ALBERT EDWARD'S LIFE.

HOW THE ENGLISH HEIR APPARENT SEEMS TO ENJOY HIMSELF.

His Little Sunday Evening Entertainments—The People Who Exert Themselves to Amuse His Royal Highness—The Prince a Capital Speaker.

The restless activity of the life of H. R. H. is simply amazing. A peep at his monthly diary of engagements would appal most men. What with levees, drawing-rooms, public dinners, balls, presiding at music exhibitions and Masonic meetings, laying corner-stones, visiting hospitals shooting off into remote shires to open docks, tunnels and bridges, assisting at the erection of statues to statesmen, warriors and poets—what with these functions, to say nothing of looking in at horse, cattle and flower shows, steaming down to Windsor or Osborne to confer with his queen mother, and turning up promptly at most of the premieres at the dozen or so London theatres he invariably attends, one would reasonably infer that the prince of Wales is not only as busy as the proverbial bee, but never has a minute to himself.

INCESSANT HIGH-PRESSURE MOVEMENT.

And yet H. R. H, never seems in a hurry, but always appears at the appointed moment radiant and resolute. When he finds time to make his careful toilet, read the papers, breakfast and dine and enjoy the dalliance of domestic life is a mystery to the general rublic. And this incessant high-pressure movement does not break him up. He shows no traces of strain or fatigue. In 100 appointments I doubt if he fails in more than one or two, and then the fault is not his own. Doubtless the partial retirement of the queen throws a great deal of social routine work upon him, but he is equal to the demand. I have known him to leave a ball at 3 a. m. and be in the train equipped for a shooting expedition a 100 miles away from town the next morning at 9-30. Sharp work that, but as the Americans say, he is "on deck," looking as serene and robust as though he had gone to bed at sunset instead of sunrise.

But there is one evening of the week that the prince reserves to himself, and no amount of influence or intriguing will induce him to engage himself to any formal function, no matter how important it may be, on Sunday night. That is the "night off" of H. R. H., and on that occasion it is quite understood among his "set," as his little knot of intimates is termed, that he is to enjoy himself sans facon. Like a good Christian, and the "first gentleman in England," he attends divine worship in the morning, dines early with his family, and then the night is his own—and he usually drives in a hansom after the shades of evening have descended to the earl of Fife's, in Cavendish square; Lady Molesworth's, Mr. Alfred de Rothchild's, Lord Charles Beresford's, Lady Lonsdale's, the duke of Beaufort's, Hamilton Aide's, or to the hospitable mansion of Lord Carrington, who is a great favorite with the prince, but who is just now abroad. Formerly Mr. Henry Labouchere provided jolly Sunday nights, delicately tinged with Bohemianism, for H. R. H., but of late the M. P. for Northampton has gone over, body and boots, to Radicalism, and is so abusive of blue-blooded people in the caustic columes of Truth that royalty knows him no longer.

A SUCCESSFUL SUNDAY NIGHT HOST.

Alfred de Rothschild is facile princeps the prince's most successful Sunday night host. He is generous, cultivated and genial, possesses great wealth, and his fine house is a museum of the loveliest and costliest art treasures.

The wits, the musicians, the vocalist, the raconteurs, the dramatists, the travelers, are all on his list. He knows most of the pretty actresses and the reigning beauties of society, and all in good time he is made aware of the coming of his royal guest. Then he asks to meet H. R. H. at supper, Carney Grain, who is a genius at the piano George Grossmith, who sings the drollest of funny songs; Marie Roze, Toole, the comedian, who possesses an inexhaustible fund of good spirits and anecdotes; Miss Adelaide Detchon, a bright little American lady who tells stories of forests and birds and imitates the "feathered denizens of the grove" with surprising fidelity. All of these and many other amusing people are bidden to the feast, and after supper they sing and play, chat and chaff and revel in the follies of niaiseries of the moment with admirable abandon. The prince is ubiquitous, flitting from point to point, the incarnation of frank condescension, turning a graceful compliment, graciously applauding the artists or whispering the latest mot in the ear of the prettiest lady in the salon. A la bonne heure! Is it not the prince's "night off?"

And supper, how simple and gay it is, without restraint or formality. There are no speeches nor prosings, no "few remarks" nor healths to be drunk, but if anybody remembers a good apropos story that does not "play more than three minutes," he is welcome to rise and fire and fire it off. He is sure of an appreciative and laughing audience. Jests and puns, riddles and calembours fly about like mad, the newest scandal that is public property is lightly discussed and then sent to the limbo of forgotten offenses. The ladies are all in their finest attire, and you may be sure they wear their jewels bravely. The diamonds flash, lips are wreathed in smiles, flowers are everywhere. All have come to please and be pleased, and it lifts the heart of the high-spirited and generous host to know that his friends are having a right royal time. The men are all clever, the women all pretty. Is this not a felicitous combination?

I may remark, in conclusion, that the prince is a capital speaker. He never says very much when he gets on his legs, but what he utters is well to the point and always in excellent taste.—Howard Paul in New York World.

The Last Russian Serf Set Free.

The Russian papers announce the emancipation of the last Russian serfs. It appears that the peasants on the estates of the foreign convents in Transcaucasia were until quite recently the serfs of the dioceses of Jerusalem and Constantinople. This abnormal situation has attracted the attention of the authorities, and since last summer the enfranchisement of these serfs has been in progress in the governments of Tiflis and Kutais. The Brotherhood of the Holy Sepulchre possesses more than 6,000 serfs, and the patriarch of Constantinople, as representing the convent of Iversky, on Mount Athos, has about 500 more.—London Times.

The Military Force of Europe.

If the military force of all Europe were drawn up in line, the distance from right to left would be 6,000 miles, as the force would consist of 9,000,000 of soldiers. The reviewing officer would require an express train for several days to go from one end of the line to the other.—Exchange.

Try It Yourself.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to try the article itself. Purdy & Brecht, the druggists, have a free bottle of Dr. Bosanko's cough and lung syrup for each one who is afflicted with coughs, colds, consumption or any lung affection.

J. P. Morris, cashier of the Girard house, Philadelphia, Pa., writes, November 27, 1884: "For the past twelve years I have been a sufferer with what is known to the medical profession as lumbago. Having been recommended, about five years ago, to try Allock's Porous Plasters, I did so, and was more than astonished at the result. I found almost immediate relief on their application. I I wear one constantly now, and would not be without them. I consider them invaluable."

Where Society Is Badly Mixed Up

The show of horsemen and horsewomen at the Casino, a restaurant maintained by the park commissioners, is worth going to see on a pleasant morning or afternoon, the former time being the more favorable, because the fashionably correct hour for a gallop is just after breakfast. But an experienced explainer is requisite for a complete understanding of the assemblages. The sightliest girl may be either a Fifth avenue belle or a social outcast, for all that a stranger can know from appearances; the solid-looking man is possibly the bank president that he looks, or just as likely the banker of a faro game; and the intensified dandy gives no conclusive evidence whether he is a scion of wealth, to whom the expenditure of time and money is of no consequence, or a chap who nervously watches the lapse of the hour, like a child cautiously licking instead of biting an unusual stick of candy, in order to enjoy it to the utmost before reaching the end. No sport has more various devotees.

The indiscriminate character of these road gatherings and the casual throwing together of good and bad people in the restaurants where equestrians habitually stop for rest of legs and refreshment of palate are not infrequently turned to account by thieves. Only a few days ago a spruce fellow rode up to the front of a house in which twenty or thirty persons were eating and drinking. Perhaps half were equestrians, like himself, in costumes that had nothing to throw off while indoors, but the rest included women who had laid aside their wraps. Selecting a $500 fur garment that lay on a chair behind the owner, and close to a door, he boldly threw it over his arm, sauntered out on the rear veranda, and tossed it down to a pal who was in waiting. These scoundrels or others had practiced the same trick before, however, and the waiters had been told to watch for a repetition of the feat; and so the very presentable horseman, known to the police as "Jim Jerk," was arrested on the spot. He had for months been an habitual rider in Central park, a cash customer of a neighboring stable, and a liberal boarder at a first-rate hotel, all on the proceeds of robberies like the one at which he was caught. His domicile is now the Tombs.—New York Cor. Chicago Tribune.

Clara Morris' Studies in Realism.

"Have I ever studied much from real life. Oh, yes; on two memorable occasions in particular; both were at hospitals; one was the hacking cough of the consumptive. There is the bark and the hack. I studied the hack. I coughed for days in my room until I got the hack perfect." Here the actress began to cough a hacking cough that would have caused almost any physician who might have heard her to say that she was a consumptive and couldn't live long. "Of course," continued the actress, "coughing racks the voice, but an actress' voice has a great deal to stand. Talking makes it stronger. There are draughts on cold stages to be encountered in low-neck dresses, and many other little annoyances to contend with, but I have always preferred a bare throat, winter and summer, to wrapping up. I think there is less danger.

"Another study I made was the actions of a person troubled with heart disease. A specialist secured me a subject from a hospital in the shape of a middle-aged woman, a charity patient. When she came into the room where I was, she came quickly. She had run up stairs. Just as she got to the door a pain shot through her heart. That was the action I wanted to catch. Hardly an actor or actress on the stage to-day but what in placing their hand over their heart does it awkwardly, and many don't know the exact location of their heart. I didn't know where mine was exactly situated until I had inquired of my physician."—Dramatic Review.

Six Bottles of Best Champagne.

At Dussaux's restaurnt, in the Grand Morskoi at St. Petersburg, six officers of the imperial horse guards sat drinking champagne. Not far from them sat an insignificant little man with a shabby coat and an unkempt beard, and a glass of liquor in front of him. It was not long before he became aware that he was being ridiculed by the officers aforesaid. By and by, as they became more and more offensive in their remarks on his personal appearance, etc., he called for the waiter, and said: "Bring me six bottles of your best champagne." The waiter hesitated. "Did you not hear what I said?" asked the little man. The waiter brought the wine and six glasses. "Take these glasses away and fetch a basin—one as large as you can find." The waiter again hesitated, but obeyed instantly at the peremptory repetition of the order. "A piece of soap," was the next order. It was brought. "A towel." The waiter handed him one. "Now open the bottles." The waiter did so. The little man now filled the basin with the contents of the six bottles, rolled up his sleeves, washed himself in the costly fluid, wiped his hands, laid a 100-rouble note on the table, and, casting a look of withering contempt on the officers, strutted out of the room.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Darkey and His Cranium.

It is fun to see the darkies when a summer rain comes up. They will plow on until the shower comes and then mount and lope home and get wet all over, and by that time the rain is over and they have to go back again. The darkey takes more care of his head than his feet. He don't want his head to get wet or cold. He sleeps with his head to the fire and covers it up good and lets his feet stick out any way. He will warm his hands before he will his toes. There is one thing that a darkey can do better than a white man. He can beat us making fires on a cold, wintry morning. Sometimes when the wood was wet and the kindling poor I have despaired of making it burn, but a darkey never fails. The fire seems to recognize him and I have thought that maybe it drew some colored caloric from his carcass.—Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution.

Use of Electricity in Surgery.

"Any thing new in the medical world, doctor?"

"Well, yes; Dr. Roberts, of New York, has lately made a remarkably discovery. It is a method of investigating the diseases of a bone by the introduction of a stem of electric light."

"The object?"

"Well, in this case the party had been injured, and the physician suspected that there was an abscess or pus in the thigh bone. He bored a hole in the bone, and by the aid of the incandescent light discovered that his diagnosis was correct."—Cincinnati Enquirer Interview.

The Machinery of Great Britain.

The statement is made that all the varied machinery of Great Britain now operated by steam power is capable of performing more work, and hence of creating more products than could be produced by the labor of 400,000,000 able-bodied men, a greater number than all the able-bodied men on earth.—Exchange.

THE TURTLES AND THE BEARS.

How the Picture-Writings of the North American Indians Are Produced.

Let us see how an Indian of North America goes to work to write. Suppose a wild Indian belonging to the great clan whose members call themselves the Turtles makes a raid on a village of huts and wigwams owned by enemies belonging to the widespread clan called the Bear clan. Suppose it has taken the Turtles three days of hard travel through forests and and over the hills to reach the Bears. By means of their crafty spies they find that the brave men of the Bears are away hunting moose, and that most of the squaws and pappooses are either in the fields of maize or in the woods, where the berries are ripe, and only a few old men and women are left behind to keep watch over some ponies and oxen. Then the Turtles, each clutching his bow, creep on the village under cover of the woods, and with a terrific yell rush at the wigwams. The old people run into the bushes, frightened almost to death, as you can well imagine. Then the Turtles gather up all the ponies and oxen, drive them off, burn all the wigwams they can, and hurry home with the cattle

Now these savages think they have done quite a fine thing in robbing their neighbors of their cattle and plundering and burning their homes, as does one great nation in Europe when, like our Turtle chieftain, badly counseled by wicked and ambitious men, it robs another of a great province and forces the wretched people who dwell there to obey the laws of a nation they dislike. And they wish to let other Indians know what clever robbers they have been. So the Turtle chief chooses a piece of smooth, cream-colored birch-bark, chews up a little tobacco to serve as ink, plucks a twig of soft wood for a pen, and with the tobacco juice draws the following pictures:

First comes a turtle, and it is a very big turtle, because he thinks that he and his clan are very great personages, indeed. Then he draws as many waving lines, to represent bows, as there are Indians in his party, and perhaps the same number of Indians with topknots; his lines bend forward to show in what direction the trail went. Following these a rising sun stands for daybreak, and three lines under it means that three days went by in going to the Bears. Next he puts down as many little pyramids as there were Bear wigwams, and draws them upside down to show that they were destroyed. After that he draws as well as he can, a wee, wee bear, very small, in order to show his contempt for the bears. Finally he draws with the greatest care as many oxen and ponies as he has captured, because he is chiefly proud of this part of his exploit, and wishes all the world of the woods to know what a great and successful robber he is. He does not tell that the Bear braves were away when he surprised the camp, and probably does not care to tell that part of the story. We may understand it from the absence of any sign for scalps. Had there been resistance and men slain on either side, the exact number of dead would have been noted by drawing just as many human figures without their heads.—St. Nicholas.

Cost of a Millionaire's Dining-Room.

"How much does it cost to furnish a dining-room for the mansion of a millionaire?" was asked of a fashionable furniture dealer the other day.

"Well, that depends entirely on what he is willing to pay. Chairs, for instance, range in price from $15 to $60 apiece—that is, the chairs for the side of the table. The arm-chairs that are placed at either end cost from $50 each up to $100. Tables run from $50 each to $250, according to the wood that is used. All tables are, of course, of the extension pattern. We do not sell any that can not be extended to eighteen or twenty feet in length."

"What would a carved oak dining set cost?"

"Here is a sample of a chair with carved oak feet and back. It is covered with embossed leather, decorated by hand. Such a chair will last 100 years. It is worth $60. The arm-chairs to match are worth $90 each. Put six or eight chairs on a side and add a table, and the set would cost in round figures $1,200. That does not include a sideboard and a side-table. Of course there are cheaper sets," remarked the dealer with a beautiful smile. "Good, doubtless, does one as much good when set before one on a rough pine board," he soliloquized, "but people who can afford to prefer not to take it that way, and therefore we exist."—Philadelphia Press.

The Cowmen Pushing into Mexico.

It will be a surprise to most people to learn that American capital invested in the cattle industry has already pushed its way across the Rio Grande, and is seeking investment in the northern states of Mexico. The advantages of this region over even the southern portion of Texas are obvious, in the superior winter pasturage and milder climate, and great ranches have been recently purchased by New Yorkers, who count with reasonable assurance upon securing large returns. The Mexican Financier considers the movement so important that it regards the cattle interest as destined soon to equal if not surpass in importance the mining interest in the northern states of the republic, and it demands a repeal of the old law which prohibits the holding of real estate by foreigners within twenty leagues of the frontier, together with other encouragements to the coming of outside capital.—New York Post.

The Jaguar Pulls Through Safely.

Fanny, the jaguar at the Philadelphia "Zoo," has just come through a serious crisis in her existence. She is 2 years old, and lately began cutting her second set of molar teeth. This is always a particularly dangerous period with animals in captivity, few passing through it safely, as death is caused by inflammation setting in. Fanny was carefully watched and tended by the keepers, and put on a diet of squabs, mutton and milk. She pulled through safely, but now another trouble has arisen. Her luxurious diet has made her fastidious, and she turns up her nose in scorn at her former food of horse meat, and howls for chicken.—Chicago Times.

Cheap Dinners for London Children.

Princess Christian, in view of the extent of the distress in Windsor, is very anxious to organize some cheap dinners for children, and has invited several women to assist in the carrying out of this benevolent object. The mayor, besides allowing the use of the Guildhall, has consented to act as treasurer to the fund, to which the Prince and Princess Christian, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and several women and men have already contributed. The Rev. Mr. Tahourdin of St. George's chapel is the secretary.—Chicago Tribune.

The sidewalks and fences of Washington are almost covered with chalked requests to the public not "to shop after 6 p. m."

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