Stories About King Edward.

The New York World prints the following estimate of King Edward VII., by Alfred G Harmsworth, proprietor of the London Daily Mail, who is at present at St. Augustine, Florida:

Not one of least advantages that will follow the accession of the new King of England is his known attachment to the idea of a good understanding between our country and yours.

I reveal no secret when I state that certain European monarchs regard Americanism as one of the menaces of the universe, and that one mighty potentate in particular shared very strongly the wish of France, Italy and Austria that Spain might be victorious in your late war.

That the new King will be for years the most popular royalty in Europe will show his nature, for it is not easy for royalty to be popular, and many of them are far from beloved. The Prince of Wales has been revered because he was one of the people. He never displayed any affectation of superiority.

We like a well groomed and well dressed man. What the Prince wore to day the English speaking man (and others, too) wore to morrow.

We like a plucky man. Well, the Prince as a young man, in the presence of thousands dipped his hands in boiling lead when assured by the great scientist Faraday, when lecturing, that he would suffer no harm. Very few of us would do that.

The King is a good friend and a good enemy. We prefer that kind of man. Ask the lesser folk about the court how they like him and you will get an idea of his good features He never forgets these people.

When Providence created "the first gentleman of Europe" a royalty, it deprived us of a very excellent newspaper man.

For years the Prince's proclivity for news was the envy of our city editors. He knew all that was to be known, and much of it a long time ahead of the rest of the world.

Some years ago His Royal Highness considered and wished that he should receive the foreign despatches that pass between great countries, so the habit began of sending to Marlborough House the same despatch boy that went to the Queen and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

We expected the Prince to work hard. We published his engagements; we gave lists of his speeches and accounts of his work, and business men liked him because he was first of all a man of business.

No railway magnate drove his secretaries as he did, and his own courtesy in replying to letters brings him the largest daily personal mail of any living individual.

No public man lives a simpler life. Rising early each day, he scans the newspaper (and they are not carefully prepared for him, as for Emperor William;) he dictates and personally writes his letters, and then come business interviews of all kinds; luncheon at 2, a drive when in town, a walk when in the country—with shooting automobiling and farming; perhaps dinner at 8.30, billards or some other general game—and bed by midnight.

The King is a firm believer in massage, and indeed there are fewer healthier men in the world of his age than he is.

To him the modern man owes the revolution of costumes which enables us to wear loose and easy fitting clothes, which introduced the round dinner jacket, and the black tie for informal dinners, the tan boot, the smoking suit and a hundred and one details of costume that make us so much more comfortable and sensibly and less formally dressed than our fathers.

Not a great reform, you say? Well, think it over, and you will agree with me that it is fortunate he didn't set the world wearing tight-fitting military tunics, and skin-close trousers, with cut-throat collars and jack boots. And he could have done it, as your tailor will tell you No, the King is above all a supremely common-sense man, which is more than can be said of all the world's rulers.

A New York Journal cable from London says:—The new King of England resembles his mother in lack of stature. He is only five feet four inches in height, weight 215 pounds or more and wears a 17 1 2 collar. His waist circumference is 45 inches, eight inches more than his chest measurement, In fact, he is podgy.

All pictures of the Prince of Wales place him out as to make him look six or eight inches taller than he is. His girth is reduced by the same kind of process, probably by the elongation of his body pictorially.

In the early 90's he was attacked by rheumatism, which troubled him exceedingly. Every autumn he takes the waters either at Homburg or Wiesbaden, and of late years, since his chest has been delicate he usually goes to the Riviera every spring.

It was in 1871 that the English people feared they would lose the Prince of Wales. In the autumn of that year he visited the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian war, and slept in the midst of pestilential surroundings. In October he stayed with Lord and Lady Scarborough, and soon afterward developed typhoid fever, which brought him to the brink of the grave.

Sir W. Jenner, with able assistants, attended the Prince solely. The Queen and the Royal family went to Sandringham expecting the worst. All England and her colonies were prematurely in mourning. On Sunday, December 10, the Prince seemed at the worst, and prayers were offered up throughout England, the Princess herself leaving her husband's bedside for a short time to join in the petitions at Sandringham church.

The Prince hovered between life and death till the following Thursday, the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death ten years before—a fatal date if superstition were credited. Yet that date proved the turning point, and slowly the Prince began to mend. When convalescence became announced the Prince and Princess went to the Isle of Wight, and the journey gave opportunity to the most joyous congratulations and greetings from the people along the route.

A national thanksgiving day was appointed February 27, 1872, and it was observed as a holiday by the nation. The Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the royal family attended service in St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was whispered at the time of the Prince's recovery that it was due to an inspiration. His Royal Highness seemed to be actually in extremis when one of his medical attendants sent in haste for two bottles of old champagne brandy and rubbed the patient with it vigorously all over till returning animation rewarded the doctor's efforts.

The most serious accident to the prince occurred in July, 1898. While descending a spiral staircase he missed his footing and the extreme effort which he then made to recover his balance caused a rupture of the insertion of the left quadriceps extensor muscle, which tore away with it at the time the upper portion of the patella.

At the time of the accident the prince was in London, and as 'everybody' was out of town he ordered that he be removed to Cowes. His physician acquiesced, fearing that otherwise he worry himself into illness. During the first four days after the accident acute apprehension was felt that tetanus might supervene. Premonitory symptoms had appeared, and the fear of tetanus, coupled with the gouty condition of the prince's knee joint, was the real reason why no operation was performed to bring the fractured parts of the patella together.

The prince, however, had the good fortune to make an excellent recovery although he will have a weak knee for life.

Brilliant Thought.

The far-famed "lady from Philadelphia" evidently has some descendants or distant kin, and a charity visitor recently heard of one of them.

The visitor went to see an old lady whose tribulations with her only timepiece—a small round clock with a particularly loud tick—had formed the main topic of conversation on previous occasions.

"When it's in the room it does seem as if it would drive me crazy,' the old lady had often said, almost with tears; "it does so! And yet if I shut it up in the closet, the hours that I sit here doing my patch seem twice as long just because I can't see that little thing, and tell off the time as it passes.'

But this day the old lady's face was radiant, and she could hardly wait to reply to her visitor's inquiries as to her health.

'I'm all right, dear,' she said with evident excitement. 'Now you draw up your chair and see what you see out of my window.'

The visitor looked out, and there on the windowledge stood the perplexing little clock,

'Isn't that complete, dear!' demanded the old lady. 'It was your niece that came to see me day before yesterday that thought up the idea.

'Mrs Brown,' she said when I told her my trials with that clock, 'you don't need to have that window open at the bottom as long as you've got other ways of getting air through the day,' she says; 'and so why not put the clock out on the window-ledge, facing into the room, and tie it on to the blind hook?' she says.

'And she did it, dear, and there 'tis. At night I take it in and put it in the closet, and come winter your niece says she's got a little box with one side knocked out that'll fit right over the clock, in case of storms, and leave the face right against the windew, same as now.

'Now my head's rested and my eyes are blessed,' concluded the old lady, earnestly, 'and I feel to be real grateful to your niece!'

Phoebe's Friend.

At Mr. John Burroughs's home in the little village of Westpark, on the Hudson, there are the usual number of bird comedies and tragedies to be found in all leafy retreats, only here is some one to chronicle them and to act as a friend in need. Says a writer in the Outlook:

Under the eaves of a villa on the hill side near Mr. Burroughs's home, a phoebe had built her nest. There, within arm's reach of the piazza, the bird was quietly hatching her eggs, undisturbed by the proximity of human neighbors.

'I saw her building her nest,' said Mr. Burroughs, 'and noticed that she did not seem to have any bump of locality. She would come flying up here, her beak loaded with mud, and drop it on the rafters. Each time she seemed to forget where she had deposited her load, and the result was that she soon had the building of four or five houses on her hands.

I thought this was rather more than one small bird ought to undertake. So I interrupted the building operations by putting stones or blocks of wood on the foundations of all except one of the nests, and in this way concentrated the attention of phoebe upon a single site.

'This set her on the right path, and she went ahead and finished up a house the one she is using now.'

Unpleasant Reminder.

In the recently published 'Life of Sir James Nicholas Douglass,' a well known English civil engineer, many interesting stories are told of English lighthouses, their builders and keepers. One story concerns a man named Tom Bowen, who was an assistant during the building of a new tower.

Among many curious things that Tom knew was every nook and cranny in the rocks where the crabs were to be found. He would put his arm into the holes, often right up to the shoulder, and haul out with wonderful dexterity—generally to make a present of his plunder to somebody else—one fine specimen after another of the shell-fish

He seldom met with a mishap while engaged with this dangerous sport, but once, at any rate, he did, as the following extract from a rough diary which was kept by the principal keeper—a strict Sabbatarian—quietly records:

'Sunday, August 26th,. T. B after crabs; one bit by the hand to pay him for Sunday.'

Riding Astride.

Mrs. Grace Seton-Thompson, who went to the Rocky Mountains with her husband on a hunting trip, strongly advises women, when undertaking rough riding, to avoid the side-saddle. She gives this instance of the advantage of riding astride:

One day I was following a game trail along a very steep bank, which ended in a granite precipice a hundred feet below. It had been raining and snowing in a fitful fashion, and the clay ground was slippery. It gave a most treacherous footing.

One of the pack animals just ahead of my horse slipped and fell on his knees. The heavy pack overbalanced him, and away he rolled, over and down the slope, to be saved from the precipice only by the happy accident of a scrub tree in the way. Frightened by the sight, my animal plunged, and he, too, lost his footing.

Had I been riding on a side-saddle, nothing could have saved me, for the down hill was on the near side; but I swung out of the saddle on the off side, and landed in a heap on the up hill, still clutching the bridle.

That act saved my horse's life, as well as my own, for the sudden weight I put on the upper side as I swung off enabled him to recover his balance just in time. A side saddle would have left one helpless in such an emergency.

A Twenty-five Dollar Family.

A strange sense of the fitness of things must have possessed a colored woman who recently applied for the place of cook in a Washington household. The home is exceptionally well supplied with rich furniture and bric-a-brac, says the Star, and evidently the woman thought her work should be in keeping with all this elegance.

'What is your name?' asked the family.

'Evangeline, thank you,' came in reply from the dusky applicant.

'Evangeline, then, tell me, are you a good cook?'

'It's just like this: You see, I can do ten-dollar cooking, fifteen dollar cooking, twenty dollar cooking; but—'

There was an undue emphasis on the 'but,' and Evangeline glanced admiringly about the house.

'It seems to me,' she went on finally, 'you folks wouldn't be satisfied with any other than my twenty-five dollar kind.'

The family was taken aback, but managed to recover itself in time to say it might get along with about seventeen-dollars-and-thirty-five-cents cooking for a few months, at any rate.

'How well you're looking, Mrs. Butterby. You're positively growing handsomer as you grow older.'

'Well, you know, Mr. Gridley, that they do say that age is a great improver. If I'm not wrong some poet has sung about the charms of old wine, and old book, and old friends.'

'But not of old eggs, Mrs. Butterby; not of old eggs'

A WINTER MORNING.