Hamassar's house is surrounded by a guard?"

"It is, my King."

"At daylight, then, see to it that he is taken to the prison. And let every guest at this most dreary feast hold himself in readiness to testify before me. Now leave me to my sleep."

But sleep came not to the King, and in the morning his faced had aged ten years.

One man, however, looked younger than his wont as the sun came up and threw the gaunt shadow of Ramek across the pavement of the prison yard. He had grown youthful by degrees as he saw Hamassar, still dull from the fumes of wine, dragged from his bed and hauled through the streets to a cell. His face had grown fuller every moment as he paced the courtyard and reflected on the plight of his ruined rival.

"Surely," he soliloquized, "there is no escape for this drunken braggart. The Emperor cannot afford to let his law be trampled on by one so high in place. Well have my plans turned out. Hamassar was an easier victim than I had hoped to find him. I knew not that drugged wine would so quickly turn a wise and modest man into a boastful fool. But enough of this. I must go home and rest."

When Hamassar regained his senses he looked about him in surprise. His head ached, his face was pale, and beneath his eyes dark shadows lay. Even his handsome nose was redder than should be the model for the world.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed. In his mind was a confused image of a banquet hall, and dancing lights and strains of merry music to which familiar faces seem to nod in time.

"In prison, sir," a negro said, coming to his couch.

"In prison? What mean you, slave? I, Hamassar, confined in a cell? It cannot be. I dream."

He lay back upon the couch and slept again.

CHAPTER III.

In solemn council the highest court was met. The Emperor, looking old and worn, gazed down upon a vast, impatient throng, while near him his weeping daughter sought in vain to find Hamassar through her tears. The audience hall was packed, for Hamassar's case had made great noise, and from the distant corners of the land the people came to hear his fate. Perhaps they all had hopes that if the Emperor gave him pardon the harsh decrees would be revoked and once again their nimble tongues might chatter of themselves. Men from the mountains and men from the plains, quiet villagers and noisy herdsmen, nobles high in rank and beggars from the streets jostled each other in the shadow of the throne. Never before had so large a crowd attended a session of the court.

The Princess Bru was a handsome woman, dark haired, dark eyed and tall. Her face, clean cut, was somewhat proud, but her smile, though sad to-day, told of a kindly heart. All hearts went out to her as she dried her tears and looked about her nervously. "Poor child," the women said, and the men felt that Prince Hamassar had full excuse for having lost his heart, whatever might yet happen to his head.

Ramek, alone of all that vast assemblage felt a savage satisfaction at the plight of the woman he thought he loved. The sorrow in her face testified that Hamassar had her heart, and Ramek rejoiced that he had made her suffer. His evil face wore a bitter smile as he looked about him, and saw in the eyes of all nought but love and pity for the girl.

At length Hamassar, closely guarded, and with his wrist enchained, was led before the throne. He had grown old in a night. His head he carried proudly, and when he made obeisance to the King he did so with a princely grace that made the strangers friends to him at once.

There was a silence for a time. Then slowly the Emperor arose, and in a voice of sorrow, said:

"Hamassar, erstwhile Prince and our prospective son, you are charged with disobedience of our will. Our late decree, 'tis said, your foolish tongue has boldly held as naught. If this be true your head is forfeit to the State."

A great sigh, as though the wind murmured in a forest, arose from the crowd, and the Princess, broken-hearted, sobbed aloud.

Then, one by one, the guests at the Prince's feast told, in subdued tones, the story of his fall; how he had boasted of his bride and dubbed his nose unrivaled. As witness after witness wove about the neck of the accused a chain of iron, the thin face of Ramek shown with demoniac joy, while the Emperor's countenance grew constantly more grave. The maidens surrounded the Princess; Bru fanned her constantly, as though in fear that she would faint. Hamassar kept his eyes upon the floor, and seemed determined to conquer all emotion.

At length sufficient testimony had been laid before the King to establish the guilt of the accused. The crowd, pressing forward to catch every word, murmured among themselves, and there was an echo of pity in their tones. For, doubtless, most of them knew that wine, when taken in excess, plays strange pranks with men. And to them all it seemed as though Hamassar's words had not been greatly out of place, for the beauty of the Princess dazzled them all, and they had to acknowledge that Hamassar's nose was a work of art.

Such lenient thoughts as these entered not the Emperor's head. He sat buried in contemplation for awhile after the last witness had stepped aside.

"Hamassar," said the King, "the evidence in all its details lies before me. What have you to say before I tell your doom?"

"Most gracious Lord," in firm and manly voice the Prince replied, "the honesty of these, my friends, I cannot well impeach, for what they say they say unwillingly. But in very truth, I remember nothing of the boastful words they charge me with. Your clemency I ask not, but let me say that never in my conscious thoughts have I had wish to disobey your very wise decree."

The fearless manner of the Prince impressed the throng, and a murmur of applause caused a smile to cross the face of the Princess Bru. For a moment even the Emperor looked less stern. But it was only for a moment. His brow again darkened and he communed in silence with himself.

There was not a sound in the hall. Everyone knew that life or death hung upon the next words of the King, and Ramek gazed eagerly at the stern face upon which all eyes were turned.

"Your words, Hamassar," said the Emperor at length, "are doubtless true, but they alter not the sentence that must come. In your own home, before 200 guests, you broke the letter and the spirit of our law. Your crime, if I forgive you, would corrupt the land, and once again the egotist and braggart would meet us at every turn. My word would be but wind to my people, and they would call their King a man of straw. The law must be enforced. I and my child have loved you well, and your sad fate has filled our hearts with gloom. But though a father, I am also King. I must be firm, although I long to grant you mercy." He paused here, and there were those who thought they heard him sob. "Hamassar, your sentence I pronounce. Before to-morrow's sun has set behind the hills your head must fall. May the deities that love our land be kind to you."

A dread silence followed these fateful words. Hamassar's face was white, but his lips trembled not at all. Suddenly upon the startled air arose a shriek and, rushing forward, the Princess Bru sprang up the stairway to the throne. Throwing her white arms around her father's neck, she cried: "O, spare him! Spare him! Save him for my sake!"

"Silence, my child," the Emperor sternly cried, though his hand touched her shoulder lovingly. "Remember, you are the daughter of a King. Guards, remove the prisoner."

"Most gracious lord," exclaimed a white-haired man pushing his way through the throng, permit me a word before the prisoner departs."

"Speak," said the Emperor curtly, "but see to it that your words are few and to the point."

Stepping forward until he stood in full view of the crowd, the old man said:

"That his head is forfeit to the state according to the ruling of our King, is true. I heard them and I know. But in our courts the spirit, not the letter, of the law is held to be the highest guidance for our use. Now, let us look at Prince Hamassar's case. The witnesses have shown that in an egotistic way he boasted of his nose. He spoke not of his head, nor claimed that any feature but his nose was worthy of all praise. What follows? The letter of the law demands that he shall lose his head. But this punishment is too severe. The decree was laid down not to oppress our land, but to make our people modest. Therefore I say that its spirit will be carried out in full if Prince Hamassar's nose is severed from his face. Let him lose that of which he bragged, and if, in the future, he shall vaunt the beauty of his ears or call his hands unrivaled, let further mutilation be his fate. This is strict justice, and mercy and reason here go hand in hand."

A roar of applause resounded through the palace as the old man's clever speech came to a sudden end. The Emperor looked pleased and seemed to reflect that a nose is not essential to a son-in-law. The Princess Bru clapped her fair hands delightedly, and even Hamassar seemed to lay aside for a moment his studied and phlegmatic pose.

"Old man, you have spoken well," the Emperor said. "Your reasoning is most profound. I hereby revoke the sentence just pronounced, and decree that—"

"Most gracious King," broke in Ramek, rushing forward, "grant me a moment before you take another step."

"What means this noise, wise Ramek?" the Emperor cried. "You were not wont to be a rattleplate."

"Nor am I making foolish interruption now, my lord; but as a subject sometimes useful to the state, I crave your notice to a word or two."

"Go on, then, and be quick."

"Permit me, then, to say that in his argument my aged friend has spoken brilliantly. He is skillful in the law and his persuasive voice went to my inmost soul. But bear in mind, my King, that this especial case will serve for precedent, and as the late decree is now interpreted so shall its influence for all time be felt. Now, mark you! According to the counselor who just now spoke it is sufficient for the law that he who disobeys it should lose that of which he boasted. Hamassar, then, forfeits to the state his nose. But we must bear in mind that he also showed 'in word and manner,' I quote from the decree, 'overweening satisfaction' in his betrothed. According, therefore, to our friend's interpretation, Hamassar's nose and your own daughter, gracious king, must be cut off. There is no middle course. If the spirit of the law demands the sacrifice of Prince Hamassar's nose, it cries out also for the blood of the Princess Bru. I put the matter plainly, for this is a crisis when to mince words would be criminal. I feel that the death of Hamassar would be a national calamity. I have always loved him well, and have rejoiced in his advancement. But the life of one man only is not here at stake. If the law be construed in a loose and careless way there is no telling how cruel its application may yet become. By holding to the letter of this stern decree all danger is avoided, and a precedent here set for many generations yet unborn. Let Hamassar rise to a joyous contemplation of the fact that in his death he will confer upon posterity a great and lasting boon. I thank you much, O King, for granting me this time, and hope that you will understand my heart. I am striving to protect the welfare of our land. If I have erred your own great wisdom will surely set me right."

Ramek ceased, and as his voice in jeering echoes died away a shudder passed over the assemblage. For his words, though harsh, were wise, and all who heard them knew the Prince must die. The Princess Bru sobbed painfully, and the Emperor's face was grave. He found himself in a strange dilemma. He might save the Prince by cutting off his nose and beheading the Princess Bru, but, with his daughter dead, Hamassar could not be his son-in-law. On the other hand, if he killed Hamassar, of course he could not wed him to his daughter. Whichever way he played the game he lost.

The throng before him, deeply moved, seemed to gaze up at him in pity, and the silence in the hall proved that his subjects felt deeply the misfortune of their King. After a time he spoke.

"This is a weighty matter," he said gloomily, "and not to be decided in a trice. I must ponder it at length. Hamassar, I remand you to prison for a week. At the end of that time your doom shall be announced. Gentlemen, the court adjourns."

CHAPTER IV.

Surrounded by her women the Princess Bru, looking heavy-eyed and weary, reclined upon a divan. Two days and nights her tears had flowed and the beauty of her face was marred. She realized that her lover had no chance of escape, and the thought of the dreary life before her well nigh drove her mad. "Why, O why, did he touch the treacherous wine?" she would cry out in the still watches of the night. "Why did he vaunt my charms, and talk of his darling nose? Hamassar, O Hamassar, I cannot let you die."

Her women regretted her sad fate, and in gentle ways offered her what consolation lay in their power. But they made no impression on her bruised and bleeding heart. Their task was fruitless because the Emperor, distrustful of himself, refused to see his child or let her plead her lover's cause in any way whatever.

As Bru reclined that morning listlessly upon her couch and watched the sunbeams chase the brilliant colors on the rugs, her face wore a hopeless look, as though she had played her last coin on the black and red had won. At last came forward one of her damsels and stood near the couch.

"Weep not, fair Princess," first she said, turning kindly eyes upon the Emperor's child. "There yet may be a way to save the Prince."

"What mean you, girl?" asked Bru coldly, though with some surprise. "Delude me not with false and fleeting hopes."

"Have you not heard," continued the maiden, unabashed, "of a wise old woman who lives in the mountains many miles from here and watches from her cave the changing stars? From the book of nature she learns strange secrets that we know not of. I have heard it said that her mind is quick, although her face is queer. Perhaps this woman could advise you well."

"We catch at straws who drown," exclaimed the Princess Bru. "Send straight for this old crone. And tell the messenger to ride right hard and bring her back at once."

The day wore on to night, the night to day, and still the Princess, sleepless as before, awaited eagerly the coming of the dame. The sun arose and shone in splendor on a city plunged in gloom. For the people loved Hamassar, and felt that his doom was hard. In vain they had sent petitions and petitioners to plead before the King. His face retained its sternness and he refused to hear their plea. High noon had come before the Princess Bru, still listless from her sorrow, heard from her women that the hag was there.

"Admit her quickly," said the unhappy girl, watching the hangings eagerly. A hideous old woman stood before her, dry as a twig and bent with the weight of years. In her eyes, however, burned the light of a searching mind. No obeisance made she as she entered the royal presence, but, leaning on her stick, awaited the words of Bru.

"You come from far, good mother. Accept my thanks. You must be weary. Seat yourself upon this couch that you may talk in comfort."

The kind words of the Princess seemed to please the aged crone, for she smiled grimly and sank down upon the seat.

"Must Prince Hamassar die, wise woman?" asked the Emperor's child, her voice trembling as she felt the import of her words.

"I cannot tell, my child. What do my mountains know about Hamassar? As I came hither I heard that he had disobeyed your father's last decree."

"'Tis true, but is there no escape? I cannot, Oh, I cannot let him die!"

She sobbed aloud and her maidens rushed around her, fanning her devoutly and pressing her to drink. She touched her lips to the cooling water and seemed refreshed. Then calmly to her guest she told the story of Hamassar's fall, and how it was that his head had not yet fallen from its trunk. In silence the old woman listened, and, when the Princess ceased, spoke not a word. After a time she said:

"I must ponder this alone, and search the stars to-night. The law is too severe, but, as it seems to me, its right interpretation has not yet been reached. To-morrow I will come to you, and may have words to say worthy your royal ears. Till then have hope, for woman's wit is often potent even where men have failed. So saying, she slowly left the room, and the Princess wept to see her go.

At length the fatal day arrived, which brought with it Hamassar's final doom. Again the audience hall was thronged. The Emperor looked old and ill, as he slowly mounted to his throne and smiled sadly on his people. Ramek was there, the light of triumph in his eyes and a flush upon his chin and sunken cheeks. The crowd was restless, and guards well armed were scattered through the hall. Rumors had reached the King that certain lawless spirits had sworn to save the Prince.

When the culprit, still in chains, was brought before the throne, a cheer rang out which reached the crowd outside, and echoed back from the very center of the city. The Emperor turned pale, but his mouth was firm and his eyes glowed with a stern, unshaken purpose.

"Silence," he cried, "and let the outer doors be closed." Then he arose and said: "A woman's voice pleads for a hearing before the doom of Prince Hamassar shall be known. Reluctantly my royal promise I have given that my daughter should address the Court."

There was a buzz of excitement in the hall. Ramek looked surprised, and Hamassar's gloomy face betokened a passing interest in these words. After a moment a side door opened, and the Princess Bru, surrounded by her court, entered the hall. She looked superb. Rich robes and jewels added to the beauty of her face and form, and a murmur of admiration broke from the mobile throng. Ramek sprang forward and offered her his arm, but she haughtily waved him aside. One glance she cast upon Hamassar full of love and cheer, then proudly advanced toward the throne.

Never before had the Princess carried herself so well in her father's sight. He looked upon her with pride, and as she bowed before him smiled down upon her with affection. "She is every inch a Queen," he said to himself. "Even if Ramek had not made his speech a week ago it would have been a shame to wed her to a man without a nose."

Standing alone upon the dais from which orators addressed the court, the Princess gazed calmly before her. There was not a tremor in her face, and she awaited patiently the cessation of the noise her appearance had produced. At length she spoke:

"By the kindness of my King I am allowed to stand here for a moment to speak a few words of defense of Prince Hamassar. Well do I know that the greatest lawyers of the realm have pronounced his case defenseless. Well do I know that his sentence once pronounced is now again to be affirmed. Why come I, then, to raise a woman's voice, where men whose tongues are bold refuse to stand? Why do I lay aside the modsty of sex and reverse the customs of our lands? Because I love Hamassar, do you say? No, because I love the right and would not see my King and name disgraced. For know you all that the execution of the Prince would be in full defiance of all law. Your patience for a moment and I'll explain. What is the purpose of the decree against which Prince Hamassar erred? Is it not that in this mighty Empire the egotist and boaster may have no place? Has Hamassar, until the moment of his unlucky speech, been given to the habits of a braggart? You who know him least know that his modesty has been famed even in the distant corners of the earth. What then? His sudden exhibition of conceit had some peculiar cause. He was an egotist by chance, not by habit, and when he spoke that night the gambols of his tongue were due to wine. Now, follow me close. The spirit of the law is said to be the guidance of our courts. Does this decree in spirit urge the death of one whose modesty rare has been joined to make him an example to the people of this land? No, ten thousand times. The spirit of this decree calls out for the removal of that which caused the Prince's fall. If he is modest when himself, deprive him, then, of all intoxicants, and his humility will still be as a star to guide our court. Cut off his wine, neither his nose nor head. So much for that. Now, let me say a word to those who talk of precedent and insist upon the letter of the law." Here she looked at Ramek. "Prince Hamassar has already fulfilled the harsh demands of this decree. What do I mean? you ask. Just this. Did he remember one word of what he said? Can he now recall his boastful speech? No. This proves, beyond all question, that before he left his board he had paid his head. Now, a man cannot be punished twice for a single crime. Having once lost his head because of the wine he drank, the state has now no claim upon his person. Thus do I hold that if he takes a pledge to abstain from all intoxicants, the spirit of the law will rest in peace. The letter of the same, as I have shown, is now forever dead so far as Prince Hamassar is concerned."

Surprised applause, which had broken out now and then during the young woman's speech, became a mighty roar as she ceased. Cheer after cheer arose, and, had it not been for the guards, the people would have raised Hamassar in their arms and carried him straightway from the hall.

"The game is lost," muttered Ramek to himself, as he slunk from the palace and fought his way through the crowd outside. "I wonder where that woman got her points?"

There is little more to tell. The Emperor, overjoyed to hear his daughter's words, released the Prince at once, and in a month possessed a son-in-law whose nose remained in its accustomed place. And to this day the descendants of Hamassar, still mighty men in the East, abstain from wine. "Hamassars never smile" is an Oriental proverb, the origin of which you have just read.

THE END.

Copyright, 1889. All rights reserved.

IT KILLED THE PLAY.

A Tailor Tried to Get a Free Ad. While Acting on the Stage.

(Minneapolis Tribune.)

Emile J. Rose, alias Oscar Panstrom, recently had a little experience in some private theatricals. The play which his company proposed to put on the boards, was "Hawkshaw, the Detective," in which Dr. Rose played the title role. The initial performance was given a few days ago before a very select audience composed of personal friends of the members of the company. Everything had gone smoothly until the grand climax was reached when *Hawkshaw* is in the den of thieves, presumably in a drunken slumber. He has long black whiskers and is clad in overalls and a dirty flannel shirt. Everybody has withdrawn except *Hawkshaw* and one of the ladies. The latter hastily writes a letter and then, with a pleasingly tragical air, exclaims:

"Now that I have written this letter, who will carry it?"

"I will," replies the supposed bum.

"And who are you?"

My heart jumped up in my throat and my whole being thrilled with excitement as I awaited the startling exclamation, "I am *Hawkshaw*, the detective."

But the occasion was too much for my friend Rose, and, as he wildly clutched his artificial whiskers, he exclaimed:

"I am Oscar, the tailor!"

It killed the play. The question now arises whether Mr. Rose forgot his lines or was shrewdly working a $10 per line advertisement.

The thrill part of my system is still lame from the effects of the shock.

WHAT CHICAGO MEANS.

The Etymology and Significance of the Old Indian Name.

(Chicago Herald.)

Chicago, however spelled, is an Indian name borrowed from amiable predecessors—the aboriginal Miamis. The first mention of the word Che-cau-gou, the modern Chicago, is in Hennepin's account of La Salle's expedition from the lake to the Illinois river. One of the first Indian meanings of the word Chicago is said to be great or strong, from "ka-go" something, and "chi," from getchi, great. Dr. William Barry, the first Secretary of the Chicago Historical Society, said of the word:

"Whatever may have been the etymological meaning of the word Chicago in its practical use it probably means strong or great. The Indians applied this term to the Mississippi river, to thunder, or to the voice of the great Manitou."

Edwin Hubbard, the genealogist, adopts a similar view, and says the word Chicago in its application signifies strong, mighty, and powerful.

Shut Up.

Bobby (trying to be funny)—Supposing I should steal him some night and take him to the pound?

Miss Edgeways—I don't believe the poundkeeper would be entirely sure just which one of you to keep.—*Judge.*

ITALY'S FAIR QUEEN.

Olive Weston Tells Some Interesting Things of Her Home Life.

HER FRIENDS AND HER JEWELS.

A Disappointing Little Peep Into the Realms of Literature.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVE IN ITALY

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

The Pearl of Savoy they call her, Margherita is her name, which means "a pearl," and pearls are her favorite jewels. Every year her husband presents her with a new string, the finest that can be found, and they now fall from her throat to below her waist, a solid mass. Her jewel caskets are heaped up with them like the treasure chambers of the Shah of Persia. At a court costume ball she once appeared as the Princess of Pearl, when she wore not only all of those wonderful things, but all the other pearls in her collection, and was completely covered with them. Her dress was cloth of silver, brocaded in pearls, while beautiful pear-shaped pendants hung from the centers of the flowers in raised pearl embroidery.

There is a pretty little story of a necklace that her son saw in a shop window, which he could not buy with his pocket money, so he begged the shop-keeper to let him have it bead by bead. And on the Queen's birthday, when his royal father had presented his superb gift, the little Prince proudly hung around his mother's neck a strand almost equaling it in beauty and value. That row is one the Queen oftenest wears, and is one of her dearest treasures.

INCLINED TO GREEN.

After pearls she best likes emeralds, of which she has a magnificent parure. She is much inclined to green in her costumes, wearing sage blue, moss, and bronze in many shades. Dark bronze green, with bands of feather trimming, soft and fluffy around her neck, the skirt embroidered in the same shade and a line of rose pink lining the bonnet, is her favorite carriage toilet. She used to be very slender, but has of late been growing stouter and stouter, which makes her appear quite short and annoys her very much. She wishes to diet, but it is very difficult for her to do so, as she enjoys every dainty of the table. A few years ago, when the Empress of Austria was the handsomest woman in Europe and proud of her fine figure, fearing the signs of embonpoint, she lived almost entirely upon fruit, strong tea and sweets. The Queen of Italy has tried several times to become a vegetarian, but has given up in despair.

Margherita has a charming circle of lady friends, and receives them all on terms of simplest intimacy—kissing them on both cheeks without ceremony. If the King happens to be present in her private sitting room when a lady enters, the visitor makes three deep reverences, one at the door, another half way toward the King, and the third close by, when he extends his hand and raises her.

The Queen encourages every form of art, and arranges many little informal afternoons where some poet will read his new verses, a scientist will lecture, the last Woman's Rights devotee is permitted to plead her cause of culture before the court circle, or the ladies will gather in the music room to hear some celebrated pianist.

GOSSIP AND LOVE.

All court circles delight in gossip, and nowhere is more material furnished than in Italy. Italians think of nothing else but making loved. Flirtation is unknown, it is always desperately earnest there. The chaperone is a necessity. Women speak of their lovers with a frankness that would amaze us here. In the family circle, at dinner, in the presence of the children, subjects are discussed and stories told that would never be mentioned, even in private, with us. If Mrs. Chamberlain finds it necessary to seek a retreat from polite drawing rooms in London, she would quickly fly from Rome.

This erotic atmosphere would seem the last place for woman's rights to bloom, and any suggestion of strong-minded females or short-haired man-haters would have been surely nipped in the bud. But the promoters of the cause are lovely women (most of them, of course, with husbands in cages in the attic) who receive in charming salons full of bric-a-brac, in flowing tea gowns, and discuss Platonic love with young noblemen, urging that woman should be given equal opportunities of education with man, that she may better cultivate all her powers to be his companion. It is a very clever way of getting round the question, and the plant really looks as if it would bloom some time.

Queen Margherita has two sorrows—most queens have many. One is that her husband is an incorrigible flirt, an accomplishment he probably inherits. The other great sorrow of the Queen is the division of church and state. She is an ardent Catholic, and may be often

SEEN ON HER KNEES

in the Roman churches, while the peasants kiss the hem of her garments as she passes by. On the occasion of the Pope's jubilee she sent word to ask His Holiness what gift he would receive from her. The reply was only one word—"Rome." She sighs to give a "dinner of toleration," as Catherine of Russia used to do, when the ministers of all religions dined and conversed together at the court. She has endeavored to bring the Quirinal nearer to the Vatican, but as yet without success, although she has done much to avoid open trouble.

The Queen is very generous in helping struggling artists, but she herself has little knowledge of art—her own tastes are more literary. She writes poems, and has even tried a novel, which was enthusiastically praised by the court ladies when one day she read them a few chapters. She was bright enough to wish a less partial test, so she sent it under an assumed name to a leading publisher, who politely declined to accept it. The publisher was much chagrined when the affair came out, and on the story being paragraphed in the London newspapers three English houses telegraphed to the Queen asking for the book, but she sensibly thinks best to abide by the decision given when no royal name protected the child of her fancy. Her poems are mostly in the form of fables.

She has a deep friendship for the gifted Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva," and envies her her acknowledged talent. Also she is a friend of the unfortunate Natalie, who, before her troubles, used to write such beautiful stories for children, of whom she was especially fond, which made the terrible blow of losing her own seem doubly crushing. She was devoted to her people, and in time of war worked day and night in the hospitals, directing the corps of ordinary nurses.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When the King, Queen and Crown Prince ride out in the city they always go in separate carriages and different directions, so that as many subjects as possible may have the pleasure of seeing and bowing to the royal family. How thoughtful this is, and so different from the English style, which, if 10,000 people are waiting at the front door of a palace, slips out of the back door as if to purposely disappoint them. At the time of the Colonial Exhibition—when thousands of working men and their wives had come from distant cities—Manchester, Birmingham—Victoria would send a royal "command," that as she wished to visit the Exhibition that morning, they must exclude the public. The poor people had to wait outside four or five hours, and when one thinks that it was perhaps their only holiday, in the year and certainly their only opportunity to view the Exhibition, such an act seems heartlessly cruel.

Recently when the King and Queen of Italy visited the Exhibition at Venice, the public were excluded in the new royal fashion. As they walked around the empty buildings the King said: "What is the matter? There is no one here. Is the Exhibition a failure?" "You Majesty, knowing of your intended visit, we closed the doors to the people." "You have done very wrong," replied the King, "I belong to my people. I love to be among them. Open the doors."

THE FRAIL CROWN PRINCE.

The hope of the Crown is a very frail one—the Prince is a feeble boy, of affectionate disposition and great intelligence in his studies. In their desire to make him a brilliant scholar and to fit him for his exalted position, his parents have given him too many tutors and his health is broken down by study almost to the verge of consumption. He is very pale and delicate.

Speaking of queens, a friend of mine was traveling in a public conveyance in Ireland, when, having asked several gentlemen to wait on her in various ways, an old woman who could stand it no longer, exclaimed: "Ah, me foine lady, yees be afther wantin' all the men in the world to wait en ye; ye must be from Ameriky, where they tell me all the women are queens."

OLIVE WESTON.

A UNIVERSAL PANACEA.

A French Savant Proposes to Cure All Ills by Using the Mirror.

(From the London Globe.)

A French cotemporary gives an account of a cure for all sorts and conditions of ailments, of which (the cure, not the ailments) M. le Docteur Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine, is the inventor. The patient, epileptic, hysteric, paralytic, nervous, or what not, is introduced to a mirror which is suddenly set going so rapidly as to seem to the astonished sufferer to be a single point of intense light. The rays, converging horizontally upon the victim's eye, send him into a state of unconsciousness, in some cases so quickly that he seems to have been struck by lightning, and from this state he comes to himself—cured. It seems also that the treatment may be employed as an anæsthetic, in case of operations; and, in short, there appears to be no limit to the extent of the last new medico-surgical miracle.

Into the details of the process we have not entered very carefully, seeing that it seems connected in some way with the mysteries of hypnotism. Possibly, however, there may be a profounder interest in the matter than has been revealed even to M. Luys. There has always been something magical about mirrors, ever since their first invention—it is supposed by Eve; and the wizards of the middle ages, though vastly inferior fellows to their nineteenth century successors, turned out articles in the magic mirror line of unquestionable quality. Still, accepting the cases of cure claimed by Dr. Luys, and without discounting them on the score of their being more or less connected with what professional invalids call "the nerves," one is tempted to think that a good deal may be done by astonishing one's patient, with less scientific apparatus than a rotating mirror.

Suppose, for example, a physician were to suddenly direct, not a pencil of concentrated rays, but his own fist, into his patient's eye. Would not that patient consider that further visits to his physician were no longer needful? And might not even the typical paralytic be endowed with sufficient strength to return the treatment? If this seems an unfair way of dealing with a serious subject, one can very fairly reply that the world has had enough of medical magic, which has been from time immemorial a symptom of periods of medical uncertainty.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

How a Man Feels When a Swordsman Cuts Apples on His Head.

(Sidney M. Lowrie in Globe-Democrat.)

I once let a professional swordsman cut apples in two while I held them on my my head and on the palm of my hand, and I'll never do it again. The experience is too thrilling for the plain citizen who is not military in his tastes. I was with a show when the regular assistant of the swordsman went on a strike, and the swordsman was in a dreadful fume as he thought of disappointing the crowd of spectators that night. He came behind the scenes at rehearsal and called for a volunteer. "I'll give $25 to the man who'll hold the apple for me," said he. No one volunteered, and I daringly put in my oar. "I'll do it if you give me a rehearsal." "No rehearsal," said he emphatically, "it will shatter your nerves so that you'll tremble like an aspen leaf when you come out at the performance."

So I went out when night came, the upper part of my body covered with a thin silk vest. It was cold, anyway, and I trembled abominally. He saw it, but said nothing to me. I held the apple on my extended hand, and it shook. I could feel it shaking, and felt ashamed, but I couldn't control the nervousness. I turned away my head; he made a few rapid feints, and I knew by the applause that the apple had fallen. I didn't feel the blade at all as it cut through. Then I knelt down, and he put another apple on my neck. I knew this was really dangerous, for if his hand slipped he might decapitate me. I shut my eyes. In a second, which seemed an hour to me, I felt a thin cold line touch my neck, and there was more applause.

"In that instant I thought of Mme. Roland and the guillotine, and came near fainting. He told me to get up, and I followed him, feeling rather dazed, to the dressing room. I thought I must be cut, the touch of the steel had been so plainly felt, but the looking glass showed me that there was not a mark on me. But I was awfully pale. The next night we got a regular man to hold the apple.

She Knew What She Wanted.

Mrs. Herchild—My son is going to California, and I want to get some copies of this life-size photograph to distribute round among the family.

The Artist—But, madam, that isn't a life-size photo.

Mrs. Herchild—It ain't, ain't it? Solly, come in here a minute.

Solly—Good mornin'!—*Judge.*

GUNS OF ALL KINDS.

Where Hunting Outfits Are Made and What They Generally Cost.

THE OLD FASHIONED SHOOTERS.

Rifles Formerly Used for Bringing Down All Kinds of Game.

DANIEL BOONE'S WONDERFUL WORK

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.)

If Daniel Boone and other "hunters of Kentucky" could come to life just now, they would gape and stare at the sportsman of the minute. They wore deer skin leggings below a hunting shirt of linsey-wolsey, carried powder in horns or gourds, had a furred pouch for bullets and patches, a pocketful of tow to serve for wadding, and a flint or so of red, white and blue safely stored in the butt of the rifle. It was long, slender, murderous-looking, of the best steel, cunningly handwrought and fitted to a stock of English walnut. Its bore was such that the bullet, even with the help of the greased patch, had to be driven home with mallet blows on top of the ramrod. Its range was from 10 yards to 750 and the charge of powder it took anything from a pinch to a handful. Some of it ran out into "the pan," where it was fired by the sparks from the flint held in the lock—hence the border caution, "Be sure to keep your powder dry." Damp powder, at best, would but "flash in the pan," the gun hang fire, the hunter lost his game and his temper, and had no end of trouble repriming his piece. Guns were guns in those days. The best—indeed pretty well all of them—came across the water and cost a pretty penny. Rifles were almost universally used, not merely on account of range and accuracy, but because of their economy in powder. One charge for musket or shotgun would make three for the rifle in ordinary hands, or six if the marksman was a crack shot.

EVERY SHOT TOLD.

When Boone was captive among the Indians, it was their habit to dole him out each day so many charges of ammunition, for each of which he accounted with a head of game. They knew he never missed—also that he would not dare attempt escape without ammunition, as he would starve in the wilderness he must cross to reach his friends. When at last he did escape they were dumbfounded, while folk at Boonesborough heard with amazement that the great hunter had cut his bullets in half, sent the fragments with light charges of powder, yet never failed to take in the full tale of the game, and so in the space of three months had managed to secure such store of powder and ball as brought him safe back to Kentucky from the northern lake country. We have changed all that with a vengeance. Though we have target rifles galore and magazine rifles of superlative excellence, the shotgun is the weapon nearest the hearts and shoulders of America's sovereigns. Especially the breech-loader, for which he may pay all the way from $8 to $500 and with which he goes a-gunning for flesh or fowl from September to July or all the year round, if he happens to live in one of the States where they have no game laws. These are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Indian Territory, Texas, Mississippi, South Carolina, Wyoming and Wasington Territories.

BELGIAN GUNS CHEAPEST.

Notwithstanding a protective duty of 33½ per cent, the cheapest guns all come from Belgium. A Belgian muzzle-loading, single barrel, with imitation twist barrels, iron locks and varnished stock costs $2 33; double barrel, the same quality, $4 50. Both are doubtless more dangerous to hunters than to game, though they shoot fairly well—until they burst. Old army muskets made over into shot guns cost $2 50. Though a trifle better finished, they do not shoot as well as the cheap foreign guns. For $16 you can get a really excellent muzzle-loading duck gun, with laminated barrels, oiled walnut stock, bar locks and patent breech, No. 10 gauge and weighing 10 to 12 pounds. Finer qualities in muzzle-loaders are now made only to order, so great is the trend toward the convenient and quick breech loader. In this, $8 Belgian guns correspond with the cheap muzzle loader. From $15 up to $250 American makes are supreme, and from thence up to the $500 limit John Bull and his island supplies the demand. About $100 will buy as good a gun for service as can be bought. The other $400 goes for style, Damascus barrels, fine engraving, gold mountings, maker's reputation and the protective tariff. A fairly good one may be had as low as $30, a thoroughly good one for $50. Much more than half the breech-loaders are choke-bored in one or both barrels—that is, have the muzzle smaller than the breech. The object of it is to shoot close and far—that is, prevent the shot from scattering, and so prolong the carrying power of the charge. A favorite style for wing shooting has the right barrel straight and the left choked.

THE PRESENT STYLE.

As the breech-loader has driven out the muzzle loader, so the hammerless gun is displacing those with projecting locks. It is neater, surer, very much safer, not very much more costly, and fully as convenient. There are a dozen or more makes—each claiming superlative excellence, with partisans plenty to maintain the claim. The cost is from $60 to $300 each. For wing shooting of quail, snipe, woodcock, reed birds, rail or partridge, guns of 12 to 16 gauge, weighing 9 to 6½ pounds are chosen. For duck and goose shooting a 10 gauge, 9 pound gun is the correct thing. For big game a gun 8 to 10 gauge, weighing 9 to 13 pounds. For boys and moderate sportsmen there are single breech-loaders that cost from $10 to $20. Both these classes, however, are apt to choose instead the target or pocket rifle as cheaper, lighter, more convenient, more economical and much more conducive to good shooting. With a rifle it is a clean hit or miss—there is no stray shot to save you from the consequences of a bad aim. So every well-regulated boy, with anything to shoot at, wants a "little rifle" as soon as he sees it or its picture. Seven to thirty dollars buys one magazine or repeating rifle weighing 5 to 9 pounds and good for 6 to 25 shots without reloading, can be emptied inside of ten seconds and cost from $15 to $25 each. They run from 32 to 44 caliber, and shoot from 30-grain bullets with three grains of powder up to big 200-grain fellows with 40 grains of villainous saltpeter behind them.

THE MAGAZINE SHOTGUN,

with six cartridges, weighs 7½ pounds and costs $25 to $60. Though quick, deadly and convenient, it somehow fails to hit the popular fancy and is seldom seen outside the gunstores. In pistols Uncle Sam has it all his own way. Numberless "British bulldog" revolvers and so on are advertised, but most of them are home made. The reason is not far to seek. The American inventor, Colt, reconstructed the weapon—put it upon an entirely new plane of efficiency—and to this day his idea dominates every pistol worth having. As a proof, cowboys and frontiersmen, who beyond all others need a weapon to be relied on, will carry none but Colt's—of the heaviest caliber and as fine as engraving, chasing, pearl and precious metals can make them.

Bullet pouch, powder gourd and their more elegant remote successors are alike banished by the all-prevailing breech-loader. Instead of them your modern Nimrod fills his pockets with cartridges or strings about himself a belt full of shells, ordered ready loaded from the dealer, or else carefully charged by his own "man." Metallic ball cartridges, rim fire, cost $5 to $40 the 1,000; center fire, from $13 to $44 the 1,000. Metallic shot cartridges are thought cheaper, and shot in paper shells still a little less costly. Empty paper shells cost $7 to $9 the 1,000, brass ones $9 to $12, primers $1 45, gun wads 80 cents to $8, and old-fashioned caps 30 cents to 60 cents. Shot by the bag runs from 7 cents to 8 cents the pound, bullets from $2 to $15 the 1,000. Powder varies so in price with kind and amount that no attempt will be made to quote it.

COST OF EXTRAS.

The cartridge belt costs from $1 to $5, according to material. The hunting suit that takes the place of Boone's linsey shirt, is of canvas, about $3, if of corduroy about $25. Waterproof leggings are $2 50 the pair; waterproof hats from 50 cents to $1 50. Canvas gun cases 50 cents to $2 each; leather ones $3 to $14. Rubber pads for deadening the "kick" of the gun against the shoulder, are something over $1 each. Leadlog and cleansing tools, $2 to $10 the set, each