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THE QUEEN IS NO "DUMMY."

Some of the Prerogatives of the British Sovereign.

People on this side of the water are apt to attach too much credence to what is oft-repeated but somewhat false statement that the queen of England, though she has no power, is a mere figure head, in fact, and nothing but a constitutional puppet in the hands of the New York Herald, a great mistake. The English sovereign has retained far more power than people realize. For instance, she has the power of veto over every subject in the army, from the commander-in-chief down to the youngest drummer. She could disband the army in the same way, and sell the ships, stores and munitions of war to the buyer that presented himself.

She has the power of declaring war or peace, and of appointing the ambassador or minister to every court of any importance and of receiving the representative of each foreign power. Acting entirely within her prerogative she could, at every noon, woman and child in the United Kingdom could be ordered to appear before her to be counted, and those who are of age to vote and a vote in the house of lords. She could, at a word or stroke of the pen, are confiscate the property of the richest subject and could, moreover, pardon and his attainder of any crime committed or contracted in her dominions. Those are only a few of the things that the queen could do if she honestly thought it for the good of her people.

JUMBO AND THE LAW.

A Report Started and After the Usual Denials Confirmed.

It was night or more years ago, and the cars containing the animals were attached to the rear end of a freight train, says the Providence Journal. The animals were guided around the change place by attendants, and for the remainder of the journey were safe. They hadn't gone a great distance, however, when Jumbo's tank began to pant. The big elephant's trunk was the place with his breath, but didn't find any water. He reached out with his trunk and touched the partition just in front of which he stood his back. There was two parts to sight—a big fat man and Family Doctor shanty, which he had occupied for a long time on the free station. Jumbo poked out the man's head and gave a yell that could be heard for three blocks through the open cars, and the building had nearly been wrecked from its former home and stored into the water.

Paddy Gorse looked for a lawyer, and found the late Andrew E. Wood, who was then in his prime. He went out to a depot sheriff, with instructions to attach Jumbo. The officer presented the paper to the treasurer of the circus and then took up a position near the elephant, but out of the reach of the swing of his trunk.

The attachment process was promptly settled, but the officer said afterward that if the animal had decided to walk away he hadn't any idea how he could have prevented to enforce the law by compelling him to remain.

FRENCH JOURNALISM.

Sunday in Boston.

The Fifty Daily Newspapers of Paris and Their Readers.

The Paris press comprises nearly 50 daily newspapers, the aggregate not having varied greatly during the last ten years. Most of these are sold for one sou—4 centavos—a piece, although it is said for two sous, 8 1-2 cents or

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A COLD WAVE.

BY MARTHA N. PILLSBURY.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, the thermometer registered 81 degrees of heat in the shadow of our little verandah, where Nona sat fanning herself after putting away lunch.

"Mel, I am glad mother didn't come down to Florida this winter," she said to her husband, who was reading the doctor's letters each had sent her on this, in February, would agree with her, after spending 11 winters in the sunniest."

"But it will be necessary for her to come some time if we stay," I replied, "for I am sure that if she should be ill, need here, we are obliged to stay, even if we do not like it."

"Oh, well, I do like it, I suppose," said Nona, reluctantly. "But I should like to see just one winter in our own home and hear sleigh-bells jingle once this year."

"Oh, you are a born northerner, Nona. But for one, I am glad poor father had the resolution to leave that rocky old Vermont Farm," said I.

Well, but instead of the sleighing we will make up those three months' vacation."

"But think of the violets, bananas, oranges and pineapple we shall have here," I continued, "and the delicious strawberries, eggplants, strangleuse, and other delicacies which we never have and cannot have in Vermont, even if worth $1,000. More than we could get from them all and 'winterkill' at the very times I hard work."

"Which that always does, more of hard work," said Nona, running around the room, and I knew that she was thinking of the many times I had helped her with it. "Mel, do hard work need to be done in the house while we are here? My, but sort of hat, though?" as she looked at the straw sailor which she had worn to church.

"Why, I suppose so, Nona, but I am sure that you will find plenty to do. Remember that you have come to Florida to rest and to get well, and that you must not do anything to overtax your strength. Now, I am going to go to the depot and get the letters and mail."

"Mel, you are a dear, darling husband, and I appreciate your thoughtfulness for me, but I am not going to be a baby. I am going to go to the depot with you, and I am going to help you carry home the mail. Now, I am going to put on my hat and go with you."

"That's the way I like to see you, Nona," I said, as she left the room. "Now you are getting your color and your spirits back."

"Mel, I am going to walk home," Nona said, as we started out.

"Nona, you are not used to the heat," I said, "and you must not overdo the first day. Remember that you have been ill, and that you are not strong."

"Mel, I am going to walk home," she replied, coming to the fire. "I am going to walk home, and you are going to ride. I have been shut in the house long enough, and I am going to walk home."