THEY SPANK KINGS

HOW ROYALTY IS PUNISHED WHEN IT MISBEHAVES.

Young Scions Are Spanked—A Duke Was Confined—Princes Are Humiliated. Queen Isabella Had Her Ears Boxed. The Duke of Clarence Was Horsewhipped.

[Special Correspondence.]

PARIS, Aug. 27.—In spite of the popular impression that prevails in many parts of the old world that princes of the blood are constructed of different clay from ordinary folks; that their royalty is semisacred in its character, and that, theoretically at any rate, they can do no wrong, the fact remains that they are just as human, just as weak under temptation and just as prone to err as the remainder of mankind. This being the case, the question naturally arises as to how they are punished when they misbehave themselves. Of course I do not refer to princes of tender years, for we all know that the emperor of Germany is accustomed to repress the exuberance of his eldest three boys by vigorous spankings, and that Queen Victoria on one memorable occasion, when her 8-year-old grandson, George, now duke of York, had perpetrated some piece of rudeness at dinner, ordered him to stand in the corner.

Neither Age Nor Rank Can Save Them.

The scions of royalty whom I have in mind, however, are those who have passed beyond the age of being spanked, of being stood up in a corner by their grandmas and of being sent to bed in disgrace. These are usually disciplined by confinement to their apartments, coupled with temporary deprivation of their swords. This punishment is known in French as "aux arrets," while in Germany it is styled "stubenarrest." It is very frequently inflicted, and many of the absences of royal personages from public festivities and state functions which are attributed by the official court journals and by the daily press to indisposition are due, on the contrary, to some such penance as this.

Neither age nor rank can save princes from this form of discipline, and I have known the late Emperor Frederick, even after he had attained the rank of general, to be allotted eight days of such arrest for having drawn public attention to defects in the accouterment of the First regiment of Prussian guards in a manner peculiarly offensive to his father. In those days the soldiers of the regiment referred to, when in full dress, were so tightly buttoned up in their tunics, wore such topheavy headpieces and were crossed in every direction by so many straps and belts that such a thing as stooping was an absolute impos-

QUEEN ISABELLA.

sibility. The crown prince, as he was at that time, happened to enter the parade ground just before the arrival of the king. Catching sight of the terribly stiff and stilted appearance of the soldiers, he dropped a goldpiece on the ground beside the man at the extreme right of the line and told him to pick it up. The unfortunate soldier squirmed and twisted and was finally obliged to confess his inability to touch the coin. "And with soldiers thus arrayed one expects to win battles!" exclaimed the prince, with bitter sarcasm. This utterance was reported to his father, who inflicted upon him the penalty above described, but shortly afterward modified the equipment of his troops.

Penalty For Indiscretion.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, the heir presumptive to the crown, who was in this country last year, has suffered at the hands of his uncle, the emperor, a period of three months' stubenarrest, during which time he was not permitted to leave the precincts of his palace, to don his sword or to entertain friends. His cousin, the late Crown Prince Rudolph, underwent six weeks of similar seclusion just before his marriage for having created a public scandal by his relations with the well known danseuse, Mlle. Buska, at that time living at Prague. He had been indiscreet enough to purchase some magnificent furniture for her from one of the great upholsterers on the Ringstrasse at Vienna, and the merchant, only too glad to make everybody acquainted with the imperial patronage by which he had been honored, found nothing better to do than to exhibit the furniture in his shop windows, with large cards intimating that it had been ordered by the prince for the lady in question at Prague. So great was the talk to which it gave rise that it almost resulted in the breaking off of the match between the crown prince and Princess Stephanie of Belgium.

Lived on Short Rations.

The brother of the German empress, Duke Ernest Gunther of Sleswick-Holstein, has been repeatedly under stubenarrest by orders of Emperor William, and so, too, has Prince Frederick Leopold, now colonel of the garde de corps and brother-in-law of his majesty. The Duke of Edinburgh, now ruler of the duchies of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was confined on board ship at the time of the Prince of Wales' wedding and debarred from taking any part in that ceremony as a punishment for raising money among his messmates on board a man-of-war, where he was serving, by selling to the highest bidders the photographs and letters of his mother, the queen, and those of his sisters—a piece of sharp practice which aroused his royal mother's particular indignation. Even kings are sometimes thus punished, and up to the time of his coup d'etat a year ago young King Alexander of Servia was frequently subjected by the regents not merely to arrest, but to still further discipline, by being deprived of the dishes, especially the entremets, of which he was most fond. Indeed the overthrow of the Servian regency was due far more to a question of pudding than to a question of politics.

Sinned and Fibbed About It.

The young Zavarian Princes Rupert and Charles, who have distinguished themselves by running away from home in fair but frail company, have had to spend many a month in the enforced seclusion of stubenarrest, besides having their by no means large allowances docked by their father, Prince Louis, the country's future king, who is exceedingly strict with his children and intolerant of any breach of discipline. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who has just married Princess Josephine of Belgium, likewise ran away from home, tired of the strict discipline. He had four young fellows as his companions, and after all sorts of queer adventures they were forced before the end of a week to appeal to the authorities of one of the towns that they had reached for financial assistance. On his return the prince attempted to explain his absence by the concoction of a fable to the effect that he and his friends had been seized and abducted by a party of masked men, and for a few days the newspapers were full of the alleged outrage. But the police soon discovered that there was not a word of truth in the story, and the prince, to his great disgust, was not only condemned to two months' close arrest, but, what was far worse, was forced to make a public confession before the entire officers' school of his untruthfulness.

Severe, but Just.

Sometimes the disciplining of princes extends far beyond a mere term of arrest. Thus there is an Austrian archduke who has been deprived of his rank in the army, of his royal attributes and banished for some offense which has never been made known outside the imperial circle at Vienna, but which aroused the bitterest resentment of the ordinarily kind old emperor. And there is a Russian grand duke, the eldest brother of Queen Olga of Greece and a first cousin of the czar, who has been similarly disgraced, and who has been confined for many years within the limits of a small garrisoned town in central Asia, to all intents and purposes dead to his family and to the world. His punishment, though severe, was well merited, for, to satisfy the pecuniary exigencies of the American adventuress, Fanny Lear, alias Mrs. Hattie Blackford of Philadelphia, who had him within her toils, he rifled not only his mother's jewel case, but also sacrilegiously sold the jeweled icons and the priceless chalices of the imperial chapel. One of the members of the reigning house of Spain, the late Prince Henry of Bourbon, duke of Seville, who was at one time affianced to Queen Isabella, became involved in a pronunciamento against the crown and suffered not merely arrest, but a long term of imprisonment in a fortress, and, curiously enough, his son, the present duke of Seville, has been overtaken by a similar fate and would be still behind the bars had it not been for an act of clemency on the part of Queen Regent Christina when her son, the little king, attained his seventh birthday.

Under "Curatel."

Frederick the Great, too, spent two years as a prisoner in the fortress of Kustrin and would have been beheaded by his infuriated father had it not been for the interference of the Austrian and English embassadors. Besides these methods there is what is known as "curatel," the counterpart of the "conseille judiciaire" of French jurisprudence, which is inflicted upon men of rank and family who have shown by their reckless extravagance or misconduct that they are incapable of managing their affairs. There is a large number of German princes, members of reigning houses, who are under "curatel," and thus deprived not only of their rank in the army, but also of the exercise of any of their prerogatives and privileges as well as of the management of their own affairs, being subjected to all the disabilities and disadvantages of either an infant or a lunatic.

There are only three cases talked of where the disciplining of royal personages is asserted to have gone to the length of personal violence. Queen Isabella of Spain, long after she had ascended the throne, had her ears boxed by her mother at a meeting of the privy council, old Queen Christina being infuriated by some progressive and liberal reform to which her daughter had given her sanction. But the other two cases are those of Archduke Otto of Austria and of the late Duke of Clarence. As the castigations did not take place in public, of course nothing can be said about the matter with certainty. But it is asserted that Emperor Francis Joseph soundly boxed the ears of his disreputable nephew for outrageous behavior to his young wife when she was on the eve of childbirth, while the Prince of Wales is said to have horsewhipped the Duke of Clarence for an offense of which he was subsequently shown to have been entirely innocent. It is this act of injustice due to his hot temper that is believed to have contributed to the poignancy of the grief of the royal Welshman when his son died.

BARON SARTOR.

China's Large Legation.

China's legation in Washington is the largest maintained by any country represented in America. Its head, Yang Yu, was an official of high rank on the civil staff of the Chinese viceroy, Li Hung Chang, before accepting his present mission. There are 17 officials constituting the minister's working staff. Among the most important of these is C. F. Moore, attache and translator. Mr. Moore is of English parentage, was born in China and understands not only the ordinary Chinese vernacular, but the Mantchoo or court language. Part of his official duty is to read the American papers and have such articles as he thinks are of consequence to the minister translated into Chinese for his benefit. This is done in characters an inch long made with blue and red pencils, and the characters are written by a secretary as Mr. Moore turns the article into Mantchoo.

Greek Dress.

Greek dress may at first sight appear a simple matter. There was very little of it, and the chief difficulty must have been to keep up that little long. "Half naked and quite Greek" seems true enough if we judge by works of art. But we must allow for the doctrine of "heroic nudity" and not suppose that the gilded youth of Athens were quite so independent of their tailors as they appear on the frieze of the Parthenon.

They Fight to Conquer.

An Anglicized Japanese says of the national air of Japan: "It is indescribable. I have heard nothing so much like it as your 'Dead March In Saul.' It is that sort—terrible and solemn. And then the Japanese soldiers do not fear death. They don't think about it. They go to fight and conquer. The men favor the religion of the Samurai, which is to do right and leave yourself in the hands of your Creator."

An Old Fashioned Sabbath.

In Helgoland Sabbath begins at 6 p. m. on Saturday, when the church bell is tolled, and ends on Sunday at the same hour. Formerly no vessel could leave port between those hours.

The Game of Five Points.

Have you heard of the drawing game of five points? Each person playing is given a pencil and paper and places five points on it in any position or at any distance apart that he chooses. The papers are passed to those sitting next, and then each one must draw a figure of a man, using the five points for the head, hands and feet. The results will often be very funny, but that depends on how the points are placed.—New York Advertiser.

Eskimos Can't Swim.

"Although the Eskimo are dependent upon the sea for everything they eat and for the clothes they wear, none of them knows how to swim," said Lieutenant G. L. Tanner, an ex-navy officer. "This seems strange at first, but becomes less mysterious when we take into consideration the fact that the temperature of the water in the region where they live is never above the freezing point. The natives guard against the danger of drowning by making the covering of their boats so tight about the body of the fisherman that there is no leakage, even if they do happen to tip over."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ON A STEAMSHIP

MOUNTAINS OF FOOD AND RIVERS OF DRINK FOR OCEAN PALACES.

Atlantic Liners That Cost Millions and Make Good Profits For Their Owners. Old Ocean Paved With Champagne Bottles—Crockery Broken on One Trip.

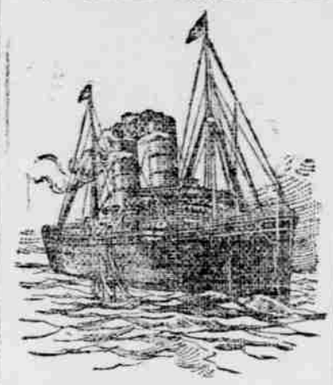
[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—On the upper deck of one of the largest Cunarders, aloof from the babble and confusion that always attends the departure of an ocean steamer, three rather distinguished looking men stood chatting. Presently a man somewhat younger than those in the group approached.

"These newspaper men," remarked one member of the party, an M. D., "remind me of Sardou."

"Why?" asked the young man as he joined the others.

"Because Sardou," replied the M. D., "always must know the ins and outs of everything he sees. Why, the reason Sardou won't visit this country is because of the fear that the tremendous number of new things he would find here would kill him. He would want to study them all. Do you suppose Sardou would ride on a cable car without first visiting the power house and learning how it's run? Not a bit of it. No more than our newspaper friend here, who came aboard this ship ostensibly to see us off, could leave it without going from deck to keel asking a thousand questions."



LUCANIA.

"Well, what sort of stuff have you?" asked another member of the party, an editor, addressing the journalist in the vernacular of the profession.

A Steamship Four Blocks Long.

"I've been figuring," said the writer curtly.

"Figuring what?" blurted out the fourth member of the quartet, a Wall street broker.

"Figuring the ground space that would be covered by this steamer if she were set down in Broadway. She's 620 feet long, and, excepting her twin sister, the Campania, this very Lucania is the largest steamer that crosses the Atlantic ocean today. Now, if she were set down in Broadway at the junction of Wall street, she would extend past Pine, Cedar and Liberty streets and lift the tip of her bowsprit like a giant deer sniffing the air above the building in the center of the block between Liberty street and Maiden lane."

"And if you had placed her stern opposite the gate of Trinity church," the broker interrupted, "and then tipped her with her nose heavenward she would tower to more than twice the height of Trinity church steeple."

"In other words," put in the editor, "this ship occupies the space of a row of 25 four story and basement city dwelling houses."

"And if those houses," the newspaper man said, "were on Fifth avenue and each cost $50,000, the Lucania would still have cost twice as much as the entire 25 houses."

"That's $2,500,000," exclaimed the Wall street man. "Why, that's exactly the cost of St. Patrick's cathedral, steeples, altars and all. Tremendous, isn't it?"

"Yes," agreed the man of medicine, "and it's $500,000 more than Mr. Astor paid for his Waldorf hotel complete."

"Speaking of hotels," said the newspaper man as he leaned back against the rail and lighted a cigar, "this ship, as far as providing meals goes, is the biggest hostelry on earth. She will consume in this voyage more food than the Waldorf consumes in six months. The Lucania on this voyage will carry 1,500 passengers and crew, who will be served with four meals each day, 24 in all, making a grand total of 36,000 individual meals served during the voyage."

Mountains of Food, Rivers of Drink.

"You've been interviewing the head steward," said the editor knowingly.

"Yes," acknowledged the interviewer, "and, next to the captain, he's the biggest man on board this ship. Some people who do nothing but eat the entire voyage rate him even above the captain. Anyway he's an expert in his business, and he's a mathematician. He can estimate how many eggs 1,500 people will eat in six days almost to an egg. Long experience has taught him that he will use at the rate of almost two eggs for every minute of the voyage, which means that about 16,000 eggs are aboard this ship. And with everything else, lobsters, chickens, and so on, he estimates with equal nicety. He has to."

"But there is hardly time for the philosophy of holding the chief stewardship," interrupted the Wall street man bluntly. "Let's have some figures. How much meat, flour, sugar and so on does this steamer carry?"

"You must know first," the newspaper man answered, "that perishable food only is bought in America, together with such things as melons, oysters, peaches, cigars, tomatoes and other articles that are cheaper and better here than abroad, and of course the necessary supply of coal. All of the groceries and wines are purchased on the other side, the supply being laid in for the round trip. But of fresh provisions to Liverpool for a single passage the supply stored away in the icerooms of this ship would make a housewife open her eyes in wonder."

The journalist paused and turned over the leaves of his notebook.

"You have on this ship now," he said, "to be used in the six days between New York and Liverpool, 1,500 pounds of fresh beef, 1,000 pounds of canned beef, 700 of mutton, 1,000 of lamb, 500 of veal, 500 of pork, 3,000 of fresh fish, 500 chickens, 150 ducks, 75 geese, 100 turkeys, 300 brace of grouse, 20 tons of potatoes, 50 hampers of vegetables, 500 quarts of ice cream, 2,000 quarts of wine and 10,000 lemons. All these, remember, were put aboard in New York.

"Now, in addition, there is a vast quantity of groceries which were put aboard in Liverpool, such as tea, of which for the round trip of 22 days there are used 800 pounds, together with 1,500 pounds of coffee, 2,800 of white sugar, 2,800 of moist sugar, 1,800 of cheese, 3,000 of butter, 4,000 of ham and 1,400 of bacon."

"How about the bar?" asked the editor. "I've heard it said that if the ocean dried up you could trace the route of the transatlantic steamers by the empty champagne bottles between here and Europe."

Champagne and Cigars.

"That's not so surprising," said he of the notebook, "when you learn that the Cunard line alone uses 26,000 bottles of champagne a year. Everything for the bar is put on at Liverpool, the consumption for one voyage including 1,100 bottles of champagne, 950 bottles of claret, 7,000 of ale, 3,000 of porter, 5,000 of mineral water and 700 bottles of various spirits."

"What about the weed?" the M. D. inquired as he blew the clouds of smoke away on the wind.

"The consumption of tobacco for last year on board the Cunard fleet," said the journalist, "was 34,360 pounds of tobacco, 63,340 cigars and 56,875 cigarettes."

"And coal?" persisted the M. D.

"The heaviest item naturally," the newspaper man replied. "The Cunard fleet burns every year 357,000 tons of coal, or almost 1,000 tons for every day in the year. This is easily understood, for ships like the Lucania and Etruria alone burn more than 300 tons a day. This 357,000 tons of coal, if built as a wall 4 feet high and a foot thick, would reach from New York to Albany. Ropes, too, are a big item, and if those of this fleet were joined together they would reach from New York to Portland, Me."

Atlantic Ferry Profits.

"I wonder if you learned anything about the profits of the steamship business?" asked the practical man from Wall street. "No? Well, sir, the gross receipts from a single voyage during the spring and summer months frequently rise above $100,000. When the Lucania, the City of New York, the Umbria and other ships of that class leave New York with 500 to 600 cabin passengers, as they do twice a week between April and September, receipts from the cabin alone average more than $100 for each person and represent in the aggregate $60,000. The other sources of income from the ship, such as freight, the mails, the steerage and the bar, amount to almost as much again. The clear profit of the bar alone, by the way, on one voyage, is said to be $5,000."

Smashing Crockery.

"That's very interesting," the journalist put in, "but do you happen to know the enormous expense involved in breakage on a single voyage? In rough weather particularly the crockery broken would supply an ordinary village for a year. The chief steward just told me that on the last passage to New York his crockery list showed a breakage of 960 plates, 280 cups, 438 saucers, 1,213 tumblers, 260 wine glasses, 27 decanters and 63 water bottles. That breakage alone cost more than $500. And yet, pooh! What's that to a company who gets $500 from a Wall street man, for instance, for a single stateroom?"

And with this parting shot the newspaper man wished his friends bon voyage, then went home and wrote this article.

GILSON WILLETS.

THE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

Pessimistic Abram S. Hewitt of New York Is More Hopeful.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—Ex-Mayor Hewitt of this city is one of those men who have taken intense interest in the remarkable and ominous developments that have been made in all parts of the country during the past year. Mr. Hewitt is now nearing 70 years of age, but his intellectual powers seem to be untouched by the years that have passed over his head, and he seems to be even more public spirited now that he has retired permanently from public life than he was when he held conspicuous office. Having nothing to ask of the politicians, he seems to be girded by that moral courage which at times fails even some of the ablest men in public life. By a single impromptu speech, made not long ago, he caused the Chamber of Commerce, the most conservative and influential association of business men in New York city, to turn back on its proposed action and to support a policy with respect to a vast underground railway system in New York to which, before Mr. Hewitt's speech was made, it had been opposed. Not for many

ABRAM S. HEWITT.

years in New York city has there been such a conspicuous triumph of the spoken word as was that which Mr. Hewitt then gained. Some of his utterances have had a despairing note in them, but he has recently spoken in a more hopeful vein to some of the voluntary associations in New York organized to secure good government and the election of honest men. He recently said that "the rising generation are confronted with a very grave and difficult problem, no less than the preservation of the liberty which was procured to them by the sacrifices and the wisdom of their fathers." That thought is in line with much that Mr. Hewitt has said in private conversation of late. It has seemed to him that perhaps the very perfection of liberty which has been the lot of the citizens of the United States may have caused them to be heedless of danger, and at one time Mr. Hewitt seemed to despair of any hope of awakening the communities to these dangers. But in this recent address he added: "The spirit of reform seems at last to have been awakened in this country. It is certainly time that it should exert itself, for we live in an age when the genius of destruction is at work undermining the well settled principles of order upon which the social structure rests and must continue to stand."

Mr. Hewitt, although a Democrat, does not speak as a partisan, and although an employer of labor intends not to speak as a capitalist. No man has been more urgent in pleading the rights of labor to combine for mutual protection than he. It is a deep and insidious evil which he is trying to reach in these remarks. E. J. E.

Give the Corset Its Due.

Octavia Bates, who flings an excursive pen, traces 95 diseases of women to the habit of wearing a corset. Octavia should make her diagnosis complete by giving a list of the diseases women escape through the beneficent constriction of the corset. Fair play is a jewel, and even the much berated corset should be credited with all its good points when it stands trial at the bar of public opinion.—Philadelphia Record.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Lizzt was tall, angular and thin. His hands were very large and his fingers so long as to enable him to cover an octave and a half. His side face bore a striking resemblance to that of Calhoun.

CAN MAKE MONEY

ACHIEVEMENT OF LITERARY TALENT IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD.

Straightening Out a Business Wreck—How the New Southern Railway System Was Developed—Literary Gifts That Received Good Returns.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The question is often asked, Where are we to look for the great writers in the future? And it is said in reply that we shall be sure to find those who are able to do great literary work engaged in other vocations because literature pays scanty returns—that is to say that men who are capable of doing something really great with the pen have found that their capacities can earn much greater rewards when employed in more practical matters.

Recently there has occurred in New York a striking illustration of the truth that is contained in such a statement. There are three or four men engaged in financial business who in their younger days had an inclination toward literature and were, in fact, almost tempted to make it their life business. Chance, however, or perhaps good fortune, threw them into other associations, where their abilities have received such recognition as to bring them great fortunes. They are not known and probably never will be by name to the great American public, but they have won the highest respect and admiration from those who are masters in the financial world.

The latest of the achievements of these men in association with others has been the creation of one of the greatest railway systems in the world, one which, at the final stroke of the pen a few days ago, was ready equipped for the transportation of passengers and freight over nearly 5,000 miles, and one which will practically command the transportation business of a considerable portion of the southern states.

The literature of figures never told a more fascinating tale than that which this mighty transaction suggests. There were in the south a great number of railways some 15 years ago which by one of the magic operations of finance became at the stroke of the pen one system, known as the Richmond Terminal. Hard times and embarrassments came, and this system, controlling nearly 8,000 miles of railway, was obliged to beg the protection of the courts—in other words, it became bankrupt.

The mind is almost bewildered in considering the figures which were presented to those who proposed to bring order out of this wreckage of disorder. There were securities amounting to several hundred millions of dollars, and they crossed one another so that it was almost as difficult to trace them as it would have been to explore the Egyptian labyrinth. Even the visible evidences of these obligations made a sight wonderful to look upon. The owners of these securities brought them to one of the banking houses in New York in bundles great and small. They tossed them over the railings to the clerks, for there was no other convenient way to handle them, so that at last the banking rooms looked like a great junkshop, and no one could tell how much these $400,000,000 of nominal value were really worth.

Finally the owners of the securities requested a famous banking house to undertake to create out of these remains a new property which should have a fixed value, and the work was delegated to a committee consisting of three men, each one of whom is possessed of unusual literary ability and would have been likely to have made his mark in the literary world had he yielded to his early temptation and made literature a vocation.

The committee sat down day after day before an appalling maze of figures. The totals represented as much as the entire issue of greenbacks of the United States government. It was necessary to trace every set of figures and learn the story of railway experience and values which lay behind. The work was almost like that made necessary by the translation of a cipher dispatch. At last these men completed it, and when they had done so their literary gifts availed them so that they wrote a report in terse, lucid and accurate English, in which the whole story of the past was told and a brilliant prophecy for the future made.

Having done this, these men, with persuasive argument, induced some of the greater capitalists to unite so that as much as $10,000,000 were raised and in other ways eight millions more. After that the work of reconstruction went on with amazing celerity. All the shattered fragments were brought together. Old corporations gave up their individuality and became component parts of a new one. Propositions creating new evidences of wealth amounting to $125,000,000 were made and accepted, and thus upon the 1st day of September the new Southern railway was introduced to the American public, one of the greatest systems in the world, second only to two or three of the colossal northern systems. The literary faculty played no small part in this mighty operation. The creation of this system involved the employment of intellectual powers as great as any that were ever used to write any work of the modern times. The men who took part in this might some of them have written a great story or an able history, but they would not have made the millions which are their payment for their share in this new creation in the railway world. E. J. EDWARDS.

Sir Rowland Hill.

Sir Rowland Hill was the man who in the early part of Queen Victoria's reign reorganized the postal service of Great Britain, from which ours is adopted, and made it possible to send a letter for a few cents to any part of the country. He was the son of a schoolteacher, but so delicate he was not permitted to study with his brothers. He suffered from loneliness a great deal, yet found perfect contentment in lying flat on his stomach on the hearth rug, adding up tremendous columns of figures. Later in life he was celebrated for his knowledge of mathematics and held important posts under the government, for which he was knighted.

Kipling a Well Paid Author.

There is more evidence that Kipling is the best paid author of the day. The English and American rights of four short stories of about 7,000 words each were sold recently for about $900 each, and to this must be added the income from Australian, Indian, Canadian and German rights. Seven words or so for $1 is very good pay for even a successful writer.

The Population of France.

It is claimed that the population of France, numbering some 38,000,000, is sheltered in about 9,000,000 dwelling houses and averages about 187 to the square mile. In this country the population averages 21 to the square mile.

Unfeeling.

"It was a very exciting adventure," said Dicky Doddles. "I was at my wits' ends."

"Dear me," replied Miss Cayenne, "what a short journey!"—Washington Star.

South Fifth avenue is distinguished among New York streets because its numbers, instead of running from south to north as in other New York thoroughfares, run from north to south.

LO, THE POOR RED MAN.

Edith Sessions Tupper Does Not Admire the Lowly Ute.

[Special Correspondence.]

DURANGO, Sept. 4.—Flying along between Chama and Durango, on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, the tourist goes for many miles through the Ute reservation. The valley, a strip 15 miles wide along the boundary line between Colorado and New Mexico, is dotted here and there with the brush wickups and cloth or skin tepees which are the almost universal Ute habitations. The bucks, with their stolid faces and gayly hued blankets, leggings, moccasins, gee strings, paint and feathers, jog along on their ponies close to the track. At the station of Ignacio, the agency, groups stand upon the platform and peer through the windows of the cars, for the Indian's curiosity about white people is insatiable, and whenever an opportunity occurs he simply glues his face against a window and stares and stares at you until you feel you will scream or go mad.

Western people, you know, have no love for Indians. It is a common saying out here in this country that there is no good Indian but a dead one, and the man who has killed his Indian moves in an atmosphere of distinction. I heard this little tale yesterday: A prominent physician here a few years ago chanced to express a wish for an Indian subject for dissection. A man whose family had all been killed by Indians heard of the doctor's anxiety. He sent word to him not to worry—he should have his Indian—then, mounting his pony, rode off into the wilderness, killed the first buck he met, threw him like a shoulder of beef across his saddle and rode up some of the principal streets of Durango with his prize and to the doctor's office, where he dumped the carcass on the doorstep. To be sure, there was a hue and cry. The murderer was arrested and put under bonds, but that was all. I myself talked with a man here last evening who killed his Indian guide as he was tapping his whisky bottle.

The feeling here over the removal of the Utes to Utah is intense. Everybody earnestly desires the change. The Utes, you

IGNACIO, THE UTE CHIEF.

must remember, are said to be lower down in the scale of civilization than any other tribe. This is a little hard to believe by one who has visited, as I have, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. It does not seem possible there could be a dirtier, lower, lousier lot than they. However, I am told here that, though the Utes are quick enough to acquire most of the vices of civilization, they absorb few of its virtues. Scarcely a score of Uintahs and White Rivers and not one of the Uncompahgres will send their children to school. The most advanced members of the tribe barely know enough of the art of industry to drive a team or plant, cultivate or harvest a crop in the crudest possible way.

The Utes are a tribe known as blanket Indians. They will live in tepees and will not adopt the entire dress of civilization, though they will sometimes top off their aboriginal finery with an old smashed in silk hat. The result is absolutely ridiculous. The southern Utes have a perfect passion for whisky and are, moreover, both bucks and squaws, confirmed gamblers, many of them being absolute plungers. They come into Durango and sell a few trinkets, then delight to go into some gambling house and throw down a handful of silver, only to see it quickly swept away.

The Utes themselves are anxious to go farther west, nearer the Navajoes. They are fond of visiting this tribe, who are their friends and relatives, and their reservation in Utah would adjoin that of the Navajoes if they were allowed to go.

This southern Ute reservation is 110 miles long and 15 miles in width from north to south. It is crossed by seven large streams, which have their sources in the mountains to the north, and which flow southerly across the reservation. The first bottoms of these rivers are narrow and contain but little farming lands, but lying between these rivers and at an elevation of from 100 to 300 feet above them are large tracts of level "mesa," or tablelands. There are some 250,000 acres of these "mesa" lands, and they extend southward into New Mexico and constitute the most valuable farming lands in this country. No portion of this tableland can be farmed without irrigation, nor can it be irrigated save by means of large ditches having their beginning in or above the reservation and extending through it and requiring great capital to construct and maintain.

Now, on this entire reservation the Utes have only about 500 acres under actual cultivation, and even these are worked by Mexicans, who rent the land of the Utes.

Here lies this reservation like a wall between the summer and winter ranges of the cattlemen. The cowboys are constantly driving their herds back and forth. Here is all this rich and valuable farming land going to waste for the sake of a few worthless, lazy, shiftless Indians. Here this barren strip interferes with communication between the settlements of New Mexico and Colorado and materially hinders the development of the mining interests of the rich San Juan. No wonder the people of this country are so desirous to compass the removal of this tribe farther west.

The trespasses of the Indians upon the land of the whites as well as those of the whites upon the lands of the Utes are a constant menace to the safety of isolated settlers as well as to the Indians. There is no way of avoiding these trespasses. The whites must often pass over the reservation, and as many of the Utes have to travel 75 and even 100 miles weekly to Ignacio to get their rations is is not possible to avoid going through the lands of the whites. The Utes are also obliged to leave the reservation for game and forage.

If Uncle Sam would brace up and put them near the thrifty Navajoes, whose industry would be an example to them, giving them pasture lands where they might raise stock, it would be a day of jubilee both for the Ute reservation and southwestern Colorado.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

The Cary Sisters.

Artist George G. Rockwood of New York contributes this story of the Cary sisters: "It is well known that the gifted writers, Alice and Phoebe Cary, declined matrimony, yet were always letting off their wit at their spinster conditions. One Sunday evening Horace Greeley, Frank Carpenter and other friends were dining with them when Phoebe had so stirred up Mr. Greeley with her fun that he said, 'Phoebe, we'll have to put a curb on you.' 'Not a bit,' she said. 'I would rather have a bridal.'"

ARE FINE PISTOLS

COSTLY SHOOTING IRONS AND THOSE WHO BUY THEM.

They Are Frequently Used For Wedding Presents, and Bad Men In the West Like Them—A Montana Rancher's Weapon and Its Handle's History.

A reporter was looking into a big plate glass showcase in a down town gun store. The black lining in the bottom of the case was covered with revolvers and pistols of all sizes, shapes and prices—revolvers for cowboys, gun fighters, drummers, housekeepers and society women. There were steel barreled guns that looked big enough to arm a cruiser of a South American republic, and there were tiny single shot, gold mounted pistols that seemed small enough for watch charms. The prices ran from $2 to $150, and there was an assortment that placed the ownership of a revolver within reach of any one who cared to have one of these rattlesnakes about the house.

"Who buy revolvers?" asked the reporter, "and what are the highest priced firearms of that class?"

"People of all degrees and kinds buy revolvers," replied the salesman, "but the largest sales of the high priced arms are made to people who want them for presents. It is a curious fact that more high priced revolvers are sold for wedding presents, though the costliest have been sold to cowboys and gun fighters in the far western states."

Here the clerk stopped and showed half a dozen single shot pistols. All were gold mounted, and the trigger of one was set with diamonds. On another was a space that had been left open for the picture of the giver, very much as pictures are placed in watch cases. It had been made to order and was marked $75, though the barrel was hardly larger than a good sized finger. On all revolvers of this class spaces are left for monograms. The mounting is in gold and silver, the chasing is in original designs, and really the guns look like pretty toys rather than death dealing weapons. It was noticed that none was of the bulldog pattern. The clerk explained that bulldog guns were not fashionable, because the size of the barrel did not harmonize with the handle, and it was therefore impossible to get a symmetrical form. Besides bulldogs, however well made, are considered dangerous to the owner. They have been known to explode with disastrous results.

Fashion in revolvers seems absurd, but as revolvers of the class described are intended for ladies there is really as much reason for changing the style of revolvers as that of bonbon boxes and table jewelry. A fad that has been started lately is the wearing of small pistols attached to chains, along with bunches of keys and such trifles as the swell young man of the day thinks that he must carry in his capacious trousers pockets. The pistol carried in this way is fastened to the chain by a spring catch, so that it can be easily detached. It may interest young men who follow this fashion to know that they are liable to be arrested and fined for carrying deadly weapons without a permit.

The highest price set upon a revolver in this country was $1,500, asked for a prize exhibit at the World's fair. Probably the costliest revolver for sale in New York would fetch $150. As in the case of an extra fine watch, the greater part of this money is invested in the finishing and decoration. Last year a leading manufacturer made a reovlver to order for a cattle owner in Billings, Mon., that cost $400. It was of the long barreled, cowboy design, but was much larger and heavier than the average gun of that class. It carried six shots, and of course was as perfect in action as it could be made by modern mechanical skill. The handle was made from a piece of cottonwood which possessed an interesting history to the purchaser. He brought the wood to New York when he gave the order for the revolver. He said that six years ago he was out after cattle rustlers in southern Montana. Three of them were hanged by his party, but the others got away and could not be caught after a long chase into Wyoming. The owner finally agreed to give up the hunt, and after reaching the Rosebud river in Montana they separated for their ranches, which lay within 40 miles of one another.

They had not been separated an hour before this owner was caught in one of the coulies by half a dozen rustlers who had been looking for a chance to attack the party. The rustlers decided to make short work of their captive. They bound him to a cayuse, drove him to the Rosebud river, and in less time than it takes to tell had a rope around his neck and over the limb of a cottonwood. They were about to punch the cayuse ahead and leave the cattle owner swinging under the shade of the tree, when the biggest rustler of them all swung his gun in the air and called a halt to the show. The show stopped, and the cattle owner was released on his promise never to give away the names of his captors or to hunt them down. He was of course willing to accept any compromise, but he did not forget the rustler who saved his life. After rustling had died out he found the man and made him foreman of his outfit in Yellowstone county, Mon. Last year he went down to the Rosebud river, cut off the limb of the cottonwood which he came so near decorating and brought the wood to New York for the butt of the revolver.

The revolver was a marvel of fine workmanship. The mountings were of solid gold. It was chased with pictures showing scenes of the capture and rescue from the rustlers and was set with the sapphires and rubies of Montana, which are found in the beds of the Missouri river near Helena. The holster—for the revolver was much too large for the hip pocket—was of leather and was mounted with gold and silver decorations. It was arranged, after a pattern made by the cattle owner, so that the touch of a spring would throw open the top and sides and leave the revolver ready for instant use. When closed, it lay over on the side of the saddle as tight as a drum. Christmas this outfit was given by the owner to the foreman who had saved his life.

Gamblers in western mining camps are great fellows for high priced revolvers for presents, and every year the Christmas orders are large.—New York Sun.

Rebuked the Bishop.

"Bishop Nelson of Georgia once had a rebuke from a negro hack driver at Chattanooga," said E. L. Bains. "The bishop, who is an inveterate smoker, had visited Lookout mountain and was returning to the city smoking a fragrant Havana. It occurred to him to offer the driver a cigar, which that worthy refused with the remark: 'Thank you, sah. I don' smoke, sah. I'm a Christian, an smokin' is as wicked as card playin, sah.' The joke was too good to keep, and the reverend doctor had to tell it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Memory of Two Men.

The following epitaph is to be found in the Cross kirkyard, Shetland, on a handsome mausoleum:

"Donaldson Robertson, born 1st January, died 4th June, 1848, aged 62 years. He was a peaceful and quiet man, and to all appearance a sincere Christian. His death was very much lamented, which was caused by the stupidity of Laurence Tullock of Clotberton, who sold him cider instead of epsom salts, by which he was killed in the space of three hours after taking a dose of it."—Pearson's Weekly.