

The sensible horse is not worrying himself about the growth of the bicycle craze. He knows that horses will always be needed to draw the ambulances, avers the Chicago Times-Herald.

It has been estimated that in Great Britain the output of books is as follows: Sermons, one volume a day; novels, five a day; educational books, two a day; art and science, two each every week; histories or biographies, six a week, and law, one every two weeks.

The popularity of novel reading is strikingly shown in the published reports of the library at Providence, R. I., for the year 1895. Here is the year's record: Novels issued, 71,654; history, 6001, biography, 5287; social science, 3367; art and music, 3874; geography, 5706; natural science, 3251.

The entertainment of royalty is expensive. An English paper states that the Earl of Lonsdale is known to have spent nearly \$1,000,000 in connection with a four days' visit which Emperor William paid him at Louth Castle last autumn. They say that Lady William Beresford paid \$150,000 to entertain the Prince of Wales from Saturday to Monday at Deepdene.

A statistician who has been interesting himself in the population of the earth says that 32,214,000 persons die annually; that is, an average of 98,840 a day, 4020 an hour and 67 a minute. The annual number of births on the other hand is estimated at 36,792,000, an average of 100,800 a day, 4200 an hour and 70 a minute, so that the population is increasing at the rate of 7 to the minute.

Nothing succeeds like success, and that, maintains the New York Mail and Express, is why the mild and model dictatorship of General Porfirio Diaz is good for six years more in Mexico. He has had a lease of life that would have dazzled old Santa Ana, who was the first experimenter at individual Republican despotism in the land of the serpent and the cactus. Santa Ana never held his job longer than over one night at the same time, while Diaz has made his place practically permanent.

Cycling is to be heartily commended to the aged, believes the New York Tribune. One case is cited of a man who learned to ride at sixty-eight, and who had covered nearly 2000 miles by the time he was seventy, with the result that a chronic bronchial catarrh and gouty eczema had disappeared. Another at seventy, suffering severely from lumbago, took to the wheel, and now, at seventy-five, rides from twenty to thirty miles a day and never knows a day's illness. A third, at seventy-four, almost confined to an armchair with rheumatism, began riding a tricycle, and at eighty-four was riding 100 miles a day.

The famous suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, which was built in 1855, is to be superseded by a new steel structure, with an arch 550 feet long and 260 feet above the water level. "The old bridge, built by Roebling," says the Chicago Chronicle, "was one of the modern wonders of the world, as it was the first suspension bridge built for the purpose of carrying railroad trains. The new bridge will, however, be a greater marvel of science than the old. It will have two floors, the upper for railway trains and the lower for roadway, foot walks and trolley tracks. The new bridge will be built on the exact site of the old suspension affair, but there will be no interference with traffic, which is one of its greatest marvels. The work will occupy about six months."

The San Francisco Argonaut says: The palladium of the Louisiana bachelor's liberty has been ruthlessly swept away by a recent decision in the United States Circuit Court, and, if he has not taken to the woods, he is at least as circumspect in his dealings with the fair sex as a Quaker. The civil law in that State has always frowned on breach of promise suits, and refused to recognize them. A certain Mrs. Cheek, however, finding that her venerable suitor, Herman Pilger, would not fulfill his promise to marry her, brought suit against him in the Federal courts, and recovered heavy damages against him. This decision may bring to light many hundred breach of promise suits which have lain dormant for years because the State law recognized no damages for a bruised heart.

This year's recruits for the Russian army number 270,000, which is considerably more than the whole British army.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, recently declared in a magazine article that the practice of accepting "tips" was degrading and un-American.

John Burns proposes to have a law passed by Parliament making it compulsory for employers to give domestic servants "a character" on dismissal. Laws to that effect have long been in force in France and Germany.

Parisians who went to the Russian Czar's coronation were astounded at the unpaved condition of Moscow. They found that it would cost \$30,000,000 to pave the town, and that the work would practically have to be done over every year on account of the effects of frost.

The maritime provinces of Spain are helping out the Government in the acquisition of a navy. Seville and Barcelona have already collected money to buy a warship each, and subscriptions are being vigorously pushed for the same purpose in Malaga, Cadiz and Tarragona.

Once in five years the Mayor of Newcastle, England, is rowed up the river in an Elizabethan barge, and, landing at a village green kisses the prettiest girl he sees and gives her a sovereign, to clinch Newcastle's right to the foreshore. Some of those old English customs are not so very silly after all.

Three great life insurance companies whose home offices are in New York City have policies in force amounting to more than \$2,530,000,000. The similar engagements of the twenty-six principal American life insurance companies exceed \$5,881,000,000. The grand total of American life insurance policies in force, those of the assessment companies and orders included, is reported to be \$13,048,452,664.

The Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph notes that of the long list of philanthropists who have given \$1,000,000 or more to the cause of higher education in this country, only one is a college graduate. The single exception is Seth Low. Girard, Peabody, Cornell, Cooper, Rockefeller, Rich, Parker, Hopkins, Clark, Drexel, Vanderbilt, De Pauw, Lick, Stanford and the others had not the advantage of college education, but they appreciated the value of such a training enough to assist other men to obtain it.

Herr Albert Joly, formerly a confidential messenger of Prince Bismarck, who entrusted him with the carrying of documents and telegrams of special importance, died at Schonhausen recently. He was well known in Berlin as "the Black Rider," his hair, his clothes, his horse and the bag in which he carried his missives being all of that hue. Prince Bismarck generally took him with when he traveled. When the Prince resigned in 1890 Herr Joly also left the public service, and was appointed Keeper of the Bismarck Museum at Schonhausen, to the arranging of which he devoted his last years.

An ideal, but we are assured quite necessary, state of cleanliness for healthful school rooms requires that the floors shall be dampened and swept every day, with all the windows open; the dusting to be done the next morning with a damp cloth. In addition to this cleaning, Dr. Adams, who is President of the Orange County (New York) Medical Societies, believes that at least every other day the floors should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water. The various women's clubs throughout the country, whose members are interested in the work of the public schools, will do well to find out how near the school rooms where their children spend the greater part of their waking hours approach this state.

"Real Estate Mortgages in the United States" is the title of a volume just issued by the Census Bureau, the work having been delayed until now on account of the rush at the Government Printing Office. According to this publication, during the decade of 1880-1890 there were 9,157,747 mortgages filed, representing an incurred debt of \$12,094,877,793. During this time acre tracts were covered by 4,747,078 mortgages, representing a debt of \$4,896,771,113, and 4,770,639 mortgages were placed on lots to secure an incurred debt of \$7,198,106,681. Within the same period 622,855,091 acres were covered by 4,758,268 mortgages, not stating the amount of debt secured by them, and 8,027,031 lots were covered by 4,778,075 such mortgages.

ARTIST WAINWRIGHT.

The Adventures Abroad of a Painter from America.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

CHAPTER I.

The cause of the uproar proved to be simple enough.

Emerging into the Bischofsplatz from the side street that I had followed, I found a great crowd gathered before the Marmorhof, shouting "Death to Conrad!" and "Where is Mathilde?" with all the force of its collective lungs. The Marmorhof was the residence of Prince Conrad, brother to the reigning Grand Duke Otto—reigning, indeed, but now very old and ill and like to die. The legitimate successor to the throne would have been Otto's granddaughter Mathilde, the only surviving child of his eldest son, Franz Victor, who had been dead these ten years. But the Grand Duke's brother, Conrad, was covetous of her rights—covetous and, as her friends alleged, unscrupulous; and if she were but out of the way Conrad would come to reign. Rumor, indeed, whispered that he had made three actual attempts to compass her death: two by poison and one by the dagger, each, thanks to some miracle, unsuccessful. But a fortnight ago, upon the first outbreak of fatal symptoms in poor old Otto, Mathilde had mysteriously disappeared. Her whereabouts unknown, all the world was in a great commotion. "She has fled and is in hiding," surmised some people, "to escape the designs of her wicked uncle." "No," retorted others; "but he, the wicked uncle himself, has kidnapped her, sequestered her, perhaps made away with her. Who can tell?" As an inquiring stranger, the situation interested me; and, from the top of a



I GAZED UPON THIS DEEP-VOICED TEUTONIC MOB.

convenient doorstep, I gazed upon this deep-voiced Teutonic mob with a good deal of curiosity. It must have numbered upward of a thousand individuals, compact in its center and near the palace, but scattering toward its edges. "A sea of faces, a sea of pale, frowning faces," I thought, and I realized for the first time in my life what a perfect metaphor that is—a sea of faces. No other imaginable phrase could so exactly have hit off the scene before me: a sea of faces, a surging, troubled sea. Young men's faces, for the most part; many of them quite bearded.

"Students from the university," I guessed. My own station was at the very outskirts of the assemblage, the station of a casual spectator. Sharing my friendly doorstep with me, there were a couple of sharp-faced priests, two or three pretty young girls—bare-headed, presumably run out from some of the neighboring shops—and a young man with a pointed black beard, rather long black hair, and a broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, who looked as if he might be a member of that guild to which I myself belonged, the ancient and honorable company of artists.

To him I addressed a question: "Students, I suppose?"

"Yes, their leaders are students. The students and the artisans of the town are of the Princess's party. The army, the clergy, and the country folk are for the Prince."

He had discerned from my accent that I was a foreigner; hence, doubtless, the fullness of his answer.

"It seems to be a harmless mob enough," I suggested. "They make a lot of noise, to be sure; but that breaks no bones."

"There's just the point," said he. "The Princess's friends fight only with their throats. If she had some bone-breakers among them, the present complication could never have arisen."

But meanwhile the multitude continued to shout, in keys so diverse as to exhaust the chromatic scale:

"Give us our Princess!"

"Where is the Hereditary Grand Duchess?"

"Where is Mathilde?"

"Down with Conrad!"

"Shame on Conrad!"

"Hang Conrad!"

"Death to Conrad!"

And such like, so that for Conrad, on the whole, it must have been a bad quarter of an hour.

Presently, however, came the sound of a bugle winding in the distance. The sound drew nearer and nearer. Pretty soon the bugler in person appeared, gorgeous in uniform, mounted upon a beautiful white horse, advancing slowly up the Bischofsplatz, towards the crowd, trumpeting with all his might.

with a thin, dark face, bright brown eyes, and a voice so soft that if I had heard without seeing him, I should almost have supposed the speaker to be a woman.

"We too had better be off," he said. "And prove ourselves also chicken-hearted?" queried I.

"Oh, discretion is the better part of valor," he returned.

"But I should immensely like to stop and see the advent of the military," I submitted.

"Ha! Like or not, I'm afraid you'll have to, now," he cried. "Here they come."

With a murderous tramp-tramp, the soldiers were pouring into the Bischofsplatz from the side streets leading to it.

"We must take to our heels," said my young man.

"We were merely on-lookers," said I. "Conscious innocence!" laughed he. "Nevertheless, we had better run for it." And with our fellow loiterers we began most ignominiously to run away.

But before we had run far we were stopped by the voice of an officer.

"Halt! Halt! Halt, or we fire!" As one man we halted.

The officer rode up to us, and with true military tactiturnity vouchsafed not a word either in question or explanation, but formed us in ranks of four abreast, and surrounded us with his men at arms. Then he gave the command to march. We were perhaps two dozen captives all told, and a good quarter of our number were women.

"What are we in for now?" I wondered aloud.

"God knows," replied my friend. "A night in the Castle of St. Michael, at any rate." And he shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, that will be romantic," said I, feeling like one launched upon a life of adventure.

CHAPTER II.

He was quite right. We were marched across the town, through its narrow thoroughfares, over its sharp paving-stones, and into the court-yard of the Castle of St. Michael. By the time we got there and the heavy oaken gates were shut behind us it was nearly dark.

"Here you pass the night," announced our officer. "In the morning—humpf! you will see."

"Do you mean to say they are going to afford us no better accommodation than this?" I demanded, apostrophizing the powers of the air, rather than any definite personality.

But the dark young man took it upon him to reply. "So it seems," said he. "Fortunately, however, the night is warm, the skies are clear, and to gaze upon the stars is reputed to be most elevating for the spirit."

Our officer, his brief but pregnant harangue concluded, had vanished into the castle, leaving us a corporal and three privates for a guard of honor.

We, the prisoners, gathered together in the middle of the court-yard, all of us, and held a sort of impromptu indignation meeting. The women were especially eloquent in their complaints.

Two of these women I recognized as having been among my neighbors of the coast-step a half hour since, and we exchanged compassionate glances. The other four were oldish women, who wore caps and aprons and looked like domestic servants.

"Cook," whispered my comrade. "Some good burghers will be kept waiting for their suppers. Oh, what a lark!"

Our convention finally broke up with an informal resolution to the effect that, though we had been most shabbily treated, there was nothing to be done.

"We must grin and bear it. But let us make ourselves comfortable as we may, and seek distraction in an interchange of ideas," proposed my mate. He seated himself upon a barrel that lay lengthwise against the castle wall, and motioned me to place myself beside him.

"You are English?" he inquired in an abrupt, German way.

"No, I am an American."

"Ah, it is the same thing. A tourist? Have you been long in X—?"

"Three days."

"For heaven's sake, what have you found to keep you here three days?"

"I am a painter, and the town is paintable."

"Still life! Nature morte!" he cried. "It is the dullest little town in Christendom. But I am glad you are a painter. I am a musician—a fiddler."

"I suspected we were of the same general clan," said I.

"Did you, though? How funny! But I also seemed to scent a kindred soul."

"Here is my card. If we're not headed in the morning, I hope we may see more of each other, I went on.

He took my card, and, by the light of the match he struck for the occasion, read aloud from it: "Mr. Arthur Wainwright, pronouncing the English name without difficulty. I have no card, but my name is Sebastian Roch."

"You speak English?" was my inference.

"Oh, yes, I speak a kind of English!" he confessed, using the tongue in question. He had scarcely a trace of a foreign accent.

"You speak it uncommonly well," I declared.

"Oh, I learned it as a child, and then I have relatives in England," he explained.

"Do you suppose there would be any objection to our smoking?" I asked.

"Oh, no! let us smoke by all means." I offered him my cigarette case. When we had our cigarettes afire we resumed our talk.

"Tell me, what, in your opinion, is the truth about Mathilde?" I began. "Is she in voluntary hiding? Or is her uncle at the bottom of it?"

"Ah, that is too hard a riddle!" he protested. "I know nothing about it, and I have scarcely an opinion. But I may say very frankly that I am not one of her partisans. She has no worse enemy than I."

nothing positive to charge against her. Only I don't think she is made of the proper stuff for a reigning monarch. She is too giddy, too light-headed, a sort of mad-cap hoyden. She thinks too little of her dignity. Court ceremonial is infinitely tiresome to her; and the slow, dead life of X— she fairly hates. Harmless, necessary X— she has been known to call it. She was never born to be the motionless figure-head of this tiny ship of state; and with such a crew! Oh, you should see the ministers and courtiers! Dry bones and parchment, puffed up with tedious German etiquette! She is too easily bored, too fond of amusement. She was born to be a Bohemian, an artist, like you or me. I pity her, poor thing,—I pity every one whose destiny is to inhabit this dreary principality—but I can't approve of her. She, too, by-the-by, is a fiddler. She is said to play the violin very well. My own thought is—beware of fiddling monarchs."

"You hint a Nero," said I.

"Yes. I've no doubt she'd fiddle over the ashes of X— with the best will in the world. Say a Nero crossed with a Haroun-al-Raschid. I fear her reign would be marred by many a queer midnight escapade, like that of the merry caliph, only without his intermixture of wrong-righting. She'd seek her own amusements solely, though to seek that in X—, pshaw! You might as well seek for blood in a stone. Oh, she'd make no end of mischief. The devil hath no agent like a woman bored."

"That's rather true," I agreed, laughing. "And Conrad—what of him?"

"Oh, Conrad, a beast, a squint-eyed, calculating beast, there's no doubt of that. But a beast might make a good enough grand duke; and, anyhow, a beast is all that a beastly little grand duchy like this deserves. However, to tell you my own secret feeling, I don't believe he'll have the chance to prove it. Mathilde, for all her onnui, is described as most tenacious of her rights, and as a shrewd little body, too, down at the bottom. That is inconsistent, but there's the woman of it. Oh, she's inconsequential to a degree! I can't help suspecting somehow that unless her uncle has really killed and buried her she will contrive by hook or crook to come to her throne. For my part, I'm sorry. I should prefer to be ruled by Conrad. But I would not bet my money on him, all the same. Have you ever seen him? He has the funniest, ugliest squint in Europe."

That night was very long, though we accomplished a lot of talking; very cold it seemed, too, though we were in mid-summer. I dozed a little, with the stone wall of the castle for a pillow. At six o'clock we were visited by a dapper little subaltern, a lieutenant, who looked us over, asked our names and sundry other personal questions, scratched his chin for a moment, reflectively, and finally, with an air of inspiration, bade us begone.

The gates were thrown open, and we issued from our prison free.

"It's been almost a sensation," said Sebastian Roch. "Well, so one can experience almost a sensation, even in X—! Live and learn."

"You are not a patriot," said I.

"My dear, dear sir, I am patriotic; personified. I am identified with my country heart and soul. Only I find it dull. If that be treason, make the most of it. I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not dullness less. It is not every night that I am arrested and sit on a barrel smoking cigarettes with an enlightened foreigner. The English are not generally accounted a lively race, but by comparison with the inhabitants of X— they shine like diamonds."

"I dare say so," I acquiesced. "But I'm not English. I'm American."

"So I perceive from your accent," answered he, imperpertinently. "But as I told you once before, it amounts to the same thing. You wear your rue with a difference, that is all."

"Speaking of sensations," said I, "I shall die if I don't drink a cup of coffee."

"You'll find no public house awake at this hour," said Sebastian.

"Then I'll wake one up," vowed I.

"What! and provoke a violation of the law? By law they're not allowed to be open between midnight and 7 o'clock."

"Oh, laws be hanged. I must have a cup of coffee."

"Really, you are delightful," asserted Sebastian, putting his arm through mine.

Presently we came to a beer hall, at whose door I began vehemently to bang. My friend stood by, shaking with laughter, which seemed to me disproportionate to the humor of the event.

"You are easily amused," said I.

"Oh, no; far from it; but this is such a lark, you know," said he.

By and by we were seated opposite each other at a table, sipping hot coffee, served to us by a sleepy keller in a soiled white apron.

As I looked at Sebastian Roch, I observed a startling phenomenon. The apex of his right whisker had become

detached from the skin and was standing out half an inch aloof from his cheek. The sight sent a shiver down my spine. It was certainly most unnatural and eerie. His eyes were bright and honest; his voice was soft and refined; he spoke English like a man and a brother; and his character, so far as I had got at it through his talk, seemed whimsical and open; but his beard, his dashing, black, pointed beard, which I'm not sure I hadn't been envying him a little, was peculiar; and instinctively I felt for my watch. It was safe in its place, and so was my purse. Therefore at the door of the beerhaus, in due time, we bade each other a friendly good-by. He promised to look me up one of these days at my hotel.

"I have enjoyed your society more than you can think," he said. "Some of these days I'll drop in and see you, a l'improviste."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EVERY desire is insatiable and therefore is always in want.

Slim English woman African native as missionaries, who through the small Ugandan, created a compared with the can belles. Indeed, believed that the sleeves were intended food, for remarked evidently did not go der-middled people-vertiser.

Good

Blood is what gives strength to the body. Good blood and good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get Hood's Hood's Pills are the best.

CRAFTY MIND

A few years ago the ers were in despair. Is well known, are and, behold! their been by a cheap form which a reigning created a passing on but little trimmings. The milliners secret meeting to a convention. A few days workwomen in Vienna obnoxious cheap linens had bought tributed them noblesse, driven at to the costly bonnets smiling alacrity by providers, one of who —Detroit Free Press

A DRESS

Why will some slipping those patent inside their thinnest dimity shirt waists only realize the effect in the sunlight; X in comparison. These are made of wire or in sort of erise-cord openwork structure sleeve out from the Beneath a heavy not show so plainly fabric drawn over the folding looks hideous. "Just see the dime museum," a ous girl to her com-ous-looking woman posit them in the thin, awfully thin, special point in the esping the remark with pair of sleeve-exte lawn. As she sat background these into bold relief, the work seeming like wearer's personality hood quickly saw delphia Inquirer.

HESITATE

Modesty in women one of women's lacks this essential



her. She under and has the power In nearly all women's suffering In many cases the not understand the patient for com —anything but It is under such thousands of Mrs. Pinkham, opened their to woman—and You ask how cannot? Because treated so many such vast exper Displacement action, stagna of the body the Lydis E. Pink Compound. For its grand work

THE FA

SAW

Scorpions at occasionally come from long and their on the face. whether setti