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TWENTY PAGES.

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OTTO VON BISMARCK.

April, in the year 1815, witnessed the birth of Otto Edward von Bismarck. June in that year brought to Napoleon I. defeat on the field of Waterloo. November in the same year finished the work of the Vienna congress which, under the guidance of Prince Metternich, lately arrived to power as Austria's prime minister, dictated terms to France and spoke peace to Europe. Through the lives of these three men runs the thread which, starting with Prussia's baneful experiences in the century's first decade, guides those who trace it up to the splendors of the empire on which yesterday the man who laid its wide foundations closed his eyes forever.

I.

Ill fared the land of Bismarck's birth during the years of French ascendancy; but that his mind was bent on grander conquests, Napoleon would have crushed the kingdom. Chapter after chapter, the history of Prussia for the period is the story of disaster—the invader's decisive triumph at Jena; the realm under the heel of a haughty enemy; French officers strolling through royal residences at Berlin; the shame of foreign occupation; the burden of impoverishing tribute; harsh terms of peace at Tilsit; provinces lost and boundaries switched about to suit the whim of a tyrant; an army annihilated; Prussia's queen facing the coarse Corsican's insulting talk or seeking safety in flight, or enduring privations that were shared by a child, her son, who knew not the significance of what was transpiring, but who, in the fullness of time, stood, bronzed and gray, amid the glitter of Napoleon's own palace at Versailles—as if the place itself were a requital—and listened there while Bismarck proclaimed him emperor.

Napoleon had said: "It is an evidence of the weakness of the human understanding for anyone to dream of resisting me." Waterloo made a mockery of those words. Then Europe's center of diplomacy was transferred, but not to Berlin; it went to Vienna, and the Austrian chancellor, Prince Metternich, who had patiently bided his time, became the instrument in Europe's hand for the overturning of that which the infatuated French adventurer had built up. Thenceforth, till toward the middle of the century, Europe had its seat of statecraft at Vienna, and there Metternich was supreme. Whether he was a clever statesman or, during a third of a century, a titled cad under lucky stars, depends on how you read history and adjudge it. The career of Metternich is of incidental account in a sketch of Bismarck because he was a connecting link, because the thread that leads from empire to empire does not run direct from France northward to Prussia but from Paris by way of Vienna to Berlin.

Craving no military conquests, leathery war, Metternich's ambition was to be an untrammelled premier; Austria's languid emperor permitted it. Metternich laid the heavy hand of imperial power on every popular movement that threatened to be progressive. To his notion a well-defined round of duties devolved on his master's subjects, but no rights were vested in the masses. Prussia prospered during the thirty odd years that measure Metternich's supremacy—it moved away steadily from the influences he sought to make potent. Population doubled; the army regained its prestige; industrial life was quickened and what was of highest significance—impulse was given to an intellectual awakening which proved to be one of the crowning glories of the century.

In time, especially in North Germany, the conviction fixed itself in the minds of thoughtful men that the reactionary policy of their rulers was not to be borne in patience. These misgoverned men discerned only in hazy outline at first the civil and political rights which they knew ought to be theirs. Unfortunately for them, they were not of the lineage that could be traced back

through the centuries to magna charta, to the petition of rights, to the bill of rights, to the first assertion of habeas corpus. These were in the ancestry of the men who signed their names to the declaration of independence for the United States. What was as flesh and bone and blood at Philadelphia, in 1776, was, at best, a rather crude conception seventy-two years later, at Frankfurt. Nevertheless, when the movement toward civil and political liberty received its impulse, there was no resisting its early stages—Germany ripened for the revolution of 1848. Prussia's king gave pledges. Frightened Austria dismissed Prince Metternich; it is a coincidence that, as Bismarck's birth came almost at the moment of Napoleon's eclipse, so the hour of Metternich's flight from Vienna found Bismarck, grown to his thirty-eighth year, cautiously laying hold of the delicate threads to which he was then unused, but which, as if destined for the task, he was to weave into a fabric that was to awaken the admiration of the world.

II.

The man who undertakes to estimate Bismarck's work must heed the fact that, during the first half of his career in public life, his schemes compelled him to place himself squarely athwart the plans, the judgment, the aspiration of Germany's intelligent citizenship. Bismarck was not attending parliamentary sessions at Frankfurt for the purpose of planning larger liberties for his countrymen; not he. Many among those with whom he associated—the brightest among them—craved government under republican reforms; his ambition was a new German empire with its seat at Berlin. Their aim was to enter into a higher order of representative government, through peaceful processes, if possible. His fixed purpose was to make citizenship merely an appurtenance to a dazzling empire to be evolved out of the savage processes of blood and iron. It was an undertaking that would have daunted most men; not a step forward that did not bring Bismarck into conflict with his own fellow citizens whom, if he would win, he must bend to his will; Bismarck laid the foundations of the German empire in spite of the Germans.

The early life of Bismarck gave no hint of the career in store for him. He was descended of a long line of soldiers who lived in the camps of the Seven Years' war, shared Frederick the Great's fortunes, fought Napoleon I. The great chancellor gloried in their achievements. His own father, however, Captain von Bismarck, must have had scant suspicion of what the future was to bring forth. Bismarck was born April 1, 1815; the Vossische Zeitung printed, under the signature of Ferdinand von Bismarck, this unique notice of the event: "I have the honor to announce to my friends that yesterday my wife was safely delivered of a son, and I excuse them from offering congratulations." Bismarck was a university man—Goettingen remembers him not for his scholarship, but because of the wild life he led. His reckless round of student days ended, he spent years on his modest estate. He was fond of dogs, he was a skilled horseman, he enjoyed hunting or the genial companionship of men with tastes adapted to a boisterous lark. He was an untamed bachelor until 1847. The next year found him in attendance at the Frankfurt diet; he did not relish the experience. He detested the cry raised there for reforms. In the circle of his friends he scoffed at the delegates, he laughed at their speeches, he mocked their manners. Diplomatic service was the avenue that was to lead him to fame and fit him for his premiership. He entered it, serving as the representative of Prussia at St. Petersburg first and later at Paris. In 1861, Prussia's childless and demented king died and his brother, William, then sixty-four years old, yet hardly well started even at that advanced age on the career that was to bring him conspicuously before the civilized world as the first Kaiser, became king.

It was in the plan of William I at the outset to summon Bismarck, with whom for years he had been pleasantly acquainted. The plan was not agreeable to Bismarck, and the appointment was delayed for months. But the king became engaged in a confusing quarrel with the Prussian chamber. William I wanted more soldiers; his theory was that without them Prussia might not hope to be a figure in Europe's affairs of state. The chamber set itself against the king's demands. The cabinet could accomplish nothing. It was dismissed; and when the king turned to Bismarck he guessed aright that in him Prussia was to find the minister who could tame parliaments or, failing in that, would dare to ignore them. Bismarck proved to be of that metal; when the chamber refused to vote the budget, he moved forward undaunted and budget-less—it made no odds to Bismarck; the fact that every step he took in the unfolding of his ambitious projects was detested by the German people, who blocked his path in Berlin's highways or spat on the ground he trod, was all the same to him. It was remarkable; indeed, the pages of modern history have no parallel to it—an enlightened and highly-cultivated people thus compelled.

These achievements in the early sixties are the essential preface to Bismarck's later exploits. His policy of harsh coercion is hateful to those of us who recognize no ruler's right to be despotic, yet it was the policy whereby Bismarck must win. The triumphs of his later years may have been more dramatic, but the complete subjugation of his own Prussians was really of more account in Bismarck's career than all the battles

were that humbled Austria or left France laid bare under the carving knife of conquest.

III.

Stationed at the head of affairs, Bismarck hastened to force his ambitious plans upon Prussia. Instantly these plans proved their unpopularity in official circles; forthwith Bismarck silenced the press, coerced the bench and prosecuted the deputies. When domestic broils had reached the stage where he felt that there was need for a diversion, he had one prepared—he picked a quarrel with the king of Denmark over the provinces of Schleswig and Holstein. Of course, Bismarck's ultimate victim was not in the North—it was at Vienna, but his scheme was to reach Austria by indirection. So, Austria was adroitly brought in, to act with Prussia in the Schleswig-Holstein war. That affair, ending with a signal victory for German arms, left Austria and Prussia as the administrators of the punished provinces. Presently Prussia quarreled with the other administrator and, his foes in his own household still hampering him, Bismarck brought matters to a conclusion in the brief, but brilliant war of 1866 with Austria. That was a second trial trip for von Moltke and the needle gun. It was a seven weeks' dress parade of Prussian soldiers across the kingdoms and duchies of Middle and South Germany. It culminated at Sadowa. It made Austria's humiliation complete, it dazed Europe, it was notice to the bevy of petty princelings in German principalities that they would better hasten to Berlin and announce their willingness to enter into closer federate relations. Most of all it silenced Bismarck's critics at home—henceforth he was Prussia's man of destiny.

Restlessly, Bismarck schemed on. He had no longer to fight his Prussians—they were now wholly his; but it remained to impress the Saxon, the Bavarian, the Wurtemburger and the rest of them that there was glory, not alone for Prussia, but for the larger fatherland, in the successes of a German army. There must be a clash between some foreign power and United Germany; the German union must be fructified by fighting a foreign foe. If a benign providence had made Bismarck's plans the object of its especial favor, affairs in Europe, during the next four years, could not have ordered themselves more in harmony with his ambition. The summer of 1870 found Napoleon at the pass where he must choose between the dangers of domestic uproar and the chances his dynasty might get out of the opportunities which a war with some European power would furnish. The Spanish succession provided the pretext for a war. King William was impatient to help Napoleon in precipitating it; he sent to Paris, by the hands of the French Emperor's envoy, the curt answer which instantly evoked a declaration of war. That was in July, 1870.

Germany was ready; even while the excited populace in the cities of France were shouting "to Berlin! to Berlin!" three German armies were on France's side of the Rhine. Welfenberg was fought, Metz fell, Gravelotte became a blood-bought field—these in the days of August. Sedan went down in September, and the French emperor to prison. The siege of Paris was watched by an amazed world. In the following January, in the hall of mirrors at Versailles, Bismarck proclaimed the German empire, while France tearfully surrendered cherished soil and poured into Germany's lap the milliards of ransom money.

Here the thread is lost which, in tracing Bismarck's career, one easily follows, from its starting point in Paris, to Vienna and thence to Berlin. He became chancellor, and in the empire's constructive period his influence was overshadowing, yet it does not reveal itself in results that are so distinctively individualized. The great chancellor has admirers whose belief is that it were better for his fame had his record closed with the coronation ceremonies at Versailles. This belief, however, does not take just account of the service Bismarck rendered in the empire's formative days, when a hand as firm as the one that had forced an aggressive foreign policy was needed, in order to bring into union many domestic elements which, at first, were not too pleasantly disposed toward harmony. After 1871, Bismarck, as the world now looks back upon those days, ceased to be picturesque—his cup carried its share of bitterness and jealousy and disappointment. Nevertheless, the service he rendered was one that Germany could ill have spared.

IV.

The best test is the one time applies—in respect to many essential things, Bismarck's policy endured and prospered. The federation of the states has been maintained. Apparently, the empire's parts are wisely framed together—we are to remember that the reich is so composed as to make empty and idle many of the utterances of the Kaiser of our time. He is king of Prussia; he is the head of a constitutional monarchy; he must govern with the aid and consent of a representative parliament—he cannot advance one inch alone. As emperor, he is hardly more than the chairman of a board of kings and dukes. Without them he can do nothing of account; with them he can do next to nothing involving either peace or war, except with the aid and consent of the imperial parliament. The Kaiser's magniloquence is flippant chatter to the mind of the man who considers the checks under which the laws of his realm place him. The empire will hardly be hurt by his antics. He sputters often, but, after all, he has been rendered harmless; the world notices him be-

cause he is constantly illustrating his utter obliviousness to the fact that he came into this world quite two hundred years too late to be the kind of Kaiser he would like to be.

Even among men who aim to keep account of the world's progress you will discover a failure to place right estimates on Germany's industrial advance. Statistics coming from the highest authority disclose an increase in manufacturing during the past twenty years, greater for Germany than for any other country in Europe. Contrary to the opinion commonly accepted, these years have been an era of exceptional prosperity for the working classes. The value of farming products has greatly increased. Taking account of the conditions and of the property, in part, represented, the public debt is small compared with that of several of the foremost powers. The merchant navy has made a remarkable advance; the number of depositors in savings banks has multiplied; the annual savings have increased wonderfully. Bismarck was at the head of affairs when Germany took her start along these progressive lines. He was of account, also, in the days when the empire inaugurated a colonial policy which, however burdensome it may be in its beginnings, is likely to become of a significance which cannot now be estimated. Then, too, Bismarck was strong enough to enforce such a policy respecting the German military establishment as was demanded by the conditions then prevailing—it was a threatening aggregation, but by means of it this militant prince unquestionably was the peace-keeper of Europe for more than a dozen years.

That the premier blundered in instances is true enough. He undertook to suppress socialistic tendencies, and the very course he pursued helped more than all else to build the socialist party in the empire to its present proportions. He quarreled with the pope, and he did not get the best of it. He went out of his way to stir up a religious controversy which was as fierce as it was unwarranted. The biographer whose aim it is to find fault with the chancellor will discover abundant opportunity for criticism but, after all, the discerning judge of public men, taking Bismarck all in all, and making just allowance for the other forces that were operative, will measure Bismarck by the difference there is between the disjointed Germany whose representatives consumed time with academic oratory in 1848 at Frankfurt and the United Germany to which Emperor William I. returned after his imperial crowning. The comparison thus started soon becomes a contrast—the modern-day conditions must be deemed a gratifying march onward, except by those whose notion it is that in Germany the sum of human happiness was greater when Berlin was a quaint provincial city, when the ambition of the middle classes did not rise higher than a dream of lowly creature comforts, when patriotism had its most impressive manifestation in folk song, when a happy-go-lucky peasantry prized more the hours for rustic recreation than a credit-balance in the savings bank.

V.

When Kaiser William I. was carried to his burial, Prince Bismarck, like another Cardinal Wolsey, might fittingly have said to himself: I have touched the highest point of all my greatness; And, from that full meridian of my glory, I haste now to my setting. Doubtless the iron chancellor did not realize how ill-starred the future was that was in store for him. He fell out with Fortune and, as well, with men. Even during the life of the venerable emperor the day of small things had made its untoward influence felt, to Bismarck's disadvantage. Intrigue revealed its uncanny presence at Berlin's court. The whisperers were there. The tongue of slander was loosed, jealousies were rife, plots were hatched, mischief was brewing in secret. Scandal as vulgar as ever made disreputable the conduct of quarreling villagers came to its fruition. In the planting of it all Bismarck had his miserable part; he did not seem to comprehend the fact that his share in the harvesting was to be the whirlwind. There were the lies about the Emperor Frederick's condition, the snares that were laid to entrap those in his confidence, the utter indecency in the conduct of emissaries and titled spies, the gross betrayal of royal pacifics.

These things were running on unchecked when the chancellor realized that henceforth he must recognize as master a self-asserting, unseasoned youth whose nurses were amusing him with royal toys on the day when Bismarck forced the sullen Prussians upon their march toward Schleswig. Not long after the accession of William II, Bismarck assured the emperor of Russia that while he lived and while health was spared to him, he would serve the young emperor and promote the peace of Europe. But it was not to be; Bismarck was counting without his lord. After twenty-two fitful months the climax came. No issue of concern to the empire was involved. It was merely a matter of the Kaiser's preference that the ministry be directly accountable to him and not primarily to the chancellor.

The letter of the law was with Bismarck, but there was the imperial will. Then, too, the young emperor found it intolerable that, without his sanction, members of the reichstag and others in official life, should be in conference with the chancellor. Here again was the royal will; curiously enough, it remained for Bismarck simply to say whether the divine right and the royal prerogative he had so zealous-

ly preached were to be construed as applying to every man among the empire's millions of citizens, except to himself alone. His ultimatum was the preface to his banishment from the court at Berlin. To the Kaiser's face he said, "My master's authority ends at my wife's drawing room." Even then Bismarck was loth to send the resignation that was demanded. The Kaiser compelled it; that was on a March morning in the year 1890. There remained for Bismarck no recourse except to betake himself to his estate. Infinitely to the discredit both of Berlin and Friedrichsruhe, the succeeding months witnessed a renewal of tale-bearing, of ugly insinuation, of the betrayal of secrets, of the wide advertising of royal feuds. It was not edifying; all Germany deplored it. No truce was reached until the day when, the Kaiser having made ostentatious display of his concern for Bismarck's health, the banished chancellor returned to Berlin to pay homage to his sovereign and, by his presence, to add to the impressiveness of birthday festivities.

VI.

The years at Friedrichsruhe. They were fretful days of irksome exile; they impart no charm to the story of Bismarck's life. By his withdrawal from affairs of state the empire suffered not a whit, while the manner of his going put his declining years in gloomy contrast with the superb service he had rendered to the state; his worshippers well might wish that his fate had been like that of Cavour, who fell literally crushed under the cares of office in the Italy he had reunited. For Bismarck a harsher exit was ordained.

So passed the man whom, doubtless, history will write down as the loftiest premier of the century, not out of life but out of sight of the world—not restfully, as moves the majestic river with slackened current toward the place of its mingling with the sea, but like the mountain range's highest peak which, illumined no longer by the golden sunset's glow, yields, as if in resentment, to the chilling mists in whose embrace, at length, its frowning outlines fade.

For Once Bismarck's Bluff Proved Fatal

It was at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, March 15, 1890, before he was yet out of bed, that Bismarck was notified that the emperor was waiting to see him in Count Herbert Bismarck's apartments in the office of the secretary of state. As soon as the prince entered there was an outburst of imperial wrath. Bismarck was upbraided because the ministers were not allowed to report direct to the emperor and because of opposition to his majesty's policy regarding the labor problem. In vain did the chancellor defend himself on the score that it was law that the ministers should not report direct, and that concerning the labor problem it would be well not to be too precipitate—that certain modifications of the imperial programme might be wise.

"No, no, no modifications," interrupted the emperor. "I wish my orders to be carried out just as I give them." The severity of this expression of his will at last exhausted the prince's calmness. "I think I can perceive that my services are not fortunate enough to please your majesty," he said, "and that some thoughts exist of getting rid of me." The emperor here made an assenting gesture. Then Bismarck pleaded—think of Bismarck pleading!—to be allowed to remain in office until May in order to be able to defend that year's military bill, but to no avail. "No, no," was the emperor's constant and only reply, and when Bismarck ceased speaking and stood with bowed head his master began again and took him to task for holding conferences with Windthorst. This angered Bismarck greatly, and he replied with much heat, charging the emperor with putting spies on his track. "It is my right," said Bismarck, "to have communication with skilled politicians, whether they be members of parliament or not, and nobody, not even your majesty, will be able to prevent me from doing so. After these words, spoken in the greatest excitement, the

emperor dismissed the chancellor with a simple movement of the head. A few days later—March 30—the chancellor made his exit from the scene of his triumphs, little doubting probably that he would soon be recalled. He had already taken leave of all the royal princes, but there remained one member of the Hohenzollern family to whom he owed a farewell—Emperor King William I, now lying in marble state beside his royal parents in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg. Thither Bismarck drove, and alone he entered the tomb. By the side of the sarcophagus he knelt, and on its lid he laid a few roses. Then he went away as silently as he had come. There still remained the leavetaking with the Berlin populace. It was a most impressive one. A correspondent says of his progress through the streets to the railway station, where he was to take the train for Friedrichsruhe: "As if the funeral of some great and deeply mourned man were afoot, Berlin had poured out all the best elements in its population to weep and wildly wave their hats and handkerchiefs, to scatter flowers and to struggle to shake and kiss the hand of the man who was about to pass from their midst and be lost to them."

It was only with the greatest difficulty that way could be made by the police for the prince's carriage through the crowd. Many pressed forward to give the retiring minister flowers, and the crowds cheered vociferously. The emperor sent his personal aide-de-camp and equeries with a magnificent and suggestive floral offering and final adieu. It is small wonder if the prince was affected, and when in the intervals of the cheering the crowds struck up "The Watch on the Rhine" he really looked as if for the first time in his well poised life he had lost his head. When at last the train departed with a shriek, the cheering was frantic. Then the crowd melted away, and Bismarck, as the central figure of Europe, was no more.

BISMARCK'S HOME LIFE AN IDEAL ONE

The domestic life of Bismarck was a strong contrast to his stormy political career. He was devotedly attached to his wife and children. The princess, a perfect picture of the German hausfrau, exerted a wonderful influence over the great chancellor. "She it was who made me what I am," was the testimony he bore to her noble qualities on more than one occasion. During his periods of illness, which were frequent of late years, the princess, while she lived, nursed him with untiring care. "As for the prince," writes one of his biographers, "he has, during his life, given constant proofs of only of true and honest love for the wife he has chosen and the children she has borne him, but also of delicate and chivalrous tenderness toward them. Years have made no change in this. Every one who has been admitted into the intimacy of the Bismarck family is able to judge of the affectionate and at the same time dignified character of the relations between the prince and the princess."

His courtship was a singular one. He was very intimate with the Blanckenburg family, who were, in a way, relatives, and one summer made with them a long journey for pleasure through some of the most picturesque portions of Germany. M. Fraulein Puttkamer was of the party, and the young couple fell in love, though Bismarck seems not to have found it out until after the journey was finished. He then wrote a characteristic letter to Herr von Puttkamer demanding his daughter's hand in marriage. Von Puttkamer and his good wife were strongly opposed to the match. They had heard dreadful things about "Mad Bismarck" and did their utmost to dissuade their daughter from marrying him. After much difficulty he finally broke down the father's opposition, but the mother, a high-spirited woman, was obdurate.

The daughter, however, evinced a preference for her wild young suitor, and at last it was decided to invite him to pay the family a visit. The Puttkamers were staid, simple folk, and determined that since they must have this strange fellow for a son-in-law, they would receive him well. So they invited a company to be present when he arrived. He was tired and travel stained as he alighted from his carriage and was escorted to the house, where a formal reception was prepared. But he had eyes only for his sweetheart, and disdaining to regard her parents or their guests, he rushed up to her as she stood at one side with downcast eyes, and throwing his arms about her neck, nearly smothered her with kisses. This, of course, broke up all formality and probably had much to

do with the final overcoming of all traces of opposition.

The marriage took place in 1847, and the young couple made a short wedding tour through Switzerland and Italy. At Venice Bismarck accidentally met King Frederick William IV. of Prussia. He was commanded to attend the royal dinner table, and a long conversation ensued between him and the king on German politics. The foundation of his political fortune was made in this conversation.

Bismarck was taken unawares by the royal invitation. He was totally unprepared for such a contingency, and had no court dress with him. He was obliged to borrow one, but the suit was not made for a man of his proportions and fitted him so badly that he cut a poor figure. He had been for some months previously a member of the Frankfurt diet. This meeting with the king eventually led to his appointment as Prussian ambassador to that body.

Few who knew the wild life Bismarck had led expected he would make a success of this mission. But he had seen a great deal of the world and had bid adieu to the follies of his youth. He described the change himself by simply saying, "I have learned something."

Three children were born to the Bismarcks—Marie, born at Schoenhausen Aug. 21, 1848; Herbert, born at Berlin Dec. 28, 1849, and William, born at Frankfurt Aug. 1, 1852. During all his life Bismarck used to write long and affectionate letters to his wife whenever he was away from her. Some most charming thoughts were sometimes expressed in these missives. When in Frankfurt, where the Thurn and Taxis postal system was in vogue, he had to write to her cautioning her to be careful what she said. "Do not forget, when you write to me," he wrote, "that your letters are not only read by me, but by all sorts of postoffice spies."

Of Bismarck's daily life, Dr. Busch wrote a few years ago: "The prince rises late and sits down to breakfast at 10 o'clock. He usually begins by taking a glass of milk, one or two cups of coffee, toast and two soft boiled eggs. During breakfast all official letters and telegrams are read and disposed of. Then he transacts business with farmers, bailiffs and woodmen. Between 1 and 2 o'clock he drives or rides over his estate to look at a new farm building, a young plantation or the progress of field work; to look at the fishing in one of the ponds or to visit his paper mills. The dinner hour is 5:30 o'clock, when the chancellor always feeds his two dogs with his own hands. After dinner a cup of coffee is taken in the billiard room, where the prince usually sits smoking a pipe in front of the fire.

Foreign Notes of Interest.

A coal mine at Dally, Scotland, which caught fire more than 50 years ago, has at last burned itself out. All experiments made to extinguish it failed.

Cardinal Steinhuber, prefect of the Congregation of the Index, has undertaken the condemnation of books decreed in the last 300 years.

Sir Henry Irving's next Shakespearean revival will be "Richard II.," which it is asserted has not been presented in a London theater in 40 years.

Copenhagen's Round Tower, built in the 11th century, and 150 feet high, is to be moved bodily a distance of 150 feet to widen a business street.

Subcutaneous injections of essences of violets or other flowers, giving the body the scent required, are reported as a recent Parisian freak of fashion imported from Russia.

Retired chief gunners in the British navy who have received advantageous offers of service in the Argentine fleet have been forbidden by the admiralty to accept the positions.

England is being driven by the continuance of the South Wales strike to consider the desirability of the government's buy-

ing mines in order to be sure of a supply in case of war.

Temperance is the rule, it appears, all along the line in connection with the Soudan expedition.

A Brighton, England, young man has killed himself because his wife made fun of him for kissing the servant girl.

A bad shot while pheasant shooting has cost the Hon. John Tufon, eldest son of Lord Hothfield, \$5,000. He fired a charge into the face of one of his beaters, rendering the man totally blind.

In the new reichstag there are only 33 nobles. The number has steadily diminished since 1871, when it was 160. There are said to be only seven Jews elected to the reichstag, all of them social democrats.

Between the acts at Coquelin's performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Lyceum theater in London hawkers went about among the audience selling rubber models of the actor's face with the Cyrano nose.

A broad new street is to be run from Holborn, opposite Southampton row, to the Strand at the church of St. Mary le Strand, in London, the county council having voted the improvement after considering the matter for nine years.

Current Comment.

Difficulties of Annexation.

The Eastern question seems to us immeasurably more formidable than the Western one. There may be objections to the annexation of Cuba, but that action involves no change in our form of government, while what has been done in the Sandwich islands and is threatened in the Philippines amounts to a revolution there.

Silent on the Main Issue.

The Philadelphia Enquirer. The gentleman who has just returned from the Klondike region and who announces that it is the richest gold region in the world probably tells the truth. At any rate, we remember to have heard the same assertion before. We note, however, that he omits to add that the gold in that region is harder to get than that of any other rich field.

Frank About It.

From the Chicago Journal. A Massachusetts university student has been making a laboratory of himself in the effort to discover why a man drinks whiskey. The prevailing belief in this part of the country is that a man drinks whiskey because he likes it.

Spared Her Blushes.

From the Chicago Times-Herald. One of the New York girls at Manhattan beach created a fine sensation the other day by wearing a mask when she went into the surf to bathe. Perhaps she felt that she really ought to wear something.

Under No Obligation to Cervera.

From the Washington Star. Cervera has behaved himself like a gentleman, and he ought therefore to be treated like one. But there is no excuse for trying to convey the impression that the American public is much obliged to him.

Camara's Service to Science.

From the Kansas City Journal. Let us give Admiral Camara his due. He has demonstrated that the Suez canal is navigable. Also that it is possible for a Spanish fleet to get back home.

A few days after a man weds an angel she always sheds her wings.

In New York a short while ago a baby was born in jail. Its mother was bewitched by the devil, and tried for murder. Every woman's heart gives a throb of sympathy at the thought of the bright upon the poor little baby's life. But a baby never comes into the world in jail to be unfortunate. Any baby which is not welcomed into the world with loving hearts and ready hands is unfortunate. Any mother who is physically weak and incapable of bestowing a healthy constitution upon her baby may darken its future with weakness and disease.

A prospective mother ought to insure her baby's welfare by every means that Nature and science afford to keep her physical powers up to the very highest point.

Every expectant mother ought to know and avail herself of the strengthening and re-enforcing properties of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It gives health and endurance to the delicate organs concerned in motherhood. Taken early during the period of expectancy it makes the coming of baby perfectly safe and comparatively easy. It makes the mother strong and cheerful, and gives health and natural vigor to the child.

It is the only medicine of its kind devised for weak and delicate women by an educated, experienced physician.

For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. His thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" contains advice and suggestions which every woman ought to read. A papered copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Claim-bound for 31 stamps.

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