ON THE TRAPEZE IN MIDAIR.

Description of Some of the Most Hazardous and Dangerous Feats.

ADVICE FROM A STAR AMATEUR.

How a Beginner May Acquire the Necessary Skill and Confidence. Work on the Slack Rope—The Easiest Balance—The Difficult Chair Balance—Part Your Hair in the Middle.

THOUSANDS of people who have gone to circuses and have witnessed the daring performances of male and female athletes on the trapeze in midair, have often marveled at the grace and apparent ease with which the performers go through their parts. Professor Jere Beall, in an article contributed to the New York Herald, writes: As to feats of balancing on the trapeze and slack rope, also rings, I believe there is no phase of gymnasium work that requires more patient and faithful study, more steadiness of nerve or a greater command of the muscles.

True, it is not work that brings out a large amount of muscular strength; but a beginner who finds himself lacking in general physical development is apt to make that discovery about as rapidly and as conclusively while attempting to recover from a slip on the practice trapeze as in any other department of gymnasium exercise. To balance well one must be systematically developed, and each muscle must be ready to act instantly and do its work with certainty. The legs must be strong and firm to sustain the body in its various poses. The back must be sinewy, so that the recovers may be made quickly and the upright maintained without a chance of failure, and the arms and hands must be hard and strong, for when a man falling from a trapeze grasps at the bar he must catch it and hold on to it if he desires to preserve the wholeness of his skin. I never attempted exercise of any kind until last December, when, partly in an emulative spirit, after a ladies' day exhibition at the club, and partly to strengthen myself generally, I took up the work in the gymnasium.

Sitting balance.

After keeping at it pretty faithfully for the best part of a month and trying my hand at pretty much all of the apparatus, with little or no success, I became very much discouraged at my want of ability to even make a start at anything. One day when wandering around the gymnasium I came across the balancing trapeze, which for practice had been hung within a few feet of the floor. Stepping on it I found that I could maintain a balance for a few seconds at a time. Mr. George Golde, the club instructor, who was standing near by, suggested that I make balancing a specialty, keeping in mind that "Rome was not built in a day."

After practicing for some time I was able to keep my balance for about half a minute in one position. The outgrowth of this step in my practice is No. 1 of the illustrations that accompany this article. The reader should bear in mind that the instantaneous photographs that the artist made of me were not taken when the trapeze was at its practice height, but when it was suspended twenty feet from the floor, with no net spread out above the mattresses that covered the boards.

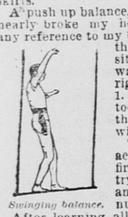
Forward balance.

I followed this up by balancing alternately on the right and left foot. The next step on the trapeze was to attempt a balance with both feet, and for a long time I thought I should never learn it. For many weeks I had this experience. I would be able to do it after a fashion one day, but when I tried it the following day I would fail utterly, and I could count my falls by the score. However, I finally mastered it.

To make a half turn on the trapeze without touching the ropes bothered me for a good while, as also did balancing on my toes with my legs crossed. My work all this time was very rough and I had to make very violent motions with my arms in all my balances.

The next style of balance that I attempted is illustrated in No. 2. This was rather hard to learn, as it differed materially in execution from those just mentioned. A great deal of work had to be accomplished with the back. As the reader will see at a glance the movements of the back, forward and backward, are essential in preserving the upright, and these movements, with the motions of the arms are hard to acquire, especially when one is just beginning the study of this line of work. When I had succeeded in mastering this I fancied I was in medias res. Subsequently, however, I discovered that I was merely at the outskirts.

A push up balance, as is shown in No. 3, nearly broke my heart, without making any reference to my bones. The object of this feat is to get into a sitting position and afterward back into an upright balance, as in No. 1. This must be done, too, without touching the ropes or the bar with the hands.


Swinging balance.

The beginner should acquire this balance at first on the floor before trying it on the trapeze, and he must look out for numerous falls.

After learning all of the above-named feats he will find the remainder of the still balances, with the exception of a few which are made in "fancy" postures, comparatively easy of acquirement.

A "still" balance, I may explain, is one that is made while the trapeze is motionless in the air. The "swing" balances are made while the trapeze is in motion, forward and back, from right to left or while describing an ellipse.

Still balances should be thoroughly mastered before attempting the swings.

The side swing, as is represented in No. 4, is a good one to begin with. This is the way it is done. First try it with a gentle swing, and, gradually increasing the momentum, make it wider.

After this a backward and forward swing on one leg might follow and should be treated in the same way.

A difficult swing to learn is the back and forward. The balancer stands as I did in No. 2, and the trapeze is gently at first and then more rapidly swung backward and forward. The learner must guard against a fall as the ropes are harder to catch while doing this trick than in any other, with the possible exception of the knee swing.

The neatest balance of them all, and one of the hardest, is the circular swing. The balance changes at every point. This is the way I do it. I place both feet on the trapeze in the same position I had in No. 4 and start a forward and backward swing, which is gradually worked into an ellipse. When one is proficient in the above the chair balance may next be tried. A good way to learn this is to try the balance on the floor with the chair so near the wall that the back of it may find an easy rest so that when the beginner loses his balance, as he certainly will do on his first attempts, he will not lose his personal dignity as well as his general equipoise.

Ring balance.

When he can take a chair and place it in the middle of the room and strike a balance and hold it, then let him turn to the trapeze and persevere on it until the feat is accomplished. He should not fold his arms until he is absolutely certain of his balance. After he has reached that state of assurance the trapeze should be elevated to its natural height, from fifteen to twenty-five feet from the floor.

My state of mind on first finding myself in the air with the hard floor visible through the meshes of a decidedly skimpy-looking net was that of extreme nervousness, to say the least. This feeling, however, gradually wears off and in its place comes confidence.

The beginner should not be discouraged at his failure to perform all the task he has laid out for himself in a single day or at first trial, and he should not worry because one day he may be able to achieve success and the day following may be marked by repeated failures. Such are common experiences. Balancing, like all other gymnastic feats, can only be acquired by faithful and persistent practice.

Side balance.

The ring balance, as is shown in No. 4, is done both with a swing and at a standstill. It should not be attempted until the muscles of the legs are well developed. After these feats have been learned the balancer should pay attention to his style and learn to be graceful as well as sure in his work.

SLACK ROPE.

Balancing on this slack rope is essentially different from trapeze balancing. On the slack rope the balance has got to be kept by working the body from the waist down, and is mainly done with the legs. It is the reserve in the trapeze. The legs must be kept rigid and the balance worked from the waist up—of course a balance on one leg is helped considerably by its fellow. But when both feet are on the bar it is all from the waist up.

The slack rope should be harder to learn at first than the trapeze, as it is radically different from the man's natural balance, which is kept more with the arms and body and less with the legs. For instance, take the small boy walking on a railroad track who swings his arms like a wind-mill and wriggles his body like an eel. Besides the beginner has not the ropes to catch at when he loses his equilibrium as on the trapeze, and it is harder work and more fatiguing.

A simple balance on one leg is harder to learn on the slack rope than on the trapeze. The feats commonly performed are:

Walking forward the length of the rope and back again; also running the length of same, the impetus thus acquired allowing the performer to get near the end of the line which is quite a slant, and then, while still keeping his balance, to slide backward toward the middle of the rope. To lie down at full length on the rope and to get down to a kneeling posture are both neat in their way. The first, however, is much harder to learn than the latter.

Stooping balance.

The feats that can be done on the slack wire are naturally more restricted than on the trapeze, as it has much more stability, the basis of operations in one being a light rope and the other a heavy bar.

There are six things that I would advise a beginner to heed as the most important factors in a course of training in all kinds of balancing. They are as follows:

First—A moderate use of tobacco and alcohol; the nerves should be steady; a man who drinks makes a poor balancer.

Second—The most assiduous attention and practice until the balances have been well learned, when a very little practice will keep one in trim.

Third—In learning to balance on the trapeze always catch the rope when the balance is lost. This should be kept in mind when practicing near the floor, so that when elevated in the air it will be second nature to catch the ropes when a balance is lost.

Fourth—Never try to do any balancing if feeling out of sorts or unwell. It will do no good and a discouraging fall might ensue.

Fifth—Strengthen the various muscles of the body which are called into play—and this, I may say, is about all of them—so that they can perform what is required of them instantly. This is what is known as being set.

Sixth—Always part your hair in the middle.

SMALLEST ON EARTH.

A Shoe-Dealer Discusses the Feet of American Women.

American ladies, as a rule, have pretty and tiny feet. This is generally conceded. It was in a fashionable Broadway shoe emporium that the proprietor took a tiny shoe from the case, looked at it admiringly and said to a New York reporter:

Delia Fox's Shoe and Last.

"What a little foot Delia Fox! Here is the shape of the last, an accurate reproduction, and one which the bright little woman will not step too hastily upon in denunciation.

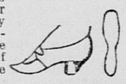
"But that is one of the daintiest," said the manager of the little shop on Broadway, where the haut ton of the city keep their lasts.

Modjeska's Common-sense Shoe.

"I should have shown you that last," added he, with a smile at the implied joke, and went on picking out from his large case.

"Here is Lillian Russell's shoe. It is what we term a narrow square, but it is a No. 2, and all the world knows what a pretty ankle tops it off."

Mme. Modjeska wears a plain shoe, a common-sense affair. There are no fringes or bangles about it, and she is the quickest walker among the ladies of her profession. Her foot is not exceptionally small, but it is exceedingly narrow. As a rule she has them made of suede kid, and they are soft and easy.


A Society Lady's Shoe.

"This is about the way her foot looks encased in a leather vamp and beside it is the last," said a shoe-dealer.

But turning to society people, the genial last-maker picked out one which he handled as though it were a particular pet.

"This," said he, "is a last that I made from measurement sent me by the lady whose shoes are made from it. She had asked me for directions and I gave them to her and I might as well give them to you, for they are of general interest. Take this design to begin with and mark it as I have here.

Mrs. Cleveland's Shoe and Last.

"Now, I am not going to tell you whose last this is, but I am going to give you a view of one from which Mrs. Cleveland's shoes are made. She wears a No. 3, you know, and her foot is exceedingly small at the top. As a rule she wears a plain, soft, easy walking shoe. This would be like it.

"Here is one that Mrs. William Waldorf Astor's shoes are made from. It is rather a pretty shape."

The last was short, a No. 2, and wide in the instep.

"Pauline Hall's foot is as well known as that of Miss Russell, and you can tell it at a glance. Here it is, incased in a plain slipper."

Pauline Hall's Shoe and Last.

Turning from the dainty ones he went on to say:

"Miss Carey, the great tennis-player, has all her shoes made here. They are tight-fitting affairs, without much hard shoe leather anywhere. Her foot fits as gracefully in it as in a stocking, and it hasn't much heel to it. Here is her shoe and last, and you can tell at a glance what a sensible girl she is."

Miss Carey's Tennis Shoe and Last.

The dealer said that last-making is becoming more and more fashionable. A good fitting shoe cannot be bought in the best shoe-store in the world. Every foot has its own peculiarities. Some bulge out at the instep, others at the heel. Some are short at the top, some wide. He said in conclusion:

"The only sure way of always having a comfortable walking shoe is to have it made from your own last by your own shoemaker."

I. Donnelly's Latest.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota has come out with a scheme for breaking up cyclones by means of balloons. In his opinion a cyclone is due to an excess of electricity. He would have a large balloon in every county, flying high, covered with metallic points to draw electricity which should run down metal cables to some neighboring lake or river. Then every cyclone would be emptied of its force at once. This is ingenious, but elaborate and expensive. Balloons come high; that is their mission. It is our opinion that a cyclone would be all broken up if it were met by something blowing with still more force against it. We should like to have Mr. Donnelly put this theory to the test.—Hartford Courant.

A marble medallion has recently been placed in the abbey at Tewksbury, England, as a memorial to Dinah Maria Mulock (Mrs. Craik). The town was a favorite resort of Mrs. Craik, and she wrote "John Halifax, Gentleman," there.

The Sultan of Turkey has put an end to the seemingly interminable quarrel between the Catholics and the Armenians in Bethlehem, about replacing some broken windows in the church, by causing them to be put in at his own expense.

THE GIFT OF MANITOU

And How It Reached the Indians of the Sioux Nation.

War Eagle Wrestles Earnestly to Obtain the Promised Reward—Red Man and Paleface Pay Tribute to the Golden Corn.

I.

WHERE the broad Missouri curls
In a thousand eddying swirls,
And the big Sioux waters glide
In its yellow, turbid tide,
High above the valley lands,
Where the red man years before
Reared his tepee on the shore.
Fairer than a poet's dream
Is the view above the stream,
And the eyes delighted rove
Over farm and timbered grove,
Drinking in the golden grain

Stretched unending o'er the plain,
And the nodding fields of corn
Whispering in the early morn;
Far as naked eye can scan
Nature seems to say to man:
"Have the pluck to work and woo,
And these gifts I give to you."

II.

To these wavy bluffs one day—
Many moons ago they say—
Came an Indian youth to find
Solace for his troubled mind.
Far removed from friend or foe
Here he wrestled years ago.
And within his tepee stayed
While to Manitou he prayed.
In his veins was all the fire
Of his stern, unyielding sire,
Who in council or the fray

Ruled the savage Yanktonnais.
But the youth abhorred the sight
Of the bloody, murderous fight,
And he longed to see them cease
And his people dwell in peace.
From the chase his soul rebelled,
And a wave of pity welled
For his father's tribe that cared
Little how their prosperis fared,
So they triumphed o'er their foe,
Killed the deer and buffalo,
And when the wintry winds blew chill
Had a few dried berries still.
So to crave from Manitou
For a boon to bless the Sioux,
All alone War Eagle dwelt,
And to the great spirit knelt,
Spending days and nights in prayer
Close beside the river there.

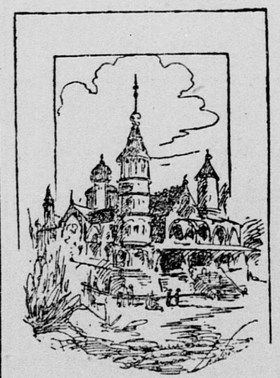
III.

While the youth lay buried deep
In a long and troubled sleep,
Suddenly a spirit came
That pronounced the dreamer's name;
And in accents fierce and grim
Spoke these warning words to him:
"If your courage stands the test
I will grant your soul's request,
And your people shall obtain
That for which you strive to gain.

And I warn you, if you fail,
All your prayers will not avail,
And your tribe shall starve and die
Should your lips betray one cry."
Then for many nights and days
In a hundred different ways
Did the vision seek to make
Brave War Eagle's spirit quake.
But the warrior bore the pain
That the blessing he might gain,
Till at length the spirit cried
That his soul was satisfied.
Then the vision told the brave
On the bluff to dig a grave,
And his spirit bury there
Far removed from light and air.
But he ordered that the site
Should be tended day and night,
And no straggling weeds to spare
That essayed to gather there.
Then the warrior quickly did
Everything that he was bid,
And beneath the sand and clay
There at length the spirit lay,
And War Eagle stood alone
On the bluff of sand and stone.

IV.

From the grave a tender root
Soon upreared a tiny shoot,
And to vigorous life it grew
Guarded by the watchful Sioux,
In the mouth of Waz-u-toon—



When appears the harvest moon—
To the constant Yanktonnais,
Who in deepest slumber lay,
Came the spirit form once more
That the warrior knew of yore,
Telling him his watch was ended,
And the plant he long had tended,
That had grown and flourished there,
Was the answer to his prayer.
And he bade the faithful Sioux
Take the gift of Manitou,
That his people might forever
Reap the fruit of his endeavor.

V.

Thus the savage Yanktonnaise
First received the Indian maize,
And no more War Eagle saw
Hungry pappoose, buck or squaw,
And the nation of the Sioux
Blessed the gift of Manitou.

VI.

Many moons had waxed and waned
And the tribe in prowess gained
Till on many a hill and plain
Grew the tasseled, golden grain.
And at every Waz-u-toon,
For the gift of such a boon,
All the nations of the Sioux
Tribute paid to Manitou.
And a pyramid of maize
Was erected in his praise.

VII.

Where the Indian used to roam
Now the white man finds a home,
And the tepee is no more
On the lower Muddy's shore.
Where the Big Sioux River flows
Now a city thrives and grows,
But the famous yellow maize
Has outlived the Indian's days,
And each coteau, plain and hill
Yields the golden kernels still.
And the paleface by the Sioux
Offerings makes to Manitou
After every harvest-moon
For this never-failing boon;
And he apes the Indian's ways
With a temple built of maize,
Under whose palatial wing
Wam-na-he-za reigns as king.
And War Eagle on the hill
In his sleep has visions still,
And he sees the palace rise
Upward to the sun-kissed skies,
And the famous Indian brave
Mutters softly in his grave
Just as if he understood:
"Wano! Wano! It is good!"

SAM T. CLOVER, in Chicago Herald.

ATTIRED IN NAUTICAL DRESS.

The Style Worn at Seaside Resorts by Society Leaders.

Marvels of Fitness and Beauty That Have Been Provided for by Redfern—A Yachting Gown and a Reefer Jacket.

Special to THE SUNDAY CALL.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11, 1890.—The first week of August at Newport, R. I., was one of unusual brilliancy—the fair damsels of that magnificent "watering-place for millionaires" were in their glory. An abundance of that pomp and glitter, which to the feminine mind is irresistible, was conspicuous; for was not Admiral Watson, and his good men and true, of "Her Majesty's Navee," to the fore? Belleview avenue seemed to be crowded with naval men, for Commodore Gerry and his squadron were also there to meet the English Admiral. Not only was it the men who were attired for "deeds of derring do" on the sea, but their "sisters and their cousins and their aunts," likewise. Redfern had an exceedingly busy time preparing the nautical attire of feminine Newport, and a glance at two models here given will show how well the acknowledged prince of yachting tailors proved himself equal to the demand. The first is a fair-weather yachting gown.

A Yachting Gown.

It is white Isle of Wight serge, with pleated back breadths and slightly raised at the sides to show a petticoat of royal blue braided with oxidized silver. The bodice is braided on the under-arm forms with dark blue and silver, and the sleeves have a braided design from wrist to elbow. A very short-waisted sleeveless jacket of the blue is worn over this white bodice. The other model is a Redfern reefer jacket.

A Reefing Jacket.

This is also of white serge and is made with a regular coat-collar and lapels. A row of large silver buttons with enameled design runs down each side of the front. It is lined all through with a pretty plaid surah of white, blue and silver-gray. R.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Some Artistic Work Produced in Gold, Silver and Precious Stones.

Among the latest artistic designs in precious metal and in gems, says the Jeweler's Review, are: Goblins, like those which were responsible for Rip Van Winkle's long sleep, represented at their game of manufacturing thunder, and placed on a bowling trophy which is soon to be presented.

The thermometer charm, which as a novelty is a great success, is mounted in every conceivable manner. Flowers representing the four seasons make an appropriate setting for this innovation.

Three eagles, with outstretched wings, form a chatelaine holder that is frequently seen in European cities and one that is coming into demand among the wearers of artistic jewelry in this country.

A clover composed of four different tinted opals, each encircled with small diamonds, constitutes an odd design in a new and attractive form. The ornament can be worn as a lace pin or as a pendant for a gentleman's chain.

Some wonderful etching is shown on a silver check cutter recently placed on the market. Numerous birds and vines are represented in a manner that greatly honors the American artist who accomplished the work.

An article that shows the result of much tedious labor is a charm formed of a five-dollar gold piece, the front of which slides around and reveals a cavity for a portrait. Two coins are required for the manufacture of the ornament.

A lace pin formed to represent a miniature gold spoon filled with variegated gold beans is an appropriate gift for a Boston girl. The owner's initials in rubies and diamonds may form a monogram on the handle of the spoon.

A silver horse at a standstill with an Indian on its back excites comment for its artistic beauty. When, on pressing a spring in the saddle, the whole front of the animal falls outward and displays a puffed silk lined cavity in which a gilt writing set is seen, the spectator's admiration knows no bounds. This novelty, which is the product of a European artisan, will undoubtedly be copied with success in this country.

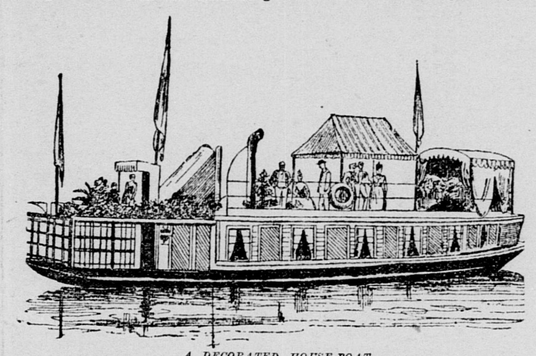
HOUSE-BOATS ON THE WATER.

Floating From Place to Place in the Warm Days of Summer.

Pretty Appearance of These Floating Structures When Gayly Decorated—Ideal Surroundings for an Artist.

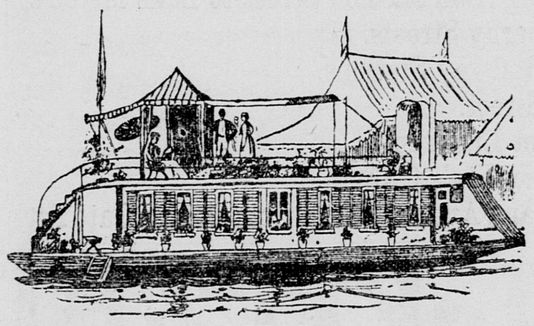
A CORRESPONDENT writing to the Query Column asks for a description of summer English house-boats. The following, taken from a recent issue of the Boston Herald, fully answers the question:

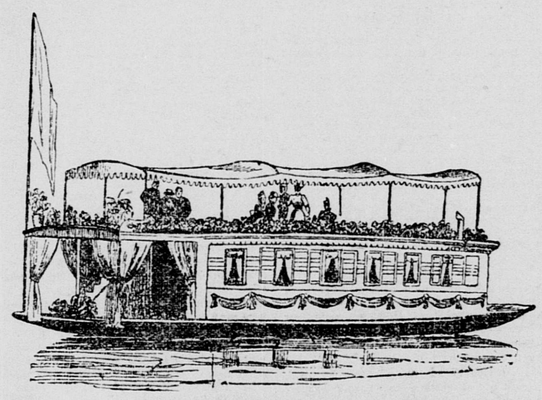
Since Noah built and launched the first house-boat on record, and put to sea with his wife and family—in a very rainy season, by the way, like the present summer—so much has been written on the subject and its delights have been so often sung that it is difficult to find any words of praise which have not been repeated many a time before, writes Mr. E. D. Hay in the Queen. With Henley just past, which means that the season for house-boats has set in with its usual severity, the subject is, at all events, appropriate, so let us adjourn to Remenham Reach and study the compact row, which practically makes almost a street of this part of the river. And here are the house-boats in all the glory of fresh paint, bright awnings and masses of brilliant flowers, which, cultivated with infinite care, make many of the decks a blaze of brilliant color, rivaling, one might think, the famous hanging gardens of the Median princess at Babylon. Given the sun, which, alas, just now seems conspicuous by its absence, the life led within a house-boat is [illegible] for would warrant one in supposing. It is essentially a life of pleasure, a butterfly existence, in which straw hats and yellow shoes, boating flannels and pretty frocks play a not unimportant part, and are, as it were, the outward and visible sign that business and its attendant cares have been laid aside, and one is expected to bring to it a light heart, a good digestion and a determination to see the best side of everything, qualities which, after all, are necessary to the thorough enjoyment of any holiday, spend it how or where we may. At Henley, at all events, the life is full of distractions, and though they offer nothing, perhaps, very startling or very new, still we are the creatures of habit, and are delighted to go over old ground, repeating our pleasant experiences of former years. In the evenings there is always plenty of boating to be done, when if we are fortunate in securing the right person, what can be more charming than to pull upstream, away from the madding crowd and above the debris which litters the water below, to where the river flows quietly, singing its own song, past green banks and under leafy trees, and then when the moon is up and the stars come out one by one, to drop lazily down, beguiling the way with talk which may not be brilliant, perhaps, but which is always, if we are in a congenial "solitude a deux," sure to be renewed with equal pleasure on either side. For those who are more socially inclined there are the luncheons and the strawberries and cream, the visits to other house-boats, the teas and the small talk and the music "which hath charms" even when squeezed from a gasping concertina or twanged from a banjo.


A DECORATED HOUSE-BOAT.

The festivities of the race-week over, the swarm of house-boats will slowly disperse again, each one betaking itself to some favorite station on the river, anywhere almost between Oxford and Hampton Court, according as the spirit moves their respective owners. When securely moored, with—if luxury is much studied—a second boat astern to do duty as kitchen, the occupants will enjoy the pleasures of a river life for some time to come in a very comfortable, easy-going fashion, and very likely make their boat the scene of many hospitable revels during the autumn.

For the artist who loves to catch the fleeting effects of sky and water, wandering shadows and brilliant streaks of sunshine, to study quaint buildings and old out-of-the-world villages, it should be the beau ideal of a camping-out life, for never was a river better supplied with subjects for the painter's brush than is the Thames. To make one's headquarters somewhere in the neighborhood of Sonning or Pangbourne, or, if it be wished to combine social with artistic pleasures, perhaps near Cookham or Maidenhead, and then to transfer to one's canvas the endless different aspects in which nature presents herself on the river, would be one of the most delightful uses of a house-boat. It is so fresh in the early morning, and the woods looks so cool and shady, and the breeze just rustles through the bed of rushes and tall weeds opposite, and beyond, again, across the meadow, with its patches of wild flowers, where the cattle are already cropping the dewy grass, the distant cornfield is turning yellow in the sun, and overhead a lark is singing, its notes rising and falling with its flight; while near by the water laps gently against the wooden walls of our home—all these would seem the right surroundings in which to paint a landscape that should live and bring back in after years the memories of a good time well spent. Supposing the weather, which we presuppose fine weather, and if it be melancholy work to take a house by the river, with a view to aquatic amusement, and then to have Jupiter Pluvius let loose upon one for July and August, the misery is doubled if one's temporary lodging be a boat with only a plank between one and a very damp, disagreeable river. The very tree overhead, especially chosen with an idea of delightful shade in baking days, has apparently but one mission in life—to drip perpetually and despairingly on to the sodden deck, where the geraniums have given up trying to look cheerful, and have resigned themselves to a battered condition. The pretty chintzes and hangings, chosen with so much care, look limp and dejected; the kitchen is moist, and the picnic style of cooking, once thought so unconventional and delightful, now seems stale and unprofitable, and every place is pervaded by that subtle smell as of mushrooms—so suggestive of damp. Then it is time to be off. Let us pack up our lares and penates, and, bidding adieu to house-boating and punting and such like sunny occupations, let us betake ourselves to other, if not drier, climes, to live in houses of a better season for butterflies next year.


THE IRIS.


A DECORATED HOUSE-BOAT.

BAVARIA'S MAD KINGS.

How Otto and Louis the Second Pass the Time at Furstenried.

The French papers report the rapidly falling health of the insane King, Otto of Bavaria. It appears that he remains still at Furstenried, although there was some talk of taking him to Munich to undergo an operation. Before he began to lose the great physical strength for which he was noted, it was quite a difficult matter to manage him. His reason is completely gone. He imagines that he is a lion, and an ugly one, too, and he tries to bite every one that goes near him. A short time ago he bit an aide-de-camp in the calf of the leg, and wounded him so severely that the aide was laid up for a fortnight. The only person who can approach him is his brother, the late King Louis II, who is now nearly as mad as himself. The two mad Kings play together like wild beasts. They run on all fours through the stately halls of the Furstenried, barking and yelling, and apparently as happy as two kittens. Some time ago Louis cut off his brother's beard and hair; but now the hair and beard are extremely long, and he flies into a furious rage at sight of a pair of scissors. Otto has a passion for cigarettes. When one is half smoked down he has a disagreeable habit of putting it out on the forehead or nose of his nearest attendant, and he is so active that it is almost impossible to get away from him. No woman can come near him. When he sees one he gets into a frightful rage and smashes everything around him. Formerly it was possible to take him out driving, but now the sight of a horse also enrages him. The last time that he took a carriage ride he got out and tried to kiss the horse. The horse, not liking such royal familiarity, butted his Majesty in the nose and drew the blood freely. The sight of the blood enraged him to such an extent that he got into a fit and was ill for several days. At present he is calm, and is gradually becoming silent and melancholy. His death is soon expected, and the legend of the "Black Lady" is talked of. This is the lady that appears in the halls of Furstenried when a Wittelsbach is about to die, just as the "White Lady" in Berlin announces the death of a Hohenzollern.—New York Sun.

A Race Between a Rat and a Snake.

A Cocoa (Fla.) citizen witnessed one day last week an exciting race between a big rat and a snake of the variety called coachwhip. The man was sitting on his front veranda when his attention was attracted to a swiftly moving object approaching the house. On closer inspection it proved to be a monster rat pursued by a coachwhip. They dashed under the house, where the rat eluded the snake among some empty orange boxes.

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100 pieces of COLORED RHADAMES, warranted all Silk, EXTRA VALUE FOR $1 50, will be sold at
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