# THE PRINCE'S LOVE

## The Romance in the Imperial Family of Austria.

## RUDOLPH AND VETSERA

### The Most Probable Story of Their Attachment and Untimely End.

### AN UNHAPPY ALLIANCE

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

VIENNA, June 30, 1895.

HOW RUDOLPH, crown prince of Austria and Hungary, and Vetsera, regarded, during a brief career, as the most beautiful and fascinating woman in the empire, really died will always remain a profound Mystery, but the magnificent shrine erected by the emperor in the room of the hunting lodge in Mayerling in which that gloomy tragedy was enacted, and the diminutive chapel in the cemetery at Heiligen Kreutz where the unfortunate countess lies buried, will always freshen the public's memory.

When the terrible news was imparted to Franz Joseph that his son had lost his life and the circumstances of the shocking affair were revealed to him, it is said that his grief was so great that it knew no bounds, and that from that time on he was never known to smile. Be this as it may, it is an indisputable fact that the emperor upon hearing the details of the castrophe which struck at the very vitals of Austria and which robbed him of an only heir to the throne, deeming it prudent that the truth be kept from the public, dispatched trusty couriers to the hunting ground with instructions to bind every one to silence by oath and to purchase secrecy at any price.

**The Public Kept in Ignorance.**

So severe is the censorship of the press in Austria that the crown can suppress any news, of whatever kind, without a moment's notice, which it regards as unfit for publication or detrimental to the welfare of the empire. This is the reason that the Austrian people know less than we ourselves of the dual life of Rudolph and the events which happened prior and subsequent to his death. An American, a resident for many years at the Austrian capital, told the writer that when the news of the prince's death reached Vienna it came as a tremendous shock, and that there was a great rush of the populace to the telegraphic stations and newspaper bureaus anxious to learn the full particulars. There was not a soul in the whole

**The Late Crown Prince.**

city who knew what had transpired at Mayerling, and for days and weeks after the tragedy edition upon edition of the daily journals was confiscated, and everything in any way pertaining to the crown prince was expunged from publication. The pictures of the beautiful countess which graced the windows of the shops upon the Ring and Graben, and which many months previous to the demise of the unfortunate woman found a ready sale, were removed from exhibition by a special edict coming from the palace; and a pamphlet prepared by the mother of Vetsera in defense of the conduct of her erring child was seized immediately upon its appearance. To comment or to whisper upon the disastrous hunting party at that time was worth a man's freedom, and more than one incautious individual after talking too freely found himself in the clutches of the law.

The dumfounded community, which was not allowed to read or to converse upon the all-absorbing subject, was permitted, however, to gaze upon the body of their popular idol while lying in state, to behold the simple funeral procession, unattended with pomp or splendor, as it moved from the cathedral to the imperial vault in the Capuchin Church, and later to view the remains of Rudolph, which were placed by the side of the sarcophagus of his uncle, Emperor Maximilian of Mexico.

There are no less than twenty different versions as to the manner in which these two illustrious personages met with death. None of them, however, are reliable, and not one authentic. Although there is no positive proof, it is not at all improbable, as is believed by the majority, that Ru-

**Vetsera.**

dolph and Vetsera, realizing the hopelessness of their lot, which prevented them from marrying, resolved to kill themselves, and that they died in each other's arms amid the hunting festivities at the royal lodge in Mayerling. This theory of suicide is the popular one, and is perhaps the most plausible one, inasmuch as there are a variety of circumstances and a chain of probability which make it reasonable.

**Mated but Not Matched.**

Rudolph possessed that essential qualification for a personage of his rank and file—popularity. The crown princess, coming from perhaps the best royal family in Europe, was greatly respected and received with much favor. Beloved by the community, and fairly adored by the emperor, she at once became the pet of the nation, and greetings in the form of cheers and applause awaited her whenever she appeared in public. It was no fault of Stephanie's that she was disliked by the empress. She endeavored to do what she believed was right, and tried to be an affectionate daughter and a dutiful wife. Rudolph, on the other hand, unaccustomed to restraint of any kind, and abhorring everything bordering upon domination, tired of his youthful wife, and, by his conduct toward others, caused Stephanie to become intensely jealous, so that she and the crown prince quarreled almost incessantly.

Stephanie, broken-hearted, complained, perhaps with much right, to the emperor of the cruel treatment and neglect she was receiving at the hands of his son. It availed but little, for she completely lost what little influence she had exercised over him during the early years of their wedded life. The crown prince would repulse her openly, not only at court, but in the streets as well, and nothing appeared to

**Crown Princess Stephanie.**

delight him more than to escape her presence.

To show his utter contempt for her finery and everything connected with the imperial household, he would cultivate the friendship and acquaintance of those who moved in the lowest sphere of life. Although hundreds of horses and the most gorgeous equipages on the continent were at his constant disposal, whenever the opportunity was afforded the crown prince would slip out of the palace unobserved, and hailing a fiacre would order the driver to take him to the Prater, or any place where fancy dictated.

The relations between the different members of the royal household became more and more strained each day. The result of it all was that a breach arose between the different members of the royal family, with the emperor and Stephanie on one side, and Rudolph and the empress on the other. This is positively authentic, and it cannot be doubted even now that the empress was extremely hostile to her daughter-in-law. During my three and a half years' stay in Vienna I observed the conduct of these two noted women. Not once during that entire time was the Austrian capital large enough to hold them simultaneously. When Stephanie was at the palace the empress was in Greece, and when the empress was in Vienna Stephanie and the archduchess were in the mountains. The climax was reached when Rudolph wrote to the pope for a dispensation granting him an absolute divorce from the crown princess, who, he claimed, like most princesses, for reasons of state, was thrust upon him as a wife. The pope returned this missive to the emperor, who sent for Rudolph. What took place between the two never will be known. It was a heated interview, and the last one between father and son, and that in face of the fact that this was many months prior to the latter's death. Rudolph and the emperor were seen many times thereafter at court, but the coldness between them was only too apparent, and occasioned comment all over the empire. Poor Franz Joseph, who had always been an indulgent father, and who really meant well, had lost complete control over Rudolph, and the latter, caring but little for the conservative policy of his father, and thoroughly disgusted with his domestic affairs, plunged into a round of dissipation and debauchery. He preferred the company of cab-drivers, minstrels, restaurant keepers and jockeys to the society which he met at court, and said that he never was happier than when he could listen to the Tyrolean songs and topical ditties of Brandtmaier and his associates.

**Captivating Vetsera.**

Vetsera, whose name I spell not as I have seen it in print, but as I beheld it upon her tomb in the cemetery on the outskirts of Heiligen Kreutz, an unpretentious yet beautifully situated village some twenty miles from Vienna and about an hour and a half's walk from the convent at Myerling, which formerly was the hunting lodge in which she and Rudolph died, met Rudolph for the first time in the ball room of the palace. Be it said in her favor that when Rudolph on that occasion gazed into those rapturous, sparkling eyes which had dazzled and thrilled the souls of more than one, and which twinkled and sparkled with merriment and hidden delight, he looked upon a mere girl blossoming into womanhood with innocent and childlike ways. This girl's love for the prince, in its way, was most sacred and profound. There is no proof that the youthful baroness was not virtuous and no evidence that Rudolph ever looked upon her otherwise than with the eye of an ardent lover.

**Unfortunate Love.**

In those passionate letters exchanged between the baroness and prince will be found an undercurrent of pathos which will not fail to move many. Rudolph loved this woman as he had none other before. In those clandestine meetings in the book store on the Graben, in the parks and in the isolated quarters of Vienna he poured forth the yearnings of his soul. His life at the palace was unhappy. Neither Stephanie nor the emperor understood him. He was becoming melancholy and was contemplating suicide. He had but one thought, and that was Vetsera. It was Vetsera during his sleepless nights, Vetsera upon arising, Vetsera during the day. Vetsera was constantly in his thoughts, and he did not spend a moment of happiness without her. Divorce or no divorce, they would marry, regardless of his heirship to the throne, the empire or his arbitrary father. He could not and would not live without Vetsera. In this way he appealed to Vetsera, and she, moved by his pitiful tale, like a girl inexperienced in the affairs of the world, sympathized with the man who found in her a confidant. She became madly in love with Rudolph, and the two—blind lovers as they were—viewed the matter in but one light, and that was that Stephanie, never having had a natural claim to Rudolph, should step aside and, relieving him of his misery, make room for their unalloyed happiness.

The little chapel at Heiligen Kreutz, where the pictures of Vetsera and her only brother, who is also dead, may be seen in the centers of the large stained windows, and beneath the floor of which the nuns at Myerling, who alternating day and night in the constant prayer for the soul of Rudolph, are to be buried, tells its little tale of an unpropitious love, and the inscription, "Life is like a flower, which blossoms and is gathered," which is hewn upon the cross marking the grave of the ill-fated Vetsera, suggests the uncertainty of everything worldly.

J. H. METZEROTT.

---

**Hypothetical Trolley Tunnels.**

From the Baltimore American.

The trolley car party is as popular here as in other cities, but it remained for Baltimore wit to invent an attractive novelty for the trolley ride. Last week a party of forty, comprising a due proportion of gay youths and maidens properly chaperoned, started for a ride to Glyndon. On the return trip a member suddenly left his seat and had a long whispered consultation with the motorman, whose subject he refused to divulge to his curious companions, although, stimulated by the mischievous twinkle in his eye, they plied him with questions. On merrily went the car, till all at once the motorman sung out:

"At the top of this hill look out for the tunnel!"

The mystified members of the party looked at him and one another in amazement, for no tunnel could they remember on the road. But when the top of the hill was reached they shot into quick darkness, for the motorman had turned off the electric lights. A peal of laughter rose as the joke was seized, and then all over the car arose sounds of an osculatory nature which the perplexed chaperones could not locate, but were pacified when told the girls were only kissing their hands in deference to tunnel customs. Six tunnels were passed, and finally the motorman cried out:

"Last tunnel before we reach the city!" and the tunnels were unanimously voted the best part of the jolly ride.

# STAKED ON A TICKER

## Gambling by Means of Fictitious Stock Transactions.

## THE WAY OF THE BUCKET SHOP

### Many Establishments Here Said to Do Illegal Business.

### THOUSANDS WAGERED DAILY

MANY THOUSANDS of dollars are won and lost every day in stock speculation in Washington. A knowing one, in conversation with a Star reporter, stated that $50,000 was a low estimate of the amount that changes hands daily.

Almost unconsciously the craze for speculating in stocks has grown until Washington can now boast a "Wall street" of its own, a Wall street, too, that is in every sense a reproduction in miniature of the great financial center of New York.

"The street" here has its bulls and it has its bears, the one as aggressive and the other as persistent as those who fight their bitter but bloodless battles in and about New York's stock exchange. As yet no Jay Gould has arisen among the local traders in stocks to bring them sleepless nights, to harass their days and to deplete their bank accounts. But the street already has its Russell Sage, has had its Ives, and will, in time, no doubt, have its king.

**Greatly Increased in a Year.**

Stock speculation in Washington is by no means a new thing, but it is only within the past year that it has come to be a distinctive feature, as well as an important factor in the business community. A twelvemonth ago and the stock brokers' offices could be counted on one hand, now they number half a hundred or more. The curious part of it is all of them seem to be doing a large business and making plenty of money. As yet there isn't one with the temerity to call itself a "bucket shop," but that many of them "bucket" more or less of their trades there is not the slighest doubt. The claim is made by all of them, however, that they do a strictly commission business, because this keeps them within the pale of the law. The question as to where stock speculation ends and gambling, pure and simple, begins, has been settled in New York by the closing of all stock brokers' offices who bucketed their trades. Bucketing trades, in the parlance of the street, means that the so-called broker backs his own game, and loses when it loses and wins when it wins. Then it is a gambling operation, pure and simple. There is no stock dealt in, and the transaction is in no way legal. The protection given by the law to transactions in the stock market recognizes only such operations when the stock actually changes hands. This same protection is given speculation in real estate. There is really no difference in buying the stock of the New York Central railroad and holding it for a rise in price and buying the stock of the loan and trust companies of Washington or one of the street railroads here for the same purpose. Both would be equally legal and proper, but it would be, it is claimed, against the gambling act now in force here to stake money on a guess as to whether the price of any stock should go up or down.

**The Only Way to Gamble.**

It is said the growth of stock speculation in Washington is due in part to the lack of facility for the public to gamble in any other form. Of the $50,000 a day, which it is estimated changes hands each day in Washington it is probable only a portion goes to purchase stocks on the New York exchange. A large part of it, perhaps as much as two-thirds, is staked on mere chance, and what the trader loses the "stock broker" gains, and vice versa. It is evident, therefore, that many of the offices now in Washington are bucket shops, and differ from any other gambling scheme, faro, for instance, only in the increased percentage against the trader in stocks. An old resident of Washington declares that the same faces that were once to be seen about the gambling dens when Washington was plentifully provided with faro banks and poker joints can now be found gathered about the stock ticker in the brokers' offices here watching the tape with the same drawn, anxious look with which they waited the turn of a card.

"Once a trader always a trader" is an old saying among the stock brokers, and only goes to show how few overcome the infatuation when once it has its hold upon them. A gentleman who professed to have looked into this subject carefully declares that at the least calculation $30,000 is lost or won every day illegally in Washington bucket shops. He thinks that the gambling law now in force here is one of the most stringent in its provisions of any in existence, and that it covers these cases fully. This same law was found sufficient under the policy of District Attorney Birney to drive out of the city nearly all forms of gambling. The bucket shop alone remains, and, protected by its apparent respectability, would doubtless prove most difficult to crush. There are no drawn blinds to keep out the eye of the law, no panel doors for its officers to break through in order to obtain evidence to bring about a conviction. The bucket shop man knows too well the value of a good front for recourse to any such measures. He always locates himself in the business center of the city and conducts his business seemingly with great publicity. But what he does conceal is the fact that he buckets his trade.

**The Street.**

The street in Washington, as it is now called, lies between 13th street and the Treasury Department, on F street. The down town offices, most of which are branches of the larger places near the Treasury Department, are located on 7th and 9th and F streets, and on the avenue. There is not one of these brokers who doesn't claim to place his trade on the New York stock exchange. This latter claim is, in some cases, absurd on the face of it, as some of the small offices do not do business enough to pay for the leasing of a private wire. They simply bucket their trades, depending upon the commission, and the important fact that the trader has to do all the guessing. Many of those opposed to this form of gambling are of the opinion that the proprietors can be indicted under the gambling law. The St. Louis authorities made a fight against the bucket shops out there and several brokers as a result are now under indictment. The bucket shops do not differ, at least in principle, from the place formerly operated on Pennsylvania avenue. The projector had what he called a "clock," which was a machine worked by springs that forced out two cards at a time upon which were printed the names of fictitious stocks. He succeeded in keeping open about a year, in which time, so it is said, he cleared $125,000. Then the authorities stepped in and compelled him to close.

**Seeming Compliance With the Law.**

The bucket shop brokers have a good thing, and knowing it, make every outward show of complying with the law. They all have private wires, but not more than one in ten goes outside of the city. The small offices place their trades with the larger ones whenever they are afraid to carry the trades themselves, and the larger ones transfer their trades to New York whenever they want to balance their sheets. Of course, there are legitimate stock brokers in Washington. They are either members of the New York exchange themselves or correspond for a member of the exchange. Their business is strictly a commission one, and every trade placed with them is recorded on the New York stock exchange and the stock delivered each day. The legitimate stock broker calls every broker who trades in fractional lots a bucket shop man. The rules of the stock exchange prohibit the acceptance of any trade under $50. This is accepted as a margin on fifty shares of the stock dealt in. The mania for stock speculation is increasing at such an alarming rate that some who have been looking into the matter regard it of sufficient moment to justify action on their part to bring about what they deem to be a very needed reform.

---

**WHAT YOU T'INK?**

**An Inimitable Epistle in the French-Canadian Dialect.**

From the Butte Inter-Mountain.

The following letter was read at the Canadian institute reception last week by J. Chauvin. It purports to be a letter from Pete Laveaux and was rendered in Mr. Chauvin's inimitable French dialect:

"My heart ees fill wid sad, and eet gives me much pain to wrote you dis lettaire. Eef t'ings keep hon like dis I'll be compel to got divorce from my wife Julie.

"My dear Chauvin, what you s'pose Julie have done. You can't nevaire t'ink, an' it make me feel shame for him. To tole you de way he's been bring disgrace on top my head.

"De odder day I'll go on Pete Fontaine's saloon to see de boys. What you t'ink I'll find dare—hexcuse me while I'll drop some tear.

"My wife Julie was stan' up by de bar wid segar in hees mouth and schooner beer on hees han'. When Julie was see me come een he says Pete come have somet'ing on me; what you'll took, ole hoss. Well, my dear Chauvin, when I'll seen dat I'll feel so shame I'll try to crawl t'rough de knot hole on top de floor. I can't move, an' I can't say somet'ing, den Julie he say:

"'What's de matter, Pete. Dis de first time I been see you refuse to took something. 'Taint hevery day your wife hax you to took a drink wid him. Come, took something. Am going to put some red paint on de town tonite. By gosh! Whoop! I can lick every son of a gun een Woodville wid one han' tie on my back. Am de stuff, you bet. Have nudder one on me, boys. Am got de long green to pay for eet.' All de bum on Woodville was een de saloon an' dey was all drink wid Julie. Den what you s'pose Julie done? Hees ax Jackpot Charlie for chew, an hee'll bite big piece tobac' from plug, den he'll sit down by card table an' commence to shuffle de card, and he'll ax for Joe Shonway to play game stud poker wid him.

"Am feel so shame for Julie I hain't know what to do, but I can't help hadmire de way he'll handle dem cards. Sometam he'll hole four aces; sometam five. By gosh, Joe was get skin hevery tam. Den Julie was walk up de bar an' call for de drinks. She'll took cocktail an' light fresh segar. Den he'll put his arm 'round ole John Tebo's neck an' discuss politic, an' talk on de silvaire question.

"Bimeby I'll go up to Julie an' I'll ax her to come home wid me, an' what you s'pose she say: 'Course I will, Pete. I'm got kine lonesome for you sometam, so I t'ought I'll gone to de saloon an' got 'quaint wid you.'

"When we got hom de baby was black on hees face wid cry so much, an' de dinner dishes hain't wash.

"Den when I'm sure nobody see me I'll say: 'Julie, dies ees disgrace, you hought to be ashamed in yourself. What for you do all dat. Am notion to broke your back, an' fore nudder day is dawn on top dis house I'll get divorce.'

"When women ees down so low like dat she hain't got no respec' for himself 'tees tam to dissolve partnairship an' quit business.

"Am draw myself hup, an' look jus' like mad an' terrible as I can. But Julie hain't got scare one bit. He say: 'Pete, tain't no worrer for woman to go on top saloon an' smoke an' drink an' play card dan for mans to done dat, an' am like to tole you right here dat hevery tam I'll see you go on Pete Fontaine's saloon I'll go dere too.'

"Well, when Julie hanswer me like dat I can't say something. He look like he mean business. Am like to know where Julie been got such crazy notions on top hees head. But Julie hain't been dare since, an' am been 'fraid to go dare myself. Sometam when am t'ink about eet am t'ink Julie struck de nale on top de head. What you t'ink about eet?"

---

**MISS WILLARD'S ROMANCE.**

**Was Courted by a Young Minister Who Used Tobacco.**

From the New York World.

The recent rumor regarding the engagement of Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to an elderly English gentleman of means, who uses a large part of his annual income in the furthering of reform movements, has recalled to the minds of many of Miss Willard's friends in this country the romance of her early womanhood.

Miss Willard's devotion to the temperance cause is by no means coeval with the great crusade of the early 70's, whose outcome was the organization of hundreds of Woman's Christian Temperance Unions. Miss Willard's parents were among the pioneers of the great northwest, and brought up their daughter with very strict, not to say narrow, views as to the use of liquor and tobacco. Miss Willard prepared herself for teaching, and while pursuing her studies met a young man who was studying for the ministry and who gave promise of attaining great prominence in his chosen calling. Their common love of study attracted them to each other, and the young man felt that in Miss Willard he had found the one woman who, as his wife, would help him upward and would gracefully share the honors of the lofty position at which he was aiming. Nor was Miss Willard's heart untouched, and the young man's matrimonial hopes might have been realized but for her discovery that he was addicted to the use of tobacco. She very promptly told him he could choose between tobacco and herself, and to all his pleadings opposed the one cry:

"If you love tobacco more than you do me find some other woman who will tolerate such a habit."

At length he ceased to urge her, and they went their separate ways, she to remain single and become president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and one of the best parliamentarians in the United States, and he to marry some one else and become one of the most prominent bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

---

**One Performance Only.**

From Pearson's Weekly.

A well-known conjurer, who, under the present circumstances, wishes to be nameless, sends the following good story of his experiences in Montana:

"Among other things I had two dice boxes and two clay marbles. I called the miners round me, and proceeded to manipulate the marbles and boxes on the bar of the local saloon.

"'Now, gentlemen,' said I, 'I'm no worker of miracles. I don't heal the sick nor raise the dead, but I'll put this marble under this cup, and bet you a twenty it's under the other cup. Come, who'll open the ball?'

"Silence followed. Then a friend of mine elbowed his way to the front.

"'I'll bet she's there,' said he, and laid down his money.

"'And there she is,' exclaimed I. 'Here you are, here's your cash. Once in a while I'm caught just in that way. Well, who's next? Here's the marbles, you can see it go under the cup. Now, I'll bet you either way.'

"Three rough hands were raised with three twenties, when a husky voice shouted at the edge of the crowd:

"'Hold in your broncho, boys, I'm the first man to bet.' A burly individual in a blue shirt and broad-brimmed hat pushed his way to the bar. 'Now, perfesser, I'm ready fur yer. Lift up your box. There's the ball, dead to rights—see it, fellers?'

"The 'boys' answered affirmatively.

"'Here's a twenty, perfesser,' went on the husky-voiced man, 'an' I bet the ball's under that cup. 'Cause why? 'Cause I'm a rational man, an' we're all rational men—we believe what we see. We seen the ball under that cup, and it's got to be there, an' I'm bettin' it's there.' If it ain't there they's been a hocus-pocus, and that kind o' work don't go down with this hyar community.' The husky-voiced man produced a six-shooter about as long as a Winchester. 'In my opinion I'm betting on a dead sure thing. Lift the cup, perfesser.'

"The six-shooter was cocked with an ominous 'click,' and the husky-voiced man looked me squarely in the eye.

"I confess that I smiled in a sickly way, coughed, hesitated, and would have said something had not a pair of determined steel gray eyes given me fair warning. The joke had gone further than I intended.

"I raised the box; the ball was there.

"'I thought so,' said the husky-voiced man, as he pocketed the money. 'If you want to take any more bets, perfesser, I reckon the boys 'll accommodate ye.'

"But I didn't."

---

**That's Different.**

From the Chicago Record.

"That man causes me no end of annoyance over a bill."

"Why don't you sue him and collect it?"

"Collect it? He's trying to do that."

---

**NEW PUBLICATIONS.**

THE ORIGINS OF INVENTION: A Study of Industry Among Primitive Peoples. By Otis T. Mason, A.M., Ph.D., Curator of the Department of Ethnology in the United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, U. S. A. With Illustrations. London: Walter Scott. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Washington: Robert Beall.

This is a remarkably clever expansion of a paper on the "Birth of Invention" contributed by Prof. Mason to the celebration of the centenary of the American patent system; an expansion which scientists and students cannot do otherwise than value most highly. Prof. Mason's expressed desire in his introductory chapter is to trace some of our modern inventions to their origin and to show how the genius of man, working upon and influenced by the resources and the forces of nature, learned its first lessons in the art of inventing. That he has done this most admirably must be evident to any one who has studied or will study this, the latest of Prof. Mason's records of deep and intelligent research. Some of the conclusions reached will interest even the least scientific of people. Prof. Mason says that the Mediterranean race is the most mechanical of all and that the blue-eyed and brown-eyed variety must each settle for itself which shall bear the palm. The Semit is much less so. The Mongolian is, perhaps, more ingenious with his hands. The Africans and Papuans are more mechanical than the brown Polynesians; the Eskimo than the red Indians; and the Australians are the least clever of all. In each several division of humanity there are smaller centers of invention, owing both to natural ingenuity and to natural resources. In the higher walks of language, art, social structures, literature, science and philosophy, the peoples of Europe and Asia will need a new distribution for each classic concept. The Hebrew has never been excelled for sublime conceptions on religious topics, the Egyptian invented chronicles, the Greek perfected harmony and protraiture in art, the Romans laid the foundation for jurisprudence. Liberally illustrated and so written as to attract all classes of readers, this book is deserving of the warm welcome it will doubtless receive as soon as its merits become well known.

OUTRE-MER. Impressions of America. By Paul Bourget, Member of the French Academy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Brentano's.

In spite of the fact that criticism is the principal feature of "Outre-Mer," the book is nevertheless becoming quite popular in the United States, for its author says so cleverly many of the disagreeable things which Americans themselves ought to say, but which they do not say because they desire to be mistakenly loyal to the land of their birth or adoption. Locally the book is interesting, for its author testifies to the fact that the people of leisure throughout the country long after Washington. "It is a delightful place," said one lady to M. Bourget while discussing Washington. "The men are not busy, as they are here. They are in politics or something. They have plenty of time for afternoon teas!" At which condition M. Bourget does not seem to be displeased, for he says that the abundance of time for 5 o'clock teas does, in fact, give to the city on the banks of the Potomac something of the effect of Dresden or Weimar. "Walking along these streets," he writes, "with their border of private houses, with no suggestion of business or commerce, you might fancy yourself in some strasse of a German capital. And the easy flexibility of social life is in singular contrast with the overweighted condition of the other cities." The solid affairs of government, however, receive no attention from the observing Frenchman in his cleverly written homilies, so in place of a dissertation on congressional methods or departmental ways, we have a detailed account of a succession of prize fights which M. Bourget witnessed in the gymnasium of Washington's best known athletic club, and which to him appeared to be extremely brutal. Bourget has succeeded in giving us a skillful sketch of superficial America, but only in a few of his bold outlines can there be found indication that he saw far enough beneath the surface to recognize the solid foundation upon which American character is based.

WORDS OF LINCOLN. Including several hundred opinions of his life and character by eminent persons of this and other lands. Compiled by Osborn H. Oldroyd, author "Lincoln Memorial Album," "A Soldier's Story of the Siege of Vicksburg." With an introduction by Melville W. Fuller, chief justice of the United States, and Teunis S. Hamlin, pastor Church of the Covenant, Washington, D. C. Washington: O. H. Oldroyd.

Much as the character of Abraham Lincoln has been discussed, and much as that true nobleman has been eulogized, yet the limit of discussion and eulogy has not been reached. Occasionally there comes to the surface of literature material which adds to the mental stature and moral girth of the martyr President. Of such is this volume of the Words of Lincoln; a carefully selected series of utterances which gives even to those who have devoted some thought to the career of the ideal American new impressions and a more comprehensive idea of his true greatness. Capt. Oldroyd makes no pretense to having placed in this book even a tithe of the good things Lincoln said during his prematurely shortened lifetime, but the author has succeeded in placing upon record and in convenient shape for reference some of the more striking remarks dealing with matters of more than ordinary moment to individuals or to the world at large. In addition to the quotations from Lincoln, there are many of the tributes paid by men of note to Lincoln's memory, thus giving to the volume the appearance of completeness. In an introduction it is stated by Melville W. Fuller, president, and Teunis S. Hamlin, vice president of the Memorial Association of the District of Columbia, that Capt. Oldroyd has donated the profits resulting from the sale of this book to the service of the association, which, at this time, is engaged principally in an endeavor to preserve in perpetuity the house in which President Lincoln died, where there now is located a very valuable Lincoln museum.

JEWELS OF MEMORY. By Col. John A. Joyce, author of "Checkered Life," "Peculiar Poems," "Zig-Zag," &c. Washington: Gibson Bros.

"These jewels from the casket of personal memory," says the author in his preface, "I flash over the ocean of literature, trusting that some sparkling rays may attract human hearts when the soul that divined and the hand that fashioned them has vanished like the dews of the morning." Whatever the jewels may do when the fashioning hand loses its cunning and its life, it is certain that they have already attracted much attention. In times past principally a writer of poetry, Col. Joyce now gives us a series of biographical sketches of great men with whom he was more or less intimately acquainted; he deals with Lyon and Jackson, Fletcher and Blair, Farragut and Porter, Sheridan, Sherman, Grant, Conkling, Spinner, S. S. Cox, George D. Prentice, Parson Brownlow, Father Ryan and Henry Stanton, John C. Breckinridge, Gen. N. B. Forrest, Corp. Tanner and Gen. Burnside; furthermore, he chats about the national capital, the battle of Shiloh and other interesting topics, among them—in connection with his sketch of Prentice—how he (Joyce) came to write the only and original "Laugh, and the World Laughs With You." Then there is poetry and rhyme galore. A clever volume altogether, and one that deserves a hearty welcome from the book-buying public.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL J. TILDEN. By John Bigelow, LL.D., author of "Life of Benjamin Franklin," "Life of William Cullen Bryant," "France and the Confederate Navy," editor of "Writings and Speeches of Samuel J. Tilden," &c. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

Gifted with the biographical faculty, honored by long-time acquaintance with the subject of these memoirs, the trusted keeper of Mr. Tilden's public papers, and having access to Mr. Tilden's private correspondence, it is not at all surprising that the author of these two volumes has succeeded in making his work of great value in the eyes of the historian. Dr. Bigelow is confident that when the passions and prejudices engendered by political strife shall, as in due time they will, subside, Mr. Tilden's place among the foremost and wisest statesmen of our country will be cheerfully recognized. It is in that spirit the whole of this most comprehensive work has been done. That Mr. Tilden rendered loyal service to his state and his country will be admitted by every one at all conversant with his career; the more prominent items of that service are carefully detailed by Dr. Bigelow.

RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR TIMES. Reminiscences of Men and Events in Washington. 1860-1865. By Albert Gallatin Riddle, formerly Member of the House of Representatives from the 19th District, Ohio. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

"I have just been reading Mr. Riddle's new book, Recollections of War Times," writes Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, "and have found it both informing and fascinating. It seems to me that for fidelity of stroke and vividness of color it compares well with any other sketch by or contemporary of our second and perhaps our greatest heroic age."

A great many pleasant things might be said of this latest of Mr. Riddle's works, but a column of eulogy could not be more comprehensively satisfactory than that, coming, as it does, from the most eminent authority on American history, himself the author of a history of American literature.

THE FISHES OF NORTH AMERICA. By William C. Harris. Illustrated. New York: The Harris Publishing Co.

The text of part 7 of this elaborate work is a continuation and completion of the exhaustive monograph on the catfishes. These lowly fishes, so considered among anglers, are, from Mr. Harris' standpoint, underestimated, not only in their qualities as rod fish, but as edible and stock fish. Certainly he gives many interesting facts as to their habits and the great diversity and distribution of species, which makes this issue of the book particularly interesting to all lovers of natural history. The two colored plates, 12x18 inches each, contained in this number, are of the striped bass, the rockfish of southern waters, and the large-mouthed black bass.

ROUTES AND RATES FOR SUMMER TOURS via Picturesque B. & O. 1895. Baltimore, Md.: Passenger Department B. & O. R. R.

Where shall we go is a question that a great many Washingtonians have asked and still are asking themselves and each other. Those who are still in doubt as to where the summer holiday may most comfortably be spent might do very much worse than seek the advice and instruction found in the more than four hundred pages of information which is attractively set forth in this volume.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN IN THE UNITED STATES. A Traveler's Notes. By Madame Blanc (Th. Bentzon). Translated by Abby Langdon Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

American women have every reason for being grateful to Madame Blanc; not that she has given utterance to compliments merely for the purpose of being complimentary, for she has not done so, but because she has accorded her subject a reasonable degree of attention, and has told the truth about as much of that subject as she came into close contact with.

PUSSY AND HER LANGUAGE. By Marvin R. Clark. Including a Paper on the Wonderful Discovery of the Cat Language, by Alphonse Leon Grimaldi, F. R. S., &c.

People who think they know all about cats should read Mr. Clark's interesting book. It is uniquely educative and is deserving of especial consideration because its author seems to have conquered almost all of the difficulties attendant upon the total blindness with which he has for several years been afflicted.

AFLOAT WITH THE FLAG. By W. J. Henderson, author of "Sea Yarns for Boys," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

Will delight any American boy who is lucky enough to possess a copy. The details of the story cluster around that incident in Rio harbor, when the U. S. S. Detroit defied Admiral Da Gama's fleet by escorting an American merchant ship to a wharf. A starred and striped book of the best sort.

MR. BONAPARTE OF CORSICA. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated by H. W. McVickar. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

Totally unlike any other life of Napoleon ever published, and therefore likely to be popular. Gilroy himself never lampooned the Corsican so artistically as Mr. Bangs has.

LITTLE KNIGHTS AND LADIES. Verses for Young People. By Margaret E. Sangster, author of "On the Road Home," &c. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

Clean poetry for the little folks, who, though comparatively small, are nevertheless big enough to begin to think seriously of the sober affairs of life.

STORY OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES; or, History of the War for Southern Independence, Embracing a Brief but Comprehensive Sketch of the Early Settlement of the Country, &c., and a Full, Complete and Graphic Account of the Great Four Years' War Between the North and the South, Its Causes, Effects, &c. By Joseph T. Derby of Georgia. With an Introduction by Gen. Clement A. Evans of Georgia. Illustrated. Richmond: B. F. Johnson Publishing Co.

ON THE USE OF SILVER AS MONEY IN THE UNITED STATES. An Historical Study. By Arthur Burnham Woodford, Ph. D., Professor of Economics and Politics in the School of Economics, New York City. A Paper Submitted to the American Academy of Political and Social Science. Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science.

THE PHANTOM DEATH AND OTHER STORIES. By W. Clark Russell, author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," "My Shipmate Louise," "Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea," &c. With Illustrations by F. A. Carter. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. Washington: Wm. Ballantyne & Sons.

THE FIFTY-CENT DOLLAR. A Brief History of the Financial Agitation, Legislation and Condition of the United States, from 1890 to 1895; followed by a catechism—questions and answers—in support of what precedes. By Neil W. Carothers. Chattanooga: Standard Publishing Co.

THE WHITE DOLLAR. The True Story of "Coin." Legal, Historical and Scientific Standing of the "Dollar of the Daddies." Fair Play for the Double Standard that has served the people Three Thousand Years. By Murat Halstead. Philadelphia: Franklin News Co.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD. By Thomas Hardy, author of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "Life's Little Ironies," &c. With an Etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a Map of Wessex. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

THE MASTERY OF SHORTHAND. A Plea for Thoroughness and Method as the Basis of Successful Learning and Teaching. By David Wolfe Brown, Official Reporter, U. S. House of Representatives. Cincinnati: The Phonographic Institute Co.

AN ERRANT WOOING. By Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," "A Bachelor Maid," "Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales," &c. With Illustrations. New York: The Century Co. Washington: Robert Beall.

CHIFFON'S MARRIAGE. (le Mariage de Chiffon) By Gyp (Comtesse de Martel), author of "Leurs Ames," "M. le Duc," "De Haut en Bas," "Petit Bob," &c. Translated by M. L. J. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

OLIVER CROMWELL. By George H. Clark, D.D. With an Introduction by Charles Dudley Warner and Illustrations from Old Paintings and Prints. New York: Harper & Brothers. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

INDUSTRIAL PROBLEMS. Finance and the Tariff as Related to the Industrial System. Gold and Silver as Monetary Bases. Plain Facts for Workingmen by a Workingman. Washington: Beckert & McCurdy.

THE OLD MAIDS' CLUB. By I. Zangwill, author of "The Bachelors' Club," "The Big Bow Mystery," &c. With Numerous Illustrations by F. H. Townsend. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

THE STORY OF BESSIE COSTRELL. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Marcella," "History of David Grieve," "Robert Elsmere," &c. New York: Macmillan & Co.

GOVERNMENTS AND POLITICIANS AND MAN'S WRONGS AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS. By Charles Marcotte. Revised Edition. Kansas City: Published by the Author.

THOMAS BOOBIG. A Complete Enough Account of His Life and Strange Disappearance. Narration of his Scribe. By Luther Marshall. Boston: Lee & Shepherd.

A GENDER IN SATIN. By "Rita," author of "A Husband of No Importance." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

MERRIE ENGLAND. A Plain Exposition of Social