

## Men and Women of To-day.

Colony Founded by Ex-Minister Thomas.

Thomas Brackett Reed is not the only distinguished member of the famous class of 1860 of Bowdoin College Maine. One of the ex-Speaker's classmates was William Widgery Thomas, twice Minister to Sweden, and the founder of the colony of New Sweden, in Aroostook County, Maine.

This colony is the most successful venture of the sort ever made in this country. It was planted a little more than twenty-five years ago in several townships of land near the village of Caribou. It has grown now to more than 6000 inhabitants. It is the greatest potato-raising district in America, and while the colonists have not yet become individually wealthy, in the aggregate they form the richest body of farmers in the Pine Tree State. Mr. Thomas still takes the keenest interest in the colony, and is still looked up to by the members as their guardian. Mr. Thomas has drawn himself even closer to the Swedes by his marriage. His wife is a Swede, and the Minister and his entire family are as familiar with the Swedish language, literature and customs as they are with those of this country.

Governor Roosevelt's First Bombardment.

'Thirty years ago,' says George C. Rockwood, the veteran New York photographer 'my studio was at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, then a residence section. At the corner facing the Union Square, was the old Roosevelt mansion where Theodore Roosevelt spent his boyhood.

'Several years ago, when the Governor was Police commissioner, he came into my present studio, and of course I personally superintendent posing him.' [The result of Mr. Rockwood's effort is presented herewith.] 'After I had fled him in the chair and asked him to look pleasant, please,' I said carelessly:

'I wonder whether you are the little fat boy who used to throw stones at my skylight in Thirteenth Street about thirty years ago?'

'Mr. Roosevelt's eyes winked. 'That's a long time ago, Mr. Rockwood,' he said. 'It's pretty nearly outlawed by this time. But as I have the police on my side now, and I'm not afraid of being arrested I'll admit that I was that boy. But don't let that make you spoil this picture.'

'It didn't for it was the best likeness that had ever been taken of Mr. Roosevelt up to that time. In fact, it was the only one that didn't make him look severe.'

Captain Watkins on Sea Captains.

Captain Frederick Watkins, of the steamship Paris, who has been suspended for two years on account of the disaster to that magnificent ship, is an exceedingly popular visitor in New York.

Not long ago he said: 'There is no doubt to one who makes his living upon the sea that character is unconsciously changed by the conditions prevailing on shipboard. A good Captain becomes the brain of his vessel, and insensibly forms an attachment for it as strong as the love borne by many men for their old homesteads. Landsmen speak of Captains going down with their ships as if it were a wonder; the real wonder is when old sea veterans do not go down with their ships. 'They tell a story of an old skipper in England who had been frequently urged to retire. He had saved up a great deal of money and had passed the threescore and-ten mark. He refused persistently, until finally, in a storm and fog combined he was cast away upon the coast of one of the eastern counties. His craft was very stannich, and though considerably broken, still held together. The old skipper never left her, and on the day following his sudden arrival he hired laborers, had the old craft drawn high and dry upon the land, propped on either side by heavy timbers, and there he passed the remainder of his life.'

How Kate Wiggin Met Her Husband.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of Patsy and Penelope's Progress, went abroad five years ago to rest. She was tired. Her work had been phenomenally successful, but it had also been particularly arduous, and she wanted to get away from the world for a few weeks at least. Therefore she had a frank talk with the

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captain of the steamer on which she sailed regarding the matter.

'I want,' she is reported to have said, 'to rest on this voyage. I am tired. I am going to Europe for a vacation. I don't want to be entertained on this ship, and I don't want to entertain any one.'

'Yessum,' assented the captain. 'I don't want to be introduced to any one,' continued the author; 'not to any one, except possibly that man who sits near you at our table. With that exception I don't want to meet any one.'

'That man' was a tall stalwart Englishman with blue eyes and light curling hair. He was preeminently distinguished in bearing and conspicuously well dressed. Mrs. Wiggin was and is a woman of great beauty and rare powers of fascination. The Captain made an exception in favour of the Englishman, and the following March cards were issued for the wedding of the fair widow and 'that man,' who is George Christopher Riggs, a prominent and wealthy business man of New York.

Shortly after her marriage to Mr. Riggs two ancient villagers met that gentleman walking down the main street of Hollie. 'Who is that feller?' asked one of the other.

'Why, don't you know who that is? That's Katie's husband. His name is Riggs.'

'Riggs!' repeated the inquisitive one meditatively. 'He ain't the Riggs that used to work down in the glove shop at Salmon Falls, be he?'

The Magic of Hobart's Name.

Vice-President Garret A. Hobart, of Washington and of Paterson, comes very near being the most important man in New Jersey. In politics his supremacy is seldom questioned, and his leadership was never more patent than in the McKinley-Hobart campaign. One day, in response to a request from a newspaper man, Mr. Hobart gave a letter to one of the Republican managers in Newark asking that certain facts be given to the journalist. The following day the correspondent called on the politician. The latter was busy and asked him to call again in an hour. At the appointed time he returned, only to be told to come back in half an hour.

This aroused his ire, and when, he was admitted finally he said to the politician: 'See here, I am a New York newspaper man. I am no Jerseyman. I have never used your State except to pass through it on my way to Washington, and I am not going to waste any more time here now. Besides, I have a letter to you from Mr. Hobart, and—'

'From Mr. Hobart! Why didn't you say that before?' exclaimed the manager.

Mr. Croker as a Prophet.

Richard Croker is rapidly becoming as prominent a figure in British racing circles as he is in the political life of New York. Until this season he has been remarkably successful, and his horses have captured several rich stakes. But this year he seems to have failed to make money by running his horses. He is reported as chumming with the Prince of Wales and his set, and the latest news records his acting in the capacity of guide to Senator Mark A. Hanna at a recent meet.

Two years ago Mr. Croker returned from a voluntary exile in Europe to find his party disrupted and likely to be defeated in the political contest for the control of the newly consolidated city of Greater New York. During his first days in the city he was as inconspicuous in his demeanor as a man of his positive qualities could be. He avoided notoriety, and seldom appeared on the street in company with his political friends.

One day during the historic campaign for the Mayoralty, Mr. Croker walked into Rockwood's studio and told the photographer he wanted to have his photograph taken.

'My name is Croker,' he said.

The artist instantly dropped his other work and led his caller back to the operating room. After the ordeal was over Mr. Croker called the attention to a large portrait of the late Henry George. Mr. George was the workingman's candidate Mayor, and at that time it was popularly believed that he might draw enough Democratic votes to defeat Tammany

Hall. His personal attacks on Mr. Croker were the sensation of the contest.

'Did you make that picture of Mr. George?' he asked.

Mr. Rockwood said he had made it.

'Then you know Mr. George. I have never seen him myself, although he has had a great deal to say about me. What kind of a man is he?'

Mr. Rockwood told him that he was a very sensitive, sanguine man.

'I suppose he is sanguine that he will win this election, eh? Poor fellow! Poor fellow!'

The next day early in the morning, Mr. George suddenly died in his bed. His forces went to pieces within twenty-four hours, and a week later Mr. Croker had won the fight of his life.

From A Vice-President's Dairy.

'Ellerslie Dairy Milk' is a familiar sign in high class butter stores in New York City. The product is put up in specially sealed bottles and commands a fancy price. During the last year of President Harrison's term of office an elderly gentleman, smooth-shaven and dignified, was in an Amsterdam Avenue market one morning when a woman came in and began to berate the clerk about some Ellerslie milk she had bought.

'Are you sure it was the Ellerslie milk you had?' inquired the old man, who had taken a singular interest in the controversy.

'Certain,' replied the woman warmly. 'And it's half water, that's what it is, and this man asks twelve cents a quart for it.'

'I don't understand that,' he replied. 'Suppose you let me look after this matter. I'll give the woman back the twelve cents, and I'll communicate with Mr. Cottrell, the Superintendent, and see what really is the matter.'

Thereupon the old man took the bottle, gave the woman twelve cents and handing the butter man his card, walked to the curb, where a carriage was waiting, and drove away. When the butterman looked at the card it read:

'Mr. Levi P. Morton  
Ellerslie  
New York.'

The old gentleman was the owner of the dairy and Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Morton has been out of public life for several years, but his interest in his great dairy farm up the Hudson is as active now as it ever was. This famous establishment is a model of its sort. It has more than 400 Guernsey cattle, costing over \$60,000. The last published statistics of the farm recorded a milk production of five and a half tons from one cow alone. From this milk 753 pounds of butter were made. Not only are a large number of milk stores supplied with Ellerslie milk, but it is a popular beverage in many of the big downtown dairy lunch rooms.

Edison's Lucky Scratch.

Thomas A. Edison said the other day regarding the invention of the phonograph: 'I was singing in the mouth-piece of a telephone where the vibration of my voice caused a steel wire point to scratch one of my fingers. That set me to thinking. I determined to record the motions of just such wire points on a cylinder, and the result was the phonograph. But it cost me many sore fingers.'

Miss Corelli Answers Another Critic.

When Marie Corelli crosses swords with a critic she does her work effectually. Recently a London reviewer observed in print: 'Miss Corelli is a dazzlingly pretty woman, but she fails as a novelist.'

Whereupon Miss Corelli replied in a personal letter to an English daily newspaper as follows:

'Mr. Jones has a brown beard, three inches long and neatly trimmed. He is slightly bald, but on the whole good looking, yet he cannot write correct English.' The controversy ended at this point.

Webster Unabridged.

Senator George Frisbie Hoar, who has made an exhaustive study of the life and

speeches of Daniel Webster, has an original theory regarding the published work of the great orator. The Senator believes that his greatest speeches were injured by being edited. He has some manuscripts in his collection which are just as Mr. Webster conceived them. They were put down on paper hot from his brain, and the Senator thinks that they are in some particulars more eloquent than those which were revised before publication. The Senator will probably record his theory in a book this fall.

The Launching of B. T. Washington.

Booker T. Washington is a favorite orator and a forceful speaker. However much he mingles with the white people, he will not be apt to forget his first experience in that line. It was during the Atlanta Exposition, in 1895. He was to make a speech, and the radiantly beautiful Mrs. Joseph Thompson, President of the woman's branch of the organization, sat on the platform with him. There were murmurings in the vast audience, but they did not unnerve either of them. On the contrary, they inspired Mrs. Thompson to write and hand him a note felicitating him on the occasion. This produced such an effect on Mr. Washington that he laid aside his written speech and made another one wholly impromptu, which is, so far, his ablest effort in the line of oratory.

Shipbuilder in Embryo.

Irving M. Scott, Vice President of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, builders of the Oregon and Olympia, visited the East this summer to attend his daughter's wedding and the commencement exercises of Cornell, where his son is an undergraduate. Young Mr. Scott is preparing to follow in his father's footsteps. He has made naval architecture a study, and has at his fingers' ends the statistics of most of the vessels in Uncle Sam's Navy. The other day his father, in telling a visitor about the armament Olympia, at a loss for certain figures.

'How about that son?' he asked. 'Four eight-pounders, ten five-pounders, rapid fire, in her main battery, and fourteen six-pounders, six one-pounders and four Gatlings,' answered the young man without a pause. And the shipbuilder, thus reinforced, went on with his description.

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom.

Robert Dewar, brother of Lord William Dewar, the British scientist who was the first experimenter to liquefy air, is remarkably absent-minded man. It is said that on one occasion he left his home early one morning and repaired to the house of a friend, in which there was a fine library to which he had access. That afternoon his relatives and friends searched the neighborhood in vain for him. At length he was run down in this library. By his side was a new suit of clothes.

'It's a nice man you are,' ironically said the spokesman.

'What's the matter now?' returned Robert irritably.

'Your bride and the preacher are waiting for you this two hours. Don't you know this is your wedding day, man?'

'I declare,' said the groom, 'I'd forgotten all about it! Wait till I dress and I'll go along with you.'

Mutually Surprised.

A writer in Harper's Weekly tells of the strange experience of a prospector named Whatley in the mountains not far from Cooke City, Montana. Absorbed in the finding of some rich specimens, he worked too long, and although totally unprepared, was compelled to sleep out. The weather luckily, was warm and pleasant.

Finding a depression filled with soft grass, he stood his rifle against the neighboring tree, and lay down to sleep. In the course of the night he was awakened by the heavy breathing of a large animal and the oppressive sense of a disagreeable odor. At first he was dazed and half-conscious of something standing over him, lay perfectly still.

Soon there was a grunting and snuffing close by his head, which made him realize that he was in a strange and horrible position of being underneath a grizzly bear. A cold sweat came over him, and he was paralyzed with fright.

The grizzly had been prowling about led by the scent of the remains of the prospector's supper, and so happened to walk over the prospector's body, partly covered by the grass and hidden in the depression.

His rifle was standing against the tree, and was of course out of reach. He had no knife, and he realized the grizzly might at any instant discover him. Acting on a sudden impulse, he doubled up his knees, and with all his strength plunged his fists and feet against the stomach of the brute.

It was a complete surprise for the grizzly, which in turn was even more frightened than Whatley. It ran squealing and bellowing into the timber, while

Whatley, whose knees were knocking together with fright gathered up his goods and struck out for Cooke City in the dark, not daring to pause until he was safe in the settlement.

TOBACCO AS A SOURCE OF REVENUE  
A Government Monopoly in Some Countries a Valuable Item in all.

The fact is well known that in four European countries, France, Austria, Italy and Spain, the tobacco trade is a Government monopoly, the tobacco being imported, or, if domestic tobacco, exclusively sold to the Government to be in turn retailed by it at a profit somewhat in the same way that postage stamps are sold. The French revenue from tobacco is nearly 400,000,000 francs a year (or about \$80,000,000). The revenue from the Italian tobacco monopoly was 188,000,000 lire last year, or about \$37,500,000. It is impossible to state with exactness the revenue of the Spanish Government from its tobacco monopoly this year, but in other years it has been put at about 100,000,000 pesetas, or \$20,000,000, though the loss during the past year of the two chief tobacco-producing colonies of Spain, Cuba and the Philippines, may not unreasonably be supposed to be a reason for the falling off in revenue from this source, as the purchase of tobacco by the Spanish Government henceforth will be in an open market and not under conditions distinctly favorable to the Government as sovereign.

Though all countries do not maintain a tobacco monopoly, there are few civilized Governments which do not derive a considerable measure of their financial support from taxes laid upon tobacco in some way or other. Thus, for instance, the customs duties on tobacco imported into England amount £11,000,000 a year of \$55,000,000 which is nearly as much as France derives from its complicated and cumbersome control of the sale of tobacco in the French Republic. Russia imposes tobacco taxes which yield a constant increasing revenue, the figures being 35,000,000 paper rubles for 1896. Germany derives a large revenue from its tobacco sales, and from its customs duties on tobacco, Germany being one of the countries in which the use of tobacco is most general, following in this particular Belgium, Brazil and Turkey, the three great tobacco-using countries.

When it comes to revenue of a public character from tobacco, Uncle Sam though making no pretences to any Government monopoly of this trade, is not much behind some other countries, and is far ahead of most of them, with every present indication of a further large increase from tobacco revenues in Cuba and Manila in the future. During the fiscal year of 1897, before the imposition of the revenue war taxes, so called, the Treasury receipts from the tax on the sale of cigars were \$12,189,000 and last year they were \$13,600,000. The tax has now been increased 60 cents per thousand, and the estimated revenue from this source this year is \$16,350,000. There is also another item of tobacco revenue for the Federal Government in the tax upon cheroots, or small cigars, which amounts to about \$400,000 a year, and under the increase of 50 per cent in the taxes of manufactured tobacco and snuff, this brings up the total from that item \$27,500,000, exclusive of \$5,000,000 tax being represented by the Commissioners of Internal Revenue at \$48,850,000 for last year.

This is a large item of revenue, but it does not exhaust the benefit which the Government derives from tobacco taxes, being such only as are imposed by the Internal Revenue Department and exclusive of those levied by the Treasury Department at the custom houses. The importance of leaf tobacco into the United States for the ten months ending May 1, 1899, was to the value of \$7,500,000, and cigars and cigarettes to the value of \$1,500,000 were imported. The general rate of tax on tobacco is 35 cents a pound, and when the revenues from the Custom House are added to those of the Internal Revenue Department it is seen that the proceeds of tobacco taxes in the United States are certainly as large, collectively, as those imposed in England, and probably exceed them, too, to some extent. It is estimated that the collective taxes of all Governments on tobacco amount to \$600,000,000 in a year.

Oruel.

An exchange pictures a small boy with a hoe in his hand saying insinuatingly to his father:

'Say, the fish are biting like everything down to the creek.'

'Well, sonny,' says the father, reassuringly 'you jest keep on hoeing potatoes and I guess they won't bite you!'

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

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