ROYAL GAMBLERS.

Kings and Princes at the Gaming Table.

The Prince of Wales—A Game in Which $250,000 Changed Hands—King Oscar's Nerve When He Broke the Bank and Scattered the Money to the Servants.

Few, if any, nationalities, and still fewer classes of society, are exempt from the gambling mania. The demon of chance sways men of all sorts and conditions in all sorts of climes. The bootblack in the street will at any time risk his hard-earned pennies on "craps"; the millionaire in his so-called palace not infrequently stakes what would be a competence for the ordinary man on the turn of a single card. And so the fever goes—from hovel to palace and through all the intermediate stations in life.

If there is any one class of mortals particularly stricken with the gambling fever it is royalty. The possession of substantially unlimited wealth, the constant adulation and semi-worship of their subjects, and the other environments and conditions peculiar to the crowned heads and their cousins and aunts and so on, predispose the kingly race to more or less rapid life. One feature of this rapid life is devotion to dies and cards. In all Europe there is scarcely a royal family which has not one or more members famous, or notorious, as you please, for his gambling propensities. In court circles everybody gambles, I may almost say. The princelets and dukelets and kinglets gamble in order to while away the monotony of life, and incidentally to acquire possession of as many pounds or francs or marks of their faithful courtiers as possible; the blue-blooded gentry and wealthy parvenus who encourage this same enviable desire of their supposed superiors gamble that they may have the honor of allowing said superiors to win their cash. What are a few paltry hundreds or thousands in comparison with the honor of having stacked up against his royal highness, the Prince of This-That-or-the-Other, with three or four kings against his royal highness' three or four aces?

This is the way those people look at it, and thus it is that royalty's high-minded desire to gamble is soothed and sustained. But for this soothing and sustaining on the part of royalty's courtiers and admirers, royal gambling would soon die out, simply because it would not have anything to feed upon. Royal I. O. U.'s are very pretty things to put in a frame or paste in the family records, but as a rule the I. O. U. part does not add much to their value. "The King can do no wrong," you know. That being the case, what is the use of a King's redeeming his I. O. U.'s like any common, ordinary plebeian?

By way of illustration of the royal propensity for winning other folks' money, if possible, a gambling "session" at Baden-Baden, which I happened to know something about, is right to the point. Names, facts and figures as I give them are absolutely accurate.

Scene, the International Club at Baden-Baden; time, the summer of 1882; dramatis personæ, the Prince of Wales, the Baron Selliere, the Marquis of Beresford, Prince Kinsky, the Duke of Hamilton, Herr Baltazzy, Baron Kahlden, Herr Oehlschlager and ten or twelve other men of titles or millions or both.

His royal highness, the Prince of Wales, had been invited by the Grand Duke of Baden to visit him on the occasion of the first international horse-race at Baden-Baden. His royal highness had condescended to accept the invitation, and by way of increasing his personal interest in the race, had entered a horse of his own under the name of "Scott." Well, the race was duly run, and the Prince's horse won—the booby prize, coming in a couple of hundred yards or so behind the next to the last horse. As his horse had been last, the Prince was first to congratulate the owner of the winner, Oscar Oehlschlager, an immensely wealthy member of the aristocratic sporting set at Baden-Baden, and gave a dinner in his honor on the evening after the race at the International Club, famed all over Europe as the scene of some of the highest and bluest-blooded gambling ever known on the continent.

The coming of the Prince of Wales, aside from the widespread interest attaching to the first international horse-race and the big stake offered, had attracted a swarm of French and Austrian Counts and Barons and people with various handles to their names, and out of this select crowd the Prince was readily able to pick fifty or sixty men sufficiently select to be entitled to the honor of an invitation to a dinner given by the future King of Great Britain.

WALES SUGGESTS A LITTLE GAME.

The dinner was superb in all its appointments, the wines were delicious, the cuisine was faultless, and the royal host made a capital speech of congratulation to Mr. Oehlschlager in German, which, by the way, he speaks as well as English. As princely gatherings go, the assembled company was a rather brilliant one, and properly applauded the Prince's postprandial effort. But Albert Edward did not seem to be thoroughly satisfied somehow. Of course, everybody took the cue and immediately began to look dissatisfied. Finally Albert Edward arose to his feet, and addressing Baron Kahlden, the President of the club, said: "I have always heard the International Club spoken of as a great gambling institution, and I am rather surprised to see that you have no gambling here whatever. I had promised myself the pleasure of staking a trifle myself, and brought a few notes with me (putting his hand in his vest pocket and drawing out a large roll of bank notes). I presume, however, that I must have been misinformed, and shall be unable to enjoy the sport which I promised myself."

In an instant Baron Kahlden had signaled to the attendants to remove the gambling apparatus from its place of temporary concealment and in a few words announced to the Prince that his Royal Highness' wish should be promptly gratified. The whole company adjourned to the main gambling parlor upstairs without loss of time, and Baron Kahlden at once announced that the privilege of "running the bank" would be auctioned off. Two or three bids of 10,000 marks or so were promptly made but the bidders were rebuked by the Baron, who remarked, "Come, gentlemen, do not let us be shabby about this thing when his Royal Highness has honored us with his presence. Won't somebody make a respectable bid for the bank? Of course, it is understood that the successful bidder shall pay his money down in gold or bank notes."

The words had hardly left his lips when Oehlschlager, whose horse had won the day's race, calmly called out: "I bid 100,000 marks" ($25,000). Even the high-rolling crowd present was amazed at this tremendous offer, which, as it were, clearly cut the pace for the night's gambling, and a hush ensued when Herr Oehlschlager proceeded to hand out in cold cash his 100,000 marks. That done, the president of the club gravely announced that the coming game would be a "strictly cash game," and suggested that each man who proposed to play should p roduce the money which he had with him and exchange it for chips. A dozen or more of those present acted on the suggestion, and at once began such a game as has probably never been duplicated in all Europe or out of it.

The Prince of Wales had bought chips equivalent in value to $6,000; the Duke of Hamilton had invested $40,000 and the Baron Selliere had bought $40,000 worth, too. The other players had bought to the extent of their several abilities and from the very beginning the play was simply wild. The game was baccarat, the Prince of Wales' favorite, as was disclosed a couple of years ago in the course of the Cummings revelations. For a time the Prince won to the great apparent delight of the titled toadies who were grouped about the table eagerly watching the play. Then luck began to go against him and at every unlucky turn his royal highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and son of his mother, audibly growled and bemoaned his fate just like any common everyday petty gambler.

THE BANKER'S WINNINGS.

The attendants were kept busy serving champagne, and with each new bottle the play increased in recklessness, until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the banker calmly inquired, "Is there no one who wishes to play longer?" No one responded. Every solitary one of the titled gamblers had lost his last chip, and when the banker carelessly asked the attendant to count the great piles of chips in front of him that worthy, after half an hour's labor, reported that the several piles footed a little over 1,000,000 marks. In other words, in less than four hours the man whose horse had won the great race had profited to the extent of about $250,000 through the adversity of his royal and titled gambling friends.

Albert Edward took his loss rather badly, but still made the best of a bad bargain, inquiring in a droll sort of a way, as he and his friends left the gambling parlor: "Is there anybody here except the winner who would be good enough to buy a bottle of wine and a cigar or two?" This sally of royalty's raised a laugh, for not a man in the crowd had so much as the price of a bottle left in his pocket and the code would not permit the winner to do the buying, as such an action on his part would have been construed as an attempt to return a portion of his winnings to the losers. Baron Kahlden stepped into the breach and announced that the club would beg the privilege of opening an appropriate number of bottles. Nobody made an objection to this gracious proposition, the bottles were opened and just before daybreak the royal party dispersed. Royal gambling meetings on this scale, of course, do not take place every night in the year, but of gambling for more moderate stakes there is scarcely no let up at the courts of Berlin, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London, and the other European capitals. At each of these throne seats there are unorganized but none the less well defined gambling coteries, with a prince or two or a duke or two as the central figure. These coteries are made up of army officers, court officials, royal favorites and so on, and generally include quite a number of society women, les grande dames of the court circle. The gambling mania is no respecter of persons or classes. It levels all, men and women alike. Both sexes meet on common ground—the desire for gain. The world around, in court circles as well as out of them, in royal palaces as well as professional gambling houses, gambling is invariably attended by its hand maidens, drinking and smoking.

At St. Petersburg the ladies who are not averse to staking their rubles along with royalty go a step further than even the most reckless women of the other capitals. Every Russian lady of quality indulges in the dainty cigarette; these women must go further, so they openly smoke the long, strong, black Russian cigar at the gambling tables of the select coterie in which they move.

"BACCARAT" THE ROYAL FAVORITE.

As a rule, baccarat is the popular method of aristocratic gambling. It is played at St. Petersburg, London, Paris, and most of the lively European capitals. In Germany, "tempel" is the favorite, with baccarat a close second, "tempel" being the first cousin of the game known to Americans as "faro." At Monte Carlo and other public haunts of Europe roulette is the thing. So far as royalty is concerned, the public gambling places cut no figure. Royalty, of course, must gamble, but it also must gamble sub rosa.

It is hardly too much to say that there is not a royal family to which some social scandal growing out of the gambling transactions of one of its members is not attached. The immediate relatives of the present Kaiser are not, to be sure, noted as gamblers, but lots of the Emperor's second cousins or third cousins have been bitten by the gambling demon. For instance, Duke William of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was one of the most notorious gamblers in Europe. In every other way his reputation was about as bad as could be, though in the Franco-Prussian war he displayed remarkable bravery and ability as a cavalry commander. After the war the Duke became a member of a sort of secret organization of the fast young aristocrats of Berlin whose principal function was gambling. His Chamberlain, Baron von Maltzahn, became involved with him in gambling operations and got in debt to the extent of $250,000 or more, found himself in a hopeless fix, and decided upon suicide as the only way out of it. Inviting all his creditors to meet him in his apartments, he gave a superb dinner, and then, upon a pretext of getting the money to pay them, he went into an adjoining room and blew out his brains. The affair was the sensation of the continent at the time.

The Grand Duke Constantin, grandson of the Emperor Nicholas I., also managed to get himself into pretty serious trouble through his gambling inclinations. Shortly after reaching his majority he proceeded to set a fast pace for himself, lost a good deal more money than he had any means of paying, and suddenly found himself threatened with exposure by the people who held his dishonored notes. About this time his mother, who was a famous beauty in her day, awoke one bright morning in her chamber in the Marble Palace at St. Petersburg to find that someone had stolen her diamond-studded frame inclosing the portrait of her guardian saint, which she, like every other religious Russian woman, kept hanging in her bed chamber. Of course this act of sacrilege committed in the very palace of the Czar of all the Russias set all St. Petersburg by the ears.

THE GRAND DUKE CONSTANTIN DISGRACED.

All the resources of the Russian police were employed to ferret out the thief, only to discover the missing gems in a jeweler's shop and to identify the young Grand Duke as the thief who had abstracted the gems and sold them. For this piece of work Constantin was disgraced by being transferred from a home regiment to a regiment stationed in Siberia, where he promptly made a bad matter worse by marrying the humble daughter of the humble village Postmaster. The marriage, of course, was canceled, but Constantin has not yet recovered altogether from the two escapedes, although he is now nearly 50 years old. At the time he stole his mother's jewels his uncle, the Emperor Alexander II., proposed to send him to a madhouse, saying that "a Grand Duke of Russia might go mad like any other man, but could not steal."

The Grand Duke Alexis, too, got into trouble through yielding to the fascinations of the cards. Son of the Czar and Grand Admiral of the Russian navy though he was, he was punished by his father by being sent away from home and warned not to come back for two years. He wandered about various foreign countries, incidentally taking in America on his trip around the world.

Some of the German Princes are notorious for their devotion to the green cloth table, notably Prince Schaumberg-Lippe, brother-in-law of the present Kaiser and the Prince of Holstein, brother of the Express Augusta Victoria. Both of these princes habitually play for very high stakes, though very often the stakes on their sides are mere "paper" and neither of them is particularly noted for prompt payment.

The archdukes of Austria, the Duke of Cumberland, the son of King George of Hanover, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, the Duke of Hamilton and other residents or frequenters of the German and Austrian capitals are persistent gamblers, the Duke of Hamilton being particularly noted for his reckless play.

Time was when gambling was a pet diversion with French royalty, but in these days what there is left of royalty in Paris does not cut much of a figure in gambling or anything else. Young Victor Napoleon, the son of "Plon Plon," does the best he can in a gambling way with the pension of fifty thousand francs which the Bonapartists have annually paid him since the Empress Eugenie cut him off without a franc on account of his gambling infatuation. Victor used to do his gambling at the Cercle de la Presse, the Cercle de la Rue Royale, the Cercle des Champs Elysees, and other rapid Parisian clubs before he was exiled to Brussels. The members of the Orleans family do not gamble at all. They can not bear to let go of a napoleon, even on the chance of getting thirty-five napoleons in return.

So far as known, the King of Wurtemburg never gambled for any stake of consequence but once in his life. That was years and years ago, when he was merely Prince of Wurtemburg. He was then an officer of the Potsdam Guards, and with a brother officer ran over to Wiesbaden one day, lost a couple of thousand marks at roulette without winning a bet, borrowed money enough to get out of town and never gambled again.

A GAMBLING TRAGEDY.

One of the most extraordinary incidents in the history of Berlin was a direct result of the mania for gambling, which even as far back as the 50's had seized the aristocracy of the German capital. So far as I know, the story has never been told in type, although it produced a profound impression at the time. The Baron von Hinkeldey, a member of an old and aristocratic German family, who was Chief of Police of Berlin in 1852, one day called the attention of King Frederick William IV. to the fact that a coterie of aristocrats and nobles was in the habit of meeting nightly in a private room attached to a restaurant and there gambling for large stakes. The King thereupon directed him to disperse the coterie, but the Chief, as urgently as etiquette would permit, begged his majesty to issue an order on the subject and thus break up the coterie instead of forcing him to do it personally. King William, however, was reluctant to take the proposed step and insisted on Baron von Hinkeldey's personally putting a stop to the gamblers' meetings. That very night the Chief went to the restaurant, and knocking on the door of the room in which the gamblers were in session, demanded admission. It was refused him, and thereupon he burst open the door, and in the name of the Emperor commanded the dumbfounded gamblers to disperse. All of them were acquaintances of his, most of them were numbered among his intimate friends and the leader of the coterie was his own nephew, Baron von Rochow.

Incensed at his uncle's interference, the nephew picked up a hunting whip which happened to be convenient, and without a word slashed his uncle across the face three or four times. The uncle made no resistance, but every man in the room realized that the blows meant the death of either uncle or nephew. Such a flagrant insult, even from one's own kinsman, could only be wiped out in blood, according to the code of the day, and the next day the Baron von Hinkeldey applied to the King for permission to fight a duel with his nephew. The King refused to grant the desired permission, but the next morning uncle and nephew met in the hunting park at Potsdam. Only the seconds were present. The duel arranged for was not to be a show affair; it was to be a death combat. By virtue of the agreement made by the duelists' representatives the two men held a handkerchief between them, each one holding a corner of the handkerchief with his left hand and in his right hand a pistol. In other words, the two kinsmen stood within five feet of each other, and at the words "One," "Two," "Three," they simultaneously lowered their pistols, which they had been holding at arm's length above their heads, presented and fired at each other. The ball from Baron von Rochow's pistol pierced the heart of the Chief of Police, who died without a moan. His murderer, for murder it was, left Berlin immediately and has never returned. Berlin society regards him as dead. He lived for years in Paris, where he has a magnificently appointed residence. His hair is white as snow.

King Oscar of Sweden has not much of a reputation as a gambler, but a little experience of his at Aix-la-Chapelle not such a great many years ago showed that he would make a pretty nervy gambler. One night he entered the big gambling-house of the city incog and after watching the play at roulette a moment carelessly threw a silver coin on the table. Scarcely looking up, the croupier scornfully pushed the coin away, saying, "This cannot be for the bank; it must be intended for the servants." White with rage, King Oscar cried out, "En banc," signifying that he wished to venture an amount of money equal to the total assets of the bank at a single stroke. Astonished, the banker tremblingly asked the name of the man who proposed to risk a fortune on the roll of a marble. "Je suis le Roi de Suede" (I am the King of Sweden), calmly announced the stranger, and, not heeding the apologies and excuse of the banker, demanded that the play go on. As luck would have it, the red color, on which he had bet, won, and the croupier, with trembling fingers gathered up all the money in the bank, placed it in a little casket, and pushed it toward the King. With a single haughty gesture Oscar flung the casket from him, scattering its contents all over the room, shouting, "it is for the servants," and hurried from the room.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

DIVES NINETY-FIVE FEET.

The Terrific Header Now Being Taken By a Performer in London.

London's latest thrill is derived from the feat of a man who dives down ninety-five feet from the roof of the Westminster Aquarium into a narrow and comparatively shallow tank of water, set in the floor of the building, says a writer in the New York *Sun*. The exploit calls for an astounding combination of nerve and skill, and is far more noteworthy than any of the bridge-jumping acts which have been so tiresomely frequent of late years. The diver is Thomas Burns, who has acquired considerable notoriety as a diver from bridges and as an expert swimmer, and not a little fame from his having saved no fewer than thirty-two lives during his career. He is a sturdily built man, some 26 years of age. He has frequently dived from bridges over a hundred feet high into rivers, but his dive at the aquarium is a very different affair. He stands on a tiny platform suspended among the iron girders of the roof, ninety-five feet above the floor, and sees below him, instead of a broad, deep river, a mass of flaring, bewildering lights, a sea of upturned faces, and in the wooden floor of the stage, what seems from that hight to be a slot, the tank which he must surely land in. The tank is eighteen feet long, eight feet wide and seven feet deep. The diver actually dives, takes a header, and does not drop feet foremost, after the manner of the bridge jumpers. The marvelous precision required to land in the tank is easily appreciable, as is also the fate that would befall him should he miss his mark.

Burns is hoisted up to his aerial perch by means of a rope and pulley. The spectators can barely discern him through that distance of perpendicular space. They see him peer over the platform edge, then they see his toes project over, he crouches down, and then he glides off the platform head foremost, and comes plunging down with stiffly outstretched arms, and hands meeting in front of him in regular "header" fashion. But when little more than half way down his feet fall over his back toward his head, he turns almost completely over, and before the murmur of excitement and horror that is the usual accompaniment to the dive that has voiced itself he strikes the water with his shoulders and back with a prodigious thud. He skims just under the surface of the water, seeming barely to enter it, and comes up face upward. He scarcely breathes hard after the tremendous exploit, and goes off immediately to give an exhibition of fancy swimming in another part of the building. The wonderful skill, the superb pluck and the unmistakable element of danger involved in the feat, together with the not remote prospect of a horrible catastrophe, bring crowds to behold this latest sensation,

Mrs. Logan's "Home Magazine" and the "Weekly Union."

Both only $1 75 per year. The *Home Magazine* of Washington, D. C., conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan, is the best and most popular low-priced periodical ever printed. The publishers of the WEEKLY UNION will furnish the magazine to its subscribers for a mere nominal sum above the price of subscription to the weekly.

Mrs. Squeezem—I mean to have spring lamb and green peas for dinner soon. Boarder—I move that your resolution be tabled at once.

THE NEWLY FOUND GOSPELS.

A Chat With Their Discoverer—The Revelations on a Palimpsest.

It is not often that the Biblical injunction to "search the Scriptures" has been carried out in the face of such difficulties as must have attended the recent discovery of the palimpsest containing a Syriac text of the Gospels by Mrs. Lewis in the Convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai. What those difficulties were Mrs. Lewis was good enough to explain to a representative of the *St. James' Gazette*, who gives the following account of the conversation:

"What is a palimpsest?" I inquired; for the slight figure clad in deep mourning, and the soft voice that welcomed me, urged me to confession of abject ignorance.

"A palimpsest is a manuscript whose original contents have been partially effaced that the vellum might be written upon again. This was frequently done in ancient days when vellum was scarce, and the Syriac Gospels we have just discovered, are a case in point. The thick, black writing you see in the photograph was written over the Gospels in 778, and is a series of lives of female saints, signed 'John Elhabash.' It was only by observing the word 'Evangelium,' faintly inscribed at the top of the page, that I divined the possibility of the subwriting being a text of the Gospels—a guess which upon examination proved to be correct."

"How did you obtain access to the old documents, Mrs. Lewis?"

"Well, you see, but for that difficulty this story might have been made long ago. The treachery of Tischendorf, who failed to return the MSS. lent him by the monks, has rendered them very suspicious of strangers who desire to examine their library. Then another obstacle was encountered by former travelers. They were almost all unacquainted with modern Greek, the language spoken by the monks, which my sister and I speak fluently, as well as Hebrew and Arabic. Professor Palmer had seen this text of the Gospels, but had not been permitted to examine it, and Professor Rendel Harris had been unable on his visit in 1889 to do more than transcribe the 'Apology of Aristides,' which he had unearthed in the same convent."

"This was, I suppose, your first visit to Sinai?"

"Oh, no! I was there last year, and then succeeded in winning the confidence of the monks, who allowed me to take over 1,000 photographs of the palimpsest. I took letters of introduction to the Archbishop of Sinai, who lives in Cairo, and, curiously enough, a little book I had written years ago on my travels in Greece had been translated into Greek and had fallen into the monks' hands, and, as I happened to have written about the native places of some of them, they held out to me a cordial right hand."

"Do they at all appreciate the importance of your discovery?"

"Yes, indeed. They are most intelligent—not ignorant anchorites, as most travelers suppose. The bursar of the convent writes articles for the Athenian reviews. For hours together they would hold out the palimpsest that I might obtain good negatives. When I had made certain of my discovery I sent word to Professor Harris, who came out, bringing with him Professor Bensly and Mr. Birket, accompanied by his wife—all first-rate Syriac scholars. We divided the day into three watches—from 11 to 7 o'clock—and were forty days at it—all working. During the last weeks we used to start at 5 A. M. and work on as long as the light lasted, sleeping in tents in the convent garden so as to be independent of their regulations."

"A very different atmosphere from this, no doubt," I interpolated grimly.

"I can scarcely describe the purity and brightness of the air and the brilliant sunshine which helped us so much to decipher the faint, half-obliterated writing. Indeed, if the light had been less favorable our task would never have been accomplished. Another experiment assisted us. I had obtained at the British Museum a harmless chemical preparation for bringing out old writing. At first I was afraid the monks would not permit me to use it, but after they had seen it employed on another MS. without detriment they consented."

"How do you account for the presence of MS. there?"

"Doubtless when so many of the convents which existed in that region were destroyed by the Turks it was taken to St. Katharine's for safety, as it was a fortress built by the Emperor Justinian in the fifth century."

"Do you anticipate that much religious controversy will arise out of your discovery?"

"Some discussion is, of course, inevitable. It will turn on the last twelve verses of St. Mark's Gospel, about whose authenticity there has always been some doubt. These verses were present in the imperfect portions of the Syriac text transcribed by Canon Coaston and generally called 'The Curetonian.' But in the palimpsest now discovered they are undoubtedly absent. The importance of the Syriac text arises from the fact of Syriac having been the popular speech of Palestine in the time of Christ."

"Did you find traveling difficult or dangerous in Syria?" I inquired, passing to a lighter topic.

"Not the least. We had excellent dragomans on both our journeys—that is, my sister, Mrs. Gibson, and myself. We mounted our camels at Suez, and the first three days were spent in crossing the desert and about the same time in traversing the rocky limestone region around Sinai. Water has to be carried for transit, but at the convent there are beautiful springs. Danger there is none. The Bedouins are friendly, and I consider that women can travel alone with greater security in Mohammedan than in Christian countries. Our dragoman always insisted on all the money and valuables being put into our tent at night, on the plea that no one would ever dream of pillaging a woman's tent."

Besides her books of travel in Palestine, Greece and Cyprus, Mrs. Lewis has recently published a biography of her late husband, Rev. S. S. Lewis, for twenty-one years librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In that library the collection of MSS. is large and valuable, and there Mrs. Lewis first began to interest herself in the study and care of literary relics.

"And now you will settle down in England, Mrs. Lewis?" I inquired to put in a finishing touch of inquisitiveness to my catechism. "Till the result of our labors is given to the world, yes. And then," she added, with the tone of genuine explorer's hunger in her voice—"then I may possibly start again."

DOING BUSINESS IN CHURCHES.

People in Olden Times Put Places of Worship to Strange Uses.

Our ancestors transacted a good deal of business of one kind and another in and about their churches, says the London *Standard*. To begin with, the churches of old England in turbulent times were regarded as places of safe custody for public and private property. In the border land of England and Scotland the idea was carried out still more completely, and churches, or at least their towers, became regular fortresses, and not infrequently were objects of offense and defense. We may note in rural England that in the cases of ancient churches the towers are often not merely disproportionate in size to the rest of the church, but are carefully and strongly built, evidently with an object. Even in peaceful Surrey and Sussex the belfries are veritable strong-rooms with barred windows and massive doors, and often contain an ancient treasure chest.

Hither, at the first alarm, money and valuables were hurried, for, beyond the security of thick walls and bars and bolts, there was an ægis of sanctity which in a superstitious age protected the building from the most ruthless of foes. The fortress-like construction of many of the better land churches is an interesting study to antiquaries. In more than one well-known case the holy edifice consists merely of a barn attached to but walled off from a regular Pele tower. Even in Southern England a semi-military character is given sometimes to a church tower by the cresset, where from, in cases of general danger, such, for instance, as the Spanish armada or the French incursions of a later period, the beacon fire spread the news from town to town and from village to village.

In lone districts, such as the marshland of Kent and the Fen country of Lincolnshire, the tall church towers, which ar such prominent features in the landscape, served a very important purpose, inasmuch as they were landmarks for travelers, and even to-day the pedestrian has reason to be thankful for the guiding presence of Boston "stump" or Lydd tower at the close of a hard day's walking. In a later age than that of civil war the vaults of coast churches played a very important part in what was an important branch of business. When a new rector was appointed to a church in the wealds of Kent or Sussex it was usual for him to receive a contribution to his wine cellar, accompanied by a concise intimation that out of regard for the future peace and happiness, and, perhaps safety, he would do well not to inquire too closely into the use to which the vaults beneath his church were put.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

A. J. Rhoads is spending a few days at Byron Springs.

L. C. Streining has returned from a visit to Sonoma.

Mrs. H. B. Hardy and son have gone to the World's Fair.

Warden Aull came down from the Folsom Prison yesterday.

James Welding and family and Mrs. A. Gibson left on Tuesday evening for the World's Fair.

Miss Ruby Brown has gone with some friends to spend six weeks in the mountains near Colfax.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cheney of San Francisco, formerly of this city, are visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Anna Affolter (formerly Mrs. C. Zimmerman) is spending a few days here, visiting old friends.

Fred Tyrrell, who has been pursuing his medical studies in New York, is now taking in the World's Fair.

In Rico, Col., William Connell of that place was married to Josie E. Hall of Grand Island, Sacramento County.

Dr. R. A. Archibald left for Los Angeles yesterday to attend the meeting of the State Veterinary Board there next Monday,

Mrs. Charles Pettit has returned from a pleasant visit of seven weeks among her old neighbors and friends in Chico and vicinity.

J. F. Richardson of "Sutter Terrace," this city, has returned from a two months' visit to his old home in Iowa and the World's Fair.

Owing to the death of Senator Stanford, Mrs. W. H. Mills has cut short her visit to this city and will return at once to San Francisco.

On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. David Groom celebrated their wooden wedding at their home, 217 Q street. A large number of friends were invited, and a number of appropriate presents were among the tokens of good will given by the guests.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Cogian, 1012 N street, yesterday, at noon, their daughter, Anna J., was united in marriage to William H. Devlin, Rev. Father Thomas Grace officiating. Frank J. Devlin acted as groomsman and Miss Della C. Coglan as bridesmaid. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present.

Arrivals at the Golden Eagle Hotel yesterday: John Dent, Philadelphia; J. C. Truax, Chicago; F. J. Wachter, St. Louis; P. F. Gibney, Portland, Or.; C. H. Gibbons, Arbuckle; J. R. Leppo, Santa Rosa; J. H. Doolittle, Laura Clanton, Kate Kane, Elmer Clanton, Woodland; H. M. Abrams, S. Jacobs, A. H. Hart, J. W. Thoms, G. L. Faulkner, E. R. Schiff, G. W. Fox, J. L. Fogg, G. B. Smith, Will Mack, William H. H. Hart, J. C. Currier, Jan Francisco.

The wedding of Luther Weber and Miss Ella H. Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Clark, took place yesterday at the residence of the bride's parents, 2504 L street, Rev. A. C. Herrick officiating. The ceremony was performed under a "lover's knot" made of beautiful flowers, in the large parlor. The groomsmen were A. B. Collins and Charles E. Daly, and the bridesmaids Miss Clara H. Clark and L. Belle Clark. Mrs. D. E. Kerr presided at the piano and played a wedding march as the bridal party entered the parlor. The following invited guests were present: Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. L. Weber, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Clark, George L. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Lufkin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Gilmore, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Jost, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bergman, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brissel, Miss Etta Waterman, Mrs. M. A. Mathena, Mrs. D. Plummer, Jo. Latham, A. Stillwell, George Talman, Mr. and Mrs. George Swett, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. N. Wentworth, Mrs. Belle T. Northrop, Sumner Loop, Bert Somers, Howard Somers, all of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Loop of Alameda, Mr. and T. F. Jenkins of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. M. Noyes of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spence of Modesto. After the bridal party had partaken of the wedding dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Weber left on the 4 o'clock train for San Francisco and the seaside resorts. When they return they will take up their residence at 1602 L street.

HUNG IN A TREE ALL WINTER.

A Man's Watch Unharmed by a Very Strange Experience.

After hanging on the limb of a tree all winter, exposed to the rain and snow, a valuable gold watch and chain belonging to O'Hara Darlington, who lives a short distance above Sharpsburg, Pa., has been discovered, and to-day, according to the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, is keeping time just the same as it did before it was lost early in last November. Mr. Darlington owns the old Darlington mansion with its broad acres at Guyasuta, where the noted Indian chieftain, bearing the same name, is supposed to be buried. Last fall he was in the woods superintending the burning of some brush. The day was warm and sultry, and on his way home he carried his coat and vest over his arm. At the supper table he had occasion to look at his watch, but it was not in the accustomed vest pocket, neither was there any trace of the heavy gold chain with which the watch had been attached to the vest. A careful search failed to reveal the missing valuables. Hastily leaving the supper-room, Darlington called his hired men, six in number, who in turn gathered together a large number of neighbors. Procuring lantern and rakes, the party went to the woods and spent the entire night in searching for the missing watch and chain. Early the next morning Mr. Darlington and his men were back in the woods again, and the search was kept up for two weeks. The entire woodland was carefully raked from one end to the other, but no trace of the watch and chain was found. The search was finally abandoned, and Mr. Darlington gave up his watch as lost.

One afternoon, recently, Fred and Frank Stout, sons of Harry A. Stout, manager of Tibb's glass-house, Sharpsburg, went to the woods for a stroll. The two boys had not gone far till one of them had his hat knocked from his head by the overhanging branch of a tree. Glancing up to see what he had run against, he was astonished to see right before his eyes and within easy reach a gold watch and chain. The boys approached the limb to which the watch was hanging, cautiously, lest by some awkward movement a pretty optical illusion should be dispelled. However, they soon became convinced that they had not been made the victims of a trick, and a few moments later they were flying homeward with the watch and chain safely stowed away in one of their pockets. When Mr. Stout came home in the evening and was shown the watch, he, too, was greatly surprised, for along with a party of other neighbors he had gone on an all-night search for that watch five months before. How the watch came to be in the position in which it was found is a mystery.

Jennie, the last of the famous tribe of Rogue River Indians, died at Jacksonville, Or., recently. She had anticipated her death by preparing with her own hands a buckskin burial robe, ornamented with beads, shells, transparent pebbles, etc., to an extent that brought the weight of the queer-looking shroud up to nearly fifty pounds.

RAILROADING IN GERMANY.

Their Method of Starting a Train Calculated to Make Americans Smile.

An official of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Road who recently returned from Europe, referring to railway practice in Germany, said to a writer of the *Railway Review*: "The roadbeds are about perfect, while the stations are magnificent, even in the most insignificant places being very fine. The roadbeds are quite rigid, but this is mainly due to the iron and steel cross-ties that are used. The locomotives are fine pieces of mechanism, but their capacity is scarcely equal to those on this side of the Atlantic. The entire passenger equipment is away behind that in use here. Their trains, however, run like clockwork and the connections are perfect. The method of starting trains is altogether unique and peculiar, and will cause American agents and trainmen to smile.

"The agent is an imposing, dignified and solemn-looking official, attired in elaborate uniform, literally gilt-edged, and he acts as master of ceremonies on imposing occasions. When the train arrives at the station he is standing bolt upright in an almost military position, and he is on dress parade. One minute before the train starts he reaches up and taps a gong three times. Then a strange scene takes place, and it would seem that he had pressed a button, for at the last tap the conductor, who has been at the rear car, comes galloping along the entire length of the platform, shouting in German the name of every station the train will stop at. When the engine is reached he wheels about, and on his return quickly closes and locks the car doors, darts back to the van to his perch on the rear car, whistles thrice on a tin or metal whistle, which is instantly repeated by the brakeman at the front end, and the train starts."

Mrs. Amelia Barr is said to receive $10,000 a year from the New York *Ledger* for the exclusive right to her serials. She has made literature pay. Mr. Barr was a preacher, and a good one. But his death left his wife with herself and her daughters to care for. It was then she did her first serious writing.

Mrs. Lease, the Kansas populist, says she is acquainted with but one member of the Ingalls family—Ralph Ingalls, the Topeka lawyer. "Young Ingalls," Mrs. Lease said, "is a very agreeable fellow. I judge he takes after his mother." As a matter of fact Ralph Ingalls resembles his father.

Whether quaffed from a vessel of tin, glass or gold; There's nothing so good for the young or the old—as Hires' Root Beer
A delicious, health-giving, thirst-satisfying beverage. A temperance drink for temperance people.
A 25c. package makes 5 gallons.
Sold and Enjoyed Everywhere.

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For Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs, AND POULTRY.
500 Page Book on Treatment of Animals and Chart Sent Free.
CURES { Fevers, Congestions, Inflammation
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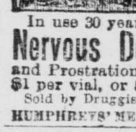
I.I.--Eruptive Diseases, Mange.
J.K.--Diseases of Digestion, Paralysis.
Single Bottle (over 50 doses), - - .60
Stable Case, with Specifics, Manual, Veterinary Cure Oil and Medicator, $7.00
Jar Veterinary Cure Oil, - - 1.00
Sold by Druggists; or sent prepaid anywhere and in any quantity on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.



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In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness, and Prostration, from over-work or other causes. $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial powder, for $5.
Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

GRAND OPENING —OF— SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS —AT— Prices that Defy all Competition
I have just purchased 1000 full pieces of the Best English DIAGONALS, CHEVIOTS & SERGES
Serges will be mostly worn this season. I offer Garments Made to Order at an additional reduction to my former Low Prices. Don't fail to see my display of Elegant Styles.
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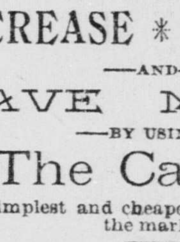
Branch of San Francisco.



FREE
A splendid illuminated lecture entitled "From Erring Youth to Perfect Manhood." Tells of the errors of youth, the pitfalls for young men and of Lost Manhood. Price 25c. Sent Free for the next 20 days. Write to Prof. J. H. Hudson, 1032 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

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CURE YOURSELF!
If troubled with Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Whites, Spermatorrhœa or any unnatural discharge ask your druggist for a bottle of Big G. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor. Non-poisonous and guaranteed not to stricture.
The Universal American Cure.
Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.
PRICE $1.00

Miscellaneous.

"I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof."
LARD MUST GO.
since COTTOLENE has come to take its place. The satisfaction with which the people have hailed the advent of the New Shortening
Cottolene
evidenced by the rapidly increasing enormous sales is PROOF POSITIVE not only of its great value as a *new* article of diet but is also sufficient proof of the general desire to be rid of indigestible, unwholesome, unappetizing lard, and of all the ills that lard promotes. Try
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at once and waste no time in discovering like thousands of others that you have now
NO USE FOR LARD.
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.
Genuine made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS and CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED by the Trustees of the State Insane Asylum at Agnews at the office of the Secretary, in San Jose, California, up to 3 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, July 18, 1893, and at the Asylum at Agnews up to 11 o'clock A. M., Wednesday, July 19, 1893 (Asylum time), for the construction of the following work for the State Insane Asylum at Agnews, namely:

MAIN SEWER,

As will be designated by the Medical Director on the plans and specifications now on file in his office at said asylum. All of the above plans and specifications can be seen and information had from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. each day up to and including the 18th day of July, 1893 (Sundays and holidays excepted), at the said office of the Medical Director of said Asylum. Separate bids will be received as follows:

First—For the furnishing of sewer pipe as called for by specifications; same to be delivered at the Asylum.

Second—Making the necessary excavations, laying said pipe, filling and the furnishing of all manholes, connections, ventilating pipe, and the complete construction and building of said sewer, in terms of plans and specifications, other than furnishing of sewer pipe.

Third—The furnishing of all materials and the construction and completion of said sewer in terms of plans and specifications.

All proposals must be accompanied by a good and sufficient bond in an amount equal to 10 per cent. of the bid or bids presented, which amount shall be forfeited to the people of the State of California as settled, fixed and liquidated damages in case the bidder to whom award of contract is made shall fail or refuse to enter into such contract and furnish such bonds for the faithful performance of the same as the Board of Trustees may require, within five days after such award.

Blank proposals may be obtained of the Medical Director at the Asylum.

All bids must be addressed to L. G. Nesmith, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of the State Insane Asylum at Agnews, San Jose, California.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved by the board.

San Jose, California, June 20, 1893.

je20-4w L. G. NESMITH, Secretary.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY

Good Agricultural Land for $10 to $20 per Acre.

The Pacific Improvement Company has recently purchased twelve thousand acres of land in the heart of Tehama County, for the purpose of promoting subdivision and settlement. This land embraces lands from first-class Sacramento Valley agricultural land, to land of fair average quality, and is offered at from $10 to $20 per acre, in subdivisions of 40, 80, 120, 160 and 320 acres.

The terms upon which these lands are offered are especially attractive. They will be sold in subdivisions, as above indicated, by the payment of interest only for three years, at which time the purchaser can begin the payment of principal by paying the first of five equal annual installments. Thus no part of the principal is to be paid for three years, and then the purchaser is to have five years in which to pay five equal annual installments, with interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, making payments extending over a period of eight years. Intending purchasers are assured that this is an opportunity to purchase land of fair average quality at $10 per acre, and good agricultural land at $20 an acre, with other grades of land at prices to correspond between these figures.

The assertion is frequently made that good lands, suitable for general farming, and especially adapted for fruit-growing, cannot be had in California for less than from $60 to $100 an acre. An examination of the land subject of this advertisement will prove to home-seekers that this is an opportunity for the purchase of good agricultural land at $20 an acre, and for qualities grading down to fair agricultural land at $10 an acre, on terms of payment which should make the disposition of these lands to actual settlers a result easy of accomplishment.

The primary object of the purchase of this body of land was the breaking up of a large holding for the purpose of promoting its settlement in smaller quantities and its devotion to diligent husbandry.

For further particulars, call upon or address WM. H. MILLS,
Land Agent of the C. P. R. R., Fourth and Townsend streets, San Francisco, Cal.

SACRAMENTO COUNTY BONDS.

SACRAMENTO, May 23, 1893.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I, EDWARD LYON, Treasurer of the County of Sacramento, State of California, will receive bids at my office from

June 1, 1893, at 12 M., to June 26, 1893, at 12 M.,

For the sale of seventy-five (75) Sacramento County bonds of the denomination of one thousand dollars ($1,000) each. Said bonds to run for twenty years from the 1st day of July, 1893, and to bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum, interest payable semi-annually at the County Treasurer's office, in the City of Sacramento. No bids will be received for less than par value.

The Board of Supervisors reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Supervisors, made the 8th day of May, 1893. E. LYON, County Treasurer of Sacramento County, Cal.

FOR BEAUTY,
For comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.