THE CARNIVAL IN PARIS.

A BURST OF GAYETY BEFORE LENT—RECEIVING THE NEW CARDINALS.

Paris, February 17, 1893.

The last few days have been very bright as concerns the weather and the general aspect of the city. During the entire week preceding the Mardi Gras, February 14, the shop windows were gay with bunting, painted masks and spangled costumery, awaiting those who chose to take a lively and active part in carnival revelries. The "procession du boeuf gras" was more brilliant than has been the case for many years. The fatted ox, covered with garlands of paper roses and of tinsel, advanced solemnly, preceded and followed by bands of music and by long files of gorgeously dressed maskers, who entered into the spirit of the ceremony as thoroughly as though they were ancient Egyptians accompanying the bull Apis. Fortunately, it was not cold, and the blue sky and merry sunshine were auspicious to the crowds of people thronging the Boulevards. In the evening a great many dances took place in fashionable salons, at casinoes, restaurants, as also in the "bouis bouis" of the Boulevards exterieurs.

One of the magnates of the financial world gave a costume ball on the night of the Mardi Gras which will remain in the annals of pleasurable entertainments as one of the greatest successes ever achieved at a private house. One of the toilettes which attracted the most admiration was worn by a very lovely member of the American colony here. She made her appearance in the salons shortly after midnight, nd her entrance was greeted by a loud murmur of approval. Her tall and slender figure, admirably proportioned, her deep blue eyes and pure pale complexion were admirably set off by the character which she represented, namely, that of an Ice Spirit. Her long-trained gown of cloth of silver was deeply edged with swansdown, and was one mass of pendeloques in rock crystal and diamonds of the utmost magnificence. Nestling in her powdered hair, a polar star composed of gigantic brilliants sparkled enough positively to make one's eyes ache, whilst great streams of diamonds shaped like icicles fell in dazzling festoons over her snowy arms and breast. Her train was upheld by her two little nephews, dressed, one as a snowball, and the other as "Frost." So enormous was the value of the jewels which she wore that two detectives in plain clothes accompanied her to the very portals of the great financier's superb "hotel," and when she left some hours later they accompanied her to her home in a second carriage, which kept pace with hers.

There have also been several superb dinners and a great number of receptions and soirees on that evening. The Duchesse of Pomar is now giving a grand dinner every Saturday at her beautiful home, where all the latest innovations in culinary art are always to be enjoyed.

The people are looking forward already to the mid-Lent festival, which is a day devoted absolutely to the amusement of the masters and mistresses of the washtub and to the short reign of their Queen. In pursuance of custom every public washhouse first elects its own Queen. These Queens are then convened and elect from their own number the Queen of Queens. This year the choice fell on a Mlle. Eugenie Pettit, a fair creature of twenty-one, who polled eighteen out of the twenty-six votes. Her rival was a dark young woman of singular beauty, but whose credentials, it is said, on the score of morality, were deficient. A Vice-Queen, in the person of Mlle. Gueux, was nominated. As regards the Kings, who appear to play a very minor role in the ceremony, they are not elected, but chosen by the Queens from among their numerous admirers in the profession, for men as well as women are employed in French washing establishments. The Queen of Queens is an absolute monarch for twenty-four hours, and has a right to levy tribute from her subjects. The crown placed on her head is got up by subscription; it becomes her property and figures forever afterward as an heirloom in her family. The cavalcade promises to be of exceptional splendor this year. Several of the papers have subscribed to it, and a delegation of washerwomen obtained an audience of President Carnot, who received them in his most gallant style and added a very substantial quota to their fund.

As usual in February, the great annual agricultural show is now in progress in the Champs Elysees, and the Palais de l'Industrie is filled to its utmost capacity with prize cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, pigeons and samples of every conceivable kind of farm produce. The show is rather an aristocratic affair, the main body of the exhibitors being composed of great landed proprietors bearing names that figure in the "Hozier," or Peerage of France. It is they who constitute the National Agricultural Society of France, which organizes the annual show, and while the latter is in progress they hold their annual general meeting at its club, a very coquettish and dainty-looking mansion in the Rue d'Athenes. The president of the association is the Marquis de Dampierre, recognized as the principal authority on agriculture in France, and the possessor of large estates in the Landes. He is very hospitable, and entertains largely both at his city residence in the Rue de Genelle, and at his historic Castle of Plassac, where the Duchesse de Berri found refuge during her flight. Among other well-known Parisians who form part of the association are the Duc d'Harcourt, who owns the chateau and estate of Thury, where King Louis XVI stayed while on his memorable voyage to Cherbourg; the Duke of Noailles, the Marquis de Poncin, the Duc d'Aumale, the Marquis de Vogue, the Comte de Diesbach, and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who, as in duty bound, is treasurer of the association.

The Baron has been unusually munificent to the poor this winter, having placed two or three million francs at the disposal of the Department of Public Charity. His most recent gift is in memory of his favorite daughter, Bettina, who died last year in childbirth. It amounts to another million of francs, and is destined to enable poor women whose babes are born in the Parisian hospitals to enjoy a few days for rest and recovery. Hitherto patients of this kind have been turned adrift and permitted to resume work far too quickly, with the result that their health remained permanently affected. Indeed, so widespread has been the evil that a law is now before the Legislature, debarring women from resuming manual work of any kind until the lapse of a certain time after the birth of their children. It is for the purpose of providing these women with the means of enjoying a few days for repose and convalescence after being discharged from the hospital that Baron Alphonse Rothschild has made the munificent donation above mentioned.

Another imposing ceremony took place at the Elysee for the creation and reception of the French Cardinals, Monseigneur Meignan, Archbishop of Tours, and Monseigneur Thomas, Archbishop of Rouen. The state gala carriages were sent to the Hotel du Bon La Fontaine, where the two prelates were residing, to take them to the Presidential Palace. Dry, if rather dull and threatening, weather favored the progress of the new Princes of the Church from their temporary quarters in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain to the palace, where they arrived about half past ten o'clock, preceded by an escort of cavalry. They were accompanied by the Papal Ablegates, Monseigneur Procaccini di Montescaglioso and Monseigneur Tarnassi; by the secretaries of these two prelates; by Count Caterini and the Marquis della Porta, of the Pope's Noble Guards; the French State functionaries, Comte d'Ormesson and M. Mollard, and the Vicars-General of the dioceses of Rouen and Tours. The eminent ecclesiastics were received by President Carnot in the Audience Hall, with the Chief of State being the Ministers M. Tirard, M. Develle and M. Dupuy, and the officers of the military household. The ceremonies began by speeches delivered in Latin by the Ablegates, M. Carnot replying in French. Soon afterward the President and his suite entered the chapel of the Elysee, where an ordinary low mass was said by the cure of the Madeleine, and on its termination each Cardinal received his "beretta," or cap, from the President of the Republic. In the full costume of their rank the Cardinals were next received by M. Carnot in the Grand Salon, where were assembled Monseigneur Ferrata, the Papal Nuncio, his auditor and secretary, together with official persons attending the ceremony. Here the Ablegates and the two representatives of the Noble Guard were presented to M. Carnot, who invested the ecclesiastics with the insignia of Officers of the Legion of Honor, while Count Caterini and the Marquis Della Porta were made officers of the Order. The Cardinals and Ablegates were then received by Mme. Carnot, and luncheon was served. At this final function the Cardinal Archbishop of Tours sat on the right of Mme. Carnot, his colleague being on her left. It is to be noted that the addresses of the two Cardinals were in perfect harmony with that of Monseigneur Tarnassi, the three ecclesiastics combining in order to accentuate the acceptance of the existing order of things in France by the Roman Church. M. Carnot, in replying to the Cardinals, specially commended them for their lofty language inspired by the Holy See, and said it gave him patriotic satisfaction to hear it. He warmly thanked them for their utterances, which showed that they understood the need for pacification, concord and good feeling between all the sons of the same country.

Talking of M. Carnot, I may mention that his youngest son, Francois, who is now an outdoor student of the College of Sainte Barbe, has just drawn the number 271 in the army conscription—at least being unable to appear personally at the Hotel de Ville, the number was drawn for him by the Deputy Mayor of his district.

Mme. Carnot looked uncommonly well in a superb dress of satin and lace at the ball of the Hotel de Ville the other day. When she entered the dancing-room with her husband at 11 o'clock she was greeted with enthusiastic cries of "Vive Mme. Carnot! Vive le President! Vive la Republique!" The floral decorations were of great magnificence, and it is estimated that at least 14,000 persons were present. The Hotel de Ville balls might be taken as the most perfect type of a democratic fete. All classes are represented there. Men are not even required to be in evening dress. A frock coat and a white tie will do, although indeed those who appear in morning attire are but a small fraction. Ladies may wear anything, and toilettes from the Rue de la Paix dressmakers brush past humbler dresses of white muslin, relieved, perhaps, with a few ribbons. But detail is lost in the immense halls of this magnificent municipal palace, and in the flood of electric light the plainest homemade dresses add fresh patches of light to the dazzling scene. This is the only large ball where people take real pleasure in dancing, and consequently it was kept up with great spirit until the small hours of the morning.

MM. Charles and Ignace Ephrussi gave a charming afternoon reception in honor of Princess Mathilde, at which the Tziganе orchestra played under a regular thicket of palms and huge blossoming mimosa bushes in the great hall. Mme. Jules Ephrussi did the honors, dressed in a marvellous Empire gown of embroidered crepe de Chine, and wearing at her throat a pearl solitaire which is historical and is valued at the modest sum of $40,000. The list of guests invited to meet Princess Mathilde included the names of almost all the members of the aristocracy now in Paris, and so well were they entertained that they did not separate until long after 7 o'clock.

The Cercle de l'Union Artistique (l'Epatant), the pleasantest club in Paris, has just opened its doors for the annual exhibition of works by its talented members. The exhibition is private in the sense that admission is not to be had by payment, but many of the painters enjoy world-wide fame, and it must not be forgotten that all who exhibit are members of the club. These comprise M. Carolus Duran, who sends a charming portrait of a young lady in a delicate mauve-colored dress; M. Bonnat, whose bust of Mme. Louis Cahen is a marvel of painting in seeming relief; M. Benjamin Constant, whose picture of his father is singularly broad in treatment; M. Gervex, to whom special interest attaches, inasmuch as he exhibits a charming portrait of Mlle. de Fauche, whom he married on the 9th inst.; M. Bouguereau, M. Clairin, the two brothers Cain, M. Cazin, M. Maurice Courant, M. Monchablond, M. Roll, M. Gerome and some fifty other almost equally well-known painters and sculptors. There is surely no other club in the world that numbers so many artists of note.

HE WOULD NOT LEAVE THE COLONY.

A SOLDIER PRISONER WHO CLIMBED A COCOANUT TREE AND DEFIED A REGIMENT.

It is the custom in the British Army that whenever a regiment is transferred from one colony to another prisoners who may be in the jail are handed over to the outgoing corps and continue their sentences at the new station. In one case one of these jail-birds made up his mind that he would not leave the colony.

Private Johnson was one of the smartest men in the corps, and furthermore he was an excellent groom and almost a "cordon bleu." He had one sad failing. He was a thief. His peculations had, however, been generally small, and he had escaped serious punishment. One night a large store in the town was broken into and a considerable amount of money stolen. It was conclusively proved that Johnson was the thief and he was sent to jail. When the regiment was leaving the colony Johnson, with some other soldier prisoners, was to be handed over according to custom. When, however, his cell was visited it was empty and there was not a sign of Johnson anywhere. A search was made in every direction, and at last a prisoner pointed to a cocoanut tree which grew in the middle of the prison yard, and there, comfortably seated among the tuft of leaves, was Johnson. The warden at first tried to get the man down by quiet persuasion, then he threatened, then stormed and swore. Johnson laughed contentedly at every mood, but did not move. The fact was reported to the Colonial Secretary, who recommended that the fire-engine be called out and the man washed down. The chief of the fire department hardly thought it was consonant with his dignity to wash a prisoner out of a cocoanut tree, and reported that there was not pressure of water enough to get a stream to the top of the tree. This was probably true, for the tree was a tall one.

The case was again referred to the Colonial Secretary, who took it before the Governor. His Excellency was having luncheon with some of the departing officers and their friends and was having a good time. He was vexed that at such a time he should be troubled with official work, as hastily glancing over the document he added the following instructions: "Cut the damned fellow down. I mean the tree."

This could only be done by the engineering department, so orderlies were sent out to find the Chief Engineer. While all this was going on, time was slipping away. Almost all the troops were on board the troopship, and as these vessels wait for no one, the escort which had been sent to bring Johnson down to the ship had to hurry off, not to be late itself. Johnson bellowed a farewell, and despite the strong language of the warden still laughed and did not move. Before the engineer department had come to a conclusion as to how to cut down the tree and lower it gradually, the troopship had up anchor and was steaming out of the harbor. Then Johnson climbed down the tree and finished his sentence on the Island, to which he had taken a fancy. His conviction had carried with it his "discharge with ignominy." He settled in the Island and was soon in easy circumstances. He had undoubtedly hidden his stolen property, and after his release dug it up and started in business. When Johnson was last seen he was flourishing and had a large cocoanut grove around his cottage.

HIS BARGAIN IN TIMBER.

From The Detroit Free Press.

For the sake of realism we will say the man in this story was Colonel B., of Saginaw, who knows timber almost as well as he knows State politics. Of course it wasn't the Colonel, but that doesn't count. In an event, a year or so ago he was down on one of the mountain streams of East Tennessee picking up walnut logs. One day two very green-looking "yaps" from the hills came into the tavern where he was stopping and asked for him. He happened to be in the office and heard their inquiry.

"I'm your man," he said. "What will you have."

"We've got a walnut log down here in the crick," said one, "and we want t' sell hit. We wuz goin' ter Knoxville an' pap 'hoxed ez ef we wanted money we could sell the log an' git enough ter pay our expenses. Do you want ter buy hit?"

"Take me down to see it," said the Michigan man, and they walked about a quarter of a mile down the stream and found it moored to a root on the bank. It was a big one and had been in the water so long it was black on the ends. The buyer walked along its length, ran his measuring rod around its sides and across its ends, rattled the bark and found it solid, and at last offered the "yaps" $60 for it. Their eyes fairly bulged out at the offer and they took it quick; then the Michigan man set up the drinks and afterward watched them take their departure for Knoxville. He chuckled then, for the log was worth $150 clear. The Michigan man did not say anything; he hurried that log down stream to the nearest shipping point to load it on the cars with stock more he had. Three days later he went down himself.

"See that last log I sent down?" he asked of his man at the station. "The log, got it for $60; worth $150 sure," and he chuckled some more.

"Did you send that log?" inquired the man, laughing like a horse.

"Of course; what's the matter with it?"

"Nothin' much, only it ain't a walnut log at all."

"Not walnut?" and the buyer looked sick.

"Course it ain't; it's sycamore, with walnut bark fastened all around it with fine wire and the ends soaked in green walnut hull juice. I reckon it's worth about $4."

The Michigan man swallowed his Adam's apple about seventeen times in ten seconds. Then he recovered his speech and made the air so blue with profanity that the folks in the next county thought the woods were on fire.

TOPICS IN VIENNA.

THE DAY OF PRINCE RUDOLPH'S DEATH—VENICE ASKING FOR HER STOLEN PICTURES.

The fourth anniversary of the Crown Prince Rudolph's tragical death at Meyerling was observed in the accustomed manner by the Imperial Court, and indeed, by the people as well, throughout the Austrian Empire. As time goes by the popularity of the dead Prince seems to increase rather than diminish, the remembrance of his faults and errors fades into oblivion, and his memory lives still in the hearts of his father's subjects as that of the popular and universally beloved Prince "Rudi," who reflected more than any other member of his house all the many charms as well as the shortcomings of the people among whom he was born. He was an Austrian Prince in every sense of the word, and no other Austrian Archduke has more thoroughly deserved the characteristically Viennese encomium of "fesch." Solemn masses for the dead were celebrated in nearly every church of the land, and early in the morning, at 7 o'clock, both the Emperor and the widowed Crown Princess Stephanie might have been seen kneeling in the St. Joseph's Chapel of the Imperial Palace at Vienna, while a mass for Prince Rudolph was being celebrated. On its termination the Emperor, whose manner toward his daughter-in-law betokened a degree of cordiality and even affection to which she hitherto been unaccustomed, drove off to the Imperial burial vault underneath the Capuchin Church. On his arrival there he was received by two of the attendant monks who, with lighted tapers preceded him into the vault where many hundreds of coffins containing the dust of his ancestors and relatives are placed on marble slabs and tables. Kneeling at a priedieu beside the casket in which are the remains of his only son, he remained for a quarter of an hour in prayer, quite alone, everybody else having withdrawn. Before leaving the vault he knelt for a minute or two beside the coffin of his brother, the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian, and on taking his departure his face betrayed traces of considerable grief and emotion. During the course of the day beautiful wreaths bearing the names of the Crown Princess Stephanie; of her little daughter, the Archduchess Elizabeth; of the Archduke Charles Louis, and of Emperor William II. were laid on the coffin of the Crown Prince, while throughout the day the churches at Vienna were thronged with large crowds of people, many of whom were arrayed in deep mourning.

A considerable sensation has been created at Vienna by the action on the part of the city of Venice, which has just put forward by legal methods a claim for the restitution of no less than 6,000 valuable pictures, old masters, which were removed from the city between the years 1806 and 1840. The majority of these pictures were taken away by Emperor Napoleon I. after the capture of Venice by the French, and were brought to Paris, where they were hung in the Louvre. After the overthrow of Napoleon and the entrance of the allies into Paris, the pictures carried off by him were distributed among the Governments to which they had formerly belonged, and inasmuch as Venice was assigned to the Austrian Empire, it was to Vienna instead of to the City of the Doges that the pictures stolen from the latter were returned. Nor was this all. In 1838, during a period of peace, Emperor Ferdinand of Austria, taking advantage of his sovereignty over Venice, coolly had 115 of the finest masterpieces left to the city of Venice removed to his capital and distributed among the galleries of his various Viennese palaces. The city of Venice is now bringing pressure to bear on the Roman Foreign Office to support by diplomatic methods the decree of its tribunals in connection with the restoration of the pictures, and it is likely that a pretty quarrel will arise, as the feeling through King Humbert's dominions is so strong in the matter that the Government cannot afford to ignore it. Of course, such awkward incidents as these are not calculated to improve the relations between Austrians and Italians, or to strengthen the bonds of union between the members of the Triple Alliance.

One of the most remarkable features of the present winter in Austria has been the inauguration by the War Department of long marches and military manoeuvres by the troops during the recent severe frost. The cold has been intense enough to mark 30 degrees Fahrenheit, below freezing point, notwithstanding which detachments of troops, some of them accompanied or commanded by members of the Imperial Family, have been sent out on marches of several hours' duration. Although in certain districts of Transylvania and Galicia the number of cases of frost-bitten noses, hands and feet, have reached as high as 120 in one single regiment, yet on the whole both officers and men seem to have stood the hardships to which they were exposed with most satisfactory results, and it is now said that the military authorities have been encouraged thereby to make a trial of having men camp out and sleep in tents during the next severe frost. These winter manoeuvres, which are likewise being carried on in Germany, are the result of the action of the Russian War Department, which first inaugurated them with the object of inuring the troops to the hardships of a winter campaign. At Vienna, as well as at Berlin and St. Petersburg, the opinion is gaining ground among the leading military men that the next great European war will open not as hitherto, in spring or summer, but in the depth of winter.

A great sensation at Vienna has been created by the revelations contained in the memoirs just published of the late Count Rudolph Zichy, who was chief orderly officer of Field Marshal Count Gyulai, who held the supreme command of the Austrian Army in the disastrous campaign of 1859 that terminated in the battle of Magenta or Solferino. It will be remembered that after the termination of the battle both combatants had withdrawn from the scene of battle to the positions which they had respectively occupied before the battle, the victory being altogether undecided, the Franco-Italian forces having suffered even more severely than the Austrian troops. At 10 o'clock that night Count Zichy received instructions from Field Marshal Gyulai to carry orders forthwith to the three Austrian corps commanders to proceed to occupy, during the night, the field of battle. Count Zichy relates that the first of the corps commanders in question angrily refused to comply with the order of the commander-in-chief on the ground that his men were too tired, and that he could not expose them to the danger of another attack in attempting to occupy the field. The commander of the second corps, to whom he then addressed himself, was so helplessly drunk that it was impossible to bring him to his senses, or to get him either to promise obedience or to refuse compliance with the orders, while the third commander gave a written answer identical to that of his colleague of the first corps.

Meanwhile, Napoleon, who had already, on the close of the battle, telegraphed to Paris, "I am retiring in order to organize my troops"—a dispatch which, on its publication had created a depressing effect in the French capital, discovered toward daybreak that the Austrians had not, as expected, occupied the abandoned battlefield. Thereupon Napoleon at once took possession of the field, while the Austrians, now dispirited and discouraged thereby, began their retreat. According to Count Zichy, therefore, Magenta had already been a French reverse, and was only turned into an Austrian defeat by the same disobedience and insubordination of Austrian corps commanders to their chief that was destined seven years later to result in the overwhelming Austrian disaster at Sadowa.

DISCIPLINE BY TELEPHONE.

From The Detroit Free Press.

There is a household in this city where the father is sole administrator at present, the mother having gone away on a visit to some relatives for a short stay.

The neighbors have commented upon the order which reigns among the juveniles, who are in charge of a nurse, while the father is down at his office during business hours.

Discipline is maintained, however, by an intermediary—the telephone.

"Mr. Blank," the nurse says when the fatherly ear is turned on, "Willie says he is going out skating, and you know he has a cold."

"Send him to the telephone," commands Mr. Blank.

"Is that you, Willie?

"Yes, p-a-p-a."

"Do you want a licking when I come home to-night?"

"No, p-a-p-a."

"Then you stay in the house, sir, or you'll get one sure."

Then Mr. Blank goes back to his desk and takes up a customer at the precise point where he dropped him.

The other children are disposed of in the same way, and unless the telephone wires are out there will be no danger of any refractory child having its own way while papa rules the roost—not much.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPRESS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

makes the tour of the Keystone state in broad daylight. The wild mountain scenery viewed from this train is peculiarly attractive. The train leaves New-York at 9:00 a. m. J.

TWO ROCKY MOUNTAIN LIONS

ONE WAS TAME AND THE OTHER MORE SO.

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION IN A TRAPPER'S CABIN IN THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY, AND AN ADVENTURE OF X. BIEDLER IN SEARCH OF A BAD INJUN.

X. Biedler, a few weeks before he died, was sitting in one of the cardrooms of the Silver Bow Club in Butte City, Mon., talking about mountain lions. He said it was true that you couldn't tame them. I said there was a man down in the Yellowstone country, near Livingston, who trapped a good deal in the mountains, and he had what he called a tame lion.

"How tame was it?" asked X. dubiously, and I had to admit that there was a question of degree in the case. The beast was about two and a half years old. The trapper, whose name was Skit, had caught a mother lion and two cubs, and this creature was one of the cubs. He had killed the mother for her skin and also because she wasn't an agreeable thing to have around. The other cub had died on his hands, and this one, just for the fun of the thing, he had undertaken to educate. When anybody dropped in to see him Skit would bring out the lion and put her through a course of exercises. They were interesting enough in their way, but they made you feel queer at times, and you found the rafter that ran across Skit's cabin decidedly the best place from which to view the performance.

Skit would bring the beast in from a dug-out where he kept her chained. With the lion he would bring an enormous Siberian dog, between whom and the lion there appeared to be a sort of mutually fearful friendship. The dog was a magnificent creature, and as entirely under Skit's control as if he were a piece of machinery and Skit a master mechanic. In his hand Skit would hold a whip with a long and startling cracker, and he would manipulate the whip during the performance, producing a constant succession of noises for all the world like the reports of a rifle. The lion growled constantly and seemed under an intense excitement. She was afraid of Skit, afraid of the whip and to some extent afraid of the dog, but it seemed to me as I watched the show that she was also in a kind of trance. Her eyes glowed with a steady flame, but without a particle of expression. It was her reckless walk, her dreadful growl that never ceased a moment, an occasional savage bark, a long, low moan, and now and then a wild, shrill outcry, and, most of all, the motion of her tail, that revealed her intensely fierce and malignant disposition. She stood about as high as a Newfoundland dog and was about as long as a horse. She kept her tail, which was at least three feet long, extended in the shape of the letter S, stiffly out from her body, and the only motion she imparted to it was just at the tufted end. This seemed to have a personality of its own, and it would move in short parabolas, making the figure of an hour glass. Every nerve in her body throughout the performance was in a constant quiver. Skit insisted that she was not dangerous and that he had her perfectly under control, but within three minutes after the show began I had scarcely the remotest hope of getting out of the room alive. I expected every minute to see the beast make a spring at Skit's throat and tear the man into shreds, and what hope I had resided in the thought that she might turn her attention to the dog next and get tired out before she came to me. I had a good-sized gun in my pocket, and I kept it where I could use it at a second's notice.

But Skit did not seem in the least afraid. To be sure, he kept his eyes fixed directly on the beast's without ever once removing them, and he made that whip sound out at intervals of only a few seconds. The dog did his part in a perfectly frolicsome way, as if he thought it a huge joke, and relished it accordingly.

"Sit down, Kitty!" yelled Skit, cracking the whip. Kitty sat down.

"Shake hands!" Kitty held out her paw and Skit took it and gave it a vigorous shake, which I wouldn't have done for all the gold in the Rocky Mountains, for the beast was growling like a fiend.

"Now let's take a walk!" Skit held out his arm, she put her paw upon it, and walking on her hind legs, they moved together twice around the room.

Then Skit sent her off to a corner and made her lie down, and told the dog to go and shake her. Duke—that was the dog's name—bounded lithely across the room, grabbed the snarling lion by the back of the neck and shook her vigorously for fully a minute. Once she gave a nasty little bark, and then I knew the end was coming—but it didn't. Duke paid no attention to her, and gave up shaking only when his master called him off. Then he wagged his tail amiably and sat down.

Skit brought the lion into the centre of the room and made her stand still while Duke got upon her back. This process was attended with some difficulty, for the dog rolled off three times, and on each occasion she whipped her head around at him and gave one of the most unearthly notes mortal ears have ever heard. But at last he fixed himself firmly on her back, catching her about the neck with his teeth, and then Skit sent her trotting around the room. This part of the show was concluded by a series of springs, each clearing the entire space across the room. At last Duke fell and ran over to his corner. Apparently he had had enough.

Then came the most wonderful thing of all. Skit produced from a corner a huge chunk of bloody meat, at the sight of which she gave a series of terrific cries. He sent her to her corner and set the meat down in the centre of the room. There he proceeded to cut it into half a dozen strips. When this had been done he told her to come on, and with one bound she was at it, but before she had quite touched the meat he gave a savage order, "Stop!" and cracked the whip loudly. She did stop, but with what tremendous excitement! Skit made her stand up. He called the dog and bade him take a piece of meat and put it on her nose. Duke did exactly as he was bid. He took the meat in his mouth, and as she held up her head he laid it directly on her nose. It stayed there a full minute, she growling wildly, Skit watching her intently and cracking his whip, and the dog sitting on his haunches, a picture of indifference.

"Now take it away, Duke!" Skit cried. She knew what that meant and barked again, but made no further resistance as the dog took it and calmly proceeded to eat it. Then Skit bade him take a second piece and do the same thing. After it had remained for what seemed to me an age on her nose, just where it must have tantalized her horribly, Skit said the word "Now!" and in an infinitesimal fraction of a second she had it in her mouth. At this point I begged Skit to call off the show. I had seen as much of a tame mountain lion as I was in a mood to see. He let her eat the remaining pieces in quiet, and led her away when she had done to her dug-out cage.

X. listened to this recital with great interest, and said he had no idea that such a thing could be done with a mountain lion, and did not believe it could be done a second time. "And yet," he said, "though they are by all odds the fiercest animal in the Rocky Mountains, they are dismal cowards. They must be starving hungry before they will fight, but when they do make at you it's time to say your prayers, and a mighty short one will have to do. "I went down into the Big Horn country ten or a dozen years ago," he continued, "looking for a Crow Injun that had killed a man. It was dead of winter, with three foot of snow on the ground, and there wasn't no railroad in them days. Years like a long way to go for an Injun, but we had to do it. If we let up on 'em they give us no end of trouble. There was a little bunch of cavalrymen going down the river to Fort Keogh, and I kept along with them till I got to the Big Horn, where I had to turn off to the south. My trail, if I could have saw it, ran along the bottom, close to the Little Big Horn River. I could see the river, for it was flowing lively, and I had enough sense to keep out of it. I had a parcel of good dogs, plenty of crackers and enough whiskey to make out with, and so I got along all right. My Injun was one of Quick Snake's band and I knowed pretty well where they was campin'. He didn't make no trouble. Fact is, I stopped all night with him in his tepee, and if it hadn't been for his old crook of a squaw I should have had a good night's rest, but she looked at me twice in a way that made me think it was a good thing to keep awake, and I am glad now I done it, for 'long about 2 o'clock, I should reckon, I heard somethin' a-movin', and I concluded to sorter wriggle out of my blanket. I didn't do it no minute too quick, neither, for just as I was well to one side she was whacking away with a knife. I had a lot of blue matches and a tallow wick in my pocket, and while she was feelin' around and cuttin' I struck a light and took a look at her. You can bet she looked funny when she see me standin' there. She give a grunt and I held out my hand for the knife. She see there was nothing to do but to turn it over, which she done by jest droppin' it. Then I tied her up, hands and feet, and rolled her up in her blanket and laid down again. Long before sun-up I started off with my man. His name was White Smoke and he wasn't a bad Injun to heart.

"We had got well along on our way back to the Yellowstone when we came in sight of a bluff that stood out over the trail. It was a bunch of rock. There was one big rock about twenty foot high, and back of that, on t'other side, there was another small rock, which the big un hid from our sight. The trail turned short around the rock, so that we could only see the little one after we had made the turn around the big one, and then the little one was right over us. Well, sir, we made the turn, and right there, standin' on the little rock straight before us, was the biggest lion I ever see in the mountains. He probably knowed we was comin' by the smell of us, and he was standin' there all ready with his tail up and his eyes burnin'.

"You think quick when anythin' like that happens, and I am sure I thought of everythin' except how to get rid of that devil, but it just shows you what cowards they are, that he didn't jump the instant he see us. If he had that would have been the end of it. He waited just one second too late, for in that second I had got my gun. I lifted the gun and he give a jump. The bullet struck him—but they are like panthers, they dies hard. He fell on the sledge, and right on top of White Smoke. Before I could wink my eyes that Injun was flung ten foot out in the snow and the beast was at him again. I couldn't fire, of course, for it was a question of who I'd a hit, and while I was makin' up my mind what to do he suddenly dropped the Injun and sprang for me. I wasn't ready to fire and I couldn't get at my knife. What saved me was the snow, for he couldn't get no purchase to spring, and he fell short. Then I blazed away twice and he didn't make many moves after that. But his yells was dreadful, and the way he flung his tail aroun' through the air was a sight to see. My dogs and the sledge had gone off, and there they was, mostly a quarter of a mile away. They didn't want to come back, neither, for they knowed the critter and they didn't like to be aroun' where he was. I got hold of 'em at last, and when I fetched 'em back the lion was dead. So was White Smoke."

SEEING A GREAT EDITOR.

From The Detroit Free Press.

A newspaper man from the West visited New-York on one occasion, and called on a great editor there with whom he had had some correspondence. He called to pen to respect mostly, but he was after a job if he could get one. He sent in his card, after the custom in New York, and in a minute or two the boy returned.

"What is your business?" asked the boy.

"No business—pleasure," he wrote on the card, and the boy took it in and came back.

"He wants to know your business or pleasure," said the boy.

"To pay my respects," the visitor wrote and sent it in.

"Call at the counting room to pay anything," came back the answer.

"Thanks," he wrote; "the amount is so small that it will not justify me in stopping."

The boy took it in and the visitor started off in no pleasant frame of mind.

"Here," said the great editor, appearing at the door of his den, "come here."

The visitor changed his course.

"I'll meet you half way," he said, stopping at about that distance.

The great editor came forward and took him by the hand.

"Come in," he said, grimly. "Come in and sit down. I like your style."

"I don't like yours," responded the visitor frankly as he sat down.

"Some do," said the great editor with a smile.

"Perhaps they do, but it is an acquired taste."

The great editor seemed to enjoy it.

"Some of the acquired things of life are very excellent," he ventured.

"Yes, my services on this paper, for instance," said the visitor, promptly, and after half an hour's further talk he went away with a commission to do some work preparatory to a regular "sit" on the staff.

WILL THEY BE DOLTS AND DULLARDS?

From the London Illustrated News.

Every one, however, who is not a schoolmaster is aware that a young Englishman knows almost nothing of the literature of his own land, and what little he does know he does, because he has had at school to translate it into Latin. It is most humiliating to hear an American youth discourse upon this matter, while our own sons sit mum and glum. Efforts have been made of late to find out what our boys do read for their own pleasure, and the result of these inquiries seems to be that they read the accounts of prize fights. One head master tries to prove that this is derived from the influence of Homer, but it is much more likely that it comes from a perusal of the sporting newspapers and the great devotion to athletics. From whatever cause it arises, it is certainly true that while there is no deficiency of good poetry and good fiction among us, the rising generation care for neither.

It is, indeed, high time that our pedagogues should bestir themselves to remove this reproach from our sons, but from them should arise a race of utter dolts and dullards. One is sorry to see, however, that English literature is to be introduced by English grammar, a certain method of rendering it unpopular; the grammar should be learned through the literature, and, indeed, in its technical and gerund grinding sense does not require to be learned at all. I have known most of the best writers of English during the last half century, and not one of them ever so much as held an English grammar in his hand.

$3.00 FOR ONLY 50 cts.

Money must be sent during February, before March 1st.

The Home Magazine

FOR ONE YEAR AND THE

WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM CHART
FANCY WORK CHART
PROSE AND POETRY CHART
SPRING DRESSMAKING CHART
AND FLORAL CHART

For Only

Fifty Cents

THE HOME MAGAZINE (Edited by Mrs. JOHN A. LOGAN)

has a circulation of over 300,000 every month. We want a million; hence our great offer.

THE HOME MAGAZINE is handsomely Illustrated by Most Skillful Artists. The Best Story-writers contribute to its columns, and every one at home will find something of interest.

It contains interesting pages for the Mother and Children; all about Flowers, the Dining Room, Fashions, Fancy Work, Sunday Reading and many other home subjects.

Mrs. LOGAN continues her very interesting Personal Recollections. Everything of the best.

Now, THE HOME MAGAZINE for one year is only fifty cents, but we make you the following liberal offer:

The White House Dining Room Chart
New throughout from cover to cover; containing a Bill of Fare for every day in the whole year. No two alike, and plain, practical directions for preparing every dish from soup to dessert.

Fancy Work Chart
Containing over 300 illustrations of Plain and Ornamental Initials, Drawn Work, Netting, Embroidery, Tatting, Patchwork, Miscellaneous Fancy Work and Home Decoration.

The Home Magazine Poetry and Prose Chart
Especially adapted for selections for School Children.

Spring Dressmaking Chart
Just completed, with designs of all the latest Spring Fashions of 1893, with what to wear and how to make it.

Floral Chart
All about flowers and plants; what to plant, when to plant and how to plant. Invaluable to every lover of flowers.

We offer these Five Charts and THE HOME MAGAZINE for one year for only FIFTY CENTS, if the money is sent during February before March 1. Mention this paper. DON'T DELAY. Address:

The BRODIX PUBLISHING CO. 614 Eleventh St., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

A DRUID FUNERAL.

STRANGE RITES ON A HILLTOP IN WALES.

Far away seem the times and the rites of the Druids; even under the mistletoe at Yuletide—the Time of Yowling. There was one of the most ancient and primitive of religions, and its cult is greatly shrouded in mystery. Yet it is not altogether dead. Among the hills of Wales many strange relics of the past remain. There may be no "fragments of forgotten peoples," but there are legends and customs and songs and social and religious rites preserved unchanged from the days of Arthur and Merlin and Taliessin. There are probably not a few seers who, like Glendower, "can summon spirits from the vasty deep"; though whether or not they will come is yet a mooted question. And as for the Druids, their line is yet unbroken, and their weird rites are still celebrated as of old.

The death has just occurred at Llantrissant of Dr. William Price, who held the distinguished office of Arch-Druid of Wales. He was something more than ninety-three years old, and might have passed for one of the old-time bards who perished in King Edward's days, so rugged and antique was his appearance. Six or seven years ago, it may be remembered, an infant that had been born to him in his old age died, and its body was publicly cremated by him with Druidical rites. For this he was arrested and brought to trial. But after a hot contest in court he was acquitted, and a decree was pronounced from the bench, establishing the entire legality of this form of funeral. Accordingly, when Dr. Price himself died, a similar ceremony was enacted, without thought of interference.

The ceremony took place on the summit of a high hill at Caerlan, the very spot where the body of the infant had been burned. Several hundred tickets were issued to the friends and former patients of Dr. Price, entitling them to enter the inclosure and witness the burning. The hour first set was noon. But public curiosity rose to so high a pitch that, to avoid being overwhelmed by a mob of sightseers, it was at the last moment decided to change it to 7 o'clock in the morning. So in the gray light of that early hour the strange procession made its way to the hilltop. No mourning garb was to be seen. The closest friends of the deceased Druid were attired in the ancient costumes of the Welsh people.

The body of Dr. Price was clothed in the Druidical robes he had worn in life, and was then placed in a coffin of perforated sheet iron. On the hilltop two stone walls had been built, four feet apart, each being about ten feet long and four feet high. A number of iron bars extending from one to the other formed a rude grating between them, some distance above the ground, and upon these bars the coffin was placed, the head being toward the east and the feet toward the west. A clergyman of the Established Church was present and read the ordinary service for the dead in Welsh. The vestments of the Church contrasted strangely with the Druidical garb worn by some of the attendants, as did the words of the Pray