

THE REAL KAISER.

MOST TALKED OF MAN ON EARTH—ROYAL TAILOR'S DUTIES.

William II., His Vanities, His Follies, His Clothes, His Ways, His Habits and His Home Life, as Described by a Frenchman.

The fierce light that beats upon a throne burns to-day with fiercer lustre than ever. The occupants of those thrones no longer shun its glare—in fact, they are usually as anxious to court it as if they were star actors yearning to get under the calcium light on the mimic stage.

Emperor William is not a man of scholarly attainments. He was rather a dull pupil at school. His younger brother far outshone him. When, at eighteen years of age, he left the College of Cassel to proceed to the University of Bonn, William was only tenth in a class of seventeen. But this was through no lack of wish to excel. He was a hard worker and gained one of the three medals reserved for the three most studious pupils.

Curiously enough, he loves Paris and hates London. His mind still goes back with delight to the few rollicking days he spent in the French capital in 1878. But despite his English mother he has never felt any affection either for England or the English.

It is said that long ago, when he was only a Prince, he was seized at review with a bleeding of the nose. As the officers of his staff pressed around him he reassured them.



EMPEROR WILLIAM.

"Do not trouble yourselves about it, gentlemen; it is only the last drop of English blood escaping from my veins."

He loves the army and is beloved by it in return. After leaving the University of Bonn he turned his chief attention to his military education. Always the first at parade, he was the last to seek repose. He exacted much from his men, but more from himself. On the very eve of his marriage he was commanding, as captain, a company which he was drilling at Potsdam, while according to ancient custom, his betrothed was making her triumphal entry into Berlin. His family and his future wife only saw him for a few moments in the evening. The very day of his religious ceremony, at six o'clock in the morning, he was once more at Potsdam, to give a medal to a sergeant-major. He said to the officers, who were astonished to see him at such a moment:—"Gentlemen, I am only doing my duty."

"But," said the sergeant-major, under his breath, "when I was married I had a week's leave."

He has carried the same traits into his imperial life. His energy is proverbial. He never rests, and professes the deepest horror of idleness. Moreover, his capacity for work is prodigious.

At levees the Emperor pays his guests some original attentions. During the course of a levee he will change his uniform five or six times. Thus, for instance, if the son of a deceased general of the artillery comes to announce to William II. the death of his father, the Emperor does not fail to put on his artillery uniform to do honor to the officer who has died in his service. He wears the uniform of a general of artillery, of cavalry, of infantry, or the naval uniform, according to the person he receives and the position that person occupies.

If the Emperor receives foreign representatives or military attaches of foreign Powers, he wears the uniform of the army of the country which the visitor represents, or at least the orders belonging to that country.

This fatiguing ceremony lasts till about half-past two. The Emperor then joins his children, who are already at table, and takes his second breakfast with them.

He then visits certain great functionaries, generals and ministers, and discusses state affairs with them. He visits an artist and sits for a picture or a bust. He inspects the barracks and the public offices, and, if he has time, he concludes the afternoon with a carriage drive, which lasts till five or six o'clock.

At half-past six he again receives persons who have some communication to make to him, or who come to consult him on military or civil business. He reads reports and signs papers which were presented to him in the morning, but which he wished to think over. Finally, at seven o'clock, he dines with his family.

On leaving the table the Emperor devotes some time to his children, who have spent the day in their studies, or in physical exercises, and then he returns to work.

In the evening, as a novel recreation, the Emperor practices fencing. Toward ten he takes a light repast and then retires to his bedroom. At a little after ten he summons his valet to help him to undress.

On a table beside his bed there are always placed paper and pencil, in order that the Emperor may make a note of anything that occurs to him before he goes to sleep or before he gets up in the morning.

SHORTEST TELEGRAPH LINE.

It Begins and Ends in the New York Stock Exchange.

Probably the shortest independent telegraph line in the world is the one contained within the walls of the New York Stock Exchange. It is little more than fifty feet in length, extending only from the first to the fourth floor of the famous money mart, yet it is perfect in mechanical detail, and over it during operating hours passes a volume of business exceeding that of trans-continental wires.

This unique telegraph system is employed solely in reporting the transactions of the exchange. One terminus of the line is on the exchange floor, the other is in the top of the building, a flight above the point to which the elevators run and where none but trusted employees of the telegraph company are admitted.

Here, in two little rooms side by side, are the offices of the New York Stock Quotation Company, where record of all the exchange operations is received and is transmitted to "tickers" in every part of the city almost as soon as the transactions are completed downstairs. Inside the office are six operators selected from many hundred for their skill, rapidity and trustworthiness to carry on this confidential work. Nothing is left to the honesty of the operators, however. From the time they enter the office, at 1 in the morning, until the exchange closes, at 3 in the afternoon, the doors, which afford the only means of entrance, or exit, are closed and locked. Outside on the stairway stands a uniformed guard, who warns away all would-be intruders and keeps watch and ward over the men themselves.

The business transacted in the office at the top of the exchange building is of a peculiar kind, being made up entirely of the record of quotations and sales. The method followed in doing this work is interesting, as illustrating the perfection or quick communication. There may be 10,000 quotations sent out in the course of a day, but so complete is the system that every sale or offer is reported in 2,000 offices in from ten to thirty seconds of the time when it takes place.

All the business on the floor of the exchange is transacted by verbal agreement, and when the market is brisk there is a perfect fusillade of bids and sales. Fourteen official "reporters" jot down the record of all transactions on little slips, which are then rushed over to the telegraph desk, a distance of perhaps twenty feet, and promptly placed on the wire which runs upstairs.

At the other end of the line the operators are ready to receive the message and put it on the outreaching lines. When business is running in ordinary course there is no copying in the upper office and each transmitting operator takes the message by ear as it is clicked off and puts it on his own wire without waiting for the receiving operators to pass it to him, so that the printing of the quotations on the tape of every ticker in the system is practically instantaneous with the touch of the transmitting operator on the exchange floor.

But when there is a rush this method cannot be followed. In that case two receiving operators are stationed with each sender, one seated on either side of him. They take down the messages as they come and pass them on to the transmitter. He sends them out alternately, being able to work twice as fast as the receivers.

"The men employed in the stock quotation office are all experts," said the superintendent of the exchange telegraph in answer to a question. It requires a special training to master our system and become familiar with all the characters employed in our work.

"Each quotation consists of from four to eight characters, running like this: 'W. U. 107 1-S.' 'C. B. & Q. 39,' all letters and figures. The speed which the men acquire in handling these quotations is remarkable. The average record of each operator runs about twenty-five of these per minute. This means from 150 to 200 impressions per minute or something like 50,000 during the hours when the exchange is open—from 10 to 3. It would rattle the ordinary operator even to think of maintaining such a speed."

A Method in His Peculiarity.

A certain learned professor at Cambridge is a very absent-minded man. A friend of his had been seriously ill. When he was convalescent the professor used to send him jellies and other delicacies. One day he took him a fine bunch of hot-house grapes. The old friends were very pleased to see each other, and were soon in deep discussion. The professor, becoming interested, began absent-mindedly picking the grapes, taking one at a time till they were all gone. On going out of the door he called back to his friend, "Now, mind you eat those grapes; they will do you all the good in the world!"

"Yes, we lost that good girl that I told you about." "What was the trouble?" "Why, she left the water running in the bathtub, and it leaked through and she caught cold. She said she wouldn't stay in a house where they didn't have watertight floors."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SENATOR DEPEW.

HE EARLY DECIDED TO ESCHEW POLITICS, BUT DIDN'T.

"Our Chaucery" Has Always Been Popular, But Has Frequently Been Against the Machine—Had He Not Taken to Railroading He Would Have Been a National Figure Years Ago.

Senator Depew laid out his course in regard to politics when he was thirty years old. At that time Secretary of State Seward wished to make him minister to Japan and actually appointed him to the office. At about the same time Commodore Vanderbilt offered to make him attorney of the Harlem railroad. Mr. Depew thought the matter over carefully and abandoned Japan for the railroad. Of this conclusion he said:—

"My refusal to take the mission to Japan was the turning point of my life. I reasoned this way: If I go to Japan my career must be a political one. If I stay in politics I may get to Congress and the Senate, and when I get to be about forty-six years old I will be dropped out. If I stay, my practice will grow, and if I want to go to the Senate or get a mission when I grow old, I can get it."

Mr. Depew was sixty-four years old last April, and he has not found it so easy to "go to the Senate" or "get a mission" as he supposed it would be thirty-four years ago. He has been ready for several years, but the offices have not come his way.

Mr. Depew, as everybody knows, has led a life of great activity. He has achieved fame as a lawyer, a railroad manager, a financier, a raconteur and an orator, but the thread of politics has run through everything that he has done. In spite of the fact that he turned his back upon it with so much resolution in the early sixties, it has been the warp upon which the loom of his accomplishments has been woven.

No young man ever had a more flattering start in politics than Mr. Depew had. He came of a Democratic family, but his opinions changed while he was at Yale, and when he was graduated in 1856 he took the stump at once for Fremont and Free Soil. He made a favorable impression. He was nominated for the Assembly in the Third district of Westchester in 1861 and was elected.



SENATOR DEPEW.

He became a candidate for Speaker before the Legislature met, but was defeated by Noble L. Elderkin. Though he missed the speakership, he landed the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, which carried with it the leadership of the majority on the floor. This was doing pretty well for a young man of twenty-eight, serving his first term.

There is a contemporary portrait of Mr. Depew sketched at this time, which shows that his political promise was recognized. Here it is:

"Mr. Depew is one of the ablest members in the assembly, and bids fair to become a prominent man in the state. He possesses decided ability, to which may be added a good degree of industry, energy and perseverance. Although looking much older, he is scarcely twenty-nine years of age, but his bearing and business habits partake more of the character of middle age, or even mature years, than the impetuosity and recklessness of youth."

More unmistakable evidence of popularity awaited the rising young politician. Horatio Seymour was elected Governor in 1862, and the outlook for Republican success the following year was not good. Mr. Depew was nominated for Secretary of State and was elected by 30,000 plurality. During the campaign he made two speeches a day for six weeks. It was during his term as secretary of state that Mr. Depew went to Washington to take the soldier vote, and there met President Lincoln for whom he had stumped New York. Mr. Lincoln took a fancy to him. When he declined a re-nomination as secretary of state Secretary Seward commissioned him minister to Japan. He considered the office for a month and decided to decline it for the reasons which he himself has given.

Notwithstanding these two refusals, the party was anxious to do something for him. Governor Reuben E. Fenton made him clerk of Westchester, the legislature elected him a regent of the State University in 1874, and also chose him one of the Commissioners of the new Capitol. This last gift he declined.

Mr. Depew's early connection with the Vanderbilt railroads was political in part. It was his duty to watch the interests of his employer in the legislature, and this took him to Albany

during the session, where he presented arguments for or against legislation, as the case might be.

Just to keep his hand in, Mr. Depew ran for Lieutenant Governor in 1872, but was defeated by John C. Robinson, who went in with Governor Dix. He has never appeared before the people as a candidate for an elective office since.

IS PRAYER A DELUSION?

An Editor Ruminates Wisely but Fails to Answer His Query.

To read the Psalms is to be brought face to face with God as a helper. The writers drew near to the Creator, expecting Him to do something for them that they very much needed and considered beyond their own powers. For such help the Psalms render frequent and most beautiful thanks. Moral help there was, but material help, of course, always within the lines of good morals, is far more frequently the subject of request and thanks.

Was this all delusion? Or is there this help in God for man in his struggle to live on the earth? Will anyone say the Psalmist's request for help is unbecoming? Is there in our modern oration about politics, or philosophy, our argument about truth or our defense of "the articles" anything more truly religious than these humble pleas for help addressed to the Creator? Have we "progressed" so far, in our age, that worship does not mean asking for food, raiment, health, protection and common blessing? Doth God bless the basket and the store? The old writer said He did. But we rely on skill, training, "hustle" and "pulls." No doubt these will fill a basket and "bless" a store. But whether we shall still teach our children that God Himself is really worshipped by our asking His help is the question. If the function of religion is purely governmental, we will try to be loyal to the government, but to lose out this old idea of a fatherly help leaves the world awfully lonesome.

Many of us refuse to depart from the ancient ways of prayer. We have learned to believe that God has been pleased to help us in countless needs. He has been the silent partner in our business. He has made our career a wonder to observers. We stand astonished by the sure knowledge of what He has succeeded in accomplishing with us. Men there are who cannot but believe in God since they see themselves; see what they had to begin with what they have escaped what they have achieved. They may hesitate to speak of these wonders. Not wonderful, as results in comparative history, to be sure, but wonderful as viewed by a self-abnegation that is intelligently thankful. The days of miracles may or may not be passed, but it is not becoming in the church that she should confine herself to persuading mankind that they are indeed passed. Days for miracles are now on as. Moral power, beyond man's to generate, are needed. It would indeed be a queer contrast if now, when physical force is enlarged in the discovery of electricity for example spiritual force is curtailed. Tesla can hardly surprise us. We are prepared for anything from this wizard. It is only St. Paul and Jesus Christ and the Psalmist who, as we see them on looking backward, seem to need softening explanations. "Ask and ye shall receive." "If you know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more your Father which is in heaven." Really there is all the thrill of novelty in it, of late, that an Infinite Personage is prepared to flash his glorious care, warm as a father's heart, strong beyond what one can ever ask or think, into every weary, darkening human life. Excelling all fraternalities for mutual help is the divine help along the rough road, and we are hungry to hear about it every time we gather for worship.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

THE OLD MAN'S WONDERFUL CURE.

The Doctor Had the Wind Taken Out of His Sails.

A good story is told by a Cleveland physician on himself. He is a physician of considerable repute, and some time ago was called to attend a gentleman of advanced years, who was suffering from a slight complication of disorders. The doctor went to work with a will, and presently had the patient on the road to recovery. In fact, two weeks from the time he took the case he had him cured.

As he left the house after announcing that further visits would be unnecessary the daughter of the restored man accompanied him to the door.

"Doctor," she said in somewhat tremulous tones, "I want to tell you"

The doctor, who supposed she was anxious to express her gratitude for his skilled attention, waved her thanks aside.

"But, doctor," she persisted, "it is something that will interest you. I feel that"

"Say no more, madam," cried the doctor, much moved by the woman's agitation.

"It's something I must tell you, doctor," she continued. "Please listen."

The doctor halted with his hand on the knob.

"Yesterday," said the woman, "I was down town and met Mrs. Pugsley, the Christian Scientist, and she told me she had been giving father 'absent treatments' for two weeks. Isn't it just too wonderful?"

"Good morning," said the doctor, dryly.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Patience—What is the cheapest thing you ever saw about a bargain counter?

Patience—A husband waiting for his wife.—Jewish Comment.

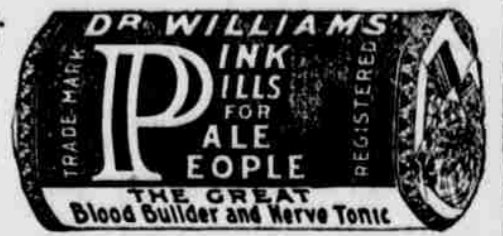
THE BEST SPRING TONIC.

As winter passes away it leaves many people feeling weak, depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood needs attention and sensible people always take a tonic at this time of year. Purgatives are not the right medicine—they weaken instead of strengthening.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best tonic medicine in the world and do not act on the bowels. They stimulate the appetite, enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and make people feel bright, active and strong.

No one is better able to speak of this fact than Miss Hazel Snider, a charming young woman of Arlington, Ind. Today she has rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and a plump form, which prove that she is in good health. A year ago Miss Snider was very thin, her cheeks pale, eyes sunken and dull. She was troubled with nervousness and general debility. She says: "After several months' treatment from the family physician we saw he could do no good. I was discouraged and did not know what to do. One day I read an item in a paper of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I tried the medicine, and when nearly through with the second box noticed a change for the better. After I had taken eight boxes I was cured, and have had no occasion to take any kind of medicine since. I owe much to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, probably my life, and I advise any one suffering with troubles similar to mine, to take these pills." Miss HAZEL SNIDER.

Sold by all druggists or sent post paid by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., on receipt of price, 50¢ per box; six boxes, \$2.50.



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YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT
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A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

When you want to look on the bright side of things, use

SAPOLIO

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, nice pure. 50c. \$1. All druggists.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cures constipation forever. 10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Chinese artists cannot paint an animal without making a caricature, whereas their flower pictures are the finest in the world, being absolutely true to life in form, color, and reveal every detail.

PILES—ITCHING, BLIND AND BLEEDING—CURED in three to six nights. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is peerless in relief. One application gives instant relief. It cures all itching and irritating skin diseases, chafing, eczema, etc. 35 cents.—63.

Sold by C. A. Klein.

When a girl graduates, she has an ambition to show the world what a noble woman, with a high purpose in life, can do, but she meets a man and marries him, and soon begins to get that funny look in her eyes.—Atchison Globe.

IN ALL STAGES of nasal catarrh there should be cleanliness. As experience proves Ely's Cream Balm is a cleanser, soother and healer of the diseased membrane. It is not drying nor irritating, and does not produce sneezing. To test it a trial size is mailed for 10 cents or the large for 50 cents by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., N. Y. Druggists keep it. Upon being placed into the nostrils it spreads over the membrane and relief is immediate. It is an agreeable cure.

There is a plant in Jamaica called the life-plant, because it is almost impossible to kill it. When a leaf is cut off and hung up by a string, it sends out white thread-like roots, gathers moisture from the air, and begins to grow new leaves.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Pletcher*

It is getting to be the fashion to address and stamp envelopes on the back. With the direction written across the folds, the letter cannot be opened by an unauthorized person without the fact being noted.

APPOXEM.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is equally effective in apoplectic symptoms. If you have unpleasant dizziness, lightness or sudden rush of blood to the head, take precautions against a recurrence. This great remedy will remove the cause. The press of the land has daily a long list of sudden deaths which would not be chronicled if Dr. Agnew's Cure for Heart were used.—61.

Snakes are one of the scourges of India. Thousands of people die yearly from their bite. In the last twenty-two years the number of deaths attributed to this cause has reached the enormous total of 433,289.

A VETERAN'S STORY.—George Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa., writes: "I am eighty years of age. I have been troubled with Catarrh for 50 years, and in my time have used a great many catarrh cures, but never had any relief until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. One box cured me completely."—61

The tube of a 12-inch gun, which is used in some warships, has fifty spiral grooves inside, which cause the shot to revolve at a rate of seventy-five times per second as it rushes through the air.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Pletcher*