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THE SNOW-CAPPED "ROCKIES."

IMPRESSIONS OF A TRIP THROUGH THE STATE OF COLORADO.

Scenes Along the Route by Rail--The Wonderful City of Denver--The Future of a Great Commonwealth.

(Denver Letter in Pomeroy's Democrat.)

Those who ride in sleeping cars in the East are quite apt to remain in their bench to turn, snooze, think, plan and rest as on they roll. Not so here. Sunrise, and all were up. The cars of the Burlington Route were so well laden with passengers that every berth was occupied, the great majority of passengers in the sleepers being persons from the East who had never been to Denver, never seen its rocky mountains. Nearing their destination, they were like the early bird.

It is now six o'clock. In two hours we will be in Denver. The berths have all been made up for the day, the cars dusted out and people are on the qui vive. We are running southwest. Behind us is the head of the Republican valley and the millions of acres of choice Nebraska corn land. We are on top of the divide, as a fly would be on top of a barrel that lay upon the ground. Miles of unfenced country are to be seen, with here and there a little house, home of a homesteader or headquarters of a ranchman or cattle raiser whose cattle are to be seen grazing on the wide expanse of plains here being run over.

The depot buildings are small, painted red and snug. Depots are so far apart that several others can be built between them in time! The appearance is that of a very new country, yet it is older in fact than is the East, as first of all from the vasty deep rose the backbone of the continent, still to the west of us.

A lady screams: "O! See!"

She points to the west and there, sure enough, are to be seen the snow-capped mountain peaks of the grand old mountains. In a little while the cars have sped on so that we see the main range, extending south from Cheyenne or near there, for hundreds of miles. They rise as a great wall might rise along the sea shore, the plains to the east being under the evening shadows of the mountains that rise in the west.

Now we see down into the valley of the South Platte. Many school teachers insist that Denver is a city on the North Platte. Such is not the case. Denver is on the waters of the South Platte, about 140 miles from where it heads. The river is not large, except after a freshet. It runs through a pleasant, wide valley that at Denver is fourteen miles east from the foot hills and that at Greely is about forty miles east. Along here is the choice agricultural lands of the State, taking in the county west from Denver to Golden in a gorge of the mountains, Boulder, Longmont, Fort Collins and Greely, in the respective counties of Jefferson, Boulder, Larimer and Weld. Longmont being in Boulder county, one of the finest in the State.

West of these counties, west from Denver, the county-seat of Arapahoe county, are the Rocky Mountains, rising as an abrupt granite wall to the height of a mile, or 8,000 feet above the plains.

From north to south we see them from the cars, a range of fully two hundred mile. Denver is about 6,000 feet above sea level. We are a full mile near the stars than are those who live in New York. The mountains rise up into the clouds that rest upon their snowy peaks, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet above the plains.

The air is light, so clear, so rarified that no new comer can judge distance. To the northwest we see a very high peak, standing like a white-headed Long John Wentworth, of Chicago, higher than his fellows. That is Long's Peak. It is named in honor of Lieut. Long, an explorer who was a long time in getting to the top of it, there to float the American flag.

WHITE ABOVE THE GRAY AND GREEN.

Snow is white and deep on the tops and sides of the mountains, while the plains below are green with growing grains and grasses. Away along to the south rise the snow-capped Rockies, like a great cross-cut saw, its teeth in air. It is seventy miles from where we are this morning in the cars, west to the top of Long's Peak, yet people in the cars estimate the distance at fifteen to twenty miles.

There are big mountains and little mountains all stuck in together like clothes-pins in a snow heap. About seventy-five miles south from Long's Peak, and sixty miles due west from Denver, its snow-white top piercing a gray, snow-made cloud that is beating up to fall and to whiten anew, rises Gray's Peak, the top of which is 14,441 feet above the level of the sea. It is the mountain under which the company of which the editor and writer hereof is president is driving a tunnel at the altitude of 10,000 feet above sea level, and which tunnel will be five miles long.

Welcome, old fellow! We have seen you before, as from your summit range we have looked east toward the Atlantic and westward toward the Pacific, miles upon miles. Some of these days we will walk through you and ride through you, and walk into your hundreds of fissure veins laden with gold, silver, copper and lead, and get as much fatness out of you as a rat gets out of a cheese it has burrowed into beyond the reach of a cat.

To the south from Gray's Peak, about seventy-five miles distant, with many a snow-covered peak between us is

PIKE'S PEAK,

distant about ninety miles from Denver, but its top not so high by fourteen feet as is Gray's Peak, which up-shoots west of Denver, as a guide to Salt Lake City, which is 403 miles north of west from Denver, direct line, and 687 miles distant by rail, via Cheyenne, and 775 miles distant by way of Pueblo and Gunnison, as runs the Denver and Rio Grande Mountain climby railroad.

Then on to the south, far as the eye can reach, rise the mountains as a wall between eastern and western Colorado—between the Atlantic and the Pacific, and known as the Continental Divide.

TOOK OUT HIS TUCK.

Speaking of the above-named mountain route around and over from Denver to Salt Lake, it is one of the wonders of the world. A prominent business man and capitalist from Lincoln, Nebraska, was on the train and we heard him say: "I have been over the Northern Pacific, and the Union Pacific, and the Central Pacific to the Pacific Ocean. They are grand routes. But the grandest mountain route of all that I have ever rode over is the Denver and Rio Grande from Denver by way of Gunnison to Salt Lake. It takes a man to the top of the mountains above the clouds, and lets him down into gorges that almost exclude the sun. I would not have missed it for anything, and yet I would not ride over it again for ten thousand dollars. The way the cars run down the terrible grades is frightful. I looked out till my head ached. Then I became seasick and nervous, and it seemed to me that I must be dashed to pieces."

Thus do the works and reputations of great thinkers and workers gird the continent and stretch from pole to pole; but there is no more need to doubly insure your life when riding over the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad than when riding over any other road built and operated by men who know their business.

YEARS AGO.

To Pike's Peak. That is what folks said years ago. They did not go to Pike's Peak, but to the junction of Cherry Creek with the South Platte river, where in the bed of the stream gold was found. Pike's Peak was a landmark seen for hundreds of miles, and to get within seventy-five miles of it was "getting there" in those days.

The beautiful temperance city of Colorado Springs, forty-five miles south from Denver, is between Denver and Pike's Peak, but there are no springs at Colorado Springs. At the foot of the mountains, five miles west, are springs, at Manitou, or in the garden of the gods, as some one named this grand, majestic locality, from which folks start on horses or mules for the top of Pike's Peak, and a chance to see the world below. We see into the valley of the South Platte. It comes out from a doorway in the mountains, about twenty-six miles southwest from Denver, as the water came out of the rock struck by Moses.

By the way, Moses was different from some people of to-day, as he was a successful striker.

See the crooked line of bright, green trees, thrifty cotton-wood, that mark the course of the river. See the belt of green farms along the river, clear down to Denver, and on forty miles north, showing where farmers are getting in their work, and by irrigation bringing forth crops that pay large profits.

DENVER.

Now we see the spires of the city. Now the city itself. Gracious! what a city. There it is, fourteen miles east of the foot mills. Fourteen miles east from the mountains, on the plains. It looks like an oasis in a desert. A city four miles long and about a mile and a half wide. A city of 80,000 inhabitants. One of the handsomest, most progressive cities in the Union. Considering all things it has no rival on earth. Where thirty years ago was a bald-headed plain, now rise tens of thousands of trees, to almost hide the beautiful city they shade. Out from the green rise towers of churches and schools, finer than are to be found elsewhere west of the Mississippi river till we reach San Francisco. Cupolas of palatial private residences, and high-headed towers for electric lights, prove that a modern, progressive people are those who live in the city named in honor of General Denver, the gallant pioneer and statesman, who now resides in Washington.

From the tops of those high smoke stacks that mark the location of the great smelters of Argo, owned by United States Senator N. P. Hill, Wolcott and others, and of the Omaha and Denver smelting works, owned by ex-Governor Grant and others, the smoke rolls day and night without ceasing, as millions upon millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver bullion are here each year roasted and stewed out of the ore brought here by cars from the wondrous mines of Colorado. Thirteen railroad lines centre here at the Union depot, one of the largest and handsomest in the world.

Now we come up to the broad plateau of railroad works in front of the depot; on time to the minute, from Chicago to Denver direct by the Burlington route, no more worn, worried or wearied than though we stayed at home and worked in the garden. Here are lines of horse cars leading to all parts of the city—north, south, east and west. Here are wide, clean streets of the broad gauge pattern. Aside them on each side run streams of water, used for the irrigation of gardens farther back. Here are shade trees making Denver to appear as located in some enchanted forest. Here are telegraph messenger boys; churches as fine as are to be found in New York city, with audiences that cannot be excelled for dress and all that pertains to modern enjoyable religion.

Here are monthly, weekly and daily papers, chief of which is the Rocky Mountain News. Here are banks as fine, as well officered and as solidly foundationed as are any in the country. Here are more large, beautiful stores and more live, prosperous merchants than can be found in any city of its size in the United States. Here are hotels equal to the very best in this country, with guests from all parts of the world. Here are manufacturing establishments growing into perfect life. Here are as good people and as deserving as the sun ever shone on, and more of progress to the square inch than can be found in any other cities of this country save Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, as into the West rush the vigorous-minded men who make fortunes quickly, as they have vim, brains and means, with courage to invest not alone in Denver property, but in outside lands and mines.

Here, too, are lines of gamblers, sharks, shysters, dead-beats, bunco steerers, and all that goes to make up a live, cosmopolitan city. Here, too, are the jay-hawkers, black-mailers and scheming plunderers of all who have legitimate business enterprises in tow. Here, too, are the selfish, heartless grabbers for all there is in sight. Men who get drunk, abuse themselves and all who trust them. Men who have "played out" in other localities, and who came here to whet their fangs against each other, and who rip it into all whom they can fasten upon in the guise of friendship or the garb of business. Here are loisers, meddlers, skin-flints, land-pirates and hoodlums, all bunched in together and helping to swell the grand variety.

Here is a Chamber of Commerce made up of A1, men, from first to last. Here are as fine places of amusement as can be found in New York, and here gather audiences that for wit, wealth, worth, beauty and style, cannot be excelled anywhere on this continent.

All in all, Denver is a model city, with hundreds of attractions and but few black patches or drawbacks. Her artesian wells from which come the purest of clear cold water; her rich gardens from which come small fruits and vegetables; her fine hot-houses from which come choice flowers in endless variety and profusion, and her unequaled climate make this the capital of Colorado a city to be proud of, built here as it is in the midst of what was once called the great American Desert! And this of a State that yields the best wheat in the world and that, with a population less than 300,000 total, lifts over 40,000,000 of dollars' worth of wealth out of her coal, iron, gold, silver, lead and copper mines yearly, hardly yet dug into except as prospects to determine how to conduct future mining operations. How bright and beautiful the morning! How busy are all whom we meet!

OUR CRIMINAL COLONY IN CANADA.

How Some of the Runaway Rogues Disport Themselves in Their City of Refuge.

A Montreal correspondent of the New York Mail and Express writes: "John C. Eno heads the list of criminals in Canada. He is living at Quebec. The house he rents is large, and the situation delightful. It is two and a half miles from the postoffice. The rent he pays—nearly $2,000 a year—is, for Quebec, enormous. This means, proportionately, about $6,000 to $8,000 per year in New York. Rents are very low in the Gold Rock City, and the Eno house at Beauvoir is one of the finest in the suburbs. Financially, he appears to be at ease. He drives good horses and is liberal with his money, but socially he is not known. Neither he nor his wife is ever invited out, nor are they visited by society people. Eno has never been asked to the Garrison mess, and does not belong to the only social organization in Quebec of any pretensions—the Garrison Club. The old French families do not ask him to their houses. His acquaintances are principally made at barrooms. Some few society men have a nodding acquaintance with him. Society is exclusive, and the old noblesse have long memories. When Eno gives dinner "parties" they are only attended by his legal advisers, or speculators who may wish to see him. The Commercial Club he belongs to is a small place where men of business meet. It has no social significance and does not pretend to any. Many respectable merchants belong to it. These men meet Eno in a business way. They do not ask him to their homes. Some of them may drink with him at the St. Louis Hotel when they meet him there; that is all. He visits the houses of two or three personal friends, but the stories about his being received into society are exaggerations. He attends cocking mains and billiard tournaments, and he is a constant visitor to St. Roch. This is the roughest suburb in the city.

"The New York Aldermen and their friends attract much attention. They are Billy Moloney, Charley Dempsey, Keenan and De Lacy. They all have rooms on the same floor of the Windsor Hotel, with the exception of Billy Moloney, who is in a small house near the hotel. De Lacy and Keenan are great chums, and are rarely out of each other's sight. Moloney and Dempsey, however, seem to be engaged in picket duty and throwing inquisitive people off the scent. They all live like lords, getting the best of everything and scattering their money about like water.

"New York has not a monopoly of the criminals here; Chicago makes a very good running for second place. Morris, the 'church deacon,' and trusted adviser of widows and orphans, heads the list. Morris had thousands of dollars intrusted to his care. The people whose money he had were chiefly poor, struggling men and women, who had saved the gatherings intrusted to him after years of self-sacrifice and privation. The victims of this man thought they were saving up for the 'rainy day.' Many of his dupes were laboring men, charwomen and orphans to whom small sums of money had been left. He encouraged the people to deposit their money in his keeping. When he got what he considered sufficient for his wants he left. He made paupers of hundreds of poor people in Chicago. He does not appear to mind that. He is running a prosperous business here. The writer saw him in a buggy yesterday. He sat behind a fast-trotting black. The flush of health was present on his countenance. There was no cowardly conscience in that man's face. But the detectives say that Morris is not at ease, for all his assumption of indifference. They have noticed that he always employs the one driver to take him to and from his place of business. They think he is afraid of being kidnapped."

A Rash Editor Pays for a Hat.

The Cleveland Press permits a little facetious diversion in its State news column, which is conducted by a young Norwalk newspaper man named Foster. It is appropriate to say that he is unmarried and unengaged. Last Tuesday he published a paragraph to this effect: "A Marion girl started her graduating essay as follows: 'I am fairly wearied out with the incessant prating of the lords of creation on the duties and sphere of woman.'" The paragraph closed with the somewhat dangerous assertion that the editor would bet a new spring hat that the author of that discourse on woman's sphere could not bake a loaf of bread. Saturday Mr. Foster received from Marion a large box. It contained sundry light loaves of bread and cake, marvelously toothsome. An accompanying affidavit bore the solemn oath of the sweet girl graduate (who possesses the pretty name of May Williams) that she had, unaided, baked the wheat bread marked "Exhibit A," the two specimens of corn bread marked "Exhibit B," and the chocolate cake "Exhibit C." The notary's seal of office was affixed to the affidavit, and it was settled beyond a doubt in Mr. Foster's mind that his rash wager had been accepted. He therefore went out and lavished his week's salary on a new spring hat. Of course he had never seen Miss Williams.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Never wait for dead man's shoes.

WEST POINT ACROBATS.

The Cadets Treat Their Visitors to Circus Show.

An interesting feature of the West Point Military Academy on Thursday last was the mounted exercises of the cadets in the riding hall. By the time Secretary of War Endicott and party arrived, Capt. Augur had a line of horsemen before him. The men wore their gray fatigue suits and all sat their horses well. At a word they started off one after another and swept about the area at a gallop. Then sabres were drawn and the drill commenced. First the blade was brought down upon an imaginary foe at the right, then it was twirled in air, next thrust forward, again backward, and last a sweeping slash was made to the left. Once the horses were in line, the men stood at their heads. "Mount." In a twinkling, every cadet was in air. In another, without touching a stirrup, he was in the saddle. Another command. The men were on their feet again, but only to vault clean over saddle and all and stand ready at the other side. Then up again in the saddle. They twisted around, now facing forward, now backward and again sideways. And while they so drilled two uprights were fixed at a distance of about fifty feet from each other with a pad as big as a cap fixed upon each with a handle attached to it. At a word the cavalrymen dashed off. Now one came along at full gallop, leaned over as he reached the upright till his hand was below the level of the stirrups, and in full career picked up one pad after another and tossed it behind him. It was a feat requiring coolness and address, but nearly all executed it satisfactorily.

Next the pad was placed upon an upright the height of a man, and at the same distance as before another was placed on a lower stand. Between them was placed horizontally a beam resting on two uprights—a good, stiff jump for a horse in such a limited space, and one requiring a rider to have his brain clear. The word was given. A horseman came galloping on. As he reached the taller stand he drew a revolver. It flashed, and the pad, struck by the bullet, tumbled off, while the horse dashing on was a moment after lifted over the bar in a flying jump. Round still the horseman went, his comrades following one by one. And now as he approached the stand on which the pad is replaced he has his sabre out. He slashes at it, hits it fairly, and almost before it reaches the ground he is over the bar; his sabre cuts an arc through the air as he leans over his horse's shoulder and tosses up with a great slash a bunch of tanbark, and then just recovering in his saddle he brings down the blade with a sweep upon the pad of the second upright and tosses it off.

In the next exercise the uprights and pads are still there, but in place of the jump is a high pole with a transverse bar, from which hangs just within reach of a horseman's sabre an iron ring only a few inches in diameter. And through all this, too, the horses go around at the top of their speed, the feat repeated again and again, a few failing, but nearly all successful.

Next saddles are removed and the men ride bareback at will. There is no circus performance like this spectacle. The place is full of bounding steeds; some with riders leaning over their shoulders till their hands sweep the ground; some lying at full length upon their backs; some facing to the rear, but guiding them with spur and rein; some jumping on and off, like circus riders, while the animal is going at the top of his speed, and some vaulting clean over them and keeping up the pace. It is a thrilling spectacle, which a burst of applause rewards, and then the men repeat their exciting drill, training by couples on half the number of horses. It would be called a gallant equestrian show anywhere. An old officer's comment interpreted the general opinion: "I never saw better riders."

A Cyclone of Forty-four Years Ago.

Stories of the recent cyclone in Ohio are coming in quite freely, but they do not approach the marvelous stories of the tornado that swept up the valley of the roaring Codorus, in York county, in the spring of 1842. After the storm we speak of one farmer found that his well had been pulled up by the roots and was hanging on the limbs of a white oak tree four miles away. A cellar belonging to one of his neighbors was split in two, one half of it being blown through a stone quarry and the other half turned up endwise against a haystack in the adjoining county. A flock of geese were completely stripped of their feathers by the wind, and a dried apple pie was blown through the side of a school house, terrifying the teacher and scholars, besides ruining a large map of the grasshopper districts of Kansas. A large barn containing thirteen tons of hay was lifted off its foundation and carried bodily six miles down the valley, where it settled down so squarely that the doors could be opened without prying them. The wind blew the tails off six Durham cows, and a Berkshire pig, weighing 200 pounds, was blown completely through his skin, the hide remaining in a standing position and preserving an expression of naturalness that deceived many visitors. The boundary lines of several townships were bent all out of shape, so that they looked like a curled hair mattress on a hot griddle, and the air was blown so completely out of the valley that people had to go up on the hills when they wanted to breathe.—Philadelphia Press.

The Continent's Smallest Newspaper.

The smallest newspaper on the continent is published in Guadalajara, Mexico, the capital of the State of Jalisco, and one of the leading cities of the republic. The El Telegrama, a copy of which was shown us by Major Hilder, the energetic commissioner to the World's Exposition, in this city, from Missouri, is a four-page weekly, five by three inches in size, and, as may well be fancied, is a marvel in the way of condensation. The motto of the paper, as translated, reads: "Little straw and much wheat." The condenser of either the New York or Baltimore Sun would turn green with envy after taking a glimpse at this really wonderful little Mexican sheet. The price of the paper per week is one cent. At the bottom of the first page is printed the following: "Responsible—Lina Luna, R. G. Fuentes, printer." The copy in hand contains five small advertisements. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

LIEUTENANT HALL'S TORPEDO.

An Automatic Fish-Like Machine of Which Great Things are Expected.

Lieutenant M. E. Hall, U. S. N., who for several years has been endeavoring to perfect a fish torpedo, has one now nearly perfected at the Eagle Iron Works in Buffalo. The Courier describes it as twelve feet long, in three sections, and re-enforced by four longitudinal girders to give it greater strength. In the extreme bow there is a capacity for a charge of seventy pounds of gunpowder. This is fixed by means of a primer of fulminate of mercury. A plunger projects in front, having two crossed knife edges constructed so as to act when the torpedo strikes a vessel at a small angle. The ordinary torpedo in such a case would simply allow the projectile to glance off without exploding. The plunger breaks the screw that holds the spring-firing apparatus, thus releasing the firing pin which explodes the charge by striking the sensitive primer of fulminate of mercury. On the bow there are two automatic fins used for steering. The generator is composed of a series of tubes that hold gas and vapor at 1,000 pounds pressure. The middle section consists of plain cylinder 15½ inches in diameter, and in this the generator is contained. The fins are worked by small engines whose valves are automatically controlled by power derived from the generator, whose great pressure, 1,000 pounds to the square inch, has only been obtained after incessant labor and innumerable experiments, many of which were failures. The after section of the torpedo contains the propelling apparatus, consisting of Gardner's patent three cylinder engine, which works two screws by gearing. These screws are two-bladed, and revolve in opposite directions. Their peculiar feature is that the blades of one screw are each at right angles to those of another, thus enabling screws of large diameter to be used as inner blades of the screws revolving in the same space.

The three different sections of the torpedo are screwed together so as to make water-tight joints. The projectile is so constructed as to dive and keep a certain depth by means of the automatically controlled pins in the bow and the diving rudder in the tail. Two tails tend to keep the torpedo upright and regular, enclosing the screws to prevent their being fouled by any floating object, such as seaweed, etc. On the top of the death-dealing machine are three hand holes covered by plates—one giving access to the apparatus which controls the fires at the engine, the other affording access to the diving rudder. The engine is inclosed in a steel case, which slips into its place in the torpedo, and is there held by three bolts, so that it can be readily removed for examination or repair if need be. Attached to the engine is a governor, the invention of Mr. Gardner, foreman of the Eagle Works. This governor controls the engine so as to give uniform rate of speed while working under varying degrees of pressure.

The great advantage claimed for the new torpedo is its straightness of course. The undulating motion of the ordinary torpedo frequently causes the machine to dive without striking its object. The new one, it is said, can be aimed more directly and certainly at the precise spot where it will have the greatest destructive power. Another advantage is in the distance traversed. The ordinary torpedo has a range of about 700 yards; the new finny creature speeds along to the extent of about a mile and a half, or 2,400 yards. The engine is the only one made in this country at all suitable for the work contemplated, and the patent for this part of the apparatus is vested in the Eagle Iron Works Company. Without any special tests or appliances, it is nothing short of wonderful how efficiently the new torpedo in all its parts has been completed and now nearly fitted together. It will shortly be put to the test in Lake Erie. The whole apparatus has a buoyancy of fifteen feet, and it is computed to be able to blow into smithereens the largest vessel afloat.

Senator Van Wyck.

Van Wyck, of Nebraska, is the only Senator whom his associates do not pretend to understand. He is liable to get up at any time and create a row, and the records of the present Congress will show that he has had as much of the fun of the Senate as any two men in it. Van Wyck is nothing if not audacious. He will attack any one who stands in his way. Only a few days ago Edmunds arose and attempted to squelch the fiery Nebraskan with an avalanche of Senatorial precedents. But Van Wyck absolutely refused to be squelched, and merely replied in his most rasping tones: "Now I suppose we shall be treated to the terrors of the Supreme Court." The Senate, of course, laughed, and that, too, at the expense of the great Edmunds. Van Wyck is no respecter of persons. When fully convinced that a certain project is right and ought to prevail there isn't anybody in the Senate who can prevent his fighting that measure to the bitter end. "Old Van," as the boys call him, is against secret sessions. He believes that the Senate was created for the purpose of attending to a part of the people's business. Therefore, he argues, the people are justly entitled to a full knowledge of all that is going on.—Washington Letter to the Boston Traveler.

The Jockey's Life.

There are people who imagine that a jockey's life is a joyous life; that earth can offer few greater delights than to ride the winner of a great race and to be led back to the scales by an ecstatic crowd, and that the sole drawback to the profession is the chance of being asked to pay income tax on £10,000 a year. But how utterly untrue is such an opinion is well shown by the racing correspondent of the New South Wales Echo, who saw Archer's face at the Derby, and thus describes it: "It was like that of a man about to be hanged—a duelist fighting with a foe at once feared and hated—a man, in short, in any position of awful strain, with the complex emotions of terror, hope and resolve. It was all the observation of a second; but it brought home to the mind the abysmal depths of life and death, exultant joy or horrible despair that underlie the gayety and the blare, the bright dresses, the smiling women, the popping of champagne bottles, and the vacuous noise of Epsom race course." After this there would seem to be nothing for it but to start a Jockey's Rescue Society.—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE PRINCES AS THEY ARE.

SKETCHES OF THE BONAPARTISTS THE REPUBLIC FEARS.

Plon-Plon Too Much of a Coward to Ever Give Battle--How Prince Louis and Prince Victor Appeared in School Days.

The proposed French law for the expulsion of the princes of noble blood draws the attention of the world to the strange political situation of France as it is to-day and has been for six or seven years. The republic established at the close of the Franco-Prussian war feels insecure with the pretenders to the throne within its borders, and fears that through some intrigue the present government may be overthrown, though none of the pretenders can actually count upon a sufficiently large following to dare to take any decisive step.

The Orleanist party is rich, but not very numerous and far from active. The monarchical party is in favor of a king by divine right, but has none to go to. The members of this party have been brought up to hate and despise the house of Orleans, yet the elder branch having fallen, the hated head of that family is also the heir of Henry V. and of all their kings. They prefer the republic, prefer anything to having the grandson of Louis Philippe and the great-grandson of "Louis Egalite" profane the throne of St. Louis.

"The strongest party, the Bonapartists, want an empire, but are much in the same position as the Monarchists. The heir of the great Napoleon is the hated Plon-Plon, the most unpopular man personally in all France. Besides this, it is objected, his father married a German princess, he an Italian. Many ardent Imperialists say that they can even place no hopes in the sons of a man like that until they have proven themselves possessed of the virtues that endeared the founder of their family to the French. Had the young son of Napoleon III. lived, they say he would surely have become emperor, but the brave, handsome boy went to his death in Zululand to gain a little glory, and by his last acts endeared his memory to the hearts of his countrymen.

It is probable that if the bill expelling the French princes should become a law the majority of the exiles will seek an asylum in the United States. The Comte de Paris, who served during our civil war in the Army of the Potomac, has already been cabled an invitation to come over by some over by some of his old army comrades, and it is fully expected that he will come. The Comte has many friends on this side of the Atlantic, and his literary labors in the revision of his history of the civil war would be facilitated by coming here. Prince Jerome Napoleon has expressed himself on several occasions during the past few years as anxious to come to this country, and will doubtless avail himself of the excellent opportunity for traveling offered by a forcible expulsion from France. Prince Jerome is, in his every tastes and characteristics as different from the first Napoleon as one man can be from another, His cowardice made him cut such a ridiculous figure during the Crimean war that the soubriquet of Plon-Plon he won then has stuck to him ever since. He takes after the founder of his family in but one respect, his personal appearance. Of this resemblance Prince Jerome is very proud; he is rather taller than the "little corporal" and is just about as fleshy as his famous uncle was in his latter years. His cheeks and lips are closely shaven and his features large and rather handsome. No one who is familiar with the pictures of Napoleon I. would fail to recognize his lineaments in the face of his heir.

Prince Jerome is a polished man of letters, studious and thoughtful by nature, liberal in his religious views, extremely fond of good living and pleasant company. He has an unusual aptitude for languages, speaks well half a dozen idioms, and is interested in anything appertaining to philology or etymology. He has written several volumes, which have met with uniform success, and has ranked among the leading savants of his country. He is fond of the company of literary men, and likes to walk along the streets slowly, with his hands behind back, his head erect, discussing books and authors. Though by nature an easy-going man, of pleasant disposition, he has never been able to get along with the members of his own family. His quarrels with his wife, largely on religious grounds, as she is a devout Roman Catholic, attracted as much attention some years ago as did his difficulty with his eldest son, Prince Victor, which resulted in a complete separation, more recently.

Both of the sons of Prince Napoleon may come to this country when they are expelled, and it is certain that Prince Victor, who is now making a tour of the world, will be here soon. Some six or seven years ago both of the young men were students at the Lycee du Vauves, formerly known as the Lycee du Prince Imperial, situated just outside the walls of Paris. The writer was at the time at the Lycee, having been for four years in the same class as Prince Louis. The elder Prince was a tall, raw-boned boy of nearly six feet in height. He had been growing fast for several years, and he was rather clumsy in appearance, but was very strong physically and quite an athlete. His features were heavy and rather coarse, his hair always cut short, his upper lip shaded by a slight dark mustache. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and was inclined to hold himself aloof from his classmates who were rather inclined to ridicule him. He did not board at the Lycee, as the large majority of the students did, but lived at the house of one of the professors, Mr. Cuvillier, a friend of his father, who accompanied him to and from the place nearly every day and assisted him with his lessons. Professor Cuvillier usually walked up and down the corridors during the recess hours, tramping up and down slowly with his pile of books under his arm. Victor was an intelligent scholar, but not bright. His mind was of a rather heavy order, and while he seemed to work quite hard he rarely held a better rank in his class than about half way. In mathematics and history he was unusually studious and always stood well.

Prince Louis was by far the handsomer and more clever of the two. Of medium height, with finely moulded features, a pure dark complexion, bright eyes and well proportioned body, he was in looks an ideal prince. He had none of the manly qualities, however, that would enthuse his fellow countrymen. He was very much like his father in one respect, that of cowardice. He invariably proved himself as timid as a little girl, and could be put to flight by the slightest indication of hostility. While the majority of the young men in his class played foot ball and other games he would quietly sneak into the playground and wait around near the door for some kind-hearted fellow to come up and talk to him. Of a very retiring disposition, he was apt to seek refuge in flight if the crowd approached him. His great delight was to walk up and down with some other young man, building elaborate castles in the air; a few words of praise would elate him as highly as any harshness would deject him. He was by nature light-hearted and bright, but wofully lacked application. He had at the time as indefinite ideas about America as most Frenchmen have, and he often asked the Americans at the Lycee most absurd questions about their country. He was very grateful to the writer for having protected him from the roughness of his classmates on one or two occasions, and in the plans he made for the time that his family was to return to power he invariably included the writer, to whom he said he intended to give one of the highest positions in the land.

Louis' laziness caused him a great deal of trouble in his studies. He invariably put off his work until the last moment possible, and then rushed through with it carelessly. He frequently appeared in the class-room without having looked at his lessons. He would take his seat a short time before the professor arrived, and try to make up for lost time. He had a faculty for committing Latin and Greek to memory, and could get a fair idea of what he had to recite in a few minutes, but he forgot the lines as quickly almost as he learned them. On Thursday mornings, which were devoted to competitions between the students for rank in the different studies, after the subject had been given out, Louis would generally sit for an hour or more idly looking at the paper before him, or making rough and poor sketches over his books. When he finally got down to work, his sole idea appeared to be to rush it through in any manner he could. One day when the competition was in Latin verse on a subject given out by the professor, Louis only managed to grind out one verse during the two and a half hours allowed to work. The two Americans in the class had rather the faculty for grinding out "machine" verses rapidly, and stood respectively first and second in the class, and Louis professed to warmly admire their "talent." He assured the writer that "when he became Emperor" he would appoint him "Latin poet extraordinary to the Court."

Both of the young Princes Napoleon are very pleasant socially, and if they conclude to come to live here they will become social lions.

NICHOLAS RIDDLE.

A NEW STRIKE.

Dr. Talmage Wants Laborers for King Alcohol to Quit Work.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage preached a sermon last Sunday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the poverty among the working classes caused by the use of intoxicating liquors. Dr. Talmage introduced his sermon by saying that there ought to be more public fountains, where persons on the street could get pure cold water. "In Persia," said he, "under the reign of Darius Hystaspis, the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. What has become of the billions and billions of dollars paid to the working classes in this country? Some of it has gone for the necessities of life, but most of it has been wasted in foolish outlay, wasted at the gaming table and in intoxicants. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted, and is boycotting, the body, mind and soul of American labor. Within three hundred yards of the Sands Street Methodist Church, Brooklyn, there are fifty-four saloons, and another is under preparation. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated they would reach from New York to Chicago. While the ordinary strikes are ruinous, I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which, if kept up, will be a relief to the working classes and the salvation of the American nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next twenty years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage and be saving, may not become a capitalist.

"When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman. A brickmaker in England gives his experience in this matter among men in his employ. He said: 'The beer drinker who made the fewest bricks turned out 659,000, the abstainers who made the fewest bricks counted up 746,000. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger was 87,000.' When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of each soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. All our young men know this. When they are preparing for an athletic event they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they throw away on hurtful indulgences they will put into co-operative associations and so become capitalists."

Dr. Talmage has arranged to go to the Thousand Isles June 26 with 600 of his congregation. They will travel in parlor and sleeping coaches and will be gone three days.

Died of Fright.

Last Sunday the son of Derry Donaldson rode a mule, and the son of Tom Jones rode an ox. While they were riding together the ox turned and gored the mule, opening its side so that its entrails protruded. This was in sight of Donaldson's wife, who was in a delicate condition. The result was so serious that she died next day.—*Abbeville Press and Banner.*