FIRST [illegible]
CANTON, DAKOTA.
[illegible] - Editors and Proprietors.

[AN] OLD SWEETHEART OF [MINE].

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RIL[EY].

As one who cons at evening o[illegible] all alone
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes;
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection—for the loving thoughts that start
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

[illegible]dy, like a flutter-
[illegible] children, and the mother as she
[illegible] twinge of conscience to deny me any
[illegible]
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow vine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genie from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes,
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that "as surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump, she loved me"—that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned—
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cosy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be as happy that when either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss had come.

* * * * *

But, ah! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and—my wife is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

MARRIED FOR POSITION.

"Madam Monsette, Madam Monsette, can you spare me just a little time?" called my neighbor, Mrs. Bowles, who, with her pretty blonde daughter was frantically signaling a down-town car. "Can you accompany Celeste and myself down town upon a shopping occasion, madam? We shall likely spend the entire morning in looking over the things our young lady must have. Don't answer no, as it is a bridal trousseau that we want the benefit of your excellent taste in selecting."

Celeste blushed rosy red as her proud and happy mother enveigled me into the car, her tongue nimbly running on in the desire to enlighten me as to the nature of the shopping we were to do.

"I am so thankful, Madam Monsette, to have you accompany us. So very kind in you to come. Celeste's fiancee is not a common young man; Adelbert has already a government appointment, and everybody thinks he will, in time, rise to eminence. It has been a great worry to me to know how we are to provide her a suitable trousseau. Our means are so limited. Mr. Bowles doesn't prosper as I could wish in his business. We rely upon you, madam, to tell us what is most needed. You have spent several winters at the capital and know how the ladies in official life dress" said good-natured, fussy, little Mrs. Bowles, gathering up carefully the skirt of her well-worn cashmere, preparatory to stepping out upon the muddy crossing before the crowded, fashionable, and highest-priced store in the city.

Marshaling the way to the lace and satin counters where beautiful and costly goods were soon piled around us, Mrs. Bowles confided to me that she "thought the wedding dress, with different laces, flowers, ribbons, fans, gloves, and other paraphernalia *might* answer for a reception dress, though a dress ought not to be worn more than twice."

"Mother," ventured Celeste, tenderly, and whispering lest the salesman should guess her sweet secret, "father told us that he could not afford an elaborate trousseau. I do not think Adelbert will mind if I dress plainly, and I don't care much for society. I don't think I care for white satin or silk; a handsome plum or brown——"

"There, there, Celeste; I mean to have you provided with a trousseau suitable for the position you will occupy. I trust that my daughter has been reared in a manner to reflect honor upon her husband. A wife has it in her power to elevate her husband. Many men have climbed high in the world through the grace, wit, and aplomb of their wives. Adelbert and Celeste are both young, and can make us all proud of them," gushed the fond mother audibly, not heeding the pleading look in Celeste's blue eyes, who saw the sarcastic light in the dark ones of the salesman, who so quickly "took in the situation."

"What do you think, madam?" asked Mrs. Bowles, as she held out before me folds of cheap cream satin. "Will not this quality of satin make up nice enough for evening wear? You must reflect that gas light softens and beautifies. After all it is the color, tint, trimming, and cut, that is wanted more than to have the material rich and costly. Do you not think so, madam?"

"I, think with Celeste, that a very few dark, well-made costumes, with a liberal supply of tasteful lingerie, the very thing for the trousseau. Perhaps she will not want to go out much in the evening, except to lectures, concerts, and church," was the reply.

"Oh, she will need evening costumes. Adelbert is a government appointee," replied Mrs. Bowles, firmly, and then, proceeding to select light silks satins, laces, and lingerie according to her own taste, disgusted with Celeste's notions and my advice.

The getting together and making of the trousseau progressed rapidly; every day something showy, though not serviceable, was added to it, until its cost had three times overrun the sum allowed by Papa Bowles for its purchase. Unkind gossips were heard to say that the beautiful home had been mortgaged to obtain the sum needed to pay dry goods, milliner's, and dressmaker's bills, and still the end was not yet.

Adelbert ran over from Washington during the wedding preparations, and the young lover, man like, was enraptured with all that pertained to his adored Celeste.

Only Celeste and Papa Bowles seemed ill at ease during the days which should have been filled with happiness for the bonny little bride-elect, who tenderly loved the gray-haired father, grown old in toilsome service—that of book-keeper in a down-town firm, noted for exacting the money's worth from every employe.

Three days before the wedding, taking a neighbors's privilege, I went unceremoniously into the Bowles home, [illegible]sent," unwittingly sur- [illegible] bride-elect, as she sat [illegible]

[illegible]er! I have cost him so [illegible] he had so little money to [illegible] me. I cannot make mamma understand that I would be happy with no society except Adelbert. The bills do come in so horrid fast," sobbed Celeste, as a new one was handed in by the maid.

The wedding morning found all in readiness; the breakfast for the two hundred guests was perfect, the floral decorations were more elaborate than we plain work-a-day folks were wont to see, but it wasn't every mamma's daughter that had the good fortune to marry a government appointee.

"The groom is well-enough looking, quite a catch, stands in with the President and Cabinet."

"How queer it is that plain little Celeste should have attracted a government official from Washington."

"I suppose Celeste will be giving elegant entertainments in the capital," were specimens of the comments which swelled with pride the already full and proud heart of Mamma Bowles, who right royally presided at the wedding feast.

After the young couple had been settled in Washington the tell-tale lines of many cares were deepening upon even the fair face of good, easy-going, fat, and comfortable Mamma Bowles, while Papa Bowles' smiles were like angel's visits, and rumors were rife that the "Bowles were heavily in debt for the money spent upon the wedding of Celeste, and somebody while visiting in Washington had learned that Adelbert was only a clerk in a department, and Celeste was not in society at all."

But I was none the wiser until, one sunshiny winter's day, Mamma Bowles came into my parlor with an open letter in her hand.

"Madam," said the poor lady, excitedly, "a fool and his money are soon parted, and he is known according to his folly. Of course you know, as our little world knows, that I, with my lavish expenditures when Celeste was married, have encumbered our little home with a mortgage, hoping that my daughter would be able to take a place in the best and most exclusive capital society. Listen to what Celeste has written:

DEAREST MAMMA—I am so ill, lonely, and tired out. May I come to you for a time, until Adelbert can economize sufficiently to pay, at least a part of our accumulated bills? It does cost so much to live here, even in the shabby style that we are living in, and Adelbert's salary is so very small that we are not able to meet the expenses for the necessities of life.

I am a poor economizer and Adelbert is no better, consequently affairs do not go well with us. I have little use for the many pretty things you purchased for me when I was married, as I have learned that poor, Government clerks are not "in society" here.

Dear mother, I never thought that I was too fond of money, or that I should ever be unhappy for the lack of it, but the burden of my thoughts now are our debts and poverty.

Adelbert owed tailors and wine bills when we were married, and somehow we have never been able to catch up and start in the world free from debt.

Can you take me in, mother, until Delly has satisfied his more pressing creditors? and perhaps I may be able to dispose of some of my useless treasures. Delly and I have made the firm resolution to find our rightful place and honestly fill it.

No more borrowed plumes for me, or reaching out for the impossible.

"What will the neighbors say? There were those who envied Celeste her apparent good fortune in marrying——"

"A government official. They will only learn that 'all is not gold that glitters,'" was my reply, as I mentally rejoiced that, in spite of false training, youth, and inexperience, Adelbert and Celeste were coming to the front wearing true colors.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE advisability of testing as foggy weather signals sudden flashes, such as those of gunpowder, has been suggested to the British lighthouse authorities by Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Stokes, who think the flashes might attract attention where an equal fixed light might escape notice.

SOME people doubt the poisonous effect of nutmeg, but several cases of nutmeg-poisoning have been noted in the *British Medical Journal* during the past summer. A whole nutmeg was taken in four of the cases, and five whole ones in the remaining case. In still another case, the use of half a nutmeg in a hot drink was nearly as fatal.

THE large birds, like the other large animals, are steadily going, and all may soon disappear from the earth. It is believed that the Lammergeyer, or Alpine vulture, has just become completely extinct in Switzerland, a solitary female specimen, which has dwelt on the Blotchhorn during the last twenty-five years, having at last fallen a victim to poison.

REFERRING to the British birds that swarm in South Africa in winter, Prof. Seebohm states that on the coast of Natal he must have seen hundreds of thousands of barn swallows, evidently collected to return to northern Europe. Swifts and other species were numerous. Many of these did not breed within 8,000 miles of those parts, and some not within 10,000.

CURIOUS effects are known to be often produced by colors on persons and animals. The sight of an obnoxious color may induce an attack of hysterics, nausea, or a headache, or it may cause a violent fit of ill temper. The offending color is sometimes blue, sometimes yellow, but oftener red or scarlet. Scientific attention is being directed to these phenomena.

THE French physician Fizeau calculated the velocity of light at 185,157 miles a second; Cornu, another Frenchman, calculated it at 185,420, and Michelson obtained 186,380 as the result of his calculations. Wheatstone, the English electrician, found that free electricity traveled 288,000 miles a second; Kirchoff concluded, from theoretical considerations, that an electrical current sent through a wire in which it meets no resistance has the velocity of 192,924 miles a second. The velocity of an electric current sent through iron wire is 62,100 miles a second; through copper wire, 111,780 miles.

Rallying the Enemy.

Battles are not always conducted with that extreme precision which is generally supposed to characterize military maneuvers. Confusion sometimes reigns, especially when the fighting is carried on in thick brush, or continued after dusk. Here, *for* instance, is an extract from the history of a New York regiment:

Maj. Livingston's horse had been shot, and the Major's hip injured by the fall. He was very anxious to change the retreat into an advance, and thus on foot, swinging his sword, he ordered everybody to "Right about face!" But his orders were unheeded.

At last, coming up to a regiment marching in tolerable order in the same direction with the general current, and concluding that they were sufficiently strong at least to cover the retreat of the wounded and exhausted, he ordered them to halt and face to the front, giving emphasis to the command by earnest gesticulations with his sword and insisting that it was a shame to see a whole regiment running away. At this juncture an officer demanded:

"Who are you, sir?"

"Maj. Livingston of the 76th."

"Seventy-sixth what?" asked the stranger.

"Seventy-sixth New York," replied the Major.

"Well, then, you are my prisoner, for you are attempting to rally the 2d Mississippi."

The Major was taken to headquarters, but, fortunately, made his escape the next day.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Throne Chair of B. C. 1600.

That most ancient and interesting historical relic, the throne chair of Queen Hatasu (XVIII. Egyptian Dynasty, B. C. 1600, has been presented to the British Museum by the owner, Mr. Jessie Haworth, of Bowden, Cheshire. This throne chair is the only extant specimen of ancient royal Egyptian furniture, and is the most venerable piece of dated cabinet-makers' work in the world. The national collection is much enriched by this addition to its treasures, and the nation has reason to be grateful to the munificent donor.—[illegible] *Times.*

BULGARIA.

A Bone of Contention Which Threatens to Precipitate a Gigantic War.

Origin of the Trouble Now Agitating the Great Powers of Europe.

Sketches of the Rulers and Proposed Rulers of the Balkan Peninsula.

BY M. MALKOFF.
(Of the Chicago Daily News staff.)

For many years the Balkan peninsula has been the focal point of all European diplomatic entanglements. Again and again the Oriental question, so called, obscured the European horizon, and threatened to dissolve itself into a fearful European war storm. But recently the relations of the European cabinets to that question have become so perplexed, and their interests in Turkey's heritage so intensified, that at present a European war seems to be imminent and only a question of a few months. Russia cannot afford to see German princes on the thrones of the Balkan principalities; she cannot look patiently at the work of Germanization of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria, who has apparently made up her mind to occupy those provinces forever. Russia is enraged by King

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BATTENBERG.

Milan's humility and submission to the Hapsburgs, and the ascendency of Austrian money and enterprises in Servia. Who shall predominate in Slavonic countries, the Slavs or the Germans? —that is the question which will find its final solution in an Austro-Russian war.

Origin of the Eastern Troubles.

The present troubles in the east of Europe can be dated back to the summer of 1885, that is to the revolution in Roumelia and the formal announcement of a union between that country and Bulgaria. Prince Alexander of Battenberg, then Prince of Bulgaria, proceeded to Philippopolis the next day after the outbreak of the revolution and assumed leadership of the same. The Czar did not approve of this action. Prince Alexander thought it unnecessary to seek his advice, though the Czar, according to the Berlin treaty, was nominally the receiver, so to speak, of Bulgaria. The relations between the Russian potentate and the Bulgarian prince were strained, besides, for many other reasons. Prince Alexander was of no submissive disposition. He ignored the Czar and the calumnies heaped upon him by the Czar's agents, and showed himself to be a man of a strong will, an independent character, and unquestionable moral courage, which he displayed so eminently during the Servian-Bulgarian war. King Milan was ignominiously defeated by the young Prince, and full of hopes, covered with honors and glory, and adored by his people, Alexander, in the spring of 1886, returned to Sofia.

Alexander's Arrest.

[illegible] he could not long withstand Russia's intrigues. On the night of August 20, 1886, he was seized at his palace by a band of rebels and Russian agents and conveyed across the Bulgarian frontier.

A reign of terror followed Alexander's deposition in Bulgaria. The Government of the Czar showed itself then in all its cowardice. It had not the courage, in the face of the German and Austrian armies, to formally invade Bulgaria, but it sent its agents to that unfortunate country to incite and defy a nation clamoring for national independence. The national assemblies of Bulgaria were declared illegal by the Czar again and again, and the rulers chosen by them were rejected by the Russian potentate. He offered his own candidates for the Bulgarian throne, whom the people of Bulgaria, on the other hand, refused to accept. At last Prince Ferdinand of Coburg was chosen and formally seated on the throne of Bulgaria in spite of Russia's protests, and as Russian intriguing is at work again it probably will not be long before we hear of another Bulgarian coup d'etat.

Prince Alexander of Battenberg was born at Verona, Italy, in 1857. He is the son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, who was a brother of Empress Maria of Russia, the mother of the present Czar. Alexander's mother was the daughter of a plebeian and a Warsaw belle. He received his education in the cadet corps of Dresden, Saxony, and began his military career as an officer of the Hessian dragoon regiment. He fought against the Turks during the last Russo-Turkish war and participated in the battles of Tirnova and Plevna. Aug. 6, 1879, he was officially proclaimed the ruler of Bulgaria, and precisely seven years afterward he was forced to resign by a band of mercenaries of the Russian Czar.

The Forged Letters.

Who did not feel a certain kind of sympathy with Prince Ferdinand while reading in the *Daily News* the other day his alleged letters addressed to the Countess of Flanders. Antagonized by Russia and Turkey, abandoned by Austria, and used as a tool by Bismarck, the young Prince seems to be losing courage and to despair of his future, which is anything else but bright. It appears, moreover, that the Bulgarian nation herself is divided as to her attachment and faithfulness to the Prince. Such influential leaders as Karaveloff, Slaveikoff, Zankoff, and others are opposed to him, and in reality he maintains his prestige only by rigid measures and the suppression of the people's liberties. Free speech, free press no longer exist in Bulgaria, Ferdinand enjoys the title of ruling Prince, and Stambuloff is Bulgaria's absolute dictator. Such a state of things cannot

PRINCE FERDINAND OF COBURG.

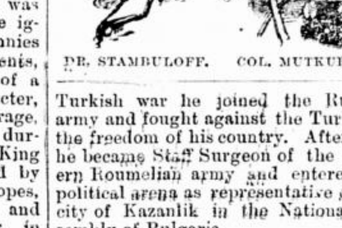
possibly last much longer, and Ferdinand's fall is merely a question of the near future.

Prince Ferdinand of Coburg is related to almost all the reigning families of Europe west of Russia. King Leopold of Belgium is his uncle and King Louis Philippe of France was his grandfather. He is the nephew of Queen Victoria of England and a cousin of the King of Portugal. His father was Prince August of Coburg-Kohary and his mother is Princess Mary Clementine, a daughter of King Louis Philippe. Prince Ferdinand is 27 years old. He received his education at the Imperial Theresanium at Vienna, an institution frequented only by princes and members of royal families. Besides being extraordinarily rich, Ferdinand is a highly educated young man. He masters several European languages, and is a specimen of princely beauty and manhood. He is Lieutenant Colonel of the Honved Hussar regiment of Austria, to the commander of which, the Archduke Joseph of Austria, Ferdinand is a brother-in-law. With Bulgaria the young Prince became acquainted in 1882, when he traveled extensively through the Orient.

Ferdinand's Supporters.

Prince Ferdinand's principal supporters and most devoted friends in Bulgaria are Dr. Stambuloff and Col. Mutkuroff. The former is Bulgaria's Prime Minister, and the latter Minister of War. Both are young, energetic, and aggressive, love Russia, and hate the Czar. Having received their education in Russian colleges and universities, they became imbued with the spirit of hatred against despotism and Czardom which inspires most of the Russian students, and it is chiefly owing to their energy, influence, and popularity that the designs of the Czar's government in Bulgaria have been futile up to the present. Colonel Mutkuroff was in the Bulgarian deputation that visited the European courts after the removal of Prince Alexander, Aug. 21, 1886. The day after Prince Alexander's arrest and forcible expulsion from Bulgaria, Dr. Stambuloff, with the aid of Major Popoff, succeeded in winning over to the exiled Prince the Strum regiment, and the forces located at Klustendil, Vidlin, and Tirnova. The same day Colonel Mutkuroff, who was then Commander-in-Chief of the military forces of eastern Roumelia, arrived at Sofia from Philippopolis at the head of six regiments and joined Stambuloff. The principal leaders of the conspiracy, most prominent among whom were Metropolitan Clement, the head of the Bulgarian church, and Karavelloff, Zankoff, Nikiforoff and others, were arrested and the rebellion crushed. At the instigation of both leaders a long petition was got up to Prince Alexander begging him to return to Bulgaria. Aug. 29 Prince Alexander was again on Bulgarian soil. He was met at Rustchuk by Stambuloff and a large deputation of citizens. The affected Prince embraced the doctor who showed so much devotion to him, and henceforth Stambuloff was Bulgaria's first man. A triumphal journey through the principal cities of Bulgaria followed. Alexander, accompanied by Stambuloff and Mutkuroff, was received with enthusiasm and honors everywhere. Sept. 8, the unfortunate Prince, after receiving the famous categoric letter from the Czar of Russia, resigned and left Bulgaria forever, leaving behind a people faithfully devoted to him and to his friends, Stambuloff and Mutkuroff.

Stambuloff was born at Sofia of wealthy Bulgarian parents in 1857. He received his education at Odessa, having graduated from the classic gymnasium of that city and attended the medical courses of the Odessa University. After the outbreak of the Russo-

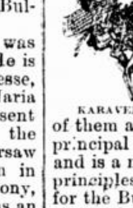

DR. STAMBULOFF. COL. MUTKUROFF.

Turkish war he joined the Russian army and fought against the Turks for the freedom of his country. Afterward he became Staff Surgeon of the Eastern Roumelian army and entered the political arena as representative of the city of Kazanlik in the National Assembly of Bulgaria.

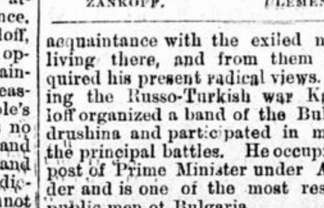
Colonel Mutkuroff is 31 years old. He was born of Bulgarian parents in the province of Bessarabia, Russia, and received his early education at the city of Kishinev. His military career he also began in Russia, and was Lieutenant in the Russian army during the Russo-Turkish war. After the conclusion of the same he joined the militia of Eastern Roumelia and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel by the Sultan. Colonel Mutkuroff took a prominent part in the revolution in Eastern Roumelia of September 18, 1885, and Prince Alexander appointed him chief commander of the military forces of that province.

His Adversaries.

Prince Ferdinand's principal adversaries are Petka Karavelloff, Dragan Zankoff, and Metropolitan Clement. It was especially Zankoff and Clement who accomplished the deposition of Prince Alexander. After the suppression of the revolution in Sofia Zankoff fled to Russia, and Metropolitan Clement was sentenced to penal servitude. Karavelloff cleared himself during his trial and was set free, while Zankoff was sentenced to death in contumasiam. Karavelloff is the ablest man of them all.


KARAVELLOFF.

He is editor of one of the principal Bulgarian papers, *Svoboda*, and is a man of progressive ideas and principles. His motto is "Bulgaria for the Bulgarians," and he is opposed to Russian interference in his country as well as to foreign princes. He is a republican, and thinks that a republican form of government is best adapted to Bulgaria. Karavelloff is a man of about 45. He was born at Tirnova, and received an excellent education at Moscow and Switzerland. His father was a wealthy cattle merchant and patriot and spent half of his fortune on the education of his son. In Switzerland Karavelloff formed an extensive


ZANKOFF. CLEMENT.

acquaintance with the exiled nihilists living there, and from them he acquired his present radical views. During the Russo-Turkish war Karavelloff organized a band of the Bulgarian drushina and participated in most of the principal battles. He occupied the post of Prime Minister under Alexander and is one of the most respected public men of Bulgaria.

Zankoff never amounted to a great deal in the politics of Bulgaria, and only the succesful deposition of Prince Alexander, accomplished by him with the aid of Russian agents and money, brought him into prominence. Zankoff was always a tool of Katskoff and the Russian Panslavists, and as such he is disliked by his compatriots. He is a man of about sixty. He was educated at the expense of the Russian Government, at Moscow, and before the Russo-Turkish war he occupied several government positions at various cities of Russia.

Metropolitan Clement is a shrewd Russian priest of Bulgarian extraction. Elevated to the rank he occupies by Russia, he is a faithful servant of the Czar and his Government. He took a prominent part in the Bulgarian disturbances preceding the Russo-Turkish war, and was chiefly instrumental in collecting money for the Bulgarian sufferers in various states of Europe. He fought in the ranks against Turkey in 1877, and in 1879 he was promoted by the late Czar to his present high position. Clement is a thorough Russophile, whose object is to make Bulgaria a province of Russia. Though sentenced to imprisonment and penal servitude for a long term in 1886, the sentence was not carried out. With the aid of Russia he succeeded in getting restored to his position.

Russia's Candidates.

Among the candidates for the Bulgarian throne proposed by Russia, Prince Nikolas (or Nikita) of Montenegro, the poet-prince of the Black Mountains, is the most prominent and imposing figure. Montenegro! This word sounds so strange, and the thoughts and pictures it awakens seem to us remote as that land itself, and yet it is worth while to gain an idea of that land and its ruler. There in the Black Mountains lives a little nation which, at a time when contrasts and peculiarities are more and more disappearing, has preserved its full energetic and poetic individuality.

PRINCE NIKOLAS.

People are accustomed to imagine Montenegro a desert of rocks and cliffs. This is true as far as a great part of that wild country is concerned, but it must be admitted those rocks and mountains have their peculiar, powerful fascination which ties the inhabitants to their homes with stronger bonds than anything in any other part of the world. There is something heroic about the inhabitants of those mountains which can be detected in the prince as well as in the poorest shepherd. For centuries the Montenegrins fought for their independence, and only some fifty years ago they gained their final freedom.

Prince Nikolas, the ruler of the Black Mountains, was born in 1840. He is an offspring of the Negush, an old family of Montenegro chieftains. He was educated in Russia, and suc-

ceeded his uncle, Danilo Petrovitch, on the throne of Montenegro in 1860. He is a handsome man. Tall, with energetic and expressive features, in the picturesque attire of his country, he has a veritable appearance of a hero. In the many wars Prince Nikolas undertook against Turkey during his long career he was more successful than any of his predecessors. He enlarged his country step by step and finally gained access to the sea, a thing of which the inhabitants of the Black Mountains were dreaming for over three centuries. The relations between the Prince of Montenegro and his people are of a most peculiar nature. The Montenegrins revere in him not his title or dynasty, but personal bravery and talents. They delight in reading the books he writes, in reciting the verses and singing the songs he composes. They regard him as their leader, while he treats them as friends and members of his own family. The Prince has written a good deal, and many good things, too. His drama, "The Czarina of the Black Mountains," has been translated into almost all European languages.

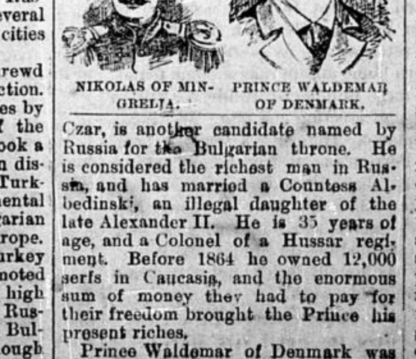
The Grandson of Kara George.

Another candidate of the Czar for the Bulgarian throne is Prince Peter Kara-Georgevitch, Prince Nikolas' son-in-law. Prince Peter is also a pretender to the throne of Servia, and under

favorable circumstances may [illegible] become the King of th[illegible]y, as King Milan has grown very unpopular of late with the Servians. The young Prince is a son of Prince Alexander Kara-Georgevitch, who was dethroned by a Servian skuptschina Dec. 22, 1857, and was succeeded by Prince Michael Obrenovitch, an uncle of the present King of Servia. His grandfather was the redoubtable Kara-George, at first a Servian shepherd, then a desperado, and finally the leader of a rebellion against Turkey and the liberator of the Servian nation. Prince Peter is fanatically devoted to the cause of Panslavism; he hates the Germans and believes in the establishment of one grand Slavonic kingdom on the Balkan. It is for this reason that Austria opposes so bitterly his candidacy. In the event of his becoming ruler of Bulgaria he would most assuredly conquer Servia and drive the Austrians out of Bosnia and Herzegovina. He is 34 years old, having been born in 1854, and is an unusually handsome and energetic man. Prince Peter's wife is Zorka, the only daughter of Prince Nikolas of Montenegro, and the heiress to the Montenegrin throne. Princess Lubitza Zorka, as she is called by the Montenegrins, is a young, handsome and bright woman. She was born in December, 1864, and was educated at St. Petersburg, together with the princesses of the Russian imperial family. At the public balls and entertainments given by the Czar or other members of his family Princess Zorka, according to the Russian papers, used to be the most charming dancer.

The Circassian Candidate.

Prince Nikolas of Mingrelia, a rich Circassian prince and favorite of the


NIKOLAS OF MINGRELIA. PRINCE WALDEMAR OF DENMARK.

Czar, is another candidate named by Russia for the Bulgarian throne. He is considered the richest man in Russia, and has married a Countess Aldedinski, an illegal daughter of the late Alexander II. He is 35 years of age, and a Colonel of a Hussar regiment. Before 1864 he owned 12,000 serfs in Caucasia, and the enormous sum of money they had to pay for their freedom brought the Prince his present riches.

Prince Waldemar of Denmark was chosen by the Bulgarians themselves to succeed Prince Alexander, but he declined the honor. He was born in October, 1858, and is the youngest son of King Christian IX. of Denmark. In refusing to accept the Bulgarian throne he simply followed the command of his brother-in-law, the Czar of Russia.

A GOOD COLLECTOR.

How Don M. Dickinson Made a Firm Which Had "Failed" Come to Time with a $40,000 Indebtedness.

[St. Louis Republican.]

A Western Congressman tells the following about Mr. Don M. Dickinson, the new Postmaster General:

"Yes, I know Dickinson, of Michigan, very well. I have been in some railroad cases with him. He is chain-lightning. Dickinson has made the bulk of his fortune in the practice of one legal specialty. He is the best collector of bad debts on the face of the earth. Oh, no; I don't mean small debts. This is the way of it: In the first place there used to be a good many people with a bad habit of failing every few years. They always owed large sums of money to Eastern merchants and capitalists, and did not mean to pay a cent if they could help it. To this class Dickinson was and is a mortal terror. There is no device that Dickinson can not see through, and he is as sharp on the trail as the best Parisian detective. The man who can pay and won't is the fellow Dickinson likes to get hold of. About ten years ago—to illustrate what I mean—there were three big failures in Detroit. One firm had the sympathy of everybody, but the others were uncertain customers. The two doubtful concerns each owed over $250,000 to New York and Boston people. Among the other creditors was a New England shoe manufacturer for a large sum. This firm quietly retained Dickinson as their counsel, and the largest other creditor did the same thing. 'Don't let them know I am in the case,' said he, as he left his clients. He went home. The agent of the New England firm came out to see the broken merchant I am talking about. He was a German Jew—generally good responsible people, but when they are tricky, look out! The usual tales were told of customers who could not come to time, and all that. It really looked like a bad case, and the Boston shoe concern was about to accept a settlement at 20 cents on the dollar. 'Don't do it for a day or two,' said Dickinson.

"Just how he was going to get the money out of his customer he did not know, but he was sure there had been some swindling. It happened that in his household there had been an extremely pretty Irish girl living as a domestic for many years. She was faithful, neat, and unusually intelligent, and the household was very much attached to her. About a year before this she had married a very industrious young countryman of her own, who was a thrifty young boss drayman. That evening after dinner Dickinson learned that Maggie's husband had broken his leg a week or two before. He went around to see the man. 'How did it happen, Pete?' he asked. 'Well, ye see, sir, I was on a bit of a job that—but, sir, the man told me, sir, that I must not tell.'

"'Nonsense; you can tell me, can't you?' said Dickinson, and, 'Why not tell Mr. Dickinson, Peter?' said the Irishman's pretty wife. So it came about that, two weeks before, late at night, Peter had been draying goods from the rear end of a store. A heavy box had slipped and broke his leg. 'But why did you say you must not tell? said the lawyer. 'I'm sure I don't know, sir; that's what Mr. Katzenyammer told me, sir,' answered the man.

"'Katzenyammer; so you are working for him, eh?' asked Dickinson. He soon got of the Irishman all he knew. 'I see it now,' said he to himself as he went home. The next morning Mr. K. was rather surprised to receive a call from the great lawyer. He had not sent for him, and was somewhat a little uneasy. 'I am the attorney for Messrs. blank, of Boston,' he began very politely; 'they have a claim against you of $47,977.80. What do you intend doing about it, Mr. Katzenyammer?'

"'Vy, I haf failt, you know, Mr. Dickinson; I don't know how much I can pay on de dollar.'

"'You must pay this in full or I will send you to the penitentiary in less than a month,' said Dickinson, sternly. 'You have been running your goods out of your store at nights and sending them to Chicago auction houses to be sold for whatever they would bring in cash, and you have filled up your books with false entries.'

"'Fader Abraham!' screamed the other, as white as he could become; 'how tit you fint all dis oud?'

"'It doesn't matter how I know it all, and if you don't settle now, to-day, I will have you arrested before to-morrow night. You are watched, you can't get away, so don't try it,' and with that Dickinson left. It happened that he had dropped on to what the man had been doing. How he guessed it he does not know himself. About 2 o'clock the man came around to see what terms he could make. 'None, sir, except one hundred cents on the dollar,' was the only reply. In three days the claim was paid in full."

Glass Eyes.

One-eyed people who can afford it have two glass eyes, one for day the other for evening eye. The reason for this is that the pupil of the eye is smaller in the day time than at night, and hence the two glass eyes are of different sizes, so as to correspond with the natural eye. The price of glass eyes is becoming cheaper on account of competition, and at the same time the quality is better. A common glass eye may be had for $10, but they are not good deceptions and do not last long. A first-class eye costs $50, or even more. The best will not last over two years, because the secretions in the hollow of the eye roughen the glass by chemical action, and this roughness irritates the flesh. A glass eye, like false teeth, is taken out at night, for it would not be safe to go to sleep with it in the cavity. It might drop out and the slightest fall would break it. If a person could buy glass eyes at wholesale, by the gross he could get them for about $2 apiece. But he would have to look over a great many before finding one to fit and to match his other eye in size, color, and expression. Glass eyes are all made abroad, principally in Germany and France, no factory having been started here, although there is a great demand for them in this country. A glass eye is not made after the shape of a natural eye, because when the latter is taken from the cavity the tissue just back of it pushes forward and leaves but little space. The false eye is therefore elliptical in shape. The outer side preserves the natural form, but the inner side is nearly flat, with rounded edges. It is slightly larger than the natural eye, so that when inserted in the cavity it may not slip out. At first it irritates the eyelids and the tissue back of the cavity, but the wearer grows accustomed to it, and finds it a rest and a protection. A skillful oculist can put a glass eye into the cavity so that very close observation is necessary to detect it. Not only are the size and color of the natural eye counterfeited, but even the general expression. The oculist has yet to discover means of giving that sympathetic movement which distinguishes a pair of eyes.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Miky Way.

The milky way forms the grandest feature of the firmament. It completely encircles the whole fabric of the skies, and sends its light down upon us, according to the best observations, from no less than 18,000,000 of suns. These are planted at various distances, too remote to be more than little understood; but their light, the medium of measurement, requires for its transit to our earth periods ranging from ten to 1,000 years. Such is the sum of the great truths revealed to us by the two Herschels, who, with a zeal which no obstacle could daunt, have explored every part of the prodigious circle. Sir William Herschel, after accomplishing his famous section, believed that he had gauged the milky way to its lower depths, affirming that he could follow a cluster of stars with his telescope, constructed expressly for the investigations as far back as would require 330,000 years for the transit of light. But, presumptuous as it may seem, we must be permitted to doubt this assertion, as the same telescope in the same masters hand was not sufficiently powerful to resolve even the nebulæ in Orion. Not must we forget that light, our only clew to those unsearchable regions, expands and decomposes in its progress, and, coming from a point so remote, its radiant waves could be dispersed in space. Thus the reflection is forced upon us that new clusters and systems, whose beaming light will never reach our earth, still throng beyond, and that, though it is permitted to man to behold the immensity he shall never see the bounds of creation.

Couldn't Hush.

One of the most annoying faults of the hired "colored lady" is her persistent disposition to talk about the affairs of her own family. Sometimes, despite every attempt at discouragement, she will begin a story, of which her brother is the hero, and keep it up until patience is gray-haired with age. Marinda Napoleon, a likely colored woman, applied to Col. Wetherall for a position of trust in his family. She began to tell him of her honesty.

"That makes no difference," said the Colonel. "I don't care whether you are honest or not, and you may be reasonably negligent in the discharge of your duties, but there is one thing that I wish to impress upon your mind."

"What's dat, Colonel? 'case I kin do anything."

"I do not wish you to take me into your confidence and tell me about your family. I don't want to hear a word about your mother and father."

"I un'erstands, sah."

"I will pay you extra to keep your mouth shut. Speak when you are spoken to, and then merely answer questions."

"Why, sah, dis is de place dat I'se been lookin' fo' all dese years. I 'spices folks dat is allus wantin' er pusson ter 'tain dem wid conversation, 'case er body gits tired. Now, dar's my sister Jane, she's de udder way, an'——"

"But you are not to speak of your family."

"Dat's de pint, sah, dat's de pint. I worked last year for Mises Simson, an' de folks kep' me er talkin' all de time, an' mudder she tell me not ter pay any 'tention ter de folks."

"Never mind all that. I don't wish to hear anything of your mother. I don't want you to mention your family while you are in this house."

"'Cose yer doesn't, sah; an' I doesn't blame yer tall. De las' word my brudder Henry said ter me 'fore I lef' dis mawnin' wuz gibben me 'vice how ter please der white folks. Henry he's er faverite all down in our neighborhood. Worked for old man Desmukes three years, an' wouldn't er quit den 'cept de ole man died an' ernuder pusson tuck de place. Henry's de fines' han' wid horses yer eber seed. Dat claybank hoss o' Mr. Anderson's, whut wouldn't let nobody go in de stable——"

"Say, Marinda, you——"

"It's jes' like I tell yer. Dar wan't a blessed soul on de place dat could do nuthin wid dat hoss, an' Henry——"

"Listen to me, I tell you!"

"Yes, sah. Whut was yer 'bout to obsarve?"

"I told yer that I wanted to hear nothing about your family. I see, though, that you are like all the others. Go on——"

"Yas, but Henry he tuk a blin' bridle——"

"Stop!"

"Didn't yer tell me ter go on?"

Yes. I tell you to go away from here. I don't want you."

"Whut yer 'gree ter hire me fur, den? Ain't my s'ciety pleasin' ter yer?"

"You can't keep your mouth shut, and I don't want you. Now go."

"Why yer's de curiest pusson I nebber seed. Doan' kere ter stay heah, 'case yer's sorter common folks, nohow. I'se glad I refused yer offer ter hire me. Good mawnin', sah."—*Opie Read, in Texas Siftings.*

Physical Deformation.

What is the natural "form" or female waist? Physicians know that the chest of the female is larger, relatively, at birth than that of the male, for which fact there is a good reason, based on sex. The form of the chest is that of a truncated cone, with the larger capacity at the base. This natural formation, somewhere between the ages of twelve and twenty years, in fashionable life, is changed, and the smaller part of the truncation being downward.

There is a manifest difference in the forms of the twin brother and sister which is unnatural, the sister's chest being deformed. I well know that the act of "lacing" is denied, and I know as well that there is no effect without a cause. The appropriate means are early used, when the bones are not real bones, but cartilaginous, easily yielding to slight pressure, even that of a tight apron string or the tightness of an under garment. It is a gradual work, at first very slight, the corsets finishing the deformity. The fashionables, those who have given more thought to dress than sensible information, know but little of the unfavorable effects of such deformity—such compression of the chest and lungs. Such do not appreciate the real use of th[e] lungs or their wonderful structure. By estimate there are six hundred millions of air cells, to which the air is sent in breathing, there to purify the blood, these cells being covered by arteries, veins, and their connecting capillaries. The oxygen of the air is attracted through the walls of these cells, uniting with the carbonaceous waste of the system in the blood, by actual combustion, producing the heat of the body. The ashes, so to speak, and the carbonic acid gas are also attracted through the same, returning to the cells, thrown off in the expired breath, thus doing more for the renovation of the system, the purification of the blood, than all of the sarsaparilla and "blood purifiers" in the market. While there is no useless space in the human body, "fearfully and wonderfully made," what a sin to deform it in this way! Just to the extent that the lungs are compressed, bringing the walls of these minute cells together, often adhering, will they become useless, to the same extent reducing their number, with a corresponding failure to purify the blood effectively. The greater part of the pressure is over the lower portion of the lungs, crowding upon the stomach and liver, materially impairing digestion, to that extent preventing the formation of fresh, new, and good blood. This compression interferes with the rotating movement of the stomach, by which the food is prevented, so crippling the stomach that it is unable to perform its functions in the best manner, preparing the way for dyspepsia. These are a few of the evils of deforming the chest by order of Dame Fashion. —*Dress.*

Influence of Valleys on Health.

Mr. Alfred Haviland lately informed the London Social Science Association that many diseases were induced by the common tendency to place houses in valleys instead of on hillsides. He says that valleys do not get a full share of fresh air. The wind blows over, not through them, and the atmosphere within their boundaries is comparatively stagnant. His observations are therefore opposed to the common belief that valleys are especial channels for atmospheric movements; but his opinions are sustained by Dr. B. W. Richardson, who is good authority. The latter gentleman enumerated twenty-five or thirty diseases which he thought might be attributed to the propensity for valley homes. Among them are croup, influenza, scrofula, rheumatism, fistula, calculus, and possibly some malformations. The list is formidable, and to put it mildly, it is almost incredible that diseases of this character can be caused by living in the broad and shallow valleys of England. Mr. Haviland's remarks were illustrated by maps and models showing the geological structure of the earth.—*The Galaxy.*

DRUGGIST—Now, what do want? Boy—Three cents' worth of paregoric. "What do you mean, waking me up for three cents?" "Why, I had ter git up for nuffin'."

St. Louis girls claim they are not as bad as they are painted.—*Texas Siftings.*

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