but on this day, of all days, she had a strange fancy to look her best. Also, her hair had been done like this on the afternoon when Geoffrey first met her. Next she once more put on the gray dress which she had worn on her journey to London, and taking the silver Roman ring that Geoffrey had given her from the string by which she wore it about her neck, placed it on the third finger of her left hand.

All this being done Beatrice visited the kitchen and ordered the supper. She went further in her innocent cunning. Betty asked her what she would like for breakfast and she told her to cook some bacon, and to be careful how she cut it, as she did not like thick bacon. Then, after one long, last look at the Vicarage, she started for the lodging of the head teacher of the school, and having found her, inquired as to the day's work.

Further, Beatrice told her assistant that she had determined to alter the course of certain lessons in the school. The Wednesday arithmetic class had hitherto been taken before the grammar class. On the morrow she had determined to change this; she would take the grammar class at 10 and the arithmetic class at 11, and gave her reasons for so doing. The teacher assented, and Beatrice shook hands with her and bade her good night. She would have wished to say how much she felt indebted to her for her help in the school; but did not like to do so, fearing lest, in the light of pending events, the remark might be viewed with suspicion.

Poor Beatrice; these were the only lies she ever told!

She left the teacher's lodgings, and was about to go down to the beach and sit there till it was time, when she was met by the father of the poor crazed child, Jane Llewellyn.

"Oh, Miss Beatrice," he said, "I have been looking for you everywhere. We are in sad trouble, miss. Poor Jane is in a raving fit, and talking about hell and that, and the doctor says she's dying. Can you come, miss, and see if you can do anything to quiet her? It's a matter of life and death, the doctor says, miss."

Beatrice smiled sadly; matters of life and death were in the air. "I will come," she said, "but I shall not be able to stay long."

How could she better spend her last hour?

She accompanied the man to his cottage. The poor child, dressed only in a nightshirt, was raving furiously, and evidently in the last stages of exhaustion, nor could the doctor or her mother do anything to quiet her.

"Don't you see," she screamed, pointing to the wall, "there's the devil waiting for me! And, oh, there's the mouth of hell, where the minister said I should go! Oh, hold me, hold me, hold me!"

Beatrice walked up to her, took the thin little hand in hers, and looked her fixedly in the eyes.

"Jane," she said, "Jane, don't you know me?"

"Yes, Miss Granger," she said, "I know the lesson; I'll say it presently."

Beatrice took her in her arms and sat down on the bed. Quieter and quieter grew the child, till suddenly an awful change passed over her face.

"She is dying," whispered the doctor.

"Hold me close, hold me close!" said the child, whose senses returned before the last eclipse. "Oh, Miss Granger, I shan't go to hell, shall I? I am afraid of hell."

"No, love, no; you will go to heaven."

Jane lay still awhile. Then, seeing the pale lips move, Beatrice put her ear to the child's mouth.

"Will you come with me?" she murmured. "I am afraid to go alone."

And Beatrice, her great eyes fixed steadily on the closing eyes beneath, whispered back so that no other soul could hear except the dying child:

"Yes, I will come presently." But Jane heard and understood.

"Promise," said the child.

"Yes," I promise," answered Beatrice in the same inaudible whisper. "Sleep, dear, sleep; and I will join you very soon."

And the child looked up, shivered, smiled—and slept.

Beatrice gave it back to the weeping parents and went her way. "What a splendid creature," said the doctor to himself, as he looked after her. "She has eyes like Fate and the face of Motherhood Incarnate. A great woman, if ever I saw one, but different from other women."

Meanwhile Beatrice made her way to old Edward's boatshed. As she expected, there was nobody there and nobody on the beach. Old Edward and his son were at tea with the rest of Bryngelly. They would come back after dark and lock up the boathouse.

She looked at the sea. There were no waves, but the breeze freshened every minute, and there was a long, slow swell upon the water. The rollers would be running beyond the shelter of Rumball Point, five miles away.

The tide was high; it mounted to within ten yards of the end of the boathouse. She opened the door and dragged out her canoe, closing the door again after her. The craft was light, and she was strong for a woman. Close to the boathouse, one of the timber breakwaters, which are common at seaside places, ran down into the water. She dragged the canoe to its side, and then pushed it down the beach till its bow was afloat. Next, mounting on the breakwater, she caught hold of the little chain in the bow, and walking along the timber baulks, pulled with all her force till the canoe was quite afloat. On she went, dragging it after her, till the waves washing over the breakwater wetted her shoes.

Then she brought the canoe quite close, and, watching her opportunity, stepped into it, nearly falling into the water as she did so. But she recovered her balance and sat down. In another minute she was paddling out to sea with all her strength.

For 20 minutes or more she paddled unceasingly. Then she rested awhile, only keeping the canoe head on to the sea, which, without being rough, was running more and more freshly. There, some miles away, was the dark mass of Rumball Point. She must be off it before the night closed in. There would be sea enough there; no such craft as hers could live in it for five minutes, and the tide was on the turn. Anything sinking in those waters would be carried far away and never come back to the shore of Wales.

She turned her head and looked at Bryngelly and the long, familiar stretch of cliff. How fair it seemed, bathed in the quiet light of summer afternoon. Oh! was there any afternoon where the child had gone, and where she was following fast?—or was it all night, black, eternal night, unbroken by the dream of dear, remembered things?

There were the Dog Docks, where she had stood on that misty autumn day and seen the vision of her coffined mother's face. Surely it was a presage of her fate. There beyond was the Bell Rock, where in that same hour Geoffrey and she had met, and there behind was the Amphitheater, where they had told their love. Hark! what was that sound pealing faintly at intervals across the deep? It was the great ship's bell that, stirred from time to time by the wash of the high tide, solemnly tolled her passing soul.

She paddled on; the sound of that death-spell shook her nerves and made her feel faint and weak. Oh, it would have been easier had she been as she was a year ago, before she learned to love, and hand in hand had seen faith and hope rearise from the depths of her stirred soul. Then being but a heathen, she could have met her end with all a heathen's strength, knowing what she lost, and believing, too, that she would find but sleep. And now it was otherwise, for in her heart she did not believe that she was about utterly to perish. What, could the body live on in a thousand forms, changed indeed, but indestructible and immortal, while the spiritual part, with all its hopes and loves and fears, melted into nothingness? It could not be; surely on some new shore she should once again greet her love. And if it was not, how would they meet her in that under world, coming self-murdered, her life blood on her hands? Would her mother turn away from her? and her little brother, whom she had loved, would he reject her? And what Voice of Doom might strike her into everlasting hopelessness?

But, be the sin what it might, yet would she sin it for the sake of Geoffrey; aye, even if she must reap a harvest of eternal woe. She bent her head and prayed. "Oh, Power, that art above, from whom I come, to whom I go, have mercy on me! Oh, Spirit, if indeed thy name is Love, weigh my love in thy balance and let it lift the scale of sin. Oh, God o' Sacrifice, be not wroth at my deed of sacrifice, and give me pardon, give me life and peace, that in a time to come I may win the sight of him for whom I die."

A somewhat heathenish prayer indeed, and far too full of human passion for one about to leave the human shores. But, then—well, it was Beatrice who prayed—Beatrice, who could realize no heaven beyond the limits of her passion, who still thought more of her love than of saving her own soul alive. Perhaps it found a home—perhaps, like her who prayed it, it was lost upon the pitiless deep.

Then she prayed no more. Short was her time. See, there sank the sun in glory; and there, past the sullen, desolate headland, where the undertow met the wind and tide, the great rollers swept along. She would think no more of self; it was, it seemed to her, so small, this mendicant calling on the Unseen, not for others, but for self, aid for self, well-being for self, salvation for self—this doing of good that she might come to self. She had made her prayer and if she prayed again it should be for Geoffrey that he might prosper and be happy—that he might forgive her the trouble her love had brought into his life. She had prayed her prayer and said her say and it was done with. Let her be judged as it seemed good to those who judge! Now she would fix her thoughts upon her love, and by its strength would triumph over the bitterness of death. Her eyes flashed and her breast heaved; further out to sea, further yet—she would meet those rollers a knot or more from the point of the headland, that no record might remain. Was it her fault if she loved him? She could not help it, and she was proud to love him. Even now, she would not undo the past. What were the lines that Geoffrey had read to her. They haunted her mind with a strange persistence—they took time to the beat of her falling paddle, and would not leave her:

Of once sown seed, who knoweth what the crop is?
Alas, my love, Love's eyes are very blind!
What would they have us do? Sunflowers and poppies stoop to the wind—

Oliver Madox Brown.

Yes, yes, Love's eyes are very blind, but in their blindness there is more light than in all other earthly things. Oh, she could not live for him, and with him—it was denied to her—but she still could die for him, her darling, her darling!

"Oh, Geoffrey, hear me—I die for you; accept my sacrifice and forget me not." Sol—she is in the rollers now—how solemn they look with their hoary heads of foam, as one by one they move down upon her.

The first! high it towers, but the canoe rides like a cork. See! the day is dying on the distant land, but still his glory shines across the sea. It will soon be finished now. Here the breeze is strong; it tears the bonnet from her head, it unwinds the coronet of braided locks, and her long hair streams out behind her. Feel how the spray stings, striking like a whip. No, not this wave, she rides that too; she will die as she has lived—fighting to the last.

Ah! that struck her full. Oh! oh! Geoffrey's ring has slipped from her wet hand, slipped into the bottom of the boat. Can she regain it? she would die with that ring upon her finger—it is her wedding ring, wedding her through death to Geoffrey, upon the altar of the sea. She stoops! oh, what a shock of water on her breast! What is it—what is it?—"Of once sown seed, who knoweth what the crop is?" She will soon know now.

"Geoffrey! hear me, Geoffrey—I die for you, I die for you! I will wait for you at the foundations of the sea, on the topmost heights of heaven, in the lowest deeps of hell—wherever I am I will always wait for you!"

It sinks—it has sunk—she is alone with God and the cruel waters. The sun goes out! See that great wave rushing through the gathering gloom, rushing big with fate.

"Geoffrey, my darling—I will wait—"

Farewell to Beatrice! The light went out of the sky, and the dark rushed down on the ocean. Farewell to Beatrice and all her love and all her sin.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

ONLY SHOT A GHOST.

A Fetich Doctor Helps Explorer Glave Out of a Scrape.

New York Sun.]

Mr. Glave, who has spent six years on the Congo, and who was in this city for several months prior to his recent departure for Alaska, tells a story about a dilemma he got into soon after he was put in charge of Equator station, far up the Congo, among the Bayanzis.

He had taken into his service the slave of a free man who lived near the station. This slave was a skilful hunter, and he was often provided with a gun and sent out into the woods to get meat for his white employer. A rivalry for the affections of a dusky damsel had made him the enemy of a free black of another village, who met him while they were hunting in a field of manioc.

"Now, I have you alone, I am going to bind you and drag you off," said the jealous negro.

"I am not a baby," said the slave, "that you should bind me without my defending myself."

The slave's contact with the whites had evidently convinced him that he had some rights. He had hardly uttered the words when the free man let fly a spear which tore a hole in the slave's cotton trousers. The slave levelled his gun and blazed away, sending a charge of small shot into his assailant's abdomen. The gaping wound excited great astonishment among the blacks, and the poor wretch who had thus tempted fate died without a word.

There was a terrible uproar in the villages. A free man had been killed by a slave! It was turning custom upside down. There was every prospect of a disastrous struggle. Glave was almost distracted, when suddenly a shrewed fetich doctor turned up with an idea that calmed the elements of Bayanzi society. This fetich man was a person of great authority. He secretly came to Glave and told him for a handsome present he would settle the trouble. His valuable services were at once secured, and the news went forth that the great man had important information for the world at large. With due solemnity he then announced that after the death of the victim he had examined the gaping wound. He found that the man's liver was black. He could not live with such a liver. He had died before the shot was fired. The slave had had a fight with his ghost, but the man was already dead and the slave could not kill him!

This remarkable declaration was accepted as inspired truth. Peace was declared, and the bereaved family accepted the indemnity offered by Mr. Glave. It took $30 worth of beads to wipe out the insult Glave's servant had offered to the ghost.

THE AMERICAN PRIDE.]

A Distinguishing Trait Suggested by the Title of a Cook Book.

The Critic.]

Where but in England could a volume be published under the title of "The Middle Class Cookery Book," "intended for families of moderate means?" Certainly not in America. What American housewife but would blush if caught reading a book with such a name, or housing it upon her spotless dresser?

It might contain recipes to tempt the jaded palate of a Savarin, but to her less sensitive tongue the most savory dish would smack of gall and wormwood if made according to a formula adapted to the tastes or means of people of the "middle class." To put "middle class" on an article intended for the American market would be to kill it at birth.

Buying a Little Home.

Detroit Free Press.]

The appeals of Chicago real estate agents to workingmen to buy them "a little home" have resulted, during the last five years, in 7,000 men paying more or less on a contract and then being obliged to surrender it. Over $250,000 has been thus paid out and gone to enrich speculators.

FOOLING THE LORDS.

Howard Fielding Tells of the British Syndicate Gobbles.

GETTING AT THE INSIDE FACTS.

A Howling Fake Worked to Mutual Advantage by Newark Brewers.

THE IDEA OF A SHREWD FISHERMAN

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

As an honest and patriotic American, who believes that we should retain our grip on this fair land which we have stolen from the Indians, I have viewed with alarm the recent encroachments of English syndicates. I have been both surprised and pained to observe that our countrymen were ready at all times to sell out to the Britishers. Lands, motors, patents applied for, great corporations with thousands of gallons of stock—they will part with anything provided they can get more for it than it is worth.

The great West doesn't realize how this thing is being worked in the East. The great West would just as soon catch a sucker from Boston, Mass., as from London, England. It is true that the West has parted with some thousands of acres of valuable sage bush for English gold, but it has sold few breweries as yet, and it is the British lion's thirst for breweries which will some day make the American eagle's tongue curl up and rustle in his throat.

It was only yesterday that I read in an English paper the following derisive chuckle: "A syndicate which is said to include some of our most distinguished noblemen has just purchased another brewery in Newark, a suburb of New York, Mass., on most favorable terms. What was the Boston tea party to this?"

GETTING ON THE INSIDE.

It is true that this statement was inaccurate, both geographically and otherwise, but it shows the unforgiving spirit of our cousins across the water. I have recently had an opportunity of getting some inside facts about this British syndicate business, and I propose to give the whole thing away. My opportunity came in a somewhat remarkable manner. I saw a little messenger boy on the street, and his small countenance wore that expression which plainly says: "Somebody's played me for a chump." And he swore by the high hump of the sacred gnu that he would get square or die on the trail. I asked him what was the matter.

"I'm a big bag o' stuff," said he; "that's the matter. I was carrying a bundle when a fellie comes up and says:

Made Up as a Syndicate Agent.

'I'll hold your bundle, sonny, if you'll take this message up to the top floor o' that buildin'.' 'Go, jump off the dock,' says I. 'You'll light out wid de bundle while I'm gone. I'm onter you.' 'No, I won't,' says he; 'you can carry my pocket book wid yer,' an' he pulled it out. 'I'll have ter go yer,' says I, an' gave him de bundle. Now here I am, but he's taken a sneak."

"But you have his pocket book," said I.

"Yes, an' there ain't nothin' in it," said he. Look at it yourself."

A more careful examination of its contents revealed two pawn tickets which showed that Levi Israelson had advanced $5 on certain papers. When I became satisfied that the owner of the book would never appear I went to Mr. Israelson's place of business and redeemed the papers. They proved to be the credentials of one Ralph Martin, who was thereby authorized to come to this country as the representative of an English syndicate and investigate breweries. The papers suggested a great idea to me; I would become the representative of an English syndicate in America. I had no doubt that there were commissions on both ends of the business.

KINDNESS OF THE REPORTERS.

The first thing necessary, of course, was a "make up." I hired the whole business from a Bowery costumer, and when I was transformed into my new character, modesty forbids me to state how English I looked. I really didn't dare to go on Fifth avenue for fear somebody would invite me down to Newport, and thus distract my attention from business. I struck right out for "Newark, a suburb of New York, Mass."

I told a newspaper man, confidentially, that I was an advance agent of British aggression, and he fixed me up the nicest notice that ever was. These reporters always

Getting Inside Information.

know what a fellow wants to say and what he does not want to say, and they print the one or the other according to his politics. The next morning a servant at the hotel where I had taken a room brought me the cards of a few brewers in a basket, and said that, if I pleased, he would pour them out on the table and go back for another load. I let him go.

During the day I had several interviews with gentlemen who had sent their cards. A more genial, wholesome set of men I never met. They gave me every opportunity to investigate their beer both outside and inside the breweries—and myself.

We spent many pleasant hours in the cool vaults of these establishments, and I investigated so thoroughly that I came very near never getting over it, for beer does not agree with me.

On the following day I ventured to hint to one of these gentlemen that my remittances were a little late, and—

NOTHING WAS TOO GOOD.

"My dear fellow," said he, "it's a pleasure. How much do you need?"

I struck him modestly but firmly, and he drew his check so quickly that I was afraid the paying teller wouldn't recognize the signature; but he did. He recognized several other signatures, also, before I got through with the town. The brewers simply fell over each other in their efforts to please and inebriate me. In particular Mr. Helmholz Tancke overwhelmed me with kindness. His attentions, however, gave me a pang. Mr. Tancke did not recognize me behind my single eyeglass and checkered suit, but I knew him. He had been an old and faithful friend of my father, and my heart smote me when I thought how badly I was returning his kindness. At last I couldn't stand it any longer, so I went to him and said, frankly: "My dear Mr. Tancke, I am an empty fake. I don't represent any English syndicate at all. I can stand it to play the game on the others, but not on my father's oldest friend."

"And is this young Mr. Fielding?" said he, in glad surprise. "Well, this is indeed bread upon the waters. I don't care in the least whether you really represent anybody at all so long as you play the game well. You have been so kind as to bestow the largest part of your time upon me since you have been in Newark, and the result has more than gratified my best hopes. Every day the papers both here and in New York have had a new story about your investigation of my brewery. Every day the price which you intended to pay has been increased. You will remember that this has been done with your consent, I may say connivance; and I assure you that the advertising I have got out of it far more than counterbalances the trifling sums that I have been pleased to advance you. I have long suspected that the delay in your remittances was likely to be eternal, but it has not worried me in the least."

WORKING ONE AGAINST ANOTHER.

"But is this selling to English syndicates all a fake, then?" I asked.

"By no means," said he. "There are many genuine sales, and nothing helps them to a satisfactory conclusion like a lit-

A Valuable Monopoly.

tle previous work such as yours. When the genuine syndicate agent comes along, I have nearly half a mile of newspaper clippings to show him, and the negotiations with the parties you represent will be still in progress—with your permission."

"But won't he examine your books?"

"Certainly, certainly; and we have an expert at work on them all the time."

"What does he do?" I inquired.

"Well, he makes any little changes which he thinks would be likely to impress a visitor from abroad. We also have another system of accounts. Come down into the cellar and I will show it to you."

We descended, and he approached a large vat, about the size of a seaside cottage. On the side of this he rapped in a peculiar manner. Instantly a door in it opened, and I perceived a number of accountants busily at work.

"Ah!" said I, as the door closed again.

"Now, my dear boy," said he, when we had climbed the stairs again, "there is only one thing more that you can do for me. Just whisper to your newspaper correspondent that you have found the Tancke brewery all that its proprietors had claimed, but that he from motives of pure patriotism and for fear that the excellent quality of the beer would suffer under English management, and thus cause a hardship to the people, has declined your offer of £1,500,000, and has told the American eagle that he can continue to scream."

HASTENED TO THE SEASIDE.

"But the other brewers from whom I have accepted small favors?"

"Get out of town before they can sue you," he said. "Spend the summer in some quiet down-East resort, 40 miles from law or gospel, and draw upon me for what money you need."

I accepted his advice, partly in cash, and we said goodby the best of friends.

But it's wonderful how this syndicate idea has spread. Down in the little seaport town to which I went by Mr. Tancke's advice, it had made itself felt. I was standing one day beside the shore of the bay. On a rude frame near me—to leeward, by request—were spread some fish, drying. These frames are called "fish flakes" down there. Presently the owner of the fish approached, and glanced at me, while he rubbed his chin whiskers in a way which told me he was struggling for an idea.

"You see them fish?" he asked.

"Yes."

"An' smell 'em?"

"Yes."

"Wall, I've gotan idee. I've read in the papers 'bout them English syndicates that's buyin' up all kinds o' things whar there's a chance for a monopoly. Now, here's a chance. Why don't they buy up my fish business. Perty nigh all the fish that's caught round here I git. An' the people must have fish. They don't eat nothin' else in the cold weather, so't in the spring the fishbones is just sticking out through their skins they can't get their winter underclothes off. A monopoly o' that kind 'd be wuth so'thin' to a syndicate, I tell yer."

I asked why he wanted to sell the fish monopoly if it was so valuable.

"Wall, yer see," said he, looking much crestfallen, "the fishin' is all fallin' off. Been growin' worse right along, an' it's my opinion that in a year or two from now we shan't be able to catch a durned one."

It struck me that there might be a lesson in his remark, if it could be cabled across the pond.

HOWARD FIELDING.

WHAT COMES IN DREAMS.

Rare Stories of Fiction Could They be but Caught and Preserved.

Orlo Bates in the Book Buyer.]

It is a pity that somebody would not invent a dream recorder for the benefit of us poor morials who on awaking leave behind the multitudinous and doubtless transcendentally fine compositions of our sleep. An author, who is a clergyman, told me the other day that a certain story which he read to the children of his parish on Easter Sunday, and which must have given them deep delight if it was as good as the stories of his pen which have been published, was composed in a dream some weeks earlier. On awaking he wrote it down almost as it was finally used.

THE PROSPEROUS EDITOR.

He Can't Take Money All the Time Without Any Recreation.

Waitsburg (Wash.) Times.]

When we returned from dinner on Tuesday we found a piece of paper sticking into the keyhole of our office door, on which was written these words: "Been here twice to subscribe for the *Times*, but failed to find you in. Send it to me and I will hand you the $2 the next time I am in town."

We very much regret being absent when the writer called, but great Scott! we can't take money all the time. We've got to take time to eat.

FAMED MONTE CARLO.

Mrs. Sherwood Describes it as Both Paradise and Purgatory.

WINNINGS, LOSSES AND SUICIDES.

The Glamor of Royalty Shed Over the Riviera Gaming Tables.

A MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO LIVE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Monte Carlo is a spot on the earth's surface where heaven and its antipodes may be said to meet. It has enjoyed this distinction since the year 1846, having only had a monopoly of "charm without danger," up to that time. A new Dante is needed to paint its now delirious excitements, and its soft tranquilizing, and indefinable charms.

Martin Luther is said to have objected to the possession in which his Satanic Majesty held all the "good tunes," and one might with propriety say, that the King of the Infernal Regions should not have laid claim to this health breathing and otherwise virtuous spot, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Monte Carlo from its sheltered situation, its beauty, the entire salubrity of all its conditions, its remarkable cheapness, is marked out as the natural refuge for invalids, half-pay officers, widows, the clergy, and the angels, if indeed these last are not already comprehended in the other classifications. There are, however, carping critics who would here observe that if Monte Carlo were given over to the good only, that it would not be as amusing as it now is.

MORALITY OF GAMBLING.

Gambling is a vice which it is hard to classify. It is not forbidden in the decalogue. No man commits mortal sin by playing or betting, unless the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" may comprehend it. And yet, not one, but all the vices are covered by this passion. It is everything; demoralization, degradation, despair; it brings all in its train. Its victims are more haggard and more moribund than the victims of absinthe. No vice brings so certain a doom. The respectable and thoughtful man, the elderly and careful woman, are as sure to be ruined, as is the young spendthrift, who has youth and its impulsive heart-throb, to excuse him. Indeed, it may be called the vice of middle age—as Byron spoke of avarice, "a good old gentlemanly vice."

Who can explain therefore the deliberate tampering with this Minotaur who devours his victims, in utter oblivion of age or sex, daily and hourly at Monte Carlo? Who? The philosopher has not been found. There are several classes of gamblers. There are those who come regularly to it as a business, and who make money. There are those who put aside a portion of their income to play with, just as a man decides that he will spend $10,000 a year on pictures. There are invalids who seek at the tables distraction from the inevitable pain, and ennui of a mortal disease.

THE LAW SANCTIONS IT.

Every one has a right to be there. It is law, and no one can say that it is not gospel. It is by the common consent of mankind pronounced hideous, senseless, dangerous, and yet, among its votaries are the most sagacious bankers, the coolest politicians and the most respected mothers of families. It would be hard to condemn a woman in Europe for being a gambler; it would come very near home, in the houses of the aristocracy, the clergy and amid the respectable Bourgeoisie. A famous old gambler at Baden Baden used to boast that he had educated a family of sons, who had filled high places in Europe, by his winnings at the gaming table.

But the tables are not put there for any of these classes. They are arranged for the fools, as Carlyle said of England, "139,000,000, mostly fools." So one is tempted, in the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo, to thus classify the human race. It is the fool who plays and loses all he has, who cannot come away when he has won, who goes on following the siren, knowing very well that she leads to the edge of a gulf, who feeds with his half-crowns that ever voracious appetite of the bank. Yet if the respectable gambler commits a sin, it is that by his presence he encourages and keeps alive this industry. Who that has seen the pale face, the knitted brow, the shocking expression about the mouth of a female gambler, new to the trade, who has not wished that some great law should be passed against this indefinite crime?

CASES OF SUICIDE.

One thing only arrests the game, that is when some desperate man blows out his brains. He had better have done it before he began to play, but he does it afterward. If at the table, he is removed so quickly that scarcely his next neighbor knows it. The croupier does not turn pale. A woman screams, perhaps, and breaks the luck of the gambler next to her, who declares nothing else can make his pulse quicker or more even in its beat. They may then go out and drown themselves, but no one can find out who or where. The papers along the Riviera are all subsidized to this item. No reporter makes his bread by "writing up" a suicide.

Many women, the deserted friends of gamblers, kill themselves; but they have the decency to go away and poison themselves out of sight. A woman cannot shoot herself herself or cut her throat, well; she therefore uses the little bottle of aconite or laudanum or prussic acid. One of the saddest sides of the gambling story is that of the ruined favorite, who is in such a heyday of prosperity, brilliant in diamonds one day, but who is so deeply miserable the next week.

A few years ago, several philanthropic English ladies, dressed as Sisters of Charity, walked the streets of Monte Carlo at night to try and rescue and save some of the victims of despair. Their success was very great, and some day this story will be told. These Sisters of Charity often hear stories which make all the novels of Ouida seem poor and colorless, and indeed sometimes a tragedy which Dante or Milton could alone write out—a "Commedia Inferno," or a "Commedia Divina," which Monte Carlo is, in every hour of its existence.

A LITERARY VORTEX.

Gambling hells are said to encourage every kind of industry, particularly novel writing. From this spot therefore have all the fertile English novel writers drawn their easily cultivated inspirations. There is nothing left to be said about the blue sky, the moonlight nights, the facile climate, fresh, yet warm, the eternal glare, the dissolute Russian princess, the actor, the singer, the prince. All the elements of the three volume novel are here in perfection from early dawn to latest eve.

Perhaps the least emphasized feature of the Riviera life on its best side is the cheap villa, the home of the literary man or artist, where for $1,000 a year a man and his family can live most comfortably, under conditions of health, ease and natural scenery, amusement and quiet unsurpassed in the world. It is only a wonder that large sanitariums do not flourish all along this famed coast for those who do not care to play. The delightful concerts at Monte Carlo must be counted in as one of the best results of gambling. In where else can one hear such music for nothing? A classical concert every Thursday, miscellaneous concerts every day and evening, and all so well managed. This alone makes one feel the moral necessity of going into the rooms and depositing a 5 franc piece before the mouth of the Minotaur to help pay for the music.

THE PEOPLE OF MONTE CARLO.

Monte Carlo has a very respectable population of sober English, American, German and French people who live here to economize. For, there being no taxes to pay, Monte Carlo is very cheap as to house rent, and in summer it is not too hot, while in March, April and May it is transcendently delightful, with its wealth of wild flowers and orange blossoms, its Japanese peach and almond flowers, its gray, stony hills, covered with palms and cacti. The expeditions are endless. A breakfast in a pine grove at Cape Martin, a drive thence to Mentone, to hear Strauss waltzes in the open air, is an ideal way of spending an April day. What could be more magnificently picturesque than the drive to Villefrancke, where I breakfasted in a villa curiously adorned with old Italian frescoes, and later dined "al fresco" in an orange grove. This is all a gift and a surprise to a Northern nature. It is all a vision of the Garden of Eden—including the snake!

The "luck of some people" is astonishing, and His Majesty of the Inferno has his favorites and treats them well. Although the passion for gambling is as great among Anglo-Saxons as among Frenchmen, although there is said to be more "money changing hands" in the American game of poker than is possible at roulette, still a Monte Carlo would be impossible in either America or England.

NEEDS FRENCH POLITENESS.

It needs the vigilant politeness which is second nature to the French; it needs that taste for ceremony which is visible in all their personal intercourse at the gambling table, where only a decent enamel of outward manner can keep the strongest passions in check; it needs, in a word, the polished phraseology of France. Even the word "messieurs" and the frequent use of "pardon" have their calming influence. When an Englishman says "Sir" it is a challenge; when a Frenchman says "Monsieur" it is a compliment. It is charming to greet this one remnant of feudalism in republican France. A Frenchman of the best class never forgets his polite manner even in moments of fatigue and vexation.

It is well put on at the gaming table, which is the real republic, the only true democracy where the prince elbows the commonest man, where the duchess and the dressmaker sit side by side, where the most careful Puritan plays high against the lady of the half-world. Both are engaged in the most energetic avarice, both stimulated to the last degree by the passions of hope and despair. What can enable them to sit there with safety but that formal ceremonious politeness, which the English people have discarded, and which America as a nation has never known! The gaming table may be said to be the place where the vanishing feudalism of the eighteenth century and the uniform mediocrity of manners, not to say the tendency toward rudeness, of the nineteenth century, meet.

RULES OF THE TABLES.

It is the business of the croupier to preserve the vanishing feudalism. He allows no talking. There is a Sabbath stillness in the air. The gambler's superstition is regarded. The duchess even, if she grasp her neighbor's gains, receives a gentle tap on her delicate knuckles. The only safety to the player is a decent self-control. Death and disagreeable images are carefully excluded. Is it remarkable, therefore, that there are no statistics of suicide? The "History of Despair" is not on the shelves of any library of Monte Carlo, but one hears much of the lucky fellow who is 70,000 francs ahead of the bank, of the wonderful ten francs that earned 3,000, of success, never of failure.

Meantime the Minotaur has eaten up so much that he gains £1,000,000 sterling clear profit at the end of the year, and can afford to pay the Prince of Monaco so handsome a rent for the Casino, that he is declared an admirable tenant and goes on eating his victims!

Another reason why Monte Carlo is so interesting is the presence of kings, royal dukes, princes and monarchs out of business. Although "that divinity which doth hedge a king" is out of fashion, or ought to be, in the republican nineteenth century, still the poetry of title remains. It is especially noticeable in the case of servants and innkeepers. They stand aside, bareheaded, when a prince passes, although he may be impecunious to a degree.

HOMAGE TO AMERICAN MAMMON.

The rich Americans, representing King Mammon, are received with the next degree of homage by this class, for there is no such stimulator of politeness, as an empty pocket. But curiously enough, it is the newest and freshest republican, the most ardent follower of President Carnot, or the latest arrival from America, who is most impressed with glamor of title.

To see a prince, a royal duke, a noble of high degree playing and losing, like any ordinary mortal, has, to a worshiper of this sort, a kind of novel entertainment in it. "Those who are born in the purple, have they then the same madness as ourselves? If a prince looses, then why should not I?"

That is what they say to themselves. It is a revelation of the inevitable snobbishness, which Thackeray declared, underlaid our common nature. The readers of history remember when titles meant something, when the motto "Noblesse oblige" had not lost its meaning. It is to that brilliant moment, (not yet entirely obscured, let us hope) that we refer, with fond reverence, when we make reverential room at the tables for the royal duke that he may sit next to us.

This is purgatory, but when we come out of the feverish atmosphere into the light of a Monte Carlo sunset, who shall say that it is not paradise. M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

NEW YORK PROMOTERS.

A Class of Men Who Make Money by Their Acquaintances.

Brooklyn Eagle.]

Wine agents, insurance brokers and the gentlemen who are known as "promoters" make capital out of their friends. There exists what seems to be an altogether exaggerated notion of the value of a personal acquaintance in New York. A fixed valuation, however, is placed upon it. Any man who is known about town or whose acquaintance is so wide that restaurant waiters and bartenders know him by name is usually looked upon by business men as having a certain market rating as a promoter.

Exactly how much promoters are worth is an open question. But there is no doubt that a good share of the ornamental figures about town obtain their income solely through influencing their friends. The wine agent probably suffers the most. To be obliged to recommend a certain brand of champagne on all occasions, simply because the agents of the house pay a salary for such recommendation, would take away the flavor of the wine from most men's palates, but many of the sons of distinguished New Yorkers have overcome impecunious difficulties by the aid of champagne agents. There are now at least half a dozen well-known names on the list and every one of these men drink champagne for a purpose and that purpose is never good fellowship nor pure generosity.

ROYAL DRESS REFORMERS.

Gossip About the Princess of Wales and Her Daughters.

Chicago News.]

The young German Empress has organized a dress reform association, and therefore "dress reform" will be one of the fads for some time to come. Some years ago Queen Victoria caught the dress reform fever and joined an association and inveigled a number of her dowager friends to join, too. They do say that, while she herself never adopted any dress reform habits, the Queen insisted that others should; in other words, like the doctor with the pill, she preferred to try it on a dog. The Princess of Wales joined the same association and made her three daughters join. The three daughters had to practice the reform, while the Princess simply approved it.

The Princess has been blossoming out in very stunning toilets of late; she appears to have acquired all of a sudden a fondness for superb dressing. At any rate, people are wondering what spell has come upon Her Royal Highness. The two unmarried daughters, however, are kept in exceedingly modest—I had almost said shabby—attire. Then, too, they are severely watched, although they are no longer spring chickens. Of this constant espionage the princesses are said to be heartily weary; their misery has been enhanced by the spectacle of delightful freedom which their older sister, the Duchess of Fife, presents.

ART AND ARTISTS.

MR. W. H. ARTZBERGER has a portrait in pastel on exhibition at Young's.

ANOTHER collection of pictures from a New York gallery will be opened at Gillespie's tomorrow morning.

THE landscape by Linford, recently noted at Boyd's, has been sold to a Pittsburg gentleman. This picture is an example of the artist's best style and work, and is one of the class of paintings that it is desirable to have brought to the city.

MR. GEORGE HETZEL'S painting, "A Scene on the Blackwater, a tributary of the Cheat river," a work which he executed some time ago, is again on exhibition at Boyd's. A spot in a rocky glen, down which a small stream tumbles, is the subject of the picture. The painting is not in just the same condition as when previously exhibited, some additional labor expended upon it having strengthened and improved its color.

AMONG the many notable buildings of the world is the porcelain tower at Nankin, China, which has withstood the storms of nearly 500 years, and yet shows but little evidence of alteration or decay. It is about 300 feet high, divided into nine stories, and its outer surface is entirely composed of a fine quality of porcelain. The durability of this material is such that the five centuries the tower has stood are perhaps but a few compared with those that will yet pass over it.

A NUMBER of sales were effected from the Schaus collection of paintings during the week, and several additions were made to those remaining on exhibition. Among these was a masterpiece by Van Marcke, the best of his works that has yet been brought here, and one of the finest things of its kind yet shown in this city either of his or any other artists'. In this picture the painter's splendid mastery of color, and simple yet forceful style of composition are seen to the best advantage. This exhibition was closed on Friday evening last.

MR. H. J. LANGHANZ has a pleasing landscape study on exhibition at Young's. The scene depicted is a picturesque spot where a shallow stream sweeps in a graceful curve over a stony, sedgy bed, while some distance from its banks, with a strip of greensward intervening, a piece of woodland may be seen, its dark-toned green forming an agreeable contrast with the warmer tones of the foreground. The one decidedly weak point in this picture is in the painting of the sky, and here the fault is so serious as to throw it entirely out of tone with the balance of the work.

IT is rather interesting to note the prominence which the name Jones has always held in literature, science and art. In the last mentioned field the Jones' have always been more or less famous, and a few may be mentioned who have compelled the world to do homage to their talent and skill. In architecture Inigo Jones is a name which, like that of Sir Christopher Wren, lives long after those of all his cotemporaries have been forgotten, and comes proudly down to the present time without finding a rival beside whose fame its glory shall be dimmed. In the work of interior decoration it is a question if anyone ever became so quickly famous as did Owen Jones, and among the great painters of the present day we have Burne Jones and Bolton Jones, whose names and works are known to all art connoisseurs, and even to those whose only knowledge of art is forced upon them through the incidents of everyday life.

THE value of drapery as a means of hiding defects and beautifying a home is something that is not as generally understood and appreciated as it might be; not that there is an insufficiency of scarfs, tidies, etc., in the average modern dwelling, but where these things exist they are most often placed were they will be productive of the least possible amount of usefulness, and cause the greatest inconvenience and annoyance. To hang a scarf over the handsomest piece of furniture in the room helps very little in covering the weak points of its construction, and pinning a lot of abominable little tidies to all the chairs, adds nothing whatever to either appearance or comfort. On the other hand, covering or partially covering an unsightly mantelpiece with some inexpensive drapery, will add wonderfully to the general effect of a room; an ugly staring doorway may be half hidden and wholly altered in appearance by portieres, and a bare disagreeable corner may be rendered pleasing to the sight by means of a pretty scarf depending from a small shelf which supports some bric-a-brac or artic