminution in the supply. Some figures have been published purporting to show the total production of rubber in different parts of the world, and according to these the production in the two years from 1890 to 1902 decreased by some 3500 tons—that is to say, whereas the total output in 1900 was 57,700 tons, that of 1902 was only 54,600 tons. This decrease is certainly not a large one, but it is important as showing the tendency of the rubber supply to diminish,

#### Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

**Profitable to One Only.**  
"To make a bargain taketh two."  
The adage says, and yet  
Seems very strange since it is true  
That only one will get it.  
—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Among Our Obligations.**  
The Professor—"We owe a great deal to chemistry."  
Friend—"Yes, indeed. To chemistry for instance, we owe a great many of our blondes."  
—Judge.

**Known Among the Cannibals.**  
Cannibal Chief—"There are too many of you around that boiling pot."  
Cannibal Guest—"We are preparing a treat for your excellency."  
"That's all right, but too many cooks spoil the missionary, you know."  
—Yonkers Statesman.

**A Fine Distinction.**  
"I didn't think you would write an anonymous letter."  
"I didn't," was the indignant reply.  
"But you didn't sign your name to it."  
"No. But I signed the name of one of the neighbors."  
—Washington Star.

**Boston Men.**  
Burgess—"No, I never saw Filbert's wife, but I supposed she is a decided brunette, with a slender figure."  
Morris—"Anybody tell you anything about her?"  
Burgess—"Oh, no, but Filbert is forever raging over blondes of a full habit."  
—Boston Transcript.

**Taking No Risk.**  
"John, dear, the Hankers have invited us to John to dinner Sunday."  
Maria—"But they raise their own vegetables."  
"That is the very reason I am afraid of them."  
—Chicago News.

**A Leap Year Proposal.**  
Harry—"Here is the nevelst conundrum: When is two an odd and lucky number?"  
Celia—"You know I never can guess conundrums."  
Harry—"When two are made one."  
Celia—"Oh, Harry, this is so sudden."  
—Town Topics.

**"Get Busy."**  
"What would you say if I kissed you?"  
"There's a better way to find out than asking me."  
—N. Y. Journal.

**If He Only Could.**  
"How's my boy getting on?" asked the farmer of the city merchant.  
"Oh, he's all right. Does just what he's told, but seems to lack judgment of his own."  
"Well," replied the farmer, "he knows a whole lot if he could only think of it."  
—Cleveland Leader.

**Rather Venly.**  
"What I would like," said the young author, whose first story had just been accepted, "is that the binding of the book be in keeping with the story. Do you grasp my meaning?"  
"Oh, yes," replied the intelligent and accommodating publisher. "I'll have it done in half calf."  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**The Main Question.**  
"Somebody wants to see you, sir," said the office boy.  
"Did you get his name, Jimmy?"  
"No, sir."  
"You've been guilty of a serious oversight, Jimmy."  
"He said he wanted to see you."  
"But that's comparatively unimportant, Jimmy. The main question is, do I want to see him?"  
—Chicago Post.

**The Thankful Patron.**  
Citizen (in the street car office)—"I am a patron of the Prospect line. This morning I stood at the corner of Huntington street and—"  
Manager (interrupting)—"And they didn't stop for you?"  
Citizen—"No, they did not. But here is a little note of thanks I wish you would have delivered to the motorman of car 999."  
Manager—"Why do you want to thank him when he didn't stop for you?"  
Citizen—"For not laughing at me when he went by."  
—Cleveland Leader.

**Prolonged Heroism.**  
"Henry, why don't you do something heroic and win one of those Carnegie prizes?"  
"There are various kinds of heroes, my dear."  
"And what do you claim to be?"  
"I think I'm a moral hero, my dear."  
"A moral hero? Well, you've lived with me thirty years now and I've never known you to do anything heroic yet."  
"That's just what I've done, my love."  
"What have you done?"  
"Lived with you thirty years."  
—Cleveland Pain Dealer.

#### THE FUTURE MIKADO.

##### LITTLE PRINCE MICHI, WHO HOROSCOPE IS CAST DAILY.

The Training of This Mighty Atom Shows That While Japan is Up to Date in Many Things There is Always a Blend of the Oriental With the Western.

They have a mighty atom in Japan for the future Mikado will not be three years old until April next. Grandson of the present emperor, His Royal Highness Prince Michi, is a strong, healthy, lusty boy, whose pranks are already chronicled and narrated throughout Japan, even as are those of the youngest princes of the English reigning house.

Japan is up to date in many things, but in everything there is always a quaint blend of the oriental with the western. The Mikado is not the least little bit superstitious, and in spite of early influence, when he was taught poetry and the arrangement of flowers, prefers everything about him to be European. It is curious to learn, therefore, that on the birth of Prince Michi court astrologers were set to work to cast the baby's horoscope. Indeed, it has been done every day since. The real fact is the people demand that this should be done. A horoscope has been made for other royal princes for 25 centuries, and every one in Japan was most anxious to know what fate had in store for the new baby. It was a small matter, and both the Mikado and the crown Prince gave their consent to the mystic rites and elaborate incantations being performed, though they have not the smallest belief in the published results.

Before little Prince Michi was six months a most elaborate imperial seal had been made for his "use." Here again the ancient customs of Japan were too powerful for the new western ideas. In the land of the chrysanthemum a man's seal is his most important possession. Forgery of a seal is punished more severely than robbery. Consequently, baby Prince Michi's seal became a matter of one of the greatest importance. It had to be different from that used by his father. Special artists worked at it for months before a suitable emblem was made.

The heir presumptive to the great eastern throne has the distinction of being the first baby of the royal house of Jimmu Teano who has been allowed to grow his hair like an English baby. Both his father and the Mikado, when babies, had their heads shaved daily by their nurses. It is on record that when the emperor was seven days old his mother displayed her talent as a barber by shaving her son's tiny head. Then, as the hair grew, her chief delight was to experiment with various designs to discover the most becoming. Sometimes she shaved the top and the rim, and left a tonsure, sometimes she left only the rim, and sometimes a scalp lock and two other locks only. This went on for quite six years. Although Prince Michi has 22 of the prettiest little Japanese nurses imaginable, they are not allowed to practice their decorative tonsorial powers on the wee prince. Count Kawamura, a lifelong friend of the Crown Prince, is superintendent of the royal nursery, and he regulates matters in a very stern fashion for Prince Michi's well-being. Not even a silk cushion goes into the nursery unless the count has first seen it, and has set his own hall-mark of approval and the prince's seal to it.

Soon after the prince's birth measures were taken to eliminate the "almighty eye" of his race. A painless little surgical operation was performed. An incision was made on the outer point of the baby's eyelids in a straight line for the barest part of an inch. The lashes were then drawn into shape and held firmly by a piece of chemically-prepared sticking plaster. The wound healed in less than a week, and the effect now is that Prince Michi does not look a bit like a son of the eastern island empire. The embryo Mikado Michi's wedding is already under most serious discussion, and quite three noble young ladies go-go-going with night and main in Flowery Land nurseries have been selected as candidates for the future ruler's partner in life. By the time Prince Michi wants a wife, which he will possibly be allowed to contract a love match. At present, however, the law forbids it. Prince Michi's wife will be, may be, has been, selected from the daughters of the five highest families in the land. In addition, he is also entitled to choose inferior wives to the number of eleven from the best families, and the position of such wives is recognized.

Curiously enough, custom will condemn Prince Michi to buy his bride's trousseau. At present he is not thinking much about the matter, but, according to an English paper published in Kobe, has for a long time been in possession of a number of toy battleships, which he impudently smashes up, he they flying the flag of Russia, England, France, Germany, or even of Japan.

#### Give Rooster Mock Funeral.

A mock funeral was held by three bright boys in Presque Isle, Me., recently. A rooster which had passed away was made use of as the deceased, while two of the trio acted as mourners and a third as officiating clergyman. The latter has a particularly lively imagination and spoke in very feeling terms of the good qualities of the departed soul, which was laid away with all due solemnity in an improvised receiving tomb.

