THE DUKE AND THE WITCH.

—BY—

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

PETER PLUMPKIN and his wife were as poor as a couple of church mice, and both were very much dissatisfied with their poverty. They had not even a wooden shanty to live in, so they made themselves a home in the hollow trunk of an enormous oak tree, which stood in the depth of a large forest. Peter had not learned a trade in his youth, and the consequence was that now he had to hustle around to make a living for himself and his wife, as best he could. However, he was the proud proprietor of a very fine gun and an unusually clever dog, and with the aid of these, old Plumpkin managed to shoot enough game to keep himself and his wife from starving. Every morning Peter went forth from the hollow oak accompanied by his faithful dog and his gun thrown over his shoulder to hunt for his daily food.

One morning as he was just about to leave his home, Eliza, his wife, stopped him.

"Look here, Peter," she said, "I am getting awfully tired of living in this old oak tree. The hollow is almost too small for two people to move around in, and when that old cur of yours and that gun are in there, too, the place is too crowded to give a decent woman like myself a chance to breathe. Now, I want to give you a warning, if things don't very soon change for the better, and you cannot get a more respectable place for me to live in, you and I have to part company. I am tired of this, I say again, and I will not stand it any longer, so there!"

Old Plumpkin stood scratching his head, which was in a great whirl of perplexity.

"You are right, Eliza," he replied, "it is very hard for us to be living in a poky old tree like that, where a man has to have his hat and his boots off, before he can enter the place. Still I don't know what is to be done at present. Let us try and do the best we can until something turns up to better our position."

Eliza promised him she would, and Peter Plumpkin called his dog. Then he went on his way into the forest. But while he was walking along he kept thinking of what his wife had told him. It worried him a great deal, and he more than once uttered the wish that he might only get rich like so many other people. While he was thus engrossed in his thoughts he forgot all about looking for any game, and had it not been for his watchful dog, nobody knows what might have happened on that eventful day. However, the dog suddenly set up a very loud bark, awakening Peter from his reverie.

When he looked around for the cause of the dog's excitement, he noticed a very pretty little deer about 20 feet away from him. The animal did not make the least attempt to run away. Not even when the dog ran up to it, did it try to get to its feet, but remained quiet and passive in the same place and position where Peter had first seen it.

"H'm!" muttered Plumpkin, raising his gun to his shoulder, "you will be an easy prey to my ball and powder, if you keep quiet like that. Won't Eliza be glad when I bring her home a deer, and she can eat venison?"

But just at the moment when he had his finger against the trigger and he was about to bang away at the animal, he was startled by a voice shouting to him: "Put that gun down!"

Peter dropped it like a hot piece of iron, while a sense of fear and trembling overcame him, which made him feel hot and

Peter Discovers the Enchanted Princess.

cold about 20 times within half a minute. Still shaking from head to foot he looked around to find where that commanding voice might have come from, but he saw nothing. Then he looked at the deer, and it occurred to him that the animal must have something to do with that voice. He advanced toward the deer, which all this time did not seem to have changed even so much as a muscle. When Peter had come close enough he noticed why the animal did not move, and his astonishment was great, to say the least. There the deer lay before him on a large square stone of granite. Its feet were each inclosed in an iron band with a short chain attached to it, and this chain was forged to the granite. No wonder the animal could not move.

Old Plumpkin was utterly bewildered and he stood aghast for a minute, perfectly unable even to utter a word. However, before he had an opportunity to give vent to his feelings of astonishment, benold, the deer opened its mouth and began to talk.

"Do not be surprised," the animal said, "at seeing me in this position. I am Wanda the bewitched Princess from the land of Ingrobad. Let me tell you my story and I feel sure you will be sorry for me and help me to get freed from this tortuous bondage. When I was a human being, which is now many years ago, I was the most beautiful girl you have ever seen. In fact, the wise men at my father's court said, there never lived such a beautiful Princess before in all the wide world. When I grew up the nobles from far and near came to our court and all of them fell in love with me. But I cared for none of them. There was, however, a young page boy in my father's retinue, who was very poor, still he was a noble, handsome youth, and him I loved with all my heart. When my father heard of our attachment he stormed and raved for a little while, but he soon realized that my happiness depended upon his consent to my marriage with the page boy. All arrangements were made for a grand and splendid wedding and everybody seemed as pleased and delighted as I was myself.

But alas! on the morning of the wedding day a servant came to me and told me an old lady was awaiting me in the park to present me with an exquisite bouquet of flowers as a wedding gift. I went into the park to meet the old lady, but no sooner had I set my foot into the garden when half a dozen armed soldiers jumped out of the bushes. They immediately bound me, gagged me and carried me away out of the town. I was unconscious until I arrived at a castle, that belonged to a duke in my father's kingdom, who was the richest man in the land. I had always hated him from my days of childhood. When I was in the castle the Duke came to me and he said:

"Now, Wanda, you will either marry me or else go into banishment for the rest of your days!"

"Of course I refused, not only once, but a hundred times. At last I was taken away from the castle again, and I was led into the home of an old witch. This woman had the power to change people into animals. No sooner was I in her house than she gave me a draught of a very peculiar liquor. From the moment I swallowed it I felt my form changed, and in about five minutes I looked like a deer. Then I was brought here and chained to this granite block, where I have been ever since. The Duke comes here once a day and feeds me. He always asks me again whether I am willing to marry him. That is the only condition on which he promises to liberate me. But I will sooner die than consent.

"Now, I want you to assist me in getting away from here, and your fortune shall be the reward I will make you."

"Tell me what to do," replied Peter Plumpkin, "and I'll do it."

"The old witch," said Wanda, "has a draught which will undo the effects of the

The Fate of the Witch and the Wicked Duke.

liquor. If you get that for me and I drink it, I will be the same I used to be, Wanda the beautiful princess."

Peter at once went away to search for the home of the old witch. After many days of wandering throughout the forest he at last discovered a dilapidated shanty under a copse of oak trees. Peter walked in without any fear, his faithful dog at his heels. Luckily the witch was not in, and about the first thing he noticed was a large bottle with a label attached to it, on which was written: "This will restore Wanda's beauty."

Plumpkin grasped the bottle with all possible eagerness, put it into his pocket and ran out of the place. He hurried away as fast as he could, and he never stopped until he got back to the forest where the princess was still chained as a deer. Peter at once pulled the cork off the bottle and poured the liquid down the deer's throat.

What gratification was it to him when he noticed how the animal was quickly transformed into the beautiful Wanda again. Peter looked at the Princess in astonishment, for he had never seen any woman so beautiful and lovely. The Princess at once shook the chains from her limbs and with Peter Plumpkin and his dog started at once for her father's castle.

They arrived there in due time, and the rejoicings at the court were so great they defy all attempts at description. When Wanda told her story of the vicious Duke, the King sent a number of soldiers to his castle, who brought him back a prisoner. Then the witch was sent after, and she was also caught. When they had got to the castle the wedding festivities were started. While everybody was enjoying himself, the Duke and the witch were in an iron cage in the middle of the banquet hall. After Wanda and the page boy had been married, the Duke and the witch were both killed.

Peter Plumpkin, his wife Eliza and the dog had a very good time after that, because they got a good reward from the Princess and never lived in the old oak tree any more.

FORESHADOWED IN DREAMS.

Persons Who Were Warned in Sleep of Approaching Illness.

Some writers admit that there is a type of dream in which coming physical disease or disaster is shadowed forth—some bodily sensation, perhaps too slight to be noticed by the subject when awake, yet contriving to impress itself in some symbolic form on the sleeping mind. The more striking instance of this sort may serve to explain how, in some lesser degree, certain symbols are likely to attach themselves to certain painful sensations or conditions, until at last they are finally accepted as mysterious presages of evil. Conrad Gresner, the eminent naturalist, dreamed that he was bitten on the left side by a venomous serpent. In a short time a very severe carbuncle appeared on the very spot, terminating his life in the space of three days.

Another scientific man dreamed of being bitten by a black cat, also suffered in the same way. A learned Jesuit saw, one night in his sleep, a man laying his hand upon his chest, who announced to him that he would soon die. He was then in perfect health, but was shortly after carried off by a pulmonary disorder. A lady, who had a dream in which she saw all objects dim and obscure as by a mist, was soon afterward attacked by a disease of the eye of which that was a symptom. While many of our dreams may be traced to occurrences outside the body, but which affect the senses, it is believed that many of these unpleasant dreams which are sometimes found to precede illness may be occasioned by feelings or sensations of which, in the ordinary waking state, we are unconscious. It is in this way that indigestion is so fruitful a cause of unpleasant dreams.

AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

Why Do All Stage Beauties Exhibit a Tendency to Become Stout?

Boston Herald.]

What is it about the stage that has such a fattening influence on its divinities? I believe if a walking skeleton should get stage-struck and make the drama a profession, in six months' time the said walking skeleton wound be groaning over in convenient adipose, and have to take to Banting. These stage stars who manage to keep their figures lead a life of self-denial that must interfere with half the joys of their career. Caper and frisk as fatiguingly as they may, exhaust themselves as they do with "study," the fat rolls up, and lovely rounded contours disappear beneath the billows. It is said that nothing even in the line of mental fret and worry can prevent this predisposed stoutness, and that its remedy, starvation, causes worse ills by impoverishing the blood; in fact, that healthy flesh cannot be antagonized with safety to the possessor thereof.

If a dread of unshapeliness inspires abstemious living, something is gained, but it is hard lines for the butterflies of the stage to forego champagne and dainties in the heyday of youth. Better pass one's life in a tricycle and dine on beefsteak and stale bread, as the fair Lillian Russell does, than succumb to physical grossness, or, better yet, give up the magnetic flesh-making stage.

Fire the Chinese Out.

Judge.]

The Chinese are coming in from Cuba, landing as Spanish citizens. If this country cannot make laws that will keep those fellows out, can it not make guns capable of going off and obliging them to do the same?

Spot Cash.

Puck.]

Reeder—A penny for your thoughts.

De Ruyter—It's a go. That is more than the editors will give.

THE THIRD DEGREE.

How Inspector Byrnes Secured Two Important Confessions.

A MODERN TORTURE CHAMBER.

One of the Shrewd Devices of New York's Famous Detective.

WHY MR. JONES CONFESSED HIS GUILT.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Among the manifold fine touches employed by Chief Inspector Byrnes in his detective work, no touch shows the handiwork of a great artist so markedly as the "working of the third degree." To catch a thief is one thing, to convict him is another. A thief may be set to catch a thief, but the evidence of a turncoat evil doer is not always successful in convicting his prey.

In olden times the "third degree" was frequently called into service to supply the missing link in the chain of testimony, but the methods of the inquisition and of the torture bore the same relation to the Inspector's system that the club of a Zulu warrior does to the keen-edged stiletto of the Corsican bandit. The one is vulgar and savors of the shambles. The other, equally cruel perhaps, is as refined as the stroke of a surgeon's lancet.

How is the "third degree" worked? The methods are devious and vary with each candidate. The master of ceremonies is a master of his mysterious art and seldom fails to make the initiation a success. The following incident will reveal how the degree was recently worked:

Two men were mysteriously arrested not long ago and taken to the marble headquarters of the police department. One of the prisoners was about to board an outward bound transatlantic steamer. His ticket had been bought. His baggage had preceded him, and he carried a large leather valise in his hand. As his boot stepped upon the gangplank, a man of middle age, and fashionably dressed, touched him on the shoulder. The would-be tourist started, and, for a moment only, turned pale.

HIS TRIP DELAYED.

"Mr. Frisbie Jones?" observed the former deferentially.

"Yes," replied the latter curtly.

"I want to see you a minute."

"Can't wait, dear boy," he replied affably. "My boat is about to sail, don't you see?"

"Never mind that," returned the middle-aged man reassuringly. "You are not going to Europe on this steamer."

"No!"

"No!"

"But my trunks!"

"Never mind them, I have ordered them put ashore, and I want you to go up to police headquarters with me."

During his brief conversation, the middle-aged man turned back the lapel of his coat and displayed the badge of a detective sergeant.

Mr. Jones' face became ghastly in its pallor. His square jaw dropped. His black mustache drooped at the ends, and his low, broad forehead was creased with wrinkles. Without a word of remonstrance, however, he allowed himself to be led by the arm to a carriage, while another detective saw that his trunk was placed on top of the vehicle, and the trio was whirled in silence over the cobble stones, through the narrow streets to headquarters. Five minutes later Mr. Frisbie Jones was in a cell.

About the same time two broad-shouldered detectives walked into the side door of a West Side river front saloon, through the barroom, out of the back door and into a dark hallway. They ran up a pair of dingy stairs and knocked at the door of a small room at the end of the hall. While they were waiting for a reply, they heard a window raised. Without further delay, they burst the door in just in time to catch a tall, loosely built man, in the costume of a longshoreman and scrambling out of the window on to the adjoining roof. In a second he was back in the room with a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. It took the detectives only a few minutes to convince the crowd that had followed them upstairs that it would be reckless for them to interfere with the arrest, and they soon reached the pavement in safety. On a signal from the officer, a carriage that had been standing on the opposite side of the street was driven to the curb and a quarter of an hour later the second prisoner was in a cell at headquarters as far distant from that occupied by Mr. Jones as the building would allow.

IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

The next morning at 9 o'clock Inspector Byrnes sat in his square room at police headquarters. On his desk was piled a mass of letters and dispatches, and printed descriptions of thieves sent by out-of-town officials. He had listened to the reports of his detectives, and given his orders for the day, and just before he began his work at the desk, he ordered the middle-aged officer who had made the arrest at the steamer, to bring Mr. Frisbie Jones upstairs, give him a chair a few feet distant from the desk, and then take a seat at the further end of the room and watch the prisoner until he was relieved. Within ten minutes Mr. Jones was seated by the Inspector's side.

The night's confinement and his anxiety to learn the exact cause of his arrest had told upon him. His face was a shade paler than it was the day before, and his composure was clearly forced. As he settled himself in his chair, the Inspector gave him a rapid and comprehensive glance, taking in his neatly combed hair, his curled mustache, his chin, collar, cravat, waistcoat, trousers and boots—taking in everything save the prisoner's eyes. Then, with a satisfied nod, the Inspector turned to his mail and was instantly absorbed in business.

Mr. Jones busied himself with reflections. Why had he been sent for? To be questioned, of course. But about what? Which crime was he arrested for? What evidence had they against him? Those were the thoughts that peopled his brain and wrinkled his brow in thought. It was at least half an hour, though it seemed to the prisoner twice that long, before the Inspector looked up from his desk, and tapped a bell. A detective appeared in answer.

"Show the gentleman in!" he said.

A moment later a business man entered and the Inspector retired to the further end of the room and occupied another half hour in consultation with him. He was followed by other visitors. Evidently the routine business of the officer was being conducted without any reference to Mr. Jones' presence. So the time passed until 11 o'clock. At this hour the Inspector returned to his desk and tapped the bell. To the detective who appeared an order was given in an under-tone and a few minutes afterward Mr. Brown crossed the threshold of the room.

A LITTLE BY-PLAY.

As he saw Mr. Jones his face turned a sickly gray and he leaned against the wall for support. The presence of Mr. Brown affected Mr. Jones differently but no less visibly. He grew white, bit nervously at his mustache, and great drops of perspiration stood out on his forehead. This incident had settled his doubts. He now knew why he had been arrested. There were only two things more to be considered. What evidence did they have against him? Would his confederate confess?

Mr. Brown was hurried from the room as though his appearance at that moment had been a serious accident, and was followed into the ante-room by the Inspector. They remained a few minutes and the low murmur of their voices was plainly heard by the nervous Mr. Jones. When the Inspector returned and had seated himself at his desk, he opened a drawer and drew out a letter, which Mr. Jones plainly recognized as one he had written to his accomplice. This he carefully read and placed on his desk under a paper weight. Then he turned to the prisoner and gave him another searching glance, taking care to avoid meeting his eyes, and with a little nod that indicated that his glance had been satisfactory, the Inspector hastily left his desk, put on his hat and coat and went out of the office, leaving the middle-aged sergeant on guard during his absence.

It was 3 o'clock before he returned. During this time the office had been visited by a score of men, some on one errand, some on another. The sergeant listened to their complaints or answered their questions, and for a second time during the day Mr. Jones and his arrest were swallowed up in the routine business of the busiest department of the municipal police. Half a dozen times Mr. Jones attempted to speak to his captor of the day before, but each time the officer skillfully found some pretext to occupy his attention and prevent a reply. The prisoner's position was rapidly becoming too irksome to be borne any longer. The suspense was almost unbearable. He had made up his mind that when the Inspector returned he would speak to him at once and learn the worst without further delay, but when the Inspector did return, something happened to prevent the carrying out of his plan.

THE PLOT WORKS.

Mr. Jones heard the Inspector several minutes before he saw him. He heard the sergeant at the desk in the outer room call him by name. He heard the Inspector's voice talking to the dozen persons who were waiting there to see him. For a few minutes there was silence, then he heard the voice of his accomplice. At first it was low then it rose as if in anger. The Inspector's voice was soothing and reassuring, and was supplemented by the voice of a third person, who apparently was acting as a peacemaker. This continued for half an hour, and during the last part of that time Mr. Brown was talking alone, save when he was interrupted by an occasional question from the Inspector. When the conversation was ended the Inspector walked into the room and took his place at the desk. Before looking up he drew from a drawer several pawn tickets, examined them critically, compared them with a slip of paper he held in his hand, and for the third time fixed his eyes on every portion of Mr. Jones's person except his eyes. Then with a third nod of satisfaction he laid aside the tickets and began the perusal of his afternoon mail.

Ten minutes later, without a word of encouragement from the Inspector, Mr. Jones had made a full and complete confession. He had planned a robbery in a New England town. It had been successfully carried out by his accomplice, and the returns had been remunerative beyond his expectations. The pair had separated after dividing the spoils. Jones had intended to sail for Europe, and did not know nor did he care where Brown had gone. His own arrest had been a surprise, as he had left no tracks uncovered, and the arrest of his confederate had been a still greater one. He did not know what evidence there was against him, and had it not been for the confession of his accomplice he would have braved the matter out. Mr. Jones, out of consideration of his professional reputation for nerve, desired the Inspector to clearly understand this. But when "a poor, weak-minded knave," as he characterized his late lieutenant, "gave him away and tried to save himself by

PEACHING ON A PAL,

he would give the whole snap away," and tell more—much more about that and other unlawful depredations than the "sniveling sneak" knew anything about. He would put him behind the bars, no matter what his own fate would be.

The Inspector listened attentively to the confession, jotting down a few notes as to dates and names, and when Mr. Jones had finished, without giving him the slightest assurance of his prospects, he had him conducted back to his cell. Then with an expression of gratification that bordered on a smile and was accompanied by a chuckle, he summoned a detective and had Mr. Brown brought into his presence. Confronted with the confession of his superior in crime, with many an oath, the accomplice added his confession to the former's. Corroborating every essential detail and painting the character of his treacherous companion so black that ink would have made a white mark on it. Then he too was led away to a cell, but this time he was placed in one adjoining his fellow prisoner.

For a few minutes after the door had been closed and locked there was silence unbroken save by the footfall of the turnkey at the end of the corridor. After an effort to control his wrath Mr. Jones observed savagely:

"Well, you did play ——, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, you miserable sneak," retorted Mr. Brown unamiably.

"What did you weaken for?"

"I weaken?" replied Mr. Brown with scorn. "You're a liar. You weakened first."

"That's a lie. I heard you tell the Inspector in the ante-room."

"You did, did you? We never spoke of this job. He was asking about a Hudson river job of mine that was worked three years ago. That was all. When I was brought up stairs again you had given the job away. He was working the third degree on you, and he did it to the queen's taste."

"Well!" ejaculated Mr. Jones in tones of the deepest disgust, "I'll be hanged!"

"You ought to be," replied Mr. Brown.

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

ALL IN A WORD.

The One That He Used to Express a Likeness for Home.

Youth's Companion.]

A Boston gentleman who has become rich by many years of close application to business was surprised one day by a visit from an old schoolmate, of whom he had heard no news for half a lifetime. This man had been living in a dozen different Western States, it appeared, and his story was one of constant financial trouble.

But from his own showing, it was his improvidence and restless fondness for change which had been the cause of his difficulties. He had never stayed long enough in one place to earn a home for his family.

At last, in an access of homesickness, he had come back to Boston. His wife and youngest child were staying with friends in one of the suburbs until he could look about him a little. In short, he wanted work in his old friend's business.

The merchant replied that he was very sorry there seemed to be no opening at present, and urged upon the wanderer the advisability of engaging in some occupation at which he had already tried his hand.

"You say you have been something of a farmer," said he; "now I should think it would be a good plan for you to work up a market garden in this suburb where you say you are staying. It's a good business if you push it well, and I should think that in time you could manage to earn a home of your own. There is nothing so good for a man as to own his own home."

"You're right, sir," answered Mr. X——, rising. He saw that he was repulsed, but his dignity was proof against it. "It is my intention to settle down near Boston, and make my home here. As you say, there's nothing so pleasant for a man as owning his home. I agree with your sentiments exactly. I am myself a very homegeneous man."

A Bull-Frog Crawled Up His Back.

Philadelphia Record.]

As Captain Benjamin Roray was landing from his vessel recently near Cedarville, Cumberland county, N. J., an inquisitive bull-frog explored the inside of the Captain's pantaloon leg. Having ladies in his company the Captain could not pursue the quickest course to dislodge the frog, but in his frantic flounderings he stepped into a mud-hole which forced the investigating frog up his back and out of his collar.

It's Better to be Civil.

Judge.]

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost says if he were visited by a burglar he would receive him kindly, let him take what he wanted, and invite him to call again. And he would act somewhat wisely, because the man would take what he wanted anyway, regardless of cost—or rather of Pentecost.

A DAY WITH A POPE.

All Europe Speculating on the Future of Pope Leo XIII.

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN

Conceded by Prince Bismarck to be a Great Statesman.

LEO'S LOVE AND RESPECT FOR AMERICA

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

ROME, September 9.—All eyes are just now turning on the Vatican. All Europe is speculating as to the future of the old man who now sits in the chair of Peter, the fisherman, and who loves to term himself the "prisoner of the Vatican."

There is a good deal of fermentation going on in all the nations of Europe. Bismarck, Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, the rather weak head of the not over-reputable House of the Hapsburgs; the Czar of all the Russias and the young Emperor of the Germans, not to mention the rulers of France, England and Spain, have a good deal to worry about.

And yet all of them are keeping a very sharp watch on the grayhaired, slender, feeble old man who nearly daily walks in the Vatican gardens meditating how all this muddle is to come out. Nor is there lack of reason for watching this man, whose position is such that all Europe may at any time willingly or unwillingly become embroiled over him and what he claims as his right. And all this is intensified by the fact that it is generally conceded that as a master of diplomacy and state craft Leo XIII. is the peer of anyone in Europe. Bismarck, who is not given to over admiration of opponents, has freely conceded the great ability of the present Pope as a statesman. And Bismarck is no mean judge.

A very different man from Pius IX. is Leo XIII. Trained in a different school, possessing a temperament very different from that of his predecessor, having an intellect finer and more keen, and having, too, an ability to look forward into the future and to fit his course to suit the progress of thought in and out of the Church, Leo has been able to leave his mark on the public of Europe in a no uncertain manner, and has demonstrated that in many respects he is among the greatest of the later Popes.

FOOLISH FLYING RUMORS.

Leo XIII. has long since passed the term of three score and ten years, allotted by the Psalmist for man to live, and is to-day, in some respects, the most interesting figure in Europe. Even now in the height of the enervating Italian summer, when one feels like doing as little as he can, even of talking, gossip is rife concerning this "prisoner of the Vatican." Now we hear that he is to leave Rome. Again we learn that he is not. He is not to have a refuge on the Island of Malta. He will be sheltered in England. He will not go to England. He is to go to Spain. He is not to go to Spain. He will buy the principality of Monaco and retire there. He will do nothing of the sort. He will go to the United States. He will not go to the United States.

But aside from the political interest attached to him, just now the Pope is receiving a good deal of attention for other reasons. Pope Leo is an old man. Further than this he is of late a very feeble man. He is still a Pope, every inch of him, and he is still, as he always has been since he has been Pope, the master of his household, the head of his Church in fact as well as in name, and he still gives his personal attention to the duties of his important office.

Old though he is, there are certain pompous ceremonies in which the Pope must from time to time take part. But on the whole his inner life is one of extreme simplicity. It is thus that he wishes it to be. Increasing years have brought a desire for rest and quiet. Beside, although Leo XIII. has all his life been a man of action, and nearly always in some important executive or diplomatic position, he is really by inclination a student, and would be, if he could, somewhat of a recluse. So despite the talk about the fact that he is a "prisoner" within the Vatican walls, I question if Leo XIII. would like anything better in the evening of his life than his princely seclusion in one of the finest palaces in the world, surrounded by every luxury, by what he still more highly prizes, treasures in art and literature from every land that no living monarch could duplicate for love or money.

A HARD DAY'S WORK.

The day's work at the Vatican is a hard one, and it begins early. Like Gladstone the Pope is an early riser. In this hot summer weather the age and feebleness of the Pontiff prevent him from doing as much work as formerly. However, he is out of bed long before 6 in the morning. Even as early as 6 the Pope may be seen by those about the Papal household accompanied by a private chamberlain and some servants of his household descending into the Vatican gardens. Here he walks and meditates, and here too he receives his Secretary of State and other Secretaries. Here, too, other distinguished visitors are received when not received in one of the inner rooms or in the Pope's private library.

The Pope's morning walk over, and it is usually made alone, his attendants, even the Chamberlain, following at a respectful distance, he returns through the wood, mounting to his apartments by means of a private staircase. Breakfast is a very insignificant matter with the present Pope, who is, and always has been, a singularly abstemious man. It is after this that the Pope turns to business. He manages little of his vast correspondence personally. The task would be too great, for his mail is from all parts of the world and in all languages. It is handled by secretaries, passed through the hands of the Cardinals, who, to use a familiar term, form the Pope's Cabinet. These are at the heads of the standing committees in the Sacred College. The less important matters are not brought to the attention of the Pope at all. Leo XIII., however, has managed to keep very well informed even as to the minor details of the workings of the vast machine of which he is the head. So when the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, or some other Cardinal holding executive powers, report to the Pope as to matters in their departments, they sometimes find that he knows more about them than they do themselves.

There is some of the work that the Pope insists upon doing himself. When addresses are sent to him from Catholic confessors and conventions, he in many cases insists upon dictating the replies to them himself. The same is the case in preparing his encyclicals. He is perfectly willing to consult with the members of the Sacred College concerning the matter of these letters, and sometimes he takes advice from them, but the matter of his public writings is his own.

A MAN WHO INSPIRES RESPECT.

It is in his public receptions and in his audiences with visitors that Leo XIII. appears to the best advantage to the casual observer. He cannot give so much time now to visitors as he formerly did, as his physicians have ordered otherwise. But he still receives a very large number of all creeds. I have yet to see either a Protestant or a Catholic come from one of these audiences unwilling to admit that Leo XIII. is an extraordinary man. He must have been a handsome man when he was young. He certainly is a handsome old man. One forgets when he looks on the calm, refined face, the noble head and the slender frame of the venerable Pope, whether or not he agrees with him in religious matters. He sees before him the face of one whose life has certainly not been ill spent, a face that has been refined by study, by meditation, and that bears the imprint of aims and ambitions that certainly cannot have been ignoble. It is the face of a man into whose life the grosser, material things, that men in the ordinary walks of life meet with, have never entered. In the great dome-like brow, the intellectual features, the large but expressive mouth, the clear, thoughtful eye, the strong nose, that only strong men have, a man of any or of no religion can find much to admire.

Be you Catholic, be you Protestant or be you Hindoostanee, such a face will attract you. I sometimes hear persons wondering how it is that men and women go to the Vatican expecting to find ammunition for many future satires upon what they went to see, and come away with very deep respect for the pale-faced old man that they cannot understand, but that remains with them nevertheless.

In one respect Leo XIII. is like Pius IX. He is extremely affable. No visitor who gains an audience with him is considered too humble to be treated courteously and pleasantly. And the Pope's wide knowledge of men and affairs enables him to talk intelligently with most of his visitors. There is no monarch that I can name who has such a varied and picturesque throng of people seeking admission at his court. You see them in the streets of Rome, you meet them in St. Peter's, you find them kneeling in the ancient church of St. John Lateran. You find them about the Vatican mixed up among the gendarmes, the Swiss guards and all sorts and conditions of men. In fact you meet them everywhere you turn.

A COSMOPOLITAN GATHERING.

Now you meet a lordly patriarch from Jerusalem or some other part of the East. Again you tread upon the toes of a courtly Cardinal from France or Spain. Here you find a broad-shouldered, good-looking prelate, plainly an Irishman, looking with something like contempt upon the diminutive form of an Italian Cardinal. Mixed up in the motley throng, in the Vatican palaces, you will see missionaries from Africa, bearded like the pard. You will see Jesuits from Japan and from India. You will meet fat, self-contented padres from Mexico, or mayhap stumble upon a bronzed priest from the Upper Saskatchewan or from Alaska, while at almost any time you will see good-looking, well-dressed bishops and priests from the United States, who have come to Rome to visit the scenes of their student days, or to make their reports as to their dioceses, such as have them.

The audiences are not so formal as might be thought, but are very pleasant. There is usually an American representation at these, and it is usually non-Catholic. The Pope blesses all with general impartiality, and I have yet to see any Protestant object to this. All seems to take it upon the principle that if the blessing of the Pope of Rome is of no value in itself, the blessing of an old man, who has behind him the record of 70 well-spent years, and whose sun is setting calm and unclouded in the evening of his life, is worth having.

This is the way I look at it.

Leo XIII. is especially partial to America and Americans. And like most great men he has a hobby. He believes he knows more about America than any member of the Sacred College, Cardinal Gibbons, of course, excepted. And it is said here that in this respect he is right. He has long been studying America and he has had valuable assistance. He has taken into his confidence such men as Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, who is to be the head of the Catholic University, at Washington, D. C., Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., and Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., the most progressive of the American prelates, and he has not forgotten anything that they have told him.

FREDERIC SANBURN.

$40 REWARD FOR HIS CAT.

Taka Wing, a Chinese Actor, Mourning for the Loss of His Companion.

New York World.]

The heavy rainfall yesterday did not prevent the posting of handbills in Chinese letters on flaming red paper on all the walls and doorposts in Chinatown. Translated, the notices read:

LOST, STOLEN OR ELOPED.
$40 REWARD
to the party who will recover my white Chinese Cat.
Missed from No. 10 Chatham square, Wednesday, the 11th inst. It answers to the name of "Mew Nah." It sleeps with its four legs towards heaven.
TAKA WING,
No. 10 Chatham street.

The extraordinary price offered for the return of a single cat by a Chinaman who is not particularly wealthy attracted the attention of a reporter, who called upon Taka Wing, the great Chinese female impersonator. Mr. Wing was seated upon his bunk, mourning the loss of his pet feline. He had played the part of a woman so long that he seemed to possess even the tender nature of one, for he was in tears over the loss of his cat. He was surrounded by a host of other Chinese actors and friends, who tried to console him, but Wing would not be comforted.

"You see," said Taka Wing, "it has been my bosom friend and faithful companion. I brought it over with me from China. It was so affectionate and seemed to understand the Chinese lingo so well that she could almost sing it out in her sleep. When she slept she followed my example, lying squarely on her back. When I went on the stage last night I left the cat in the cook's care, but when I came back it was gone. Perhaps it has followed your American custom and eloped."

Taka Wing's cat was luxuriously provided for and had a daily menu as carefully prepared as was that of her master.

SLIGHTLY SIMILAR.

The Difference Between Cane and Corn Rather Aptly Illustrated.

A traveler crossing Kansas saw for the first time a great field of sugar-cane, but mistook it for Indian corn, which it somewhat resembles. Intending to be affable, he said to an old farmer sitting near him in the car:

"That's a fine field of corn, sir."

"Call it corn up your way, do you?" was the response.

"Why, isn't it?"

"Well, it mought be corn, mebbe," said the farmer, with a slow smile. "It mought be corn just as our old cat mought have been a rabbit the time he got shot fur one."

"How's that?"

"Well, old Tom was licking his way through the wood back of our house, one day, as fast as he could cut, and my son Jake was out with his gun, and shot him down fur a rabbit. When we come to gibe Jake about it, he says, says he, 'Well, I 'low he mought have showed more ears.'"

The traveler laughed heartily as he glanced again from the car-window at the slender, earless stalks of the sugar-cane, and he laughed again as the farmer concluded:

"An' jest in the same way, stranger, that thur cane mought have been corn if it had contrived to show more ears."

ARMY WORMS ON THE MARCH.

The Strange Sight That Interested a Group of Georgia Men.

Gainesville (Ga.) Eagle.]

Our attention was called a few days ago to a group of men and boys intently watching something on the pavement immediately in front of Z. T. Castleberry's residence on Washington street. We joined the party and saw what at first glance appeared to be a snake 2 or or 3 feet long and about the size of a man's little finger. It was moving slowly and did not appear to notice those around it, as a real snake would probably have done. We were then requested to look and examine the object more closely, and on doing so found, to our astonishment, that instead of being a solid body it was composed of myriads of little worms about an eighth of an inch long and about as thick as an ordinary pin.

We have been informed by one who seems to know, that these are the regular army worms, and that when they first appear they often mass themselves, as above described, and travel until they find suitable feeding grounds, then, when large enough, they separate and commence their work of destruction.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS
—ON—
MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

One of the brightest of our clergymen met one of the keenest of our lawyers, the other day, and in the course of a cosy chat, they fell to interchanging experiences. Both agreed that it was harder to-day to pull out of the crowd than ever before. They were of one mind, too, in tracing the difficulty to the fact that our times have leveled everything up. The average excellence is high. To be great in anything nowadays, demands genius of the most pronounced type. We have reached an age when, in Lord Bacon's phrase, "Learning lights her torch at every man's candle." There is a democracy in everything.

The minister, not in the way of complaint, but as a matter of fact, indicated some of the changes in his call. Said he:

"Why, 50 years ago the pulpit was schoolmaster, magazine, newspaper, encyclopedia, as well as theologian. The clergyman was easily and undeniably the chief man in the community. He spoke ex cathedra. Now he is divested of adventitious advantages. He is a man among men. The white cravat, instead of being starched with sanctity, is often looked on as a sign of theological distress. The minister's influence is that of character."

"Well," remarked his friend, "isn't that a gain?"

"In one sense it is," was the reply. "In another sense it is a distinct loss. The pulpit is dwarfed to the common stature. Its authority as a mere pulpit is out of date, like last year's almanac. Moreover, the multiplication of auxiliary agencies has brought the clergy into sharp competition with a host of rival influences. The daily press, the monthly, the lecture have not only increased the popular intelligence, they have created a public taste, made a fashion and compelled the pulpit to conform as well as compete. Now, it is not easy to preach twice a Sunday year in and year out to substantially the same congregation, and be fresh and varied and vigorous and stimulating in each sermon."

"The editor is even worse off," remarked the lawyer, "for he talks 365 times every year to his audience—and in print, where any repetition can be traced."

"No doubt that is a terrific strain," conceded the parson. "The newspaper man, however, is helped by current events to his themes—is supplied by the news. Whereat we have to preach within the limits of a single subject; a great one, it is true, but always essentially the same. Ole Bull used to make divine music on one string of his violin. We are not always as successful in harping upon our one string. Then, again, the newspaper has a different function from the pulpit. The editor may say with Montaigne: 'Others form man; I only report him.' It is endless and thankless work to tinker humanity. Men will thank you and pay you for flattering them; but when it comes to correcting them they vote you a bore. I conclude, then, that while the average ability of the pulpit is higher to-day than at any previous date, it is more difficult now to attract and hold a congregation than ever before. The minister has been stripped of his old prerogatives and the people demand more, which the limitations of the cases and the competition of the press and the lyceum make it increasingly hard to supply."

"You are leaving out of the account those great helps which come to the preacher in man's religious nature. Every temptation, every trial, every sorrow is a text. The universal demand for sympathy gives you pulpiteers an opportunity."

"True," said the parson, "I do not forget that. That is our mainstay—our raison d' etre, as the French say. But we have always had that. I am marshaling now some of our difficulties. And I cannot help thinking that the year of grace 1889 is a little hard on our cloth."

"Well," commented his friend, "I see no help for it save in the cheerful resignation of your former privileges and the redoubled cultivation of character. 'There is no eloquence,' says Emerson, 'without a man behind it.' So you must recognize the truth that a consecrated, Christlike manhood must now vitalize your sermons. There is more explosive force in the dynamite of character than in all the power of privilege and position."

Piety and Every Day Reality.

It is one of the happiest tendencies of our day to regard religion as no longer a hermit, dwelling in seclusion and exclusion. More and more it is demanded that religion shall be a diffusive, every day reality. As Peter was not suffered to build a tabernacle on Mt. Tabor to commemorate the transfiguration, but was sent down to preach what he thought and felt in the dusty plain, so to-day Christians are called out of their isolation to toil and reap among the poor and neglected of earth. It is increasingly felt not only that the place to test, but the place to show religion is in the very midst of the busy world. The old distinction between sacred and secular is disappearing. There is a wide-spread conviction that every lawful pursuit is sacred and not profane; that every honest position in life lies close to the steps of the great white throne; and that the most beaten and familiar paths lie under the shadow of the Infinite. We are called to go about our daily tasks and fill our common relationships with hearts of worship and pulses of unselfish love