

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

By MAX NORDAU.

Authorized Translation by Mary J. Safford.

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PART I.



HE Herr von Jagerfeld, a rich man of a fortune, had recently been elevated to the rank of baron in the Bavarian nobility, was celebrating a double wedding and the completion of his castle, Frauenthor, which he had built outside the gates of Marktreut, on the slope of one of the hills, which, as the last western slope of the Steierwald, roll in a gradual descent to the bank of the Main. The castle was a magnificent edifice, in the Renaissance style of course. Red sandstone and white marble had been used, with a beautiful effect of color, for the facade, which made a lavish display of pilasters with foliage and vine work, niches containing statues, and bay windows with beautiful wrought iron railings. The castle stood in the midst of a lovely park filled with trees a century old which extended up to the summit of the hill and down to the river.

The master of the castle liked a lavish style. He had invited to his housewarming numerous guests, to whom, in the spacious apartments, planned for the purpose, he could offer a really royal hospitality, at once magnificent and refined. They were chiefly ladies, owners from the province of the Main, rich merchants and manufacturers from Frankfurt, and acquaintances from places still more remote, who had looked forward with their wives and grown children, so that from early morning the mansion had been filled with joyous life.

The entire company assembled for the first time at the banquet which took place in the evening. The large dining-hall, wainscoted with polished marble in the style of the Italian renaissance, whose painted ceiling was supported by fluted columns, was lighted by a superb chandelier with hundreds of wax candles, and contained a long table very richly set. Silver ornaments exquisitely adorned the center and the ends. The china, the array of glasses of all shapes which stood beside each plate, bore the initial of the master of the house, without any heraldic addition which might recall the recent elevation of rank, a graceful bit of coquetry on the part of a man who was so successful in life, but who was no upstart. At every plate was also placed a bouquet, in a holder representing a crystal lily with a silver cup. The company harmonized with the luxurious environment. The married ladies attracted the eye by their elegant toilettes and rich jewels, the young girls—among whom were several beautiful ones—showing beauty and freshness in simpler costumes, with flowers in their hair, by their natural charms. Even among the monotonous black dress of the men, an eye which took pleasure in color found some degree of satisfaction in the gay uniform of several Bavarian and Russian officers.

The hostess, still a pretty woman, with her wealth of fair hair and her clear complexion, over whose delicate transparency the years had passed with scarcely a trace, had at her right an elderly general with numerous orders, who, being a great eater and a very poor conversationalist, fostered his eyes alternately on his plate and on the pretty faces, whispering to his neighbor remarks about the viands and the feminine guests, whose artless simplicity they consisted chiefly of a noun and a laudative adjective—showing profoundly satisfied and comfortable mood. At her left sat a highly esteemed friend of the family, Dr. Bergmann, a young tutor in his early thirties, with a white, during the past three years, had twice had the opportunity of saving Frau von Jagerfeld and her eldest daughter, in cases of severe illness, and to whom the whole family therefore felt unbounded gratitude. Bergmann was a handsome man, still under 30, whose grave manner made him seem somewhat older. A thoughtful brow, an absolutely straight nose, large gray eyes, which on first meeting them looked cold and penetrating, lips somewhat large, yet well modeled, dark wavy hair, a luxuriant head of hair which was permitted to wave, stand up, or lie flat at will, were the individual features which collectively formed a most interesting head. His manner showed a peculiar mingling of modesty, nay, timidity, and vigorous self-reliance. It was evident that he was unaccustomed to the drawing-room and large companies, and felt at ease only beside a sick-bed. He was rather awkward in aimless chatter, but, on the other hand, clear in professional conversation. A mere boy in the presence of a talkative, pretty girl, but a hero and a conqueror when with a serious, anxious human being, beseeching his aid. His left-hand neighbor, the wife of a Frankfurt banker, who chatted rapidly about the affairs of the city, the hall and the Wagner performances at Bayreuth, received monosyllabic, hesitating replies, while he talked eloquently and animatedly to the lady of his right, the hostess, upon the influence of modern nervousness upon social forms.

He paid little heed to the guests, and had only glanced at them carelessly two or three times, bowing to acquaintances, and hastily obtaining a general impression of the strangers. At each of these surveys his eyes had remained fixed upon a lady who sat directly opposite to him and whose beauty was remarkable, peculiar and fascinating. So far as her figure could be seen, while seated, it appeared slight and delicate, without fragility, girlishly immature, yet not lean in form. The small head, supported by a slender, snow-white neck, was a marvel of grace and elegance, instantly recalling the bust of Clytie in the British museum. One involuntarily looked for the sunbeams from whose rays it really ought to bloom. The brow was narrow and dazzling fair, the nose uncommonly daz-

zling, slightly arched at the root, with noble nostrils, so delicate that one might believe them transparent; the mouth, some three corners, head down and feet up. Then again, she talked gravely and tenderly to the little creature, and tries to instill good principles into its too comical. But she is a delighted creature, oh, a delightful creature—

The banquet was over, honor was done to the last toast from brimming champagne glasses, and the guests went to the drawing-room. Several minutes elapsed before the gentlemen had escorted the ladies to their chairs, and the arrangement appointed according to rank and precedence, which has governed the seats assigned at the



her face assumed a repellently cold expression.

But Bergmann's gaze must have fallen upon this lady, for it suddenly met hers, and the tall, grave-faced hostess looked at him just at this moment, and saw the blood mount into his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" she could not refrain from whispering.

He blushed a second time, even more deeply.

But Frau von Jagerfeld had followed his eye, and now sat, smiling: "Ah, your opposite neighbor!"

"Who is the lady?" Bergmann asked, with a little embarrassment.

"Doctor," replied Frau von Jagerfeld, this time smiling, "take care. Many wings have already been scorched by her."

"Don't fear, madame. I can endure flames somewhat better than a moth."

"Come, come, a suspicious reflection of fire is already discovered on your cheeks."

A shadow of annoyance flitted across Bergmann's face. His hostess laid her hand quickly on his arm, saying: "Don't be vexed by a little jest, my dear friend. I will tell you who the beautiful woman is. She is a German-American, and her name is Ada, Burgess. Young and charming, as you see, the poor woman is unhappy. Her father is the owner of a gold mine somewhere in Nebraska, and was reputed a very wealthy man; at least he lived in extremely handsome style in St. Louis, and his daughter, who was considered the handsomest girl in the west, from the time of her entrance into society was the reigning belle of every ball and entertainment. Mr. Burgess, who seems to have been a handsome, successful man, was her most devoted suitor and appeared to be madly in love with her. She did not remain insensible to the persistent homage, and Burgess bore away the victory over numerous rivals. But it now appears that he has a base soul and his main object was the dowry. There, however, he was disappointed. Gold mines, evidently, are not so easy to come by. Ada's father was ruined by his, and Ada did not receive a penny. Then the comedy of love played by Burgess ended. At first he treated her with the most devotedly, and soon matters became so bad that she was obliged to seek refuge from her husband's abuse in her parents' house. Her mother was very much shaken by the horrible scenes which she experienced, that your American colleagues recommended a long residence in Europe for the restoration of her health. She came here, and for several months has lived in Frankfurt, where the best society struggles for her. You can imagine a young and beautiful woman entirely alone, whose husband is invisible, does not remain unassailed. Besides, there is the American independence and confidence of manner which is often mistaken for emancipation, and by which a man easily feels encouraged—in short, serious attention has been paid to her, and she has seemed to accept it. Then suddenly there came a rupture and a rupture, which has already resulted in injury to several serious, that delicately strung masculine heart. Moreover, she is very unwell in her manner. Often gay, even reckless, devising pranks like a spoiled boy, then suddenly reserved, distant and stern. True, she is always intellectual, but I know many a man who is uncomfortable in her society, to say nothing of women."

Frau von Jagerfeld had spoken eagerly in a low tone, with frequent interruptions when courtesy compelled her to listen to the numerous toasts which were chiefly proposed to her, and to the master of the house. Mrs. Burgess could not long fail to notice that the two persons opposite were talking about her, and she smilingly shook her finger across the table at her friend.

"Poor woman," murmured Bergmann, "so bitter an experience at the threshold of life—but why does she endure her fate? It is so easy to be set free in America."

"I don't know. Perhaps on account of her children?"

"Ah—she has children?"

"Two; and it is strange and touching to see how she rears them. Often she treats them like dolls, and amuses



"I Like Physicians, and Yet I Fear Them."

table, had yielded to gossamer gathering in groups. Mrs. Burgess had dismissed her lieutenant with a somewhat curt bow, and took her place before a beautiful little Meissel, which she examined for a long time. From the head which Bergmann released themselves almost at the same moment, the former from her old general, the latter from his banker's wife, and again found themselves side by side.

"Do you want me to introduce you to Ada?" she asked, quickly.

He bowed silently, and offered his arm. On reaching Ada, she lightly touched her on the shoulder, white as mother-of-pearl, with her fan, and when the lady, somewhat surprised, turned, Frau von Jagerfeld smiled pleasantly, said: "My dear child, let me present to you our best friend, Dr. Bergmann. I must devote myself to the rest of my guests, and, unfortunately, have not time to tell you all the good I think of him. But you will discover all that is necessary for yourself. You know, my dear, that you are the two most interesting people here. It is fitting for you to be together." With these words she rustled away to address a few kindly words to the architect of the castle who was surrounded by a numerous group.

Bergmann stood before Mrs. Burgess, gazing at her gravely and intently. The more at ease the two, she sat down on a sofa, and with a gesture of the hand, invited him to take the armchair in front of it.

"Frau von Jagerfeld has talked of you a great deal, and very enthusiastically," she said, in a musical, somewhat deep, resonant voice, which thrilled his every nerve like the sound of bells, and he bowed, she added, smiling mischievously: "And of me to you; I watched you at the table."

"Yes," he answered, "and enthusiastically."

"She is a kind friend, I know. A brief pause followed, which she abruptly interrupted. "You are a physician and in spite of your youth, a famous one—must be, a physician, and yet I fear them."

"Why?"

"Yes, why? I like them because they are usually earnest, talented men, who have experienced much, know much, and from whom new and remarkable things can always be learned. I fear them because they have no illusions."

"Perhaps that is not always correct."

"Oh, pardon me; how is a physician to preserve any illusions, when he knows human beings thoroughly, sees that an emotion depends upon the nervous system, and that the degree of moisture contained in the air, and a character upon the healthy or diseased stomach. You know your illusions upon your dissection table."

"What you say might be true if illusions and experiences came from the same source. But they do not."

"I don't fully understand. Explain yourself."

"What you call illusions are ideal images and aspirations, which originate in the sphere of our impulses and feelings, not in our sensible reasoning. But the impulses and feelings are more elementary and more deeply rooted, thought comes later and remains more on the surface. We inherit our illusions from the countless generations that have preceded us, our experiences we draw from our individual lives. An individual experience cannot outweigh the illusions of a thousand ancestors, who form a part of our organic nature. At the same time, I have myself in the midst of a tutor's lecture—see that the impulse is stronger than prejudice."

"Do you ask pardon for that? What you say is so interesting. I suppose you have a very bad opinion of women since you do not think them capable of understanding you, and yet you have said 'I do not generalize. Whatever opinion I might have of women, I should not apply it to you.'"

"You understand how to pay compliments admirably. You are not commonplace."

He made no reply, but gazed at her with so earnest a look, expressed such unconscious admiration and worship that she flushed, and with a nervous flutter of her fan arose. Bergmann rose also, and with a sudden movement to retire, Ada opened her eyes in surprise, and involuntarily a word escaped her lips: "Why?"

"I thought I was wearying you."

She held out her finger-tips, which he pressed so warmly that she hastily withdrew her hand. Going to one of the three large windows in the drawing-room, she opened it and stepped out upon the broad, projecting balcony, which on the second story extended along the whole front of the castle. Looking against the balustrade, and silently watching for a moment the scene before them. The July night was warm, and the air was still. Not a cloud appeared on the blackish-blue sky, the stars were sparkling brightly, and among them, almost at the zenith, shined the full moon. At their feet lay the park, from which a few dewy mists, on which the moonlight poured a sort of filmy glimmering mist, which gave the green grass and the bright hues of the flower-beds a light, silvery veil. Beyond the lawn on all sides towered the trees of the park, intersected by broad paths, through which the moonbeams flowed like a gleaming white stream between steep black banks. At the end of the central avenue appeared the Main, flowing in a broad, calm stream, with here and there a noisy, troubled spot in the midst of its peacefully-gliding waves, where a rock or a sand-bar interrupted the mirror-like expanse, and caused a rushing, foaming, splashing whirlpool. Beyond the river, amid the light, floating night-mists were dimly seen the houses of a little village, in whose window-panes moonbeams shone like stars. To the left of the park rose the indistinct mass of the city of Marktreut, whose steep, narrow streets were filled with shadows, while above the steeples and high-

er roofs the moon-rays rippled, bringing them out in bright relief against the dark picture.

(To Be Continued.)

KNOWLEDGE IN NUGGETS.

More money is spent for brass bands than for the schools of the Argentine Republic.

It is calculated that over \$100,000,000 are expended in cotton mills in the South.

One thousand novels are published every year in London—that is two and a half a minute.

One grain of gold after leaving the gold-beater's hands will cover fifty-six square inches.

San Antonio (Tex.) Councils have passed an ordinance which prohibits physicians from charging more than \$1 a visit. It was passed at the solicitation of the leading physicians of the city.

Cash from blocks are being tried in some of the most frequented streets of Paris. Instead of the granite blocks usually placed alongside tramway rails.

A Frenchman has invented a street car or omnibus driven with gear from a steam engine, and supported on wheels. The horse, therefore, rides while he works.

Natural gas has been used in China for many centuries. It issues from fissures in the earth near coal mines, and is led through bamboo tubes to the point where it is consumed.

In Switzerland there is a law by which railway and steamboat companies, factory establishments, etc., are liable to indemnify their employees in case of accidents, or their widows and children in case of their death.

In August, 1884, there were 5,255 steamers flying the British flag, 30 the German, 519 the Norwegian, 563 the French, 462 the Swedish, 430 the American, 329 the Spanish, 212 the Italian and 1,328 the flag of other nations.

The Rothschilds smoke the most costly cigars that are made—"The Henry Clay," "The Sobranos," which cost nearly 20 cents. These are wrapped in gold leaf and packed in three hundred cigars. These three cabinets at a time, containing 4,000 cigars.

American use more than \$80,000,000 pounds of tea a year. For the supply of this necessity the United States looks to China and Japan. In 1883 China gave \$5,633,172 pounds of tea, and Japan \$5,602,519 pounds. Very small quantities are obtained from other countries.

In perforating postage stamps a die-plate is placed below the needles of a machine carrying 20 needles. As about 180,000 holes are punched a day, the wear on the die-plate is excessive; brass plates wear out in a day, and even steel plates are rapidly destroyed.

A lens, which will be when finished the largest in the world, is now being cast at Jena, Ger. It is an objective for an astronomical telescope, and will be 43 1/2 inches in diameter. One five inches greater than that at the Lick observatory. In its rough state, before grinding, it weighs just one ton and will cost, it is estimated, about \$75,000.

Rubber roller skates for soldiers in the field are substituted for the ordinary skates. A continuous tread of rollers an hour is easily attainable with them, and on coming to impassable places, where bicycles could not be taken, the skates can be taken off and hung over the soldier's shoulders.

It is based on the authority of the Overland Monthly that in California it costs 92 1/4 cents to raise 100 pounds of wheat requiring 2,000 acres, 85 cents on ranches of 2,000 acres, 75 cents on ranches of 6,000, 60 cents on ranches of 15,000 acres, 50 cents on ranches of 40,000 acres, and 40 cents on ranches of 50,000 acres.

The earliest passenger boat propelled by electricity was built in 1881, in the city of Professor Jacob, of St. Petersburg, Russia. It was twenty-eight feet long, four feet wide, and had four horse power. The electric motor was operated by means of 320 Daniell cells. This was in 1881, on the river Neva. The electric passenger car propelled by electricity is believed to be that of Alexander Davidson, of Edinburgh. It was in operation October, 1812.

The largest gas engine in the world, according to the Revue Technique in the 220 indicated horse power simplex engine, driving four mills at Pantin, France, and taking its fuel supply from a special producer gas plant, forming part of the mill equipment. With regular city illuminating gas the engine would be capable of indicating about 40 horse power, but even as it is, the load upon the engine is now 100 more than 200 indicated horse power, representing actually 320 horse power delivered.

A newspaper published in Peking is the oldest to be the oldest in the world. It dates from a period 200 years prior to the Norman conquest of England. Nationalistic protest exists in an autocratically governed country like China has been marked by many vicissitudes, but the fact is that it is the oldest newspaper in its columns, that during the 1,000 years of its existence 1,500 editors have been employed, and it is roughly speaking, two per annum.

Aquarium, better known as La Bastardella, had an enormous range of fishes. Mozart heard her in 1770, and expressed the greatest delight. She sang in 1810 in a perfect voice, and performed cadenzas deemed impossible for the human voice. During a great part of her life she was a slave, and received about five hundred dollars a night, a sum then equal to about two thousand five hundred dollars in the money of the time.

Before the tenth century, organs had become common in England, and exceeded, both in size and compass, those of the continent. In the fifteenth century half-organs were introduced at Venice. The first invention of the organ, however, is ascribed to Ctesibius, of Alexandria, who lived 150

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES.

Three Noted European Violinists Are Coming to This Country.

From the New York Tribune.

We are threatened with an embarrassment of riches in the violin department next season. Ondrick, Marsick, Sauret and Rivardi are to be here. Of the three Rivardi is the youngest player, and is besides a New Yorker, his father being a local teacher of singing. Sauret was greatly admired here in the seventies, when he capped the climax of several successful seasons by becoming the first husband of Teresa, Carreno, who has since followed Frau Klarsky's matrimonial record, and without the intervention of death. Her three ex-husbands—Sauret, Tagliapietra, and d'Albert—are all alive. Sauret was born on May 22, 1852, and studied at the conservatories of Paris and Brussels. His concert career began in 1866, and he was in this country from 1870 to 1874.

Ondrick was born in Prague on April 29, 1858, as the son of a professional musician, a violinist at the National Theatre. The family being poor the boy was compelled to contribute to its subsistence, and played in a dance band which his father conducted for several years before, at the age of fourteen he was rescued from the danger with which such a life threatened his talents and sent to study under Massart at the conservatory. He studied two years, and left the institution with the first prize in violin playing. He has since then devoted all his time to artistic tours. One of the most admired numbers of his repertoire is the violin concerto of his countryman and friend Dr. Dvorak. August Franke, a young pianist, who has been with Ondrick for the last four years, will accompany him on his American tour.

Marsick is professor of the violin at the Paris conservatory, having succeeded Massart on his death in 1892. He was born near Liege in 1848. He studied first at the conservatory of his native place, was then sent to Brussels at the expense of the Princess de Chimay, was Massart's pupil in Paris in 1868 and 1869, and in 1870 and 1871 studied as a private pupil of Joachim, his expenses being paid by the Belgian government. Rivardi will play first at the Metropolitan Opera house on November 24 under the direction of Seldi, and Sauret at the third Philharmonic on January 10.

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