THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13, 1895.

Random Notes of Life in London.

Chatty Letter About New Concerts, Afternoon Teas and a Visit to London Tower.

ening up wonderfully just now, and | which I never seemed to have time uneverything and everybody is "perking up a bit" and getting ready for the season, which opens here at Easter. The opera at Covent Garden commences on May 13, as Sir Augustus Harris begs to inform the "royalty, the nobility, the aristocracy, the gentry and the public" on his announcements this spring. We are to have all the artists whom you have had over there in New York this winter, besides a few more important exponents of the divine art of song-Albani, Calve, and even Patti. Think of it! I do hope I can go a great many tion times, for I have been living in the hopes of the opera season all winter

long, and if I am so fortunate as to realize my dreams, 1 shall certainly treat myself to a perfect repast of it, and as often as I can, too. There is only one drawback. Opera is expensive, cheapest seats costing half a crown, instead of a shilling, as the concert tickets sometimes do.

Apropos of concerts, we are going to have a perfect surfeit of them this season, and in fact, are seeing the beginning of them even now. The Philharmonics, as I told you before, are already hegun, the one last week having en particularly interesting, on account of its being the occasion of the first introduction of Villiers Stanford's new symphony, "L'Allegro Il Pentecost." It was conducted by the composer, of course, and was a lovely performance of a beautiful piece of work, the audience receiving it with the hearthest approval, and even the critics, who always find fault with a thing if they can, praising it way up to the skies in the paper next day.

Something About New Music.

Dr. Stanford is an Irishman and is the foremost teacher of harmony and composition in London to-day, besides himself being one of the finest presenttime composers of lovely things for the plano and for orchestra. Dawson, an English planist, and one trained entirely in England, was the soloist of honor, and Mme. De Vere Sapio sang again, in place of Ella Russell, who was ill. She did no better than at her first appearance two weeks ago, and was not, by any means, an overwhelming success, nor does anyone else who sings like that deserve to be, either, and the disappointment of the English audiences in her is intense. I am dreadfully sorry. At the next Philharmonic the volce soloist is to be no less a person than Adelina Patti herself, whose agents in Birmingham have kindly consented to allow her to appear, as a great favor to the Philharmonic directors Every seat in the great Queen's hall is already sold, and everybody that can is going to hear her. Fortunately for us, ve had our tickets for the whole series and so rest easy on the subject of getting our seats all right. I dare say the audience, as well as the soloist, will be well worth seeing on that night. I do hope she won't get one of her characteristic little fits of temper on the longlooked for day and send word at the

last minute that she is "indisposed." And may Providence protect her from catching a cold, also, so that, when the auspicious night arrives, I may have the pleasure of hearing her warble the

London, March 30 .- London is bright- | have long intended to visit, but for til to-day. The underground railway took me there, and then I had a whole half day of the most delightful poking about the grim old place that I could ever ask for. 1 do love to go sight-seeing by myself in these old places. I can find my own way about and don't have to talk to anybody all the time. and can go about places thinking all my own thoughts, which may not be very fine ones, I own, but which are as much company as I want in these quiet keys to the queen's house, inside the old places that call for so much reflec-

> You know, of course, that this is one of the oldest landmarks in England. having been begun by King Alfred, continued by William the Conqueror, and finished sometime in the eleventh century I think. Its purpose was, they say, both to protect the port of London and to overawe the citizens, and was surrounded on all sides by a big moat, which is now dry, and down at the bottom of which are little flower beds and grassses, instead of the ugly stagnant water which used to stand there. Owused very much as a prison, and is surrounded by immense fortifications, through the first of which, called the rounded Middle Tower, 1 went, passing by the old Bell Tower and the "Queen's Tower.

Interesting Reminiscences Suggested. The Traitor's Gate, by which state prisoners used to enter the tower, is at the opening of the moat and guarded by two strong water gates. I could almost fancy I could see Anne Boleyn

or Lady Jane Grey or any of those poor unfortunate royalties beheaded here, entering at the gate and ascending the water steps to their place of imprisonment. I went next to the White Tower, in one part of which Sir Walter Raleigh was once imprisoned and where he wrote his "History of the World." Immediately over this cell, which is formed in the thickness of a single wall, some fifteen feet thick, is St. John's chapel, one of the finest and most perfect specimens of Norman architecture" to found in the kingdom. It was very cold and bare, but wonderfully beautiful, and was no doubt used by William the Conqueror and his family for the purpose of worship long ago.

The Bloody Tower, through which one nters this chapel, is so-called from the spiral staircase, under which the two princes, the sons of Edward IV, were buried after their murder. The crown jewels and regalia are kept in the strongest of the tower rooms, and include various classes of objects, crowns, sceptors and other things worn or carried at the coronation ceremony; sacred vessels used at Westminster Abbey on the same occasion, and at certain other religious ceremonies; the gold and silver table plate used at the coronation banquet, and a set of the insignia of British Orders of Knighthood.

Queen Victoria's Crown.

cumbersome armor besides.

of an eternally living nature, flower-The crown of Queen Victoria occupies the highest place in the case. It was ing insolently forever. It is the envy of a rich, hoary voluptuary who sees a used for the coronation of her majesty in 1838 and is perfectly gorgeous with pair of young lovers making for a se questered forest nook; it is the mortidiamonds, large and small, and conthreadbare favorite of hers-"Una Voce | tains the "inestimable sapphire," which fication of the exhausted refugee from we hear so much about, beside the famous ruby which belonged to the black chanted garden the experiences of a prince and which was worn in the helmet of Henry V at the battle of Agin snatch one more pleasure of sense from

whole thing, and looks very mediaeval wearing of tissue. Every line we read with the thick stone walls, with the little slits of windows, and the heavy every conversation we carry on, every care of the place walk about in very, very queer old liveries, with skirted coats and big hats. They are very kind and direct you everywhere you wish to go. They still keep up the anclent custom with regard to the tower and do all the things which the old keepers used to do, as nearly as they can in these modern times.

When the gates are locked at night the yeoman porter is accompanied by a military escort, and on his return the old ceremonial is still scrupulously observed. The sentry cries, "Who comes The yeoman porter answers, there? "The Keys!" The sentry then asks, "Whose Keys?" and the yeoman porter replies sturdily, "Queen Victoria's Keys," the guard and escort saluting the keys, and the yeoman porter completing the ceremony, before taking the gates, by saying out loud, "God preerve Queen Victoria!" •

Sadie E. Kaiser. ARE WE DEGENERATING? rguments Which Seem to Prove That

People Nowadays Think Entirely Too Much for the Good of Their Health. The verdict of guilty in the case of

Oscar Wilde has made doubly interest-Nordau, entitled "Degeneration." What ing to the strength of its walls it was this (to use the brilliant words of Mayo W. Hazletine, in the New York Sun of April 7): "That degenerates are not always criminals, prostitutes, anarchists, and pronounced lunatics; they are often authors and artists. The old Bell Tower and the gabove latter, however, manifest the same House" to the Traitor's Gate, above latter, however, manifest the same which is a part called St. Thomas' mental characteristics, and, for the as those members of the anthropological family who satisfy their unhealthy mpulses with the knife of the assassin or the bomb of the dynamiter, instead of with pen and pencil. Some among these degenerates in literature, music, and painting have, in recent years, come into extraordinary prominence. and are acclaimed by numerous admirers as creators of a new art and art and literature are aberrant and

source in the degeneracy of their authors, and that the enthusiasm of their admirers is for manifestations of more or less pronounced moral insanity, imbecility, and dementia. "What is meant," continues Mr. Ha-zletine, "by the term fin de siecle? The

author says truly that this rather silly but convenient term is used to connote what is characteristic of many modern henomena, and also the underlying nood which in them finds expression. fet, however silly the term fin de siecle may be, the mental constitution which t indicates is actually present in influential circles. The disposition of the imes is curiously confused, a comoound of feverish restlessness and olunted discouragement, of fearful presage and hangdog renunciation. The revalent feeling is that of imminent perdition and extinction. Fin de siecle

s at once a confession and a complaint. The mood to which it testifies is the impotent despair of a sick man who feels himself dying by inches in the midst

portcullis and drawbridge, and the windlass which raises it. The yeoman of the guard and the warders who take our sensory nerves and our brain centers. Even the little shocks of railway traveling not perceived by conciousness, the perpetual noises and the various sights in the streets of a large town, our suspense pending the pro gress of events, the constant ex-pecting of the newspaper, of the postman, of visitors, brains wear and tear. In the last

fifty years the population of Europe has years the population of Europe has doubled, whereas the sum of its Ebbsmith." The play is described as not mental labors has increased tenfold, a strange one, full of pathos, full of in some directions even fiftyfold. human nature, full of power. The chief in some directions even fiftyfold. Every civilized man furnishes at the present time from five to twenty-five man, filled with shallow enthusiasm for times as much mental work as was demanded of him half a century ago. "It is next pointed out that this enor-mous increase in organic expenditures strong character, and who finds her has not, and cannot have, a corre-

sponding increase of supply. Euro- utter destruction of her ideals and the peans now eat a little more and a little ultimate unveiling of their falsity. better food than they did fifty years ago, but by no means in proportion to other, who achieve the tragedy-not the increase of mental effort which to- a tragedy of poison and dagger and day is required of them. Even if they death, but the tragedy of two wasted

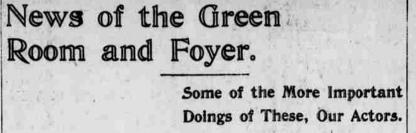
had the choicest food in the greatest abundance, it could do nothing toward helping them, for they would be incapable of digesting it. Our stomachs cannot keep pace with the brain and nervous system. The latter demand

very much more than the former are ing a book recently published by Max able to furnish. So there follows what always happens when great expenses the author undertakes to prove in it is are met by small incomes: first, the savings are consumed, then comes bankruptcy. In a word, their own new dicoveries and progress have taken civilized mankind by surprise. They have had no time to adapt themselves to their changed conditions of life. Unquestionably our organs acquire by exercise an ever greater functional ca- that they two will lead a movement nost part, the same somatic features pacity, developed by their own activity, that shall shatter all preconceived no and can eventually respond to nearly tions and bring happiness to all. every demand made upon them; but Plainly they have started off down only under one condition, that the de- the common road to "free love; mand increases gradually and that the power of Mr. Pinero's art- in time be allowed to them. If they are which he is magnificently aided summoned to fulfil without transition by the perfection of the acting-is that a multiple of their usual task, they soon with this commonplace motive he has give out entirely.

"No time was left to our fathers, that | see the motive only, as the truth, while is to say, to the generation born in the heralds of the coming century. The fourth decade of this century. Beaim of this book is to demonstrate that tween one day and the next, as it were, the tendencies of the latest fashions in without preparation, with murderous suddenness, they were obliged to morbid tendencies: that they have their change the comfortable, creeping gait of former existence for the stormy strides of modern life. Their heart and lungs could not bear it. The strongest could keep up, no doubt, but the less

vigorous soon fell out right and left, and fill today the ditches on the road of progress. Statistics indicate in what measure the sum of work of civilized mankind has increased during the last half century. It had not grown up to this increased effort. It became fatigued and exhausted, and this fatigue and exhaustion showed themselves in of Cleeve, she casts off her own overthe first generation under the form of acquired hysteria. The new aesthetic schools constitute, according to Nordau, a form of this general hysteria; but they are far from being the only one. Analogous phenomena are recognizable in the increase of alcoholism. crime, madness, and suicide; of nervous disorders, including such new affections as the 'railway spine' and 'railway brain;' the increase of heart disease; the prevalence of precoclous dental decay and baldness, of nearsightedness and deafness, and premature old age.

Why France Is Art Crazy. "All the pathological symptoms enu-



All London is now talking about Pin- (will be called the "Head of the Firm," or ro's latest play, "The Notorious Mrs. "Madam."

her vehemence made herself known

down in the East End as "Mad Agnes.

enthusiasm and raging for impossibili

ties has wrecked her married life, and

then she seeks peace as a hospital

nurse. In this capacity she is sent to

before us, and the equal truth of human

Then she has married, and her violent

Sol Smith Russell sails for Europe of the steamship New York, May 21. He is to make a tour of England, France, Ireland and Scotland. characters are Lucas Cleeve, a weak

Madeline Shirley sued a New York man ager for saying that she was discharged because she was always intoxicated. The doctrines that he but half appreciates, and Agnes Ebbsmith, a woman of nanager was discharged. Dan Rice entered the circus ring a half century ago. He has been married three times. The retired clown is living at womanhood too strong for her, to the Long Branch and speculates in real es tate. Rice is 71 years old. These two it is, acting one upon the

Joseph Jefferson, William H. Crane, Mrs. John Drew, N. C. Goodwin, and Sol Smith Russell are to appear in "The Ri-vals" at the Couldock benefit. This is the way Town Topics describes Mrs. Potter: "Nature has illuminated lives. Agnes is the daughter of a rav Mrs. Potter: ing Socialist demagogue, and has by

her with a sort of starry sweetness and she steals upon the vision in a delicate glory that is inexpressively silvery and soft." Charles Frohman led the way for a re-Charles Fronman led the way for a fe-form in orchestral music when he gave William Furst, the New York Empire's director, carte blanche. Mr. Furst dropped the heavy bass out of his orchestra and the heavy bass out of his orchestra and

Venice to nurse Cleeve, who is ill, her fierce passions rouse the enthusiasm of his nature, and for the time hide its under the stage. Anna O'Keefe says: "I have seen De Wolf Hopper so worked up by a bad notice that he would go info a rage, only finding weakness, and she, triumphing in finding her ideal, a man who thinks as she relief in tears. If any one could see that big fellow seated in the corner of his thinks and who feels as she feels, is found when the scene opens, dwelling dressing room, sobbing as though his heart would break, he would soon come to the conclusion that newspaper critiwith him under his name, proud of her position, and filled with the conviction ism was noticed by actors and taken severely to heart."

The New York Sun says the best three American actresses now before the public in the legitimate drama are Fanny Daven-part, who played comedy roles in Daly's company in 1870; Rose Coghlan, who came to New York in Lydia Thompson's buresque company at about the same and Ada Rehan, who was the leading lady so perfectly drawn his picture that we of an Albany stock company, a year or two earlier. Each had gained a considerwe appreciate the anguish of the charable advance in her profession twenty-five years ago, and has reached her present eminence by hard work and long experiacters who are working their own misery, through their inability to come down to the common level and see it too. The truth of human nature is clear

NAGGING AS A DISEASE.

nature deceiving itself, and the result is a work of astounding power. Re-Do Women Really Goad Men to the Ex-tent Indicated Below?

lief from the gloom is given with per-North American Review. fect truth-so different from the com-The habit of nagging, although not mon "comic relief" of melodrama-by common, is more often found among the entertaining cynicism of Cleeve' women than among men It is natural uncle, the duke of St. Olpherts, who this should be true. In the first place, seeks to detach Cleeve from Agnes. from the time they are small boys, all men are taught words may be followed In the end Agnes finds peace in the quiet home of a stalwart, muscular by blows, whereas very many women Christian parson and his sister. The go through life absolutely certain they scene where they try to move her reso are safe, no matter what they may say, lution, when, recognizing the weakness from physical violence. It is not a question of courage, it is simply comwrought ideas of nobleness and seeks mon sense, that makes men understand with dress and all that woman can do unless they consider a thing worth to hold his love in any form, and, failfighting about, they must control their ing then, hurls into the fire a Testament speech. Secondly, men, when they bewhich the two true friends have given come angry, have nothing like the her-then as they go out, suddenly fluency of women; as a rule, they can recognizes the truth of all, and thrustonly swear. To nag successfully reing her bare arm into the stove, drags quires a feminine cast of mind, and out the book and clasps it to her-that naggens iamong men are invariably scene riveted in silence the attention of effemiate in character. every ear and every eye, and when the Thirdly, angry men generally show curtain fell upon it brought forth round their anger by becoming sullen; they "bottle it up." The fact of the matter upon round of applause in recognition of a scene as finely conceived by the is, men are forced to learn self-control; author, and as finely acted as any f for nothing else, that they may suc-



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located at Old Postoffice Building, Corner Penn Avenue and Spruce Street. The doctor is a graduae of the Univer-sity of Pennsylvania, formerly demon-strator of physiology and surgery at the Medico-Chirurgical college of Philadel-phia. His specialities are Chronic, Ner vous, Skin, Heart, Womb and Blood di

DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYST DISEASES OF THE AREVOUS SISTE The symptoms of which are distinces, is of confidence, sexual weakness in r and women, ball rising in throat, sy floating before the eyes, loss of mem unable to concentrate the mind on subject, easily startled when sudd spoken to, and dull distressed mind, w units them for performing the actual ties of life, making happiness impose distressing the action of the heart, of ing-Tush of heat, depression of spiriti fo, sbodings, cowardice, fear, dreams, ancholy, tire easy of company, feelin tired in the morning as when retti lack of energy, nervousness, trembl confusion of thought, depression, constri-tion, weakness of the lines, etc. Those affected should consult us immediate and be restored to perfect health. Lost Manthood Bestored

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WONDERFUL

BOUTH SCRANTON, PA., Nov. 10, 1894. Mr. C. W. Campbell-Dear Bir: I have given my boy. Freddie, 7 years old, some of Dr. Campbell's Magic Worm Sugar and Tea. and to my surprise this afternoon about 3 o'clock he passed a tapeworm measuring about 85 feet in length bead and all. I have it in a bottle and any person wishing to see it can do so by calling at my store. I had fried numerous other remedies recommended for taking tapeworms, but all failed. In my estimation Dr. Campbell's is the greatest worm remedy in existence. Yours very researchally. FRED HEFFNER, 722 Beech St. Note-The above is what sverybody asys after some using. Maunfactured by C. W. Campbell. Lancaster, Pa. Successor to Dr. John Campbell & Son.

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We are soon to have no less a person than Herr Segfried Wagner, over to conduct some concerts of his father's music, and then there are to be some more orchestral concerts of the highest class, directed by the famous foreign conductor, De Hans Richter, at one of which the adorable Paderewski is to be the soloist, which artist is to give one lars and so on. or two-only one or two-recitals also, before he flies back to. Paris again. Daniel Mayer, the agent who first "ran" Paderewski as a risk a few years ago when he first came out, and to whom Paderewski owes a big debt of gratitude for believing in his genius when no one else did, has prevailed upon him to emerge from his temporary compar ative retirement for the sake of his worshippers in London. Herr Felix Mottl is also expected, and a visit from Herr Herman Servi is on the cards.

Great interest will necessarily at tach to the debut here of Mr. Arthur Nikisch, conductor and director of the opera at Buda Pesth, who gained such a distinguished reputation as conductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra at home. Mr. Nikisch will, it is now arrranged, direct four orchestral concerts to take place in June and July. It is understood that Slavonic music will be a prominent feature on the programme of these concerts.

Last Thursday I attended the last one of the Thursday subscription concerts, at which my friend, the Scotch girl, made her debut on the concert plat form. We all went to support her and she deserved it, too, for she did splendidly. We are very proud, indeed, of her, as she is quite clever, besides being gifted with a lovely voice. She sings foreign songs simply charmingly.

An English Afternoon Ten.

Yesterday afternoon I went with a friend to an out and out English tea. It was all very smart and grand, and I suppose I was the dinglest looking one of the constantly going and coming stream of people, but that did not trouble me much, as no one seemed to object to my old winter clothes. In fact the wearers of the nicest gowns armory. kept persistently coming up to me and my chaperone, until I rather suspected them of wanting to use me as a foil to all their spring bravery. The handshake at these occasions is heart-breaking, or rather arm-breaking, correctly speaking. You are expected to hold up your hand on a level with the top of your head, and all the limper you can make it all the better. Then you waggle it and fro sideways while shaking hands. It is hard enough on me, who am so small to keep my hand up as high my own head, but after several attempts of the sort, shaking hands with people much taller than myself and trying to reach their standard of height. why I was rather tired out. I shall not there again. There were perfect hosts of women and only one man, and he, I suppose, was being what they call at home "lionized," for he was an Indian from Calcutta, very little and very brown, and (whispered with bated breath) "im-mensely rich, you know." Very entertaining he was, and, some how finding out that I was non-English, too, by my American accent, I suppose lading for departure. he asked me all about America in very funny questions. The interesting young

court in 1415. The Prince of Wales' the uncertain hour. coronet is here, beside the model of the An Age of Hysteria. Kohinoor, in its original setting as "To what is this tired and despair-

it came from India before cutting, and ing attitude attributed? To degenerseveral other things of interest, such as acy and hysteria. But why, again, the gold spurs for the king, the great should these maladies be exceptionally maces of gold for the sergeant-at-arms prevalent at the present time? Morel at the coronations, great gold salt celascribes their prevalence largely to poloning through alcoholic drinks, tobac-From here I went to the White Tower co, oplum, arsenic and tainted foods. where I ran through the banquetting To these noxious influences the author hall, the state floor, and the council of this book would add residence in

chamber, now occupied by a vast collarge towns, where even the richest inlection known for two centuries or more habitant is continually exposed to unas the Tower Armory, where there favorable influences which unduly are sults of armor from all the periods diminish his vital powers. He breathes during which armor was worn. Some an atmosphere charged with organic of the figures wearing armor are detritus; he eats food which is more mounted on great horses, which are or less contaminated and adulterated; themselves incased as much as possible he feels himself in a state of constant in heavy armor. On one figure there nervous excitement, and he may be compared, without exaggeration, to the was a suit of armor weighing over 114 pounds, the helmet alone weighing as much as fifteen pounds. The poor horse inhibitant of a marshy district. Now it is well known that at the present that carried all this load was himself time an incomparably larger portion helmeted and protected with a most of the whole population of Europe and

the United States is subjected to the Heavyweight Suits of Mail. destructive influences of large towns than was the case fifty years ago: Some of these figures are armed to the hence the number of victims of urban very teeth, or rather to the very finger legeneration is proportionately more nails and toe nails, not a speck of them striking.

being visible. These are called "cap-a-"Still another cause is suggested for ple," so I suppose "armed cap-a-ple" the enormous increase of hysteria in our day. A phenomenon which, if not means completely armed. The old spears, the halberds, boar spears, adequate to the production of degenglaives and so forth, are interesting in eration, is at least able to produce hysthe extreme. There is in this room also teria, may be recognized in the excepa case containing various instruments tional fatigue of the present generaof punishment and torture and a model tion. To the fatigue which, according of the rack. Among the instruments of torture are two executioner's swords. to pathologists, may change healthy men into hysterical, the whole of civila sort of stocks called "Skeffington's daughter," thumb screws and so on. ized humanity has been exposed for

There are several mounted and ar half a century. All its conditions of life have in this period of time experimor covered figures of Henry VIII enced a revolution unexampled in the here in this room also, almost wonderfully comparisoned, both horse Ind history of the world. Mankind can point to no century in which the invenman, some of the armor consisting of tions which penetrate so deeply, so tyrany lly into the life of every indiover 118 separate pleces and very heavy indeed. He must have been a dread-fully concelted piece of humanity. vidual, are crowded so thick as in ours. Guns, swords, famous pieces of old can-The discovery of America, the Refornon, battle axes and such pleces, bemation, the French revolution stirred men's minds powerfully no doubt, and sides great old shields, abound in this ertainly, also, destroyed the equilibri-

um of thousands of brains which lacked But I could not linger here forever. staying powers. But they did not and so tore myself away to the next change the material life of man. He thing, which was the parade, across got up and lay down, ate and drank, which one must go to reach the Beauchamp Tower, which is one of the most dressed, amused himself, passed his days and years as he had been always interesting of all. It is here that so many prisoners have worn away their lives, and it wont to do

The Pace That Kills. is in this tower that these prisoners "In our times, on the contrary, steam have carved inscriptions on the walls, and electricity have turned the customs some of which must have taken years of life of every member of the civil-ized nations upside down, even of the of trouble and patience, having been done with the aid of forks, needles, most obtuse and narrow-minded citisharp stones, etc. They were most zen who is completely inaccessible to wildly interesting and I puzzled over the impelling thoughts of the times. some of them for a long time. There Besides, an incomparably greater prowas a book of etchings of them there, portion of the population is accessible over which my heart fairly yearned, to such thoughts than was formerly but they were rather expensive and I the case. The humblest village inhabi forebore. There was such a curious littant has today, if he do but read his tie old winding staircase in this tower. newspaper, a wider geographical hori-I was admiring it as I descended until zon, more numerous and complex in-I nearly fell, which rather jostled my tellectual interests, than the prime admiration out of me. I went out on the terrace afterward and watched the minister of a petty or even a secondrate state a century ago. A cook hips going up and down and saw them ceives and sends more letters than did a university professor, and a small

The Port of London tradesman travels more and s The port of London is right below the countries and peoples than did the reigning prince of other times. It is man is a student at Oxford university. In the Tower of London. This morning I treated myself to a look at the tower of London, which I university to a statistical speciments of bridge architec-ture in the whole world. It is a most quaint and old-fashioned place, the nanifest, however, that all these activities, even the simplest involve an effort of the nervous system and a

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merated are the consequence of states a Florentine plague seeking in an en- of fatigue and exhaustion, and these, again, are the effects of contemporary Decamerone,' but striving in vain to civilization, of the vertigo and whiri

number of sense impressions and organic reactions, and, therefore, of perwhich they were subjected during the same period, they found themselves ill prepared for the impact of the great liscoveries of the century and sustained from these a more violent shock than did other nations more robust and more capable of resistance.

"Upon this nation, nervously strained and predestined to morbid derangement, broke the awful catastrophe of 1870. It had, with a self-satisfaction which almost attained to megalomania. believed itself the first nation in the world; it now saw itself suddenly humiliated and crushed. All its convictions abruptly crumbled to pieces, every single Frenchman suffered reverses of fortune, lost some members of his family, and felt himself personally

robbed of his dearest conceptions, nay, even of his honor. The whole people fell into the condition of a man suddenly visited by a shattering blow of destiny in his fortune, his position, his family, his reputation, even in his selfrespect. Thousands lost their reason, and even those who did not at once succumb to mental derangement suffered lasting injury to their nervous system. Thus would Mr. Nordau explain why hysteria and neurasthenia are much more frequent in France, and appear under a greater variety of forms than they do anywhere else. The operation of the same special cause, added to the general causes of fatigue, would explain, too, why it is precisely in France that the crazlest fashions in art and literature arise, and why it is there that the morbid exhaustion else where less acutely experienced became, for the first time, sufficiently distinct to allow a special name to be coined for it, the designation, namely, of fin de siecle."

She Was Too Good. From Texas Siftings.

"Madame, there is a poor man at the door who says he is out of work and has a large family who depend on him for sup port and have nothing to eat." "Do tell him to go away, Mary. I am keeping Lent and my prayers and medita-tions must not be disturbed."

LAUGH A LITTLE BIT.

Here's a motto just your fit-Laugh a little bit. When you think you're trouble hit, Laugh a little bit. Look misfortune in the face, Brave the beldam's rude grimace; Ten to one 'twill yield its place, If you have the wit and grit to lough a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ-Laugh a little bit. Keep it with you, sample it, Laugh a little bit. Lattie ill will sure betidé you, Fortune may not sit beside you, Men muy mock and fame deride you, But you'll mind them not a whit If you, laugh a little bit.

Col. Sam Boyd, the irrepressible, he of the loud trousers and the winning way, came up from Wilkes-Barre last week to see a really good show. After of our frenzied life, the vastly increased an evening of unrestrained merriment evoked by the "Brownies," he returned to the city of sighs and wrote as folceptions, judgments, and motor im- lows: "Scrantonians ought to be proud pulses, which at present are forced into of the handsome theatre that the entergiven unit of time. To these general prise and push of Arthur Frothingham causes of contemporary pathological has given them. It is by all odds the phenomena is coupled one special to finest amusement house in the state France. By the frightful loss of blood except possibly the Alva Joslin theatre which the body of the French people at Pittsburg, and it is but a triffe infersuffered during the twenty years of the lor to that and only in unimportant de-Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, tails. The acoustic properties are exand by the violent moral upheavals to cellent and there is not a bad seat in the entire 1,664 that the house will hold."

that London has known for many a

. . .

day.

The appearance to-night in this city of the Kendals, in their decadent play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," will afford local theater-goers a chance to ascertain about how far polite nastiness can project itself into the modern drama without getting thrown out bodily. We will not say anything in advance concerning the acting powers of the Kendals. That is a point which must be settled by each spectator, through personal observation. Our own opinion is far from eulogistic. But concerning their play it may be said that it is a shade cleverer and a shade better sugarcoated than were some of Oscar Wilde's productions, but still of the same general decadent class. We quite agree with the Chicago Herald in its remarks, apropos of Wilde's collapse, that "those From Life. who defend problem plays and assume that they are certain to regenerate stage literature and reform the world imself will find it difficult to discover any

moral or intellectual benefit in the writings of Ibsen, Pinero, Sudermann Wilde, When not honestly cynical, if evolcism can be honest, they are brually indelicate and dangerously unwhole-some. They are the living pictures of stage literature, and if not intended to excite vicious thoughts and stir evil imaginings it is difficult to understand what the real purpose is. Possibly the downfall of Wilde will open many eyes

retofore closed to the truth." FOOTLIGHT FLASHES: Mme. Modjeska is in Rome. Mrs. Langtry is worth \$700,000. Lewis Morrison is worth \$100,000,

Henry Irving has engaged Julia Arthur. Isabelle Coe has joined Mansfield's com DANY Lillian Russell can shoot, fish, swim an

olay poker Miss Hall Caine, sister of the novelist, is an actress William Gillette is the son of a United States Senator Beerbohm Tree will be seen here in new plays next season

Barnum's circus boasts "the only lady down in the world." New Yorkers pay \$1,000,000 a year for Mansfield pays \$18,000 a year for the lease of Harrigan's Theater.

Mansfield will give a new play by G. Barnard Shaw, called "Canida." Palermo, "the city of churches and thea-ters," is building a \$10,000,000 theater. Ada Rehan added the role of Juliana, in the "Honeymoon," to her repertoire on Friday night.

A new play by William Gillette will be produced in Philadelphia for the first time elphia for the first time on any stage May 13.

Agnes Booth will appear in the leading role of "A Modern Duchess," to be brought out in the autumn. Charles and Rose Coghlan will shortl appear in a new play by the former,

More than this, the majority of men look with considerable contempt on many words. Taciturnity is a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race. These, and other influences, all tend to limit the number of naggers among men. It is a curious fact, too; that while women detest the habit of nagging in other women, men despise it in other men. A nagging man is invariably a coward. while a nagging woman may be, and more often is, physically brave. A nagging man is the more contemptible creature, for he invariably nags those weaker than himself or those who he believes will not hurt him, while a

ceed in business, and when angry, this

knowledge stands them in good stead.

nagging woman generally nags those who are stronger. True, she is generally confident she will not be hurt, and in the "war of tongues" she has the heavier battalions.

His Won't Power. From the Amusing Journal. The crown prince of Germany, though only about 12 years old, has a very ready wit and a queer way of saying things. He sees the funny side of a situation at once. One day, while visiting Potsdam, the little prince was amusing himself by trying to make a donkey draw a cart. But the donkey was stubborn and would not "go." "Your donkey has a great of will power," called out the emperor, who had been watching the struggle between his little son and the stubborn beast. "Oh, no, papa," replied the little prince quickly, "it 100,000 Barrels per Annum

isn't his will power that troubles me. It s his won't power. He won't go." DUPONT'S Far Worse. "Jack was very disägreeable last night." "Was he full of whisky?"

"It was worse than that. He was full of THE OLD FRIENDS.

The old friends, the old friends We loved when we were young, With sunshine on their faces. And music on their tongues! The bees are in the almond flo nd flower, The birds renew their strain; But the old friends, once lost to us, Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friends! Their brow is lined with care: They've furrows in the faded cheek, And silver in their hair But to me they are the old friends still In youth and bloom the same. As when we drove the flying ball, Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men, How slow they creep along! How naughtly we scoffed at them In days when we were young! Their prosing and their dozing, Their prate of times gone by. Their shiver like an aspen leaf If but a breath went by. But we, we are the old men now, Our blood is faint and chill; We can not leap the mighty brook, Or climb the break-neck hill.

We maunder down the shortest cuts, We rest on stick or stile, And the young men half ashamed to laugh Yet pass us with a smile

But the young men, the young men, Their strength is fair to see; The straight back, the springy stride, The eye as falcon free: The shout above the frolic wind As up the hill they go; But though so high above us now, They soon shall be as low.

O weary, weary drag the years As life draws near the end; And sadly, sadly fall the tears For loss of love and friend. Hut we'll not doubt there's good about In all of humankind; here's a health before we go To those we leave behind!

-The Spectator.



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