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and reaching the town, clattered and

their horses spent and foundered. In they all crowded, close on one another's heels; and the bridge was drawn up, and there in the entrance they stood

the coverlet. But he ran on till he reached the stairs, and he climbed them, and entering a room in the gate-

them, and entering a room in the gate-tower, looking over the moat. he laid the Princess Osra on a couch, and, standing over her, he smote one hand upon the other, and he swore loudly: "Now, as God lives, Zenda I will have.

and her I will have; and it shall be he husband whom she must, if she will, proclaim a cheat in Strelsau."

Then he bent down and lifted the

coverlet from her face. But she did not stir nor speak, nor open her eyes. For she had fallen into a swoon as they

rode, and did not know what had be-fallen her, nor where she had been brought, nor that she was now in the

castle of Festenburg and in the power of a desperate man. Thus she lay still and white, while Count Nikolas

tery it strove to win over him, was very impatient; and since he was at once angry and half asleep, it was long before he would or could understand the strange and monstrous news with

which his frightened host came tremb

their wits' end, talking big and threat-ening to bring ten thousand men from Strelsau and not leave one stone upon

another at Festenburg, and what not. But all the while for all their big talk nothing was done; and the princess

was at Festenburg, alive or dead, or in what strait none knew. And finally,

The bishop of Modenstein sat up In

his bed and he fairly roared at the

some of the Hentzaus (of whom history

tells of many) have been good and some have been bad; and the good fear God

while the had do not; but neither the good nor the bad fear anything in the

"Now, as God Lives, Zenda I Will Have!"

world besides. Hence, for good or ill,

blood leaping and his heart beating quick; for as he went he said to him-

"It is not often a churchman has a chance like this."

On the stroke of half-past twelve he

do great deeds and risk their lives

who can fight, fool?'

and there in the entrance they sto

tian burfial afterward. Come, down CHAPTER III. And all his men ran out, the king's guard doing nothing to hinder them, and jumped on their horses, and setting them at a gallop hurried after the count. He, riding furiously, turned toward the town of Zenda, and the whole company swept down the hill, and reaching the town clattered and

So the watchman, fearing that, if he So the watchman, fearing that, if he refused, the bishop would spare neither body nor soul, but would destroy the one and damn the other, let down the bridge, and the bishop, leaping from his horse, ran across with his drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Walking into the hall, he found a great company of Court Nikals' nen, drinkand reaching the town, clattered and dashed through it at full gallop, neither drawing rein nor turning to right nor left, and again they roused the bishop of Modenstein, and he turned in his bed, wondering what the rush of mounted men meant. But they, galloping still, mounted the opposite hill and came to the castle of Festenburg with their horses spent and foundered. In company of Count Nikolas' men, drinkwith one another but talking un-



"My Pistol Is Straight at Your Head."

still and white, while Count Nikolas stood over her and bit his nails in rage. And it was then just on midnight. On being disturbed for the third time the bishop of Modenstein, whose temper was hot and cost him continual prayers and penances from the maseasily and seeming alarmed. And th bishop raised the hand that held his sword above his head in the attitude of benediction, saying 'Peace be with

Now most of them knew him by his face and all knew him as soon as a comrade whispered his name; and they sprang to their feet, uncovering their heads and bowing. And he said: "Where is your master, the count?"

"The count is upstairs, my lord," they answered. "You cannot see him ling and quaking to his bedside in the dead of night. A servant-girl, stam-mered the frightened fellow, had run "Nay, but I will see him," said the

mered the frightened fellow, had run down half-dressed and panting from the castle of Zenda, and declared that, whether they choose to believe her or not—and indeed she could hardly be-lieve such a thing herseif, although she had seen with her own eyes from her own window—yet Count Nikolas, of Festenburg, had come to the castle that evening, had spoken with Princess Osra, and now (they might call her bishop.
"We are ordered to let no one pass," said they, and although their manner was full of respect they spread them-selves across the hall and thus barred the way to the staircase that rose in a corner of the hall. But the bishop faced

them in great anger, crying;
"Do you think I do not know what Osra, and now (they might call her a liar if they choose) and carried off the princess with him on his horse to Festenburg, alive or dead, none knew; and the men-servants were amazed and terrified, and the soldiers were at has been done? Are you all then par-ties in this treachery? Do you all want to swing from the turrets of the castle

when the king comes with a thousand men from Streisau?" At this they looked at him and at one another with great uneasiness; for they knew that the king had no mercy when he was roused and that he loved when he was roused and that he loved his sister above everybody in the world. And the bishop stepped up close to their rank. Then one of them drew his sword halfway from its scab-bard. But the bishop, perceiving this,

nobody but one poor servant-girl had had the wit to run down and rouse And do you all do violence to a lady sister? Aye, and here is a fellow that would strike a bishop of God's church! And he caught the fellow a buffet wit 'Are there no men, then, in the town the flat of his sword that knocked him "None, none, my lord—not against the count. Count Nikolas is a terrible man. Please God he has not killed the princess by now."
"Saddle my horse," said the bishop.

down. "Let me pass, you rogues," said the bishop. "Do you think pou can stop a Hentzau?" "Let us go and tell the count that my lord the bishop is here," cried the house steward, thinking that he had found a way out of the difficulty, for they dared neither to touch the bishop "and be quick about it." And he leapt out of bed with sparkling eyes, For the bishop was a young man, but a little turned of thirty, and he was a noble of the old house of Hentzau. Now nor yet to let him through; and the steward turned to run toward the staircase. But the bishop sprang after

him, quick as an arrow and dropping the pistol from his left hand, caught him by the shoulder and hurled him back. "I want no announcing," he said. "The church is free to enter And he burst through them at the and he ourst through them at the point of the sword, reckless pow what might befall him so that he made his way through. But they did not venture to cut him down; for they knew that nothing but death would stop him.

and for their very souls' sakes they dared not kill him. So he, kicking one and pushing another and laying about with the flat of his sword and his free hand, and reminding them all the while of their duty to the church and of his sacred character, at last made his way through and stood alone, unhurt, at the foot of the stair case, while they cowered by the walls or looked at him with stupid helpless-ness and bewilderment. And the bishop

(To be continued.)

MR. AND MRS. RISING.

From the Times-Herald. marked Mr. Rising from behind the morning paper. "The only assets were a hundred and odd silver dollars." "Old Spender's bank has broken,

"A hundred silver dollars would weigh a good deal, John," said Mrs. Rising thoughtfully, "I often wonder why more banks don't break with so much silver." "Oh, silver's all right, Em'ly, as long as we are able to carry it," replied Mrs.

the, do great deeds and risk their lives as another man risks a penny. So the bishop, leaving his bed, dressed himself in breeches and boots, and set a black cap with a violet feather on his head, and staying to put on nothing else but his shirt and his cloak over it, in ten minutes was on his horse at the door of the inn. For a moment he looked at the stranging growd that "Of course, that's true," rejoined Mrs. Rising. "Father always said it was easy to tell a strong bank from a weak one, but they all look alike to me," she

added cheerfully.

"Old Spender broke up ten years ago," said Mr. Rising retrospectively.

"Did be?" asked Mrs. Rising, with interest. "It's funny Mrs. Spender looked at the straggling crowd that had gathered there, then with a to-of his head and a curl of his lip he told interest. never mentioned it, intimate as we are

of his head and a curl of his lip he told them what he thought of them, saying openly that he thanked Heaven they were not of his diocese; and in an instant he was galloping through the streets of the town towards the castle of Festenburg, with his sword by his side and a brace of retains in the hole. Why do you suppose he broke up again, "Most banks break because the me "Most banks break because the men who run them are short-sighted and can't see an inch beyond their noses," asserted Mr. Rising, with vigor; "that's what's the matter with old Spender." "He wears glasses, John," rejoined Mrs. Rising, "and if he does all he can to try and see I don't know as he ought to be blaymed." side and a brace of pistois in the hol-sters of the saddle. Thus he left the gossipers and vaporers behind and rode alone as he was up the hill, his blood leaving and his heart beating

to be blamed."
"Tain't fair to the community to let such men do business," growled Mr.

On the stroke of half-past twelve he came to the bridge of the castle moat; and the bridge was up. But the bishop shouted, and the watchman came out and stood in the gate-way across the moat, and, the night being fine and clear, he presented an excellent alm.

"My pistol is straight at your head," cried the bishop. "Let down the bridge. I am Frederick of Hentsauthat is, I am the bishop of Modenstein—and I charge you, if you are a dutiful son of the church, to obey me. The pistol is full at your head."

The watchman knew the bishop; but he also knew the count his master.

"I dare not let down the bridge without an order from my lord," he faltered.

such men do business," growled Mr. Hising.

"Well, for my part, if other folks can see that a bank is breaking, I think they might go and help the man carry away his money," boldly alleged Mrs. Rising. "If there was a good many of them it would relieve the strain, as you say, mighty quick. Sakes alive! John, you could carry a heap of silver in a day."

Before Mr. Rising was able to reply to this practical suggestion Mrs. Rising hurried to the kitchen to investigate the cause for an odor of burning bread.

"I em going into a stock company. Em'ly," Mr. Rising announced with pardonable pride. "Will you like that, John?" Mrs. Ris-"Then before you can turn around you're a dead man," said the bishop,
"Will you hold me harmless with my lord if I let it down?"
"Are, he shall not hurt you. But if you do not immediately let it down, I'll shoot you first and refuse you Chris-"Well. rather," returned Mr. Rising,
"I shall be an officer."
"Ob. John, that's splendid. Will you

a uniform?" Mrs. Rising asked with interest.
"No, Em'ly the officers don't wear uniforms," replied Mr. Rising.
"How did you get to be an officer,
John?" Mrs. Rising asked a moment

later.
"A majority of the stock elected me," Mr. Rising answered.
"Will we have to live in the country, What put that into your head,

Em'ly?"
"I'd like to in the summer, and thought it might be better on account "That's a curious notion, Em'ly. The stock's all right, A No. 1. No water in the concern. They want me here at headquarters."
"Why, John' I didn't suppose there was any stock without water."

"Why, John' I didn't suppose there was any stock without water."
"Precious little in these days, but this ranks first-class on the market, and they let me in on the ground floor. Hello! there's the president now. I'm off," and Mr. Rising joined his business associate in the street.
"It beats me," said Mrs. Rising, as she went about her household duties. "I don't think John's mind is affected but if stock can vote, and officers not

but if stock can vote, and officers not wear uniforms, I'd like to know what the world's coming to. I suppose he meant city water would do as well as the country, but men are crackedbrained on some things. I'm thankful I don't have to worry about business, It's all I can do to look after three meals a day."

SOME CURIOUS HOBBIES.

Queer Whims of Minds Given to Contemplating Important Matters - Idiosyncrasics of the Great.

From Tid-Rite A very peculiar hobby was that of an old woman who had been a second old woman who had been employed at court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding cake. The cakes to which the fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land. The place of honor was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding cake, and nearly every royal mar-riage that had occurred since the ac-cession of William IV was represented

cession of William IV was represented in this curious collection.

Lord Petersham, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for walking sticks and also for various kinds of tea and snuff. All around his sitting room were shelves, those upon one side laden with canisters of Souchong, Bohea, Congoa, Pekoe, Russian and other varieties of tea. The shelves opposite were decortea. The shelves opposite were decor-ated with handsome jars, containing every kind of snuff, while snuff boxes lay here, there and everywhere. Lord Pe-tersham prided himself upon possess-ing the most magnificent array of boxes to be found in Europe, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. When some one ad-mired a beautiful old light blue Sevres box he was using, he lisped out, "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear." do for winter wear."

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous ferman diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers and wigs of all shapes, sizes and fashions. This curious hobby was rivaled by that of a late King of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique.

A King of Wurtemburg boasted the possession of above 9,000 copies of the Bible; and a nicotine-loving American eveled in a treasury of pipes, of which e could count 365 specimens in meer schaum, brier, glass, china and clay. The Duke of Sussex, brother of King George II, had a pair of hobbies that were wide as the poles asunder. He was an indefatigable collector of Bibles and of cigars.

A Collector of Slippers. Pope Pius IX was a collector of slippers. He always had twenty-four pairs in his wardrobe, made of red cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a solid gold cross, his cham-berlain being strictly enjoined not to part with a single pair, however well worn they might be, to any of the many

Wigs and walking sticks were the special vanitles of Mr. William Evans, some time principal clerk in the pro-thonotary's office for Anglesea Carnavon and Merioneth, and so highly did he value them that he bequeathed one of each to three different maiden ladies, for whom he had in turn felt a tender ness in early life. Another gentleman to have kept a book containing as many pages as there are days in the year, in each of which a different pin was stuck. Every morning he fastened into his scarf the pin which occupie the space allotted to that particular date, returning it to its place when he

undressed at night.

M. Nestor Roqueplan, a Frenchman of letters, was a collector of warming pans, and devoted a gallery in his house to this article of furniture, where visit-ors might enjoy the privilege of beholding the identical warming pans that had aired the beds of such celebrities as Queen Mary of Scotland, Catherine de Medici, Gabriel d'Estrees, Diana de Poitiers, Mme. Pompadour, Marie An-toinette, Mile. de Fontange and other noted personages. Another eccentric Frenchman was a bean enthusiast. He wrote a book upon the history of hari cots and their influence upon humanity, and rejoiced in collecting beans from all quarters of the globe and carefully labeling and arranging them. Some of the specimens were very valuable, hav-ing cost as much as 500 francs. His death was hastened by the mysterious disappearance of some Japanese beans, which he set especial value.

Given to Tenpots. A European lady living in Japan acquired no fewer than 700 teapots of various patterns and kinds. Another lady had a hobby for collecting bonnets. She made a rule never to part with on she had worn, and, when she died, left behind her a wonderful collection of feminine head adornments. Gillot, the founder of the world-re-nowned steel pen business, had a pas-

sion for Cremona fiddles, although he was absolutely without musical knowledge. A London barber's hobby was the collecting of dressing cases—a hobby which he pursued with such avidity that on his death 300 of these articles came into the hands of his executors. queen of Italy is said to be an enthusiastic collector of boots and shoes. Her collection includes shoes of Marie Antoinette, of the Empress Jo sephine, Mary Stuart, Queen Anne and the Empress Catherine of Russia.

A CURIOUS DICTIONARY.

What the Various Keys in Music Stand The meaning of the different keys in

music is thus set down in a letter writ-ten in 1808 and printed in a book entitled "Letters on the Celebrated Com-poser, Haydn:" F—This key is rich, mild, sober and

contemplative.

D minor possesses the same qualities, but of a heavier and darker cast; more doleful, solemn and grand. C—Bold, vigorous and commanding: suited to the expression of war and en-

terprise.
A minor—Plaintive, but not feeble,
G—Gay and sprightly; being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subjects.
E minor—Persuasive, soft and ten-

D-Ample, grand and noble; having more fire than C, it is suited to loftlest purposes.

B minor—Bewailing, but in too high i

tone to excite commiseration.

A-Golden, warm and sunny.

F sharp minor-Mournfully grand.

E-Bright and pellucid, adapted to

E flat—Full and mellow, sombre, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight. Though less decided in character than some of the others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a universal favorite.

C minor—Complaining, having something of the cast of B minor.

A flat—The most levaly of the tribe

A flat—The most lovely of the tribe.

A flat—The most lovely of the tribe.

Unassuming, gentle, soft, delicate and
tender, having none of the pertness of
A in sharps. Every author has been
sensible to the charm of this key, and
has reserved it for the expression of
his most refined sentiments.

E minor—Religious position to F minor-Religious, penitential and

gloomy.
D flat—Awfully dark.

NEW LIGHT ON AMERICANISMS The Indian Didn't Furnish All the Words Used in This Country. From the Philadelphia Record.

As an outcome of the discussion awakened by the Boston Commonwealth, concerning the Indian names adopted into the English language. some queer new light—at least to the public man—has been shed on a number of words in our vocabulary. Everybody has, of course, been all along aware of the fact that such terms as wigwam, tapee, tomahawk, moccasin, wampum, totem, sachem, papoose and squaw, have been borrowed from the red men, but probably very few have realized the great debt owned to the aborigines for the words caribou, coyaborigines for the words carlbou, coyote, moose, ocelet, opossum, skunk, terrapin, woodchuck and chipmunk, hickory, copal, pecan, persimmon, killikinnick, pipsissewa, tuckhoe, hominy, succotash, and even cocoa and chocolate. Srangely enough, the hot tamale man is indebted to the Indians for the word "tamali." And even the toboggan slider uses a relic of the Abuaki term "tobogan" for a native sleigh made of deerskin.

American politics has borrowed several decidedly picturesque words.

eral decidedly picturesque words, showing that the old Indian was "heap big politician." Tammany's "pow-wows" are well enough known (from the Narragansett conjuration with noise and confusion), but it is start-ling to find that the modern political "caucus" may also be traced back to redskin ancestry. As shown by Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull, the word is from Powhatan "caucauasu" (one who en-courages or promotes"). The now very familiar "mug-wump" is traceable to the (Massachusetts "muqquomp" ("great man"). The political slang sense is, therefore, that of a politician puffed up with the vanity of his own

self-importance. W. R. Berard, the American scholar, who has unearthed the most comprehensive list of Indian terminology yet found in modern English, points out the error of assuming certain other words to be of Indian origin. Con-spicuous among these are "sassafras." "pueblo," "bronco," "mustang," "s ghum," and "goober." Sassafras is French ancestry and sorghum of Italian descent. Pueblo (poblon), bronco and mustang (mestino) are Spanish. Goober, the southern nickname for was brought over to the West Indies by the Bunda slaves from Angola, and was thence introduced into the United

DON'T SNUB A BOY.

From the American.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of

at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters.

Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub him for any reason. Not only because he may some day outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor christian.

THE SOLDIER'S RESPONSE.

Emperor Napoleon, after one of his great battles, gathered the remnnant of his forces around him, and proceeded to compliment them in his characteristic manner, so endearing to his soldiers. Finally Company D of the guards, were ordered to present themselves, and to the astonishment of the emperor a single soldier appeared. He was bound up in bandages and could inardly walk.

dier appeared. He was bound up in band-ages and could nardly walk.

"Where is the rest of your company" asked the emperor.

A tear welled in the old soldier's eye as he answered: "Your majesty, they lie on the field dead," and then sorrowfully add-ed, "they fought better than I.—Harper's Round table.

Paradoxical.

The question of debts is a puzzle indeed, That few people e'er understand; For when they're contracted, most strange At once they begin to expand.

Not an Epigram Bobble-What's an epigram? Surie—Oh. it's a way of saying some-thing everybody knows so that only clever people can get any sense out of it.—Truth.

FACTS ABOUT WORDS.

The word aspertain formerly meant nothing more than to make certain of a

The word idea formerly meant a com-pleted performance, whether mental or The word tomboy, now applied to a rude

young woman, formerly meant a rude young man or boy.

Goodby Is an abbreviation of an old English form of parting, "God be with you until we meet." Villain once meant the serf who be-

onged to the farm and was bought, sold or exchanged with it. Adleu formerly signified to God. It was an abbreviation of a benediction used by rlends when parting. Furlong was at first a furrow long, or the distance that a pair of oxen would plow in half an hour.

A vagabond was originally only a traveler or person who went from place to place with or without a definite object. Moonstruck is borrowed from astrology, t formerly described one who was driven and by sleeping in the rays of the moon. Stigmatize originally meant simply to brand, and in the days of Shakespeare the farmer was said to stigmatize his sheep. Shrewd once signified evil or wicked, Thomas Fuller uses the expression "a shrewd felow," meaning a wicked man. Peck at first meant a basket or recep-tacle for grain or other substances. The expression at first had no reference to

Equivocation, a word now applied to any evasion, was once understood to mean the calling of diverse things by the same

The heathen was originally a dweller on the German heaths, the last localities in Germany to accept the Christian re-

The word prevent originally meant nothing more than to go before. It is used in this sense in several places in the Scriptures. The word tinsel once meant brilliant, shining. Milton uses it in this sense when he speaks of "the tinseled-slippered feet of Thetis."

The word hoyden, now applied exclusively to a noisy young woman, formerly denoted a person of like character, but of either sex. The word miscreant formerly signified only an unbeliever, an infidel. Joan of Arc. in the literature of her time, was called a miscreant.

Men of Renown in European Affairs.

Brilliancy of Justin McCarthy, the Noted Irish Politician, Author and Editor.

From the Times-Herald.

From the Times-Herald.

London, Aug. 30.—Justin McCarthy once said that a magazine editor had told him that the teachers of the people are divided into two clases, "those who know something and can't write and those who can write and know nothing." Mr. McCarthy qualified the remark, or rather made a downright exception in Professor Huxley's case. A like exception might be made in his own case. He knows a great deal, and own case. He knows a great deal, and he can write it well, as he has shown in a great many charming books—as he is showing today in the best political leaders that appear in the London

leaders that appear in the London daily papers.

Mr. McCarthy's re-election as chairman of the Irish parliamentary party was a foregone conclusion. It is a mistake to call him a leader in the full sense of that word. Since Parnell's death removed the one man in the Irish party whose fire was the fire of flint against steel no leader has been possible for the turbulent faction. Mr. McCarthy would be the last to give his position that name. He is chairman of the party, presides over its meetings, and practically stands for it in the house of commons when matters of vital concern demand attention. Furvital concern demand attention. Furto go.

His Mildness and Amiability.

It was because of his mildness and amiability-the general affection in which he is held by all classes-that he was chosen at the memorable meet-ing in committee-room 16 after Par-nell's overthrow. It must be said that Mr. McCarthy contributed as little to that overthrow and rejoiced in it as little as any man in the house of commons. There is very little of the poli-tician in him-small craft or guile. He is in politics because of the traditional respect for parliament which even a respect for parliament which even a man born in Cork must feel and which still is strong in spite of election rows and Jabez Balfours. Being in politics, it was esential that he should become a follower of Parnell, then at perigee. When the old leader was deposed, it was equally natural that Mr. McCarthy, impressed by the feeling of Mr. Glad-stone and the attitude of the bishops and priests, at whose side Mr. McCarthy had often fought, should go with the majority. Less ill-will is cherished toward him by the Parneillite faction than toward any of the others.

Mr. McCarthy is one of the men in the Irish party who looks toward England to accomplish, on her own account, the long sought reforms in the Irlsh govern Pacific by disposition, he is also more English than Irish in his tastes London, especially such close contact as a successful literary man must enjoy whose tastes are worldly and who likes the passing show, has softened any earlier antipathies he might have de-rived from Celtic forbears. He is well received in society and numbers among his friends some of the cruciest de-spoilers of his beloved people. In fact, there is quite as much pretense about of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents, Shakespeare the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending, Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses an humble trade. The author of the "Pliggim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was bind.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was bind.

Don't snub a hoy because of duliness in his lesson. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and ingraver, was a stupid boy at his books. happened in the cab. And perhaps Bal-faur kicked Morley under the table." Mr. McCarthy is particularly friendly with English members, and may even entertain a liking for the erstwhile "bloody Balfour" himself. It would be a fine thing if the Irish parliamentary party were disposed as kindly to its enemies, the friends, as it is toward

its friends, the enemy. His Dexterity with the Pen.

Mr. McCarthy's literary side is more pleasant than his political side, neces-sarily. He is in his sixty-sixth year and comes from Cork, where all the great men come from—if you hear them tell it. He began writing as re-porter on the Cork Examiner, but, following the attraction that carries every writing Irishman to England at one time or another, he crossed the channel, worked on the staff of a Liverpool paper for a short time and then went to London as parliamentary re-porter on the Star. (The paper afterward died, but its name was revived some years ago by Mr. McCarthy's col-league, "Tay Pay" O'Connor, who made it flourish, sold it out and es-tablished his present journal, the tablished his present journal, the Weekly Sun.) Meantime he contributed papers to a number of important magazines, including the Galaxy of New York, now defunct, then under the control of Richard Grant White, Shakespearean defender of the faith of good English and critic of all things that traced their origin from South of the Connecticut Valley. It was in the Galaxy that Mr. McCarthy printed many of the charming papers that afterward found their way, with addi-tions, into a book called "A History of Our Own Times."

In 1868 he went to America. He had long sustained friendly relations with the people of that country. He had been associated with John Bright and had learned the meaning of liberty from his lips. During the war when English sentiment was bitterly hostile to America, he was one of the few men of standing who not only defended the justice of the northern cause, but perceived that northern arms were irresistible. He delivered lectures in America, and was well received then and on occasional visits thereafter. His Contributions to Literature.

Mr. McCarthy is one of the most prolific writers of our generation. He has written as much and on as many subects as any living man, leaving his daily pot-boiling at newspaper work entirely out of consideration. His literary activity began over forty years ago. He is the author, either alone or in collaboration with Mrs. Campbellin collaboration with Mrs. Campbell-Praed, of sixteen novels, the best known being "Maid of Athens" and "Red Diamonds." Besides these he has published a volume of critical essays, a "History of the Four Georges," a "Life of Sir Robert Peel," a short story called "The Epoch of Reform," and an account of Prohibitory Legislation in the United States." His chief work, though, and the one which now supports his reputation, is "A History of Our Own Times." Some one has said truly that the most difficult thing in the world to find is a competent record of the events of the last thirty years. Mr. McCarthy, by an inspirayears. Mr. McCarthy, by an inspira-tion, went to work on a history which should include the reign of Queen Vicshould include the reign of Queen Vic-toria up to date. He produced work invaluable for present needs. Al-though the style may be too rapid and sketchy for history, the information at times inaccurate, the perspective lacking. "Al History of Our Own Times" remains the only popular book of its kind in existence. It had an enormous sale in America.

Active as a Politician. While performing all this literary and historical work Mr. McCarthy continued in the service of the press and enjoyed activity in politics. In 1879 under the patronage of Mr. Parnell he was elected to parliament from Longford. Later he was elected for Derry. In 1892 he was beaten for Derry, but was turned for North Longford. He is

the member for the latter constituency.
He was vice president of the party and was elected president on the overthrow of Parnell. He remains neutral in the fights forever going on between Dillon and O'Brien on the one hand and Healy and his following on the other.

In parliament he is not often heard.

In parliament he is not often heard, but when he takes occasion to speak it is always with force and grace of dic-tion, and he is invariably heard with tion, and he is invariably heard with attention. Late in the eyening he can be seen with a pad of writing paper on his knee. A debate is on, There may be wrangling among the Irish members or the house may be roaring "order" at Dr. Tanner or one of the innumberable parliamentary bores may be droning away at insufferable length. Mr. McCarthy writes on. He is near-sighted and bends close to his paper. He is preparing the parliamentary "leader" which, a few hours hence, will appear in the London Daily News.

SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

From the Times-Herald.

We hear less of the progress of wom-en's suffrage in England than of the rather high-pitched agitation of the suffragists in this country, but then the waters running deep are still. Although even a limited extension of the franchise to women in the next ten years is barely within the calcula-

years is barely within the calcula-tions of the sober-minded American suffragists, English women have good reason to hope for the realization of their ambition through the good offices of the present parliament. The National Society for Women's Suffrage has made a list of the mem-bers of parliament who have an-nounced themselves as favorable to the cause. The list comprises 222 men, 130 of whom are conservatives, twenty-two of whom are conservatives, twenty-two liberal-unionists, sixty-eight liberals, and two nationalists. Among them are included such men as the two Balfours, Sir John Gorst, Justin McCarthy, Sir Stafford Northeote, Mr. Courtney, Sir F. Lockwood, Sir John Lubbock, Sir A. K. Rollit, Mr. George Wyndham, and many others almost as well known. A bill extending the suffrage will doubt-less be offered, as it has been at every less be offered, as it has been at every session since 1867, when John Stuart Mill championed it, and the chance for its passage seems excellent at this distance. The bill introduced by Sir A. K. Rollit in the 182 parliament was advanced to second reading, when Mr. Gladstone fulminated his celebrated pamphlet against it, causing it to be thrown out by 175 votes to 152. Mr. Gladstone's chivalry was less (or greater) than that of his old rival, for Disraell voted with the minority in one Disraell voted with the minority in one memorable parliamentary battle with the suffragists.

The subragasts.

The strength of the woman in this parliament will depend largely upon the interest of A. J. Balfour in their cause. Time has shown that a zealot for reform in opposition may regard the matter with entirely different eyes as minister of the government. At the same time, the standing of the suf-fragists must be admitted to be better than ever before. The great point in their favor is that a very considerable number of women of high station de-mand the right to vote. The absence of such a demand in this country has al-ways been the chief weakness of the American suffragists.

ANNIE OAKLEY.

She Receives Compliments Wherever

The Syracuse (N. Y.) Post compliments the wonderful lady shooter thus-ly: "Annie Oakley, the celebrated shot, then illustrated her dexterity in the use of firearms. She came tripping into the arena dressed in what looked just exactly like a bicycle costume. It was of light brown serge, trimmed with white braid. It was made with a little Mexican jacket and a short skirt reaching just below the knees. And she were knickerbockers and gaiters to match. Her hat was very much like the ones the cowboys were. It was fastened on the cowboys were. It was tastelled the side with a silver star like the one she used to wear when she was a sgirl living in the forests of Ohio. It was here that she acquired her skill when here that she acquired her skill when she used to play truant from school in

order to set quall traps and enjoy the use of her rifle. "Miss Annie showed some of her guns, which she handled lovingly, as she told of her entire collection, that would have flanked two sides of the tent. Among them were gold and tent. Among them were gold and pearl-mounted guns, some of them worth \$500 each. And she gave the reporter her photograph, as she exclaimed: "I am not always so uncivilized as I look here. I have a beautiful home in Nutley, N. J., where I live next door to the editor of Puck, H. C. Bunof door to the editor of Puck, H. C. Bun-the per, and this is my picture in a dinner

THE ENGLISH ATHLETES.

Their Training Differs Very Much from the American Practice.

Cambridge athletes who are to meet Yale's team are resting quietly, and express themselves as well satisfied with their surroundings. They have visited Yale field, where they are to train, and declare it to be a fine bit of ground, all right in every respect ex-cept the cinder path, which is not hard enough. This defect will be remedied

by wetting and rolling.

The men do not begin to practice until
4 p. m. daily owing to the heat, which, tells on the Englishmen. They say it was much cooler in England before they started.

The practice is not private. Capt. Horan says that he and his men are perfectly willing to allow spectators at the field, unless the crowd becomes so large as to interfere with the mer In the matter of diet, the American principle of abstaining from supposed injurious food, is not followed. The men eat what they like, drink freely of ale, and smoke. Some of them, Capt. Horan says, do not change their habits even the day before the contest.

LITTLE CURIOUS NOTES.

In Germany the star group which we call the "Big Dipper," is known as "Karl's Wagon." The Japanese grow dwarf oak and pine trees that are only 18 inches high when 200 years old.

A canno ball fired from one of the great Krupp or Armstrong guns travels at the speed of 2,887 feet per second. speed of 2,887 feet per second.

The maximum age assigned to the pine is 700 years; to the red beach, 25; to the oak, 410, and to the ash, 145 years.

In Europe Denmark is called the "Universal Hennery," The exports of eggs from that country average 111,000,000 annually.

According to figures and statistics pre-pared by the Provost Marshal, the wars of the past thirty years have blotted out 2,500,000 lives. Sir William Turner has compiled a table which shows that a whale of 50 tons weight exerts 145 horse-power in swimming 12 miles an hour.

Among every 1,000 inhabitants in the United States there is an average of 381 who are under 18; in France there are only 270 such to the 1,000. Observations recently made on a crim-inal beheaded in France proved that the hearts beats continued for six minutes after the ax fell.

Call It a Craze.

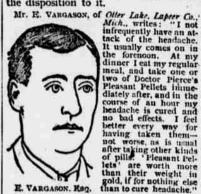
AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

The New York Tribune says: "The habit of taking 'headache powders' is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, occaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually begin taking them to relieve a raging headache and soon resort to the powder to alieviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose."

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and liver tonic and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated, easily swallowed; once used, always in favor. They positively cure sick headache and remove the disposition to it.



tack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forencon. At my dinner I eat my regularment, and take one or two of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is cured and no bad effects. I feel better every way for having taken them—not worse, as is usual after taking other kinds of pills. 'Pleasant Pellets' are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else than to cure headache."

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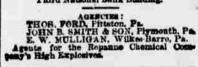
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