THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

I consider Louis James, without any man-ner of doubt, as the most brilliant fellow, so

Diamond" and similar dramatic works. The audience never caught on for one moment to the fact that James was embellishing his part after this fashion, but of course I was familiar with the stock plays from which he

was quoting as well as the other actors in the house, it there were any, and I need

scarcely say that I was highly delighted and amused with his cleverness. So was Miss Dauvray, who was on the stage with him at

WHEN HOWARD CAME IN.

Finally he brought the gagging to a very abrupt termination, and I didn't understand the reason of his sudden action until he explained afterward. Bronson Howard,

the author of the play, had come into the theater, and as he liked Howard very much he would never indulge in gagging when Howard was in the house. It seems that he had an arrangement with the chief usher that whenever Mr. Howard did come in this

important functionary would raise his hand above his head, and Mr. James would understand the significance of the gesture. On the evening in question the usner's hand went up toward the end of the third act, and

James, turning to Miss Dauvray, said to her, "Bronnie est frontas," that is to say, Bronson, or Bronnie, as his wife and friends call him, was in front, and their fun was over for the evening. From that time on he stuck faithfully to the words of the text.

Although I do not condemn gagging so severely as some people do, I must confess that I do not quite appreciate the necessity or the advantage of it in plays which are carefully written and where the lines are

carefully written and where the lines are deliberately set down to contribute to certain effects, which in their turn combine to make up the effect of the play. I think few players are able to improvise lines, or indeed, premeditate lines, which will help the general scheme. I don't say that it is not possible to do it, but I have sufficient respect for the authors of plays to believe that they understand their business somewhat better than the actors do, whose business in life is something entirely different

ness in life is something entirely different and apart. W. H. CRANE.

A WESTERNER'S UMBRELLA.

They Don't Use Them Out His Way, So He

Took a Good Droughlug.

Charles Sprague, of the Grand Central

Hotel, tells a good story about one of his

guests, a citizen of Idaho. In Idaho um-

brellas are next to unknown, as it never

rains there. There were but two in his

county, he said. One of these he had tacked up in his place of business as a specimen of

Eastern civilization, and the other the

judge of the district kept in his office as

a curiosity to show his backwoods con-

After the "gentleman from Idaho" had

elected an umbrella to suit him, his atten-

tion was attracted to other articles in the

store and when he got through he had a

good-sized bundle. He paid the bill, and

placing the bundle under his left arm, with

his new umbrella in his right hand, he started for the Grand Central. The rain

was now pouring down in torrents, but our Idahoan had his mind

fixed on the wearing apparel which he had bought and he never thought of his umbrella. It is true that he used it

as a cane as he sped on at a dog-trot through

the tempest, but it did not occur to him to hoist it, neither did he notice the astonished

looks of the people he passed. In due time

he reached the hotel in a thoroughly drenched condition.

"Why didn't you raise your umbrella, Sam?" asked Mr. Sprague, with a droll look as his guest stood before him with the water

dripping in puddles on all sides of him.

The Idaho man looked bewildered and extremely foolish as he answered:

"Well, may I be skinned if I didn't for-get that I had the durned thing."

SHE HAS SHOT HER BEAR.

New York Beauty Who is at Home With

Nature and a Rifle.

A well-known society belle of this city

has fitted up a neat little shooting gallery

for her lady friends in her home. During

the summer flitting she turns from all fash-

Clara Belle's New York Letter.]

New York Tribune.

stituents.

INNOCENT MR. NAST.

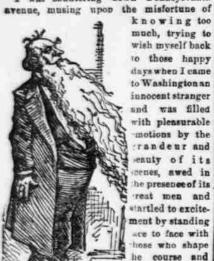
He Visits the Capitol Taking His Crayon Along.

SOME STARTLING RESULTS.

The Great Cartoonist Shocked by Press Gallery Levity.

QUESTIONS CHILDLIKE AND BLAND

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] I was sauntering down Pennsylvania



with pleasurable motions by the randeur and enuty of its enes, awed in he presence of its reat men and startled to excitement by standing ace to face with hose who shape he course and destiny of this grandest nation that the history of

man has ever known. I was A Senate Doorkeeper. sauntering along in this reflective state of mind when I was addressed by a short, interesting-looking "Pardon me, sir," he said: "can you tell

me where the Capitol 18?" Could I tell him where the Capitol is? I whose profession it is to know not only every cranny of that labyrinthine structure, but the secret aims and purposes of those men who are sent here to occupy it. I looked pityingly down upon the stranger and he blushed and raised his hat as if he feared he had unwarrantably interrupted the ponderous meditations of some great mind on which the heavy burdens of the Government reposed. "I am going to the Capitol," I said; "I

will show you the way."
"I will follow you," said he, in a reverential tone, as he modestly stepped apart to fall in behind me. He seemed to feel more at ease when I informed him who I was and begged him to walk beside me.

Bafore we had reached the Capitol we were on terms of chance acquaintance. He

were on terms of chance acquaintance. He had told me that his name was Thomas Nast, and that he sometimes made pictures for the illustrated periodicals. I told him that I thought I had heard of him somewhere, and it



Where is the Capitol? seemed to please him and to hasten our acabout the Government is going to be radi-cally changed. You saw that big man?"
"Yes."

I had an idea the United States Senate would look somewhat like this," he added, as he made a lew strokes with his pencil

"Yes."
"Well, I overheard him at the hotel this "Well, I overheard him at the botch this morning swearing and talking very earnessly to a friend about some law or other that he was going to have changed right away. He said he had come here to Washington for that especial purpose, and he was going to see his member of Congress about it to day and have it fixed right up. Hadn't we better stay around here and see the ex-

citement?"
I told Mr. Nast that I hardly thought there would be any actual revolution before lunch time.
"Do you know who the big man is?" he

"Yes; he is a member of the board of supervisors of Kankakes county, out in Illinois." I began to take a profound interest in Mr.

I began to take a profound interest in Mr.

Nast and his refreshing innocence. I had become weary of association with the journalists and other wise men of Washington who know as much of affairs as I do, and it was a distinct pleasure to be with some one

who acknowledged my superiority and looked to me respectfully for information. "Shall we go up to the Senate gallery?" I asked.
Mr. Nast hesitated, blushed, looked down Mr. Nast hesitated, blushed, looked down at his clothing, and stammered:

"I—I—I didn't expect to go inside the Capitol. I didn't suppose I would be admitted. I didn't come prepared, you see, I—I—I—am I dressed properly?" and he wiped the dust from his boots with his hand-basehief.

"Come along." I took him by the arm.



and produced a picture.
"You draw pretty well, Mr. Nast," I said

Renator Vest in His Chair. encouragingly; "very fairly, indeed," and it seemed to please him..."Then you are disappointed in the Sen-

ate?" I continued.
"Disappointed! No, sir; I am delighted—delighted to be here, to sit face to face



A HEATED ARGUMENT.

"No; that was a nephew of John C. Cal-

"A nephew of the immortal Calhoun?" receding form in silent meditation. are in dress!" said he, and then, after a mo ment's pause: "would it be impertinent to ask what he said to you?"

"Not at all," I auswered; "he only wanted to borrow a dime." fore we entered the Senate press gallery Mr. Nast stopped in front of a mirror, smoothed down his bair, adjusted his neck-

tie and picked a bit of lint off his coat "Am I all right?" he asked, in a whisper. "Come along; you're not going to be bridemaid at a queen's wedding."

"But I am going into the presence of the United States Senate, and—" I opened the door and Mr. Nast was looked as if he would like to run. Then his eyes rested for a moment on the scene before him, and with reverential step he entered into that august presence, and in his bewil-

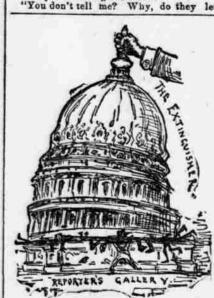
derment sat down upon the hat of a West

"So this is the Capitol of the great United | ern correspondent. For many minutes he

As we were passing through a side corridor with this great body of statesmen. When a man stopped me and space a few words does the session begin?"

"Was that a Scontor?" asked Mr. Nast, "They are in session now."

"They are making them now."



anybody that wants to come in and make speeches? I supposed nobody but Senators could make speeches here. Who is that man talking now, and what right has he to be on the floor?"

"That is Senator Plumb, Mr. Nast." "Go on! Is that a Senator?" "Honor bright. Did you think it was a

ivery-stable keeper?"
"N-n-no," answered Mr. Nast, with an effort to feel the reverence that he deemed due to a United States Senator-"N-n-no; I hought by his gestures it was somebody who wanted a patent on a churn and was explaining how it worked. Who is that splendid-looking Senator standing over there

"That one with the patriarchal beard and noble brow. One can see at a glace that he s a great law-giver. He makes me think lon and Lycurgus and the great lead-

"This is Captain Bassett, the assistant orkeeper. "Oh," said Mr. Nast.

Just then a journalist sitting near us cracked a very undignified joke about Sena-tor Vest, who sat on his back with his head nunched down between his shoulders till he cooked as if he had six inches less than no neck at all, whereat all the rest of the jour-nalists laughed unblushingly. Mr. Nast



[Continued on Tenth Page.]

I soon knew all the local witticisms which were floating around, and absolutely learned the names on the membership list by heart, precisely as I had learned the lines of the play. GAGS ON THE STAGE. Comedian Crane Says They Are All ENTERTAINING THE STOCK EXCHANGE. Right if Really Clever.

A NEAT TURN IN THE HENRIETTA.

Louis James the Most Brilliant Actor on the Stage in This Line.

GUYING ALWAYS TO BE CONDEMNED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] Very few players on the stage to-day, and certainly very few comedians, have not, I appose, at some time or other resorted to suppose, at some time or other resorted to what are known as gags. Gags, I know, have always been plentiful enough in my time. When I was identified with burlesque and comic opera, as I was when a very much younger comedian than I am at present, I must confess I did a good deal of gagging, and I am prepared to defend to a certain extent the use of timely and effective gags.

There is something about a gag which appeals directly and irresistibly to an audience. Very often it is impromptu, and its freshness and aptness is recognised with positive delight and is followed by applause and laughter, which the most elaborately

I know, so far as gagging on the stage is concerned, whom I ever heard. I remember particularly one evening going to see "One of Our Girls" at the Lyceum Theater and sitting in a box during the performace. James caught sight of us very shortly after he had got on the stage and started in to gag his part from one end to the other for our especial delectation. Everything he said was thoroughly in the line of the character he was personating, which was that of the doctor, but the quotations the doctor makes in his speeches were not the classical and other quotations set down by the author of the play, but were drawn from such interesting samples of standard dramatic literature as the "Rough Diamond" and similar dramatic works. The

and laughter, which the most elaborately premeditated jokes always fail to command. It is like a fresh flower in a bouquet of artificial flowers, and if it is thoroughly in keeping and color with what has gone be-fore and with what immediately follows it, I do not see how its use can be very severely

condemued.

Gagging should never be confounded with guying. I hold that if gagging is done discreetly and in reason it may be accepted without any hesitation by an intelligent sudience, and need not make the judicious grieve. Guying, however, on the part of a player is a wholly different thing. An actor guys on the stage when he twists his lines in such a way as to give them a particular and personal meaning not under-stood by an audience, but intended for the benefit and delectation either of a few friends in the audience or of fellow players on the stage.

DIRECT AFFRONT TO THE AUDIENCE. I have seen a well-known actor on the stage guy to such an extent that the actors and actresses in the same acene with him were convulsed with merriment and unable were convulsed with merriment and unable to go on with the lines of the play. This constitutes a direct affront to the audience, and should be reprobated on more grounds than it is worth while to enumerate. Guying, however, in the sense I am using the the word, simply means the introduction of apt lines not set down in the manuscript by the author, and I do not see how any objection can be made to them if they are in the direction of the author's thought and illustrate and epforce his meaning, as very llustrate and epforce his meaning, as very

frequently they do.

Perhaps a few illustrations from experience will make clear what I have attempted ence will make clear what I have attempted here to generalize. During the whole time that "The Henrietta" was played in New York and through the country only one gag, so iar as I know, was ever introduced among the lines of the play. This gag was suggested in Chicago by Uecil Clay, whose wife is Rosina Vokes, and it seemed too good to be lost. I spoke the line in the character of the elder Van Alstyne. Everybody remembers how the widow, as Mrz. Opkyke, sits down on the floor in the third act of "The Henrietta," instead of falling into Van Alstyne's arms, as she confidently expected distyne's arms, as she confidently expected to do. Thereafter Van Alstyne does every-thing he case in the way of explanations to moderate the just resentment of the dash-ing widow, with whom he is honestly in love, and in these explanations make use of a number of bungling excuses, particularly n the fourth act. At one place he declare that there was so much excitement at the time, the market, by the way, being in a very nervous and panicky condition, that his attention for the moment was drawn from Mrs. Opdyke to the ticker, and it was for this reason that so serious an accident

THE BUSTLE ON THE FLOOR.

Unintentionally, of course, he remarks that the quotations and everything else were falling, and that there was so much on the floor that he did not act as coolly and sensibly as he would have done under other circumstances. Everything that Van Alstyne says during the course of these explanations can be taken in a double meaning, which is exquisitely humorous, and some of the heartiest laughter and applause of the play s elicited during this speech. Clay's suggestion was that as ladies wore bustles at that time that the speech about the excitement on the floor might be altered and amolified so as to refer to the bustle on the floor, which would comprehend a reference to the flurry over the falling quotations as well as Mrs. Opdyke's unfortunate experience. I accepted and acted on the suggestion. The line was received with shouts of laughter and was kept in the play until the return of the comedians to New York. Hearing Mr. Howard was in the audience one or two evenings out of respect to him I omitted the line, and the laugh I had been in the habit of getting was lost, I remember one time when Mr. Robso

and myself were playing at the Boston Theater. I forget what the play was, but during the course of the performance a bat found its way some how or other into the auditorium and began circling round and round, as bats are in the habit of doing under similar circumstances. The performance of the little animal attracted the atdiverted the attention from the performance on the stage. Boston was baseball crazy at he time, just as it is now, and I finally took occasion to ask during the course of the dialogue on the stage and just as the animal swooped down to a lower point in the auditorium than he had swooped before, whether there was anybody in the house who had a ball which would hit that bat. It wasn't a particularly brilliant remark, but the aptness of it made up for its want of brilliancy, and the house immediately testified its pleasure in the usual uproarious

way. READING ELECTION RETURNS. On another occasion in Boston we had aranged to have the election returns sent to the theater, and Robson and myself read them as they came in, appearing from opposite sides of the stage between the acts. As we were playing opposite and antagonistic characters in the comedy, these impromptu scenes between the acts were quite in color with the play itself, and the audience enjoyed the episode in a very distinct and emphatic way. Robson, of course, read the returns as sent from a Democratic newspaper, and I read them as they came to us from a Republican newspaper, and the want of harmony between the two sets of figures naturally created a good deal of merriment. I may mention that the comedy of "Sharps and Flats" was the bill for the evening, and when at the conclusion Robson made his famous entrance all battered and bruised, with clothes torn and hair disheveled after a pugilistic interview with the editor of a newspaper, I declared as soon as I caught sight of him that another county had gone Democratic, and for some minutes there-after the house resembled nothing so much as bedlam let loose.

Perhaps some of the most successful gagging I ever did was in San Francisco, when I appeared there in Bartley Crmpbell's comedy of "Ultimo." This was an adaptation from the German. Daly did a differ-ent adaptation here in New York under the title of "The Big Bonanza." The story of the play dealt largely with stock operations, and I prepared myself for some local treat-ment of the scenes by visiting the San Francisco Stock Exchange very regularly at least two weeks before the play opened. AN EMPRESS RECLUSE

Elizabeth of Austria in the Care of Physicians at Weisbaden. I was able, of course, under these circumstances, to make all kinds of local allusions in the lines of the play, and the consequence was that the members of the Stock Exchange crowded the theater nightly during the run

PRINCE RUDOLPH'S TRAGIC DEATH

Has Almost Unbalanced a Royal Mind and

Destroyed Her Beauty.

crowded the theater nightly during the run of the piece. I remember particularly I had a front scene which was full of allusions to Stock Exchange matters and men, and I didn't fail to have a brand new joke at every performance. The brokers used to put me up to the jokes and then came with their friends to hear them sprung. The play was produced under the management of Hooley, of Chicago, who brought us out from San Francisco, and it was the one successful thing which we did.

I consider Louis James, without any man-THE ROMANCE OF A SISTER'S LIFE

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] WEISBADEN, April 25. VER since the unfor tunate death of her only son, Prince Rudolph, the Empress of Austria has been a comparative recluse, and society at Vienna and elsewhere sees very little

of the once famous and beautiful woman, Lately she has aged rapidly, and although she still retains traces of her former love. liness, few would recognize in the sad and faded woman of 53 the once

graceful and agile equestrienne whose beauty and prowess delighted the courts of Europe and were the especial pride of the Viennese. Weisbaden, always gay, has experienced

something of a flutter over the arrival of this distinguished invalid, who comes to be treated for rheumatism and gout by the most famous of European masseurs, Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam. Dr. Metzger has had under his care at different times the had under his care at different times the Prince of Wales, who visited him here, the Emperor of Russia, whom he treated at St. Petersburg, and almost every crowned head in Europe, with the exception of the young Emperor of Germany. His latest royal patient has, with her household, taken possession of the lovely villa Langenbeck, in the suburbs. The villa is situated on a romantic-looking height which overlooks the town and affords a superb view of the surrounding country for many miles. Here surrounding country for many miles. Here the life of the Empress is very simple and secluded. She rides a great deal; but, as at Vienna, she is rarely to be seen and is denied to visitors. Her constant



Hungary. ompanions are the Fraulein von Ferencz and another lady of honor, her younges daughter, the Archduchess Valerie and the

Conotess Korniss She rises very early and with Valerie strolls in the great rose gardens attached to the villa for an hour or more, till the time for mass, which she attends in the private chapel attached to the villa. Then she takes her massage for an hour, after which comes a mineral bath for the gout, the whole treatment occupying the time until 1 o'clock, when dinner is served in absolute privacy. She eats very lightly and, in the evening, a little tea with sandwiches is all the ladies of this modest court take before retiring. Indeed, the daily routine at the villa is more like the life of a convent than anything else.

But despite rheumatic pains and the feebleness of age, the Empress yet re-tains her old love of adventure. Frequently during the afternoon she takes



Dr. Metzger, the King of Masseurs. fifth man, who would carry it to the point on a level, or to the floor of a building where it was to be laid, and then four other men would remove it from the head of the carrier and set it in its place. All through Germany and Austria I saw women mixing

of her favorites, she is an obedient patient. enbeck villa a few days ago. Elizabeth has unquestionably improved much under the treatment of the great masser. treatment of the great masseur. While there I met Dr. Metzger. He is a tall, fine-looking, ruddy-cheekedman of about 50. His treatment embraces a system of thorough rubbings and movements of the limbs, and

in Wiesbaden, came to the vills and paid his respects to the royal invalid. He was in the uniform of a Colonel of Austrian Hussars, and the compliment paid was both a gallant and delicate one. He stayed to dinner, and while that meal was in progress an alarm was heard outside, and soon there were sounds of a military attack on the vills which was being stormed by cavalry, the AARON BURR'S CURSE Scarce a Stone Remains of the Early Capital of Alabama,

which she has contrived to acquire at Corfu, where she spends a few months every season. Much of the light of her life went out when the Crown Prince Endorph died

after his unfortunate liaison with the beautiful Baroness Vesturs. Since that

Hanfstaengel, the Irresistible Photographer

event no court balls have been given at Vienna, nor has she even gone to the theater,

although she was formerly a devoted wor-shiper of the drama and a liberal patron.

Her daughter, Valerie, is engaged to be married to the Archduke Salvator, her

cousin, but because of the family mourning the wedding has been postponed until the month of May, when it will probably take place at Isehl.

Although Elizabeth has improved under

the new treatment, little hopes are enter-tained that she will fully recover her health

Elizabeth's sisters is the ex-Queen of Naples. Another sister was to have became the wife

Villa Langenbeck-Wiesbaden

Franz Hanistaengel and sits for her pic

"Ah!" observed the monarch, dryly.
Franz Hanistaengel, it should be explained, is the principal photographer, not only in Munich but in Europe, and is patronized by the royalties very liberally. He is a fine looking fellow, and is an especial favorite with the ladies of the different

"Is it so?" continued the King. "Well,

then, I will have this photographer of yours

A day or two later (monarchs have means

of learning things that are not accessible to

studio and happened to enter at a moment when the pretty but indiscreet Princess was with the artist. Both were in a very loving

attitude, and the King was more that satis-fied that he had a formidable rival in the

nan of lenses. The match was broken off

STONE MASONS OF EUROPE.

n San Rose Men Carry Blocks of Building

Material on Their Heads.

Vice President Watson, of the Philadel-

chia Master Builders Exchange who spent

the winter in Europe writes as follows in

Carpentry and Building: "In San Reno

I saw a stone mason handle stone in a curi-

ous way. Four men would lift a stone of

great weight and set it on the head of a

and carrying the mortar for the masons and bricklayers. They do not use hods, but a

kind of a tray which they carry on their

RIDER HAGGARD'S BEATRICE.

It is with the greatest regret THE DISPATCH

announces the omission from to-day's issue of

the expected installment of Rider Haggard's

thrilling story, "Beatrice." For some reason,

not yet explained, the remaining chapters were

delayed at London, and at latest accounts were

on the ocean. As science has not yet provided

means for sending a sizzling wire into a mail

pouch on a steamer in mid-ocean and snatching

therefrom any desired matter, THE DISPATCH

is unable to enlighten its readers as to whether

Geoffrey has found Beatrice in London or is

gallantly hastening after her to Paddington.

Without doubt the story will all have arrived

before next Sunday, so its publication can be

BARON VON M.

take my picture also.

mmediately.

came about in this wise:

were sounds of a military attack on the vills which was being stormed by cavalry, the Emperor himself directing the operations. It was a fine show of military tactics gotten up expressly for the diversion of the Empress and her ladies, and was highly appreciased.

The Empress, who is really very clever and well-informed and who speaks and reads nearly all the modern languages, has lately taken up the study of modern Greek, which she has contrived to acquire at Corfu. WHERE HE WAS HELD PRISONER.

The Story of the Traitor's Capture at the Home of His Friend.

TAKEN AS A CAPTIVE INTO VIRGINIA

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH,) "The curse of Aaron Burr was on the

place, and it died by slow degrees." Such was the fate of the town of St. Stephens, the first capital of Alabama, as told your correspondent by a gentleman fa-miliar with its history. Aaron Burr was captured at St. Stephens on the night of February 19, 1807. When his wonderful powers of persuasion failed to induce his captors to release him he became very angry, and in an outburst of passion exclaimed: "My curse be on this vile spot. The fates will one day destroy it, and not one stone shall be left to mark the place where it

The curse and prophecy of Burr have both been fulfilled, and not a stone is left to mark the place where once stood the first espital of Alabama. When the Tombigbee settlement was established, in what is now Clarke county, on the Alabama river above Mobile about 1790, a fort was built and called St. Stephens. Then a town sprung up and it was given the same name. The first territorial legislature met at St. Stephens in 1818, and the town remained the seat of government until Alabama was admitted to the Union, when the capital was removed to Cahaba, At one time St. Stephens contained a population of 1,800 souls. It had a bank, and a newspaper was established there, but only three issues were published.

THE CAPTURE AT NATCHEZ.

Aaron Burr's n et of flatboats floating down the Mississiphi river was stopped at Natchez by Governor Claiborne and the leader of the rash expedition placed under arrest. Burr easily gave bond in the sum of \$10,000 for his appearance. While Burr remained at Natchez he was a social flon. He went into court and through his attorney demanded a release. The application was overruled and that night Burr set out across the country well mounted, accompanied by a friend and disguised in a suit of home made jeans. His purpose was to reach Pensacola and make his escape to

to reach Pensacola and make his escape to
Europe from that port.

A few miles east of St. Stephens, Ala.,
lived Colonel Hinson, an old acquaintance
and warm personal friend of Burr. One
February night two young men, Perkina, a
lawyer, and Malone, clerk of the court at
St. Stephens, were absorbed in a game of
chess at the little village when the tramp of
horses was heard and presently a hail at the
door. The pine fire blazed on the hearth,
and as Perkins opened the door a flood of
light was thrown on the features of a horseman at the step. The splendid animal,
richly caparisoned, the clear quick tones of
the speaker, his flashing eye and the exquisite fit of his boot were all observed instantly by Perkins. The stranger inquired
for Colonel Hinson's and the trail. The travelers headed their horses toward Hinson's,
and rode away in the darkness.

SURE IT WAS BURE. tained that she will fully recover her health and spirits. There is in some quarters a suggestion of mental malady, and this finds color in the fact that every year increases her desire for solitude. Indeed, there are thousands of her Austrian subjects who would not know her even by sight. She is exceeding: pious, too, and her obedience to her spiritual advisers, who are appointed by the Archbishop of Vienna and the Franciscan Brotherhood is almost slavish.

The Empress is the daughter of Prince The Empress is the daughter of Prince Max, of Bavaria, and belongs to a family noted for intermarriages. Prince Max is the brother of Louis L, of Bavaria, who was the father of King Louis IL, who com-mitted suicide. Louis L was a monarch with a picturesque and architectural turn of mind, and during his reign many of the fin-est public buildings and monuments in Munich were designed and erected. One of

SURE IT WAS BURR.

of Louis II., but, for a reason that written history does not explain, the match was suddenly broken-off. She afterward wedded one of the Orleans Princes and is now a Duchess. I was told that the real secret of the disruption of the proposed royal alliance came about in this wise:

The young men were about to resume their game when Perkins suddenly exclaimed: "That is Aaron Burr! I have seen Governor Claiborne's proclamation; it describes the man who spoke to us."

Perkins roused the Sheriff and the two hurried to Hinson's. Approaching near the

hurried to Hinson's. Approaching A few days before the wedding was to house Perkins suggested to the Sheriff, who was a brother of Mrs. Hinson, to advance alone. The Sheriff joined the party at the have taken place a friend of the King waited on him and remarked, with seeming inkitchen fire and listening to the music of Burr's talk he forgot to make the arrest.

"How funny, Your Majesty, that your bride, the Princess, should be so fond of being photographed."
"Sol" ejaculated Louis. Lawyer Perkins waited outside until he grew cold and impatient and having little confidence in the Sheriff he hurried back to St. Stephens and informed Captain E. P. continued the tale-bearer, "She goes nearly every day to the handsome Gaines, who was in command of the fort, of the situation. Captain Gaines, at the head of a squad of soldiers, before morning had surrounded Hinson's house. With vehement denunciation of Governor Claiborne's proclamation and its unwarrantable assumption of authority, protesting against the insinuation of his guilt and warning Captain Gaines of the danger of his own course, Burr submitted to arrest and was taken to

Burr remained a prisoner at the fort for several days and used all his power of eloquence in efforts to induce Captain Gaines to release him, or at least give him an opportunity to escape. At last, his patience xhausted, Burr gave way to his anger, and after bitterly denouncing his enemies he closed with the words: "My curse be on this vile spot. The fates will one day destroy it, and not one stone shall be left to mark the place where it stood."

SUREOUNDED THE HOUSE.

Cantain Gaines soon fitted out an escort for the prisoner, who was to be sent to Virginia. Along the river bank as the party proceeded ladies were seen on the banks waving their pocket handkerchiefs and some in tears. Lawyer Perkins was placed by Captain Gaines in command of the party of eight civilians and two soldiers. It was a long march of 1,000 miles through the wilderness, swimming the unbridged creeks, in peril of the savages and certain of great hardships. A single tent was taken along and this was stretched nightly for the prisoner's use. Drenched with rain all day, and for the night given a wet quilt on the bare ground, Burr continued his way as unconcerned as if he were one of a party of free men.

As the march entered the older States a breakfast was ordered at a wayside house. The inquisitive host began to talk loudly and fiercely of "Aaron Burr, the traitor," asking news concerning him. "I am Aaron Burr," sharply exclaimed the prisoner. Thereupon the host, so confident a moment ago, now became the ex-Vice President's most obsequious servant. The long journey was made without accident and in due time Burr was delivered to the authorities at Richmond, Va. Less than 20 years after Aaron Burr left

St. Stephens a prisoner the town began to decay. Old citizens, who remembered Burr's curse and prophecy, moved away when the decline set in, and people who heard of the curse kept away from the piace. At last the only merchant who re-mained died, the last family moved away and soon time and the elements did the rest. New towns grew up around it, but the old town of St. Stephens is no more. "Not one stone is left to mark the place where it

WONDERS IN PLANTS.

One Returds the Growth of Whiskers and One Kills Butterflies.

The leaves of the barber plant are used in ome parts of the East by rubbing on the face to keep the beard from growing. It is not supposed to have any effect on a beard that is already rooted, but merely acts as a preventive, boys employing it to keep the hair from getting a start on their faces. It is also employed by some oriental people who desire to keep part of their heads free

The cruel plant is so designated because it catches butterflies and kills them for sheer sport. Its flowers attract the poor little flutterer by the honey it offers, and when the victim light upon it it grabs the butter-fly by the head and holds it fast until the captive dies. Then the flower drops it on the ground and lies in wait for a fresh un-

SENATOR PLUMB ON HIS FEET. States," he said, standing with his hands behind him, looking up in raptured admira-tion of the scene. "My, my, and here I stand in person before the very Capitol it-As we were standing there, a big, smoothfaced man with a loud voice and louder gestures passed us and ascended the steps. Mr. Nast drew me into an out of the way nook and, after looking cantiously up and down to make sure that nobody was listen-ing said to me in a white step.

ing, said to me in a whisper:

was silent. His eyes did not seem to see what was before them. When he had somewhat recovered his composure he said:
"This is the proudest moment of my life," and speaking musingly, more to himself than to me, continued: "If only the boys could see their father now, sitting here in the very presence of the ting here in the very presence of the "Does it meet your expectation, Mr.

"Something is going to happen to-day."
"What is it?"
"It is not exactly what I had pictured it in my mind," he answered; "I had seen the old Roman Senate represented on the stage and I had studied Jerome's famous picture.

A Capital Joke. "Is this really the Senate?" he asked "And it is actually in session?"
"Yes." "And these men laugh right out in his

ionable resorts and buries herself in the woods with a small party of congenial spirits where, well chaperoned and equipped, she revels in the manly sport of shooting at living targets. Her skill in small game is seldom excelled—her coolness at all times, never. She picks off a squirrel from the tree-tops by sending a builet through his

read, but she takes no further interest in her

game when it is done, turning quickly away as if some womanly tenderness contended with her passion for sport. Her admirers, however, are led to believe by her coldness that she is too thoroughly a follower of Diana to entertain a passion of a tenderer nature. This hunter-girl's greatest exploit was achieved a season ago. Her party had had a morning of exciting sport, the game bags were filled, and the hunters were resting, deep in the woods, after a luncheon had been served by their servants. All were silent, enjoying the delicious repose that follows successful sport, when a crackling of dead branches near them aroused brisk attention. Our Diana's hand

that now holds the post of honor in her shooting gallery. JUICE THAT WON'T INEBRIATE.

was first upon her rifle, hers was the first shot. A bear dropped dead in his tracks with her bullet in his brain. His skin it is

An English Doctor Claims to Have Settled the Hard Cider Question.

A valuable discovery which may have an rubbings and movements of the limbs, and he is a great advocate of the mineral baths. The Villa Langenbeck is historic. Its consists of a chemical process by which the juice of the apple and the juice of the grape can be manufactured into an extremely pleasant non-alcoholic beverage. Cider manufactured by this process can be kept for at least seven years without fermentation. But another invention of Dr. Jones' will be of more general benefit to the community. It is a method by which beef and mutton can be kept perfectly fresh for a as long a period.

Tubbings and movements of the limbs, and he is a great advocate of the mineral baths. The Villa Langenbeck is historic. Its delayed at London, and at latest accounts we on the ocean. As science has not yet provide many years he was chief of the Prussian surgical staff in the army and afterward manufactured by this process can be kept for at least seven years without fermentation. But another invention of Dr. Jones' will be of more general benefit to the community. It is a method by which beef and mutton can be kept perfectly fresh for a as long a period.

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long excursions in the mountains, and climbs to heights that would be fatiguing even to a younger person. On these trips her companions, besides such of the ladies of the court as have the endurance needed for the task, are the Oberholmeisterein Grafin Goess and Oberhofmeister Baron Nopsea. Her ailment has compelled her to abandon forever her horseback rides, as that form o exercise was largely the cause of her illness. It was not an uncommon thing for the Empress to be in the saddle six or eight hours a day for a week at a time, either following the hunt or for the mere love of the exercise. Now Dr. Metzger has forbidden it absolutely, and although she looks with longing eyes at her stables and pats the glossy necks