THE CAR PORTER.

BY JOHN DE WITT.

If you travel as you'd oughter
You will meet the colored porter,
Who with smile upon his lip
Will expect from you a tip.

He is found on every sleeper,
Full of learning, and it's cheaper,
If you'd like to learn it all,
Just to tip a silver ball.

If you try to shake this porter,
And refuse a paltry quarter,
When you need him you may call,
But you'd better wait till fall.

If you tip him, he's a dandy,
With a pillow that is handy,
And a bottle, cool as ice,
Holding something awful nice.

You will find he is a rusher,
Just the slickest kind of brusher,
And before you leave the car,
Oh! "He'll be dar! He'll be dar."

TULA VELASQUEZ.

BY AD H. GIBSON.

MY friend Leo Gordon was a gay young Southerner, who had served through the "lost cause." He had gone into the war with all the enthusiasm and confidence that characterized the most intrepid wearers of the gray. It was not discomfiture at the termination of the civil struggle, with its very unexpected result, so much as the spirit of adventure, which led Leo to abandon his plantation on the Pearl River and seek that land of thrilling romance, Mexico, then in a belligerent state.

Leo cast his fortune with the army of Juarez, then fighting bitterly against Maximilian, and many were his brave deeds, which won for him the respect of his comrades and the great chief himself. But it is not of my friend's services in that struggle I shall write, but of a certain adventure, rose-hued deeply with romance, that was far from an ordinary one, in which Leo played a prominent part.

With several comrades my friend had gone once night to the luxurious hacienda of a very wealthy Mexican ranchero, and begged the savage-browed master to let them pass the night there.

Their request was at first refused, but after much persuasion it was somewhat sullenly granted.

The hacienda had a long, partially furnished wing that was not used by the ranchero's family; this was assigned to the accommodation of the half-dozen Americans who had asked to pass the night in the hacienda, and where they should remain wholly to themselves.

The moon was up and silvering the brow of a warm, delicious night with a wealth of pellucid splendor. Glancing out of one of the long, narrow windows of the wing, Leo beheld the ample flower-gardens of his host. The beautiful blossoms, with their rich perfumes wafted to him ever and anon by the bland south winds, carried the young Southerner back to his home on the Pearl, with its flower-decked walks and balmy nooks. So lost was he in the memories the lovely scene had aroused, that he did not at first observe a young Mexican girl cautiously approaching the window from which he leaned.

As she drew near the window the young soldier caught sight of her. She raised one hand in warning, and placed the forefinger over her crimson lips to enjoin his silence.

"This is mystery personified," said Leo to himself.

But he kept silent. He did not even shift his attitude, as he did not wish to arouse his companions, who were resting on the couches of the large apartment near by, and he feared any movement on his part might disturb them. So he watched carefully every step of the Mexican girl, and waited to learn the meaning of her strange procedure.

As she stood with her fingers over her lips, she glanced quickly over her shoulder to make certain that her movements were not observed by any other than the American with whom her business evidently lay. Assuring herself that she had not not been watched or suspected, she glided close up to the window and whispered in a hasty but musical voice:

"Look, senor! I place this down here for you. Get out and read it as soon as I am gone."

As she spoke she stooped and placed a note under a rose-bush. Then, plucking several blossoms from the bush, to avert suspicion if she was seen in that quarter, she turned and left him without vouchsafing another glance in his direction.

Leo's curiosity was deeply stirred. Here was promise of romance and adventure certainly.

He gazed after the girl until she was lost to view. He remarked that the girl was very pretty, but he was satisfied she was not of the higher walks of life. When they had ridden into the plaza that evening he had noticed, at the blinds of the casement, several feminine forms and faces. But they had so concealed themselves that Leo and his companions had caught but a transient glimpse of them.

"I'm ever ready to take part in an adventure," he uttered to himself, "and I'll secure that note beneath the rose if the old duenna herself rules the garden."

He walked to the door, opened it, and passed out. He looked about him. No one was in sight. With an elastic spring his strong, well-trained limbs carried him over the fence which shut in the garden from their quarters. Once over the fence, Leo sauntered rather carelessly toward the bush where the note lay hidden for him.

Feigning to admire the roses, he stooped, and with quick grasp possessed himself of the mysterious note. He was walking leisurely back to cover, with the delicately scented note thrust in his breast, when his steps were vastly accelerated by a huge Mexican bloodhound suddenly materializing among the bushes at the other end of the garden, and plunging after him.

Leo felt that the dark orbs of the fair lady might be following him, and he would fain have been dignified in his retreat. But he found it very expedient to change his will in the case, after one sweeping glance into the capacious red mouth of the canine monster in hot pursuit, who had been so speedy to resent an intrusion on his master's private and beautiful grounds.

Leo said farewell to dignity for that time, and vaulted the fence in the face of his savage foe. He just made his escape and no more. He congratulated himself, as he hastily entered their part of the hacienda, that the Mexican dress he wore had no superfluous coat-tails to have suffered an inglorious diminution in length, as it no doubt would have done.

Safe within the quarters that had been assigned to him and his companions Leo broke the seal of the dainty little note, and with eager eyes perused the following lines:

SENORS AMERICANOS: This is written you by an unfortunate maiden who, believing in your nobleness of soul, implores you to save her from a cruel fate.

My father, the ranchero, who reluctantly permits you to pass the night under his roof, is forcing me this night to wed an officer of Maximilian's army whom I hate most vehemently; but he holds some great power over my father, and I am to be the victim.

The one I truly love is El Capitan Ezualdo, one of the bravest in our chief (Juarez's) army, and I am very desirous of flying to his protection.

The ceremony is to be held at 10 o'clock to-night, when that detested man, Col. Henrique Fernandez, will be here to claim my unwilling heart and hand. He dare not venture within the lines of Juarez, except under the cover of deep night.

The little chapel, which is opposite the wing you now occupy, is where the marriage rites will be performed.

In writing this, good, brave Senors Americanos, I appeal to you to save me from this living death, and in doing so you will ever receive the sincere prayers of poor, unhappy TULA VELASQUEZ.

P. S.—My trusty maid, Zela, will have horses ready in the grove beyond the garden, and we beg to fly under your protection to that of my noble Ezualdo. T. V.

Leo read the note over several times and then said to himself:

"Of course I'll do all she asks and more, too, for my friend, Ezualdo. This is the girl I have heard the young officer mention with such deep esteem so often when we were together in camp. This promises more romance than anything it has been my lot to be mixed up in for a long time. We may as well get ourselves ready, I suppose, and consult each other in the matter."

So saying, he aroused his sleeping comrades and told them of Tula Velasquez's appeal to them for help from the cruel union her father was forcing upon her.

The party happened to be composed of young men of adventurous spirits, and most of them knew the handsome, noble Ezualdo in Juarez's army, and were willing to engage in any combat or undertake any enterprise, no matter how daring, if, in so doing, they served him or his chief, Juarez.

They accordingly made themselves ready and waited for the hour of ten to roll round.

Leo was on watch at the narrow window, and when, at last, he saw the bridal party moving swiftly and as silently as specters towards the little chapel, he gave the signal to his companions to follow him. Very soon the little party was joined by six uninvited guests.

The ranchero, who was leading the lovely but unwilling Tula, halted near the door of the chapel and looked back. Perhaps he had detected the tread of the Americans, although they had arrived almost noiselessly. At the same time a tall, middle-aged Mexican officer, Henrique Fernandez, the would-be bridegroom, who was a little in advance of the bride and her father, and who was attended by two younger officers, all dressed in very gorgeous uniforms, became aware of the attendance of the American soldiers. The party stopped. Henrique Fernandez, in an imperious voice, demanded:

"Don Velasquez, why this intrusion, and who are the strangers?"

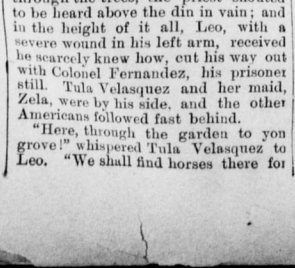
The moon had lowered herself behind a bold range of mountains in the west ere this, hence only the dim outlines of the intruders could be made out, and nothing of faces and dress could be distinctly seen.

"It is the Senors Americanos," replied the savage voice of Velasquez.

"Why are you here, senors?" he demanded.

Leo boldly stepped before the ranchero as he replied:

"Don Velasquez, you are cruelly forcing your child to marry one whom



"POSSESSED HIMSELF OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE."

her soul detests, this night, while her heart is in the keeping of the brave Ezualdo, of Juarez's army. It is to save Tula Velasquez from the evil fate you seek to force upon her that we are here."

With a glad cry, Tula Velasquez tore herself from her father's side, and rushed to the side of Leo just as he he struck the revolver, which the Mexican officer had leveled in his face, from his hand.

Quickly leveling his own in the face of Henrique Fernandez, he said:

"You are my prisoner, Colonel Fernandez. Stir from your tracks at your peril."

The Mexican officer knew he was no match for the young American, and one glance had been sufficient to show him that the least disobedience would invite his death. But he had not been forbidden to use his voice, so he yelled to Velasquez, who seemed too dazed at the unexpected attack to move, "Don Velasquez, call upon your servants for help, and my men without!"

The young officers who had accompanied Fernandez had all they could do in a hand-to-hand struggle with two robust Americans. But the struggle was of short duration, for the young Mexicans soon surrendered.

The ranchero gave a feeble call for help, which some of the men-servants quickly answered.

A sort of melee commenced, that was brought on no one could tell exactly how. Pistol shots rang out on the still night air, by the chapel door, and the women servants shrieked and fled through the trees, the priest shouted to be heard above the din in vain; and in the height of it all, Leo, with a severe wound in his left arm, received he scarcely knew how, cut his way out with Colonel Fernandez, his prisoner still. Tula Velasquez and her maid, Zela, were by his side, and the other Americans followed fast behind.

"Here, through the garden to yon grove!" whispered Tula Velasquez to Leo. "We shall find horses there for our escape. Go not out at the front entrance, as Mexican soldiers left on the plaza by Colonel Fernandez will again oppose us."

It did not require much time to reach the grove pointed out by Tula Velasquez, and where they found their

"DON VELASQUEZ, WHY THIS INTRUSION?"

horses ready for them, as Zela, the maid, had said. They soon mounted and rode away, with the shouts of Mexican soldiers, trying to find their route of escape, ringing in their ears.

When at last their trail was discovered the Mexicans gave them a hot chase for a short distance; but as they got near Juarez's camp they abandoned the pursuit. Leo and his comrades dashed into camp, where the lovely Tula was surrendered to her lover, Ezualdo, and the prisoners to Juarez himself, who found in Colonel Fernandez a foe he had long desired to capture.

My friend's wound was so obstinate in healing he was compelled to leave the service soon after the adventure just narrated. Before he quit Mexico, however, he saw Tula Velasquez and Ezualdo happily made one.

D. L. MOODY'S LIFE WORK.

It Is to Culminate in a Theological School in Chicago.

There will soon be opened in Chicago a theological school that will be unique among contemporary institutions for religious training. It is to be called the Bible Institute and is intended for the education and practical training of evangelists. While in some outward features it will resemble the theological seminary of the regulation type, as conducted by all the Protestant denominations of the present day, in other more essential points it will be analogous to the schools of the prophets as they are believed to have existed in Old Testament time. It will be conducted under the auspices of the Chicago Evangelization Society. D. L. Moody, the originator and propagator of the innovation, is also to be its President. Over $250,000 has been contributed by wealthy friends of Mr. Moody living in Chicago to build and endow the Bible Institute.

The inception of the project is not new. For at least fifteen years Mr. Moody has had the desire to establish such a school. "Do the work of an evangelist" has been the working motto of his life. In his view the evangelist's work was not less essential or important than that of the settled pastor and preacher. But there were fewer to understand it and fewer to make it a success. Nor was there any school for educating evangelistic workers, although there were many seminaries for the fitting of young men for the regular ministry. This dam in the Christian lines it became Mr. Moody's ambition to fill, but not until recently was he able to interest the people and open their purses to foward this scheme.

The important distinction between this Bible institute and the ordinary theological seminary is in the course of study. Instead of taking a Greek or Hebrew testament for the text-book, Mr. Moody will take the English Bible. Polemic theology, except so much as may be considered essential in combating assaults of infidels, will be as far as possible relegated to the background. The outline of study is as follows:

"The doctrinal and practical teachings of the Bible will be the main subjects of study, together with its authenticity and history. Christian doctrine, sin, redemption, the person and offices of the Redeemer, justification, faith, etc. English exegesis, typology, elementary church history, Christian evidences, and the study of separate books of the Bible will form an important part of the course of study. Some treatise on mental science will have a place in the curriculum. The method of using the Bible in dealing with inquirers will also receive attention."

The full course of study will require two years. A shorter course will be arranged for one year.

She Obeyed Orders.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's son, Rev. Charles E. Stowe, of Hartford, Conn., met with an experience the other evening which completely nonplused him. One evening quite recently he dined with Mrs. J. W. Boardman, proprietress of the Hotel Woodruff. Visiting Mrs. Boardman is a cute little niece about five years of age. She is a regular chatterbox and makes many bright remarks during a day. Fearing lest the child would astonish the preacher by some outlandish saying her aunt warned her to keep mum during the dinner.

The admonition was listened to with awe, and at the table the little one scarcely dared look at Mr. Stowe, not wishing to commit a supposed sin. While the servant was absent from the room the little girl noticed there was no butter on her small pink dish.

She didn't mind holding her tongue, but to eat bread without butter—that would never do. She took a survey of the table, and lo and behold! the butter dish was right in front of the preacher. Wistfully she gazed at both for a few seconds. Never in her brief existence did she appear so pensive. Then gathering all her courage and clearing her throat, she said: "Dear pastor, won't you please, for Christ's sake, pass the butter?"

Rev. Mr. Stowe never received such a shock. He leaned over in his chair to pick up a napkin, which of course had not fallen. Mrs. Boardman must at that moment arrange a window curtain, and the other guests were suddenly troubled with a friendly cough.

Little Mabel, self-satisfied that she had done the proper caper, was the only one at the table who could positively prove that she was alive.—*Chicago Times.*

LITTLE Ethel less than three years old, saw a man walking along the street with his arm in a sling. "Oh, mamma," she cried, "there goes a man with his arm in a hammock!"

LETTER FROM BILL NYE.

THE POLICE OF THE OLD AND NEW WORLDS COMPARED.

Different Nations Give to the Guardian o the Peace Peculiar Emblems and Peculiar Methods—Bill's Varied Experiences While Under Arrest.

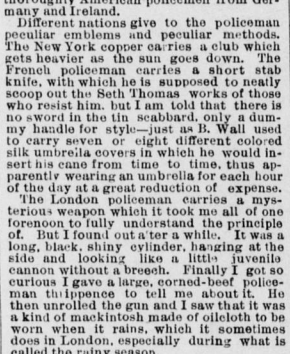
I WOULD very much like, with the reader's permission, to draw a few comparisons between the average policemen of New York, Paris, and London, writes Bill Nye in the Chicago *Herald*. The native-born New York policeman says: "I don't care a dang who makes the laz of me country, so that I kin knack aff the nawz av the men that violates them."

He is proud of the position. He would rather be the proud guardian of a coat than to be a foreign minister with a foreign congregation and only two donations per year. He also wears good-fitting clothes and is proud of his job. The American policeman, though at times the victim of insomnia, is the best-looking specimen of manhood, I think, of the three. I do not say this in order to stand well with the police of my own country alone, for I find that I am about as likely to be arrested in one country as another, but truth and justice demand that I should say honestly that the police of our own country stand at the head of their profession, also at the head of their victim, and look better by a large percentage. This is especially true of our more thoroughly American policemen from Germany and Ireland.

Different nations give to the policeman peculiar emblems and peculiar methods. The New York copper carries a club which gets heavier as the sun goes down. The French policeman carries a short stab knife, with which he is supposed to neatly scoop out the Seth Thomas works of those who resist him, but I am told that there is no sword in the tin scabbard, only a dummy handle for style—just as B. Wall used to carry seven or eight different colored silk umbrella covers in which he would insert his cane from time to time, thus apparently wearing an umbrella for each hour of the day at a great reduction of expense.

The London policeman carries a mysterious weapon which it took me all of one forenoon to fully understand the principle of. But I found out after a while. It was a long, black, shiny cylinder, hanging at the side and looking like a little juvenile cannon without a breech. Finally I got so curious I gave a large, corned-beef policeman thippence to tell me about it. He then unrolled the gun and I saw that it was a kind of mackintosh made of oilcloth to be worn when it rains, which it sometimes does in London, especially during what is called the rainy season.

The English policeman regards his office with a peculiar veneration, exceeded only by the awe with which he regards himself. His jaws kept in place by a strong, black shiny strap which passes under the chin and prevents the mouth from falling open in such a way as to admit flies or other insects. The London policeman rarely speaks to any one, but the silent way in which he controls the carriages, cabs and pedestrians, compelling nervous Americans to "keep to the left," when they have always been in the habit of keeping to the right, challenges the admiration of the civilized



NYE'S FIRST ARREST.

world and awakens a feeling of profound admiration even in the calm and padded bosom of the policeman himself.

And yet this same man is in a degree corrupt. With a shilling one may blunt the moral sense of a whole squad. With a sixpence you may select the style of indignity which you would like to present to one of them, not for the intrinsic value but as a mark of esteem.

I was at the opening of the trial of Mrs. Maybrick in Liverpool. The police guarded the entrance to the great court house where the pure juice of justice was so soon to be squeezed from the ripe knowledge of an average jury instructed by a peculiar judge. I stood about, hoping to be drawn on the jury myself, but was unsuccessful. I could not conceal my intelligence, and so other men were chosen. If I had been on the jury I would have been there yet, I think. As I understood the case, it was a trial on the charge of willful negligence or adultery. If I am the wife of a man who eats arsenic between meals for twenty years and at the end of that time I find that he fails to get up for his breakfast, having during the night ascended the flume, and I am arrested, and though it is not proved at all that I gave him the arsenic, it is shown that four years ago I neglected to pay my gas bill or wrote a poem on spring, am I to be hung for murder or scared to death in my cell, and then given a life sentence? I trust not.

But I was speaking of the police. I notice this difference between the methods of policemen in the countries named. When arrested in London I was taken in the tender spot just above the elbow. In Paris the gen d'arme took me politely as one would take the arm of a lady who had threatened to be a sister to him. In New York the first time I was arrested, if I am not mistaken, the policeman took me by the rear of the coat collar and by a dexterous twist of the wrist asphyxiated me in a few moments so that I could see the heavens roll together like a scroll. I lost consciousness for a little time, and all was a blank. If I had not accidentally caught a reviving whiff of the policeman's breath I guess I would not have been resuscitated at all.

EXCHANGING CONFIDENCES.

The Parisian policeman, I must say, is inferior in his general appearance. So is the average French soldier. I used to wonder how France could maintain a large army while she was so poor and in debt, but I see it all now. She saves many millions of francs each year by making the tails of the coats of the military shorter as times get harder and also shortening the waists of the same. It has got so now that the two coat-tail buttons and the collar-button behind are almost in a row. Added to that, the French soldier is getting smaller every year. If I had to fight in a real war I would rather be attacked, I think, by a French soldier in the short-tail coat and wide, red-cotton trousers than by any other adversary I can think of. They are not the kind of soldiers who sustained the remarkable supremacy of the Emperor.

The French policeman wears a navy-blue coat that fits him in a rambling and desultory way. He also wears linen trousers which should have tatting around the borders, but the republic is at present in such a chaotic and turbulent state that it is almost impossible to get the tatting appropriation through. These white linen trousers, costing, we will say, two francs f. o. b., that is to say, 40 cents free on board the cars, are the sole covering of the Paris policeman's legs. Hence he always has the air of a boy who has been recently chastised. He carries, as I say, a short

THE LONDON BOBBY'S MACKINTOSH.

sword or iron stab knife, which adds some dignity to his otherwise apologetic appearance.

Some will say that I am severe to the French police, but, I reply, not so severe as he has been on me. What right has an officer to arrest me in a language which I do not pretend to understand and herald my name all through Europe without paying the slightest attention to the remarks which I made in the purest English of which I was master? I say, and I say it in stentorian tones, that no country except America can hope to be great which makes up her entire police force of foreigners.

In Ireland the police are also foreigners, but they speak very good English. I was not arrested in Ireland. I bought a sprig of shamrock, however, and brought it home in a little flower-pot. I sat up nights to keep it alive, and watered it with my tears while ill on the ocean. But thank heaven it pulled through at last and is alive and growing on my country seat.

But it is not Shamrock.

It is Clover.

And Mighty poor clover at that!

If the Irish relief fund is not so large this year as usual, the public will understand why it is thus.

Our jaunting car-driver was an Irishman. He was an extremely entertaining one also. Very polite and a good singer. He had the shars and strong tied to his whip, and so he had a good many American dollars at the end of the year which he puts into pounds, shillings and pence. He told me all about Ireland, so I know more about the matter than I ever did before, I believe.

Then I tried to get even by telling him about our glorious country. I spoke of the marvelous growth and wealth of the republic; also of our cordiality toward foreigners who desired to come here and vote our way as soon as possible.

Then I told him about the great agricultural resources of our country and the mighty cyclone of the West, which is able to pull an artesian well wrong side out like the flower of a glove, and leave it sticking nine hundred feet up into space like a sore thumb. I then spoke briefly but feelingly of the far West; the gold and silver and canned goods, wild animals and desperadoes, the high mountains, the wealth of timber, the rarity of the atmosphere, which enables one to easily see across an entire State, and which makes the bore of an ordinary revolver look like the Hoosac Tunnel. All these I told him about as we rode gayly along in our russet-colored jaunting-car, with Maud S. doing the pulling.

Maud S. is a bay mare of about middle age, with a green grass style of emoonpoint, as we say in France, which prevents her attaining a great velocity without training down a good deal.

After I had told the driver all I could think of he yawned a little, I thought, and said: "Yes, I am always interested in Ameriky, and shall be all my loif, for I lived in Montany eight years mesilf!"

I then spoke of the scenery through which we were passing. George W. Floyd bought a small flask of Irish whisky while we were on the old sod. I drank some of it on the way over here. I now see why Ireland feels that she has been grievously wronged. That is exactly the way I felt.

We also bought several shillalahs, sometimes called the original Home. They are made of black thorn, with a protuberance on the top, out of the root of the thorn. This nob rebounds from the head with great elasticity, so as to give several blows with only one propulsion, so to speak. This, combined with the popular average race, seems to offer the best facilities in Ireland for spirited and earnest controversies over anything which may present itself. But seriously, the Emerald Isle seems to be more hopeful of peace and prosperity than for many years past, according to the authority of the best-read Irishmen, and especially of the clergy, among them the very Rev. James Hegarty, who was a fellow passenger, and who talked very cheerfully of the Irish situation at present, feeling, as he said, that it may be expected, and without serious disturbance, adjust itself to the satisfaction of everyone, with the exception of those, perhaps, whose opinions are not valuable.

Next to the policeman, the railway guard of the old country interests me. Having been accustomed to the clear, resonant and elocutionary elevated railway guard and his bright, crisp remarks about the stations as we pass along, I was ill-prepared to be fastened into a railway carriage by myself, with no conductor to converse with, no brakeman to bore a hole into the effete atmosphere with his cork-screw voice, no peanutter to come and lean a whole circulating library on my bosom or show me the scenery as he pointed out the beauties of our latest and most successful smutty novel fresh from the hands of its bright young schoolgirl author.

That is why I was carried past my station, and instead of Liverpool I turned up at Scotland Yard once, and at another time, in gazing up the Thames, I found myself, after a little nap, at a station called Chester. Several times I was carried to the end of the road when I had intended to stop on the way, and I would have lost a good deal of time only that one can only go far enough away from London so that he will be able to get back in half an hour. If one should go farther than that he would drown.

PITH AND POINT.

PERSPIRATION never rains but it pores.

VOLTING into the unknown—Death by electricity.

A SYNDICATE of cattlemen has a perfect right to water its stock.

IT'S odd how much food a horse can go without and still be no faster.

THE waiter girl is different from a poet. She is not born; she is maid to order.

THE fly-wheel is the anarchist of mechanics. It is always engaged in revolutions.

CHICAGO has a gigantic leather trust. The increasing size of the women's shoes render it necessary.

WHY don't they select sailors as baseball umpires? A tar ought to be a good judge how a thing is pitched.

WHEN a married woman goes out to look after her rights her husband is usually left at home with his wrongs.

A WESTERN jeweler, whose store was attached by a Buffalo (N. Y.) creditor, posted his notice on the door. "Closed to meet Buffalo Bill."

QUEEN of Spain—Good gracious! The baby king has the stomach-ache. Lord Chamberlain (excitedly) — Call the Secretary of the Interior!

OMAHA TEACHER—I would like some one of the class to define the meaning of vice versa. Bright boy—It's sleeping with your feet towards the head of the bed.

THEY sat within the parlor dim
And freefully she said to him;
"I wish, dear John, that you'd behave,
If not, I wish that you would shave."
—*Boston Courier*

WICKED MONTE CARLO.

A PLACE WHERE GAMBLING REINS RIOT.

An Entertaining History of the Greatest Sporting Resort in the World—Roulette and Other Seductive Games Described—Systematic Players.

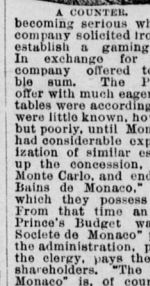
THE greatest gambling resort in the world is Monte Carlo, Monaco. It is the gambler's dream of paradise fully realized. Monaco is that little rocky mountainous corner of France which juts into the Gulf of Genoa. France is on one side and Italy the other. Monte Carlo is on the railway, about midway between Nice and Genoa. The owner, ruler, or whatever you may call him, of this little principality, is Charles de Grimaldi, who is known as Prince Charles III. of Monaco. The principality of Monaco is the smallest kingdom is the smallest principality on the face of the globe. In fact, the width of the Prince's dominion does not exceed some 480 yards. Thus the troops—for at the present time Monaco possesses an army—are compelled, when they want to exercise their marksmanship, to face the sea. Otherwise the balls would trespass upon French territory. The total superficies of the principality is barely 250 acres, and yet the Prince coins money bearing his own image and since Jan. 1 issues stamps similarly impressed with his portrait. He is grand master of a kingly order, which he distributes with much parsimony. He accredits ambassadors to foreign powers calls all European sovereigns his cousins, and, happier than they, he fears neither ministerial crises nor revolutions. The etiquette of his court is of the most severe type; his castle is a little wonder, and his art collection is one of the best which could be desired. In this country, so blessed by Providence, the Finance Minister has nothing whatever to do, for the simple reason that all taxes have been abolished. The Minister of War finds it impossible to take active action, for his ninety-two infantry men are only cognizant of two drills—those of presenting arms to the Prince and firing at the fishes. The Minister of Marine has only one duty, that of seeing that the twelve sailors of the Prince's yacht are ready to go to sea when needed. The Minister of Public Works has no work to do, because the public property is only composed of a garden and three streets. The busiest of all officials is the Minister for Foreign Affairs, whose duty it is to assure all the powers that the Prince of Monaco has no intention of troubling the peace of Europe.

This little rock has suffered many vicissitudes, for the Princes of Monaco have not always been rolling in wealth. In order to keep their heads above water the Grimaldis have been compelled in by-gone days to seek the protection of many sovereigns, and the Castle of Monaco has housed in turn Spanish, English, French and Piedmontese garrisons. Over the citadel various European flags have floated until the day when the real power of the state passed into the hands of the gaming authorities. The French revolution of 1789 left the then ruler in a bad way, and in 1817 Monaco passed under the protection of the King of Sardinia. In opposition to the former custom of the French king, who, while the Prince of Monaco was under the Protectorate of France, had granted large sums for his support, the Sardinian king gave him nothing. Thus the Prince was forced to live upon the necessities of his subjects, and when, in the revolution of 1849, the opportunity came, they threw off the yoke and joined themselves to Piedmont. From that time to this the Prince's sole dominions have been comprised in this rock of Monaco, and a few hundred subjects; and his yearly revenue has been but a sum equivalent to $3,000. Princely dignity can hardly be maintained upon that sum, and the Prince's financial embarrassments were becoming serious when, in 1856, a public company solicited from him permission to establish a gaming table at Monaco. In exchange for this privilege the company offered to pay a considerable sum. The Prince accepted this offer with much eagerness, and the gaming tables were accordingly established. They were little known, however, and prospered but poorly, until Monsieur Blanc, who had had considerable experience in the organization of similar establishments, bought up the concession, built the Casino of Monte Carlo, and endowed the "Societe de Bains de Monaco," with the reputation which they possess at the present day. From that time an equilibrium in the Prince's Budget was assured, and the Societe de Monaco" pays the Prince, pays the administration, pays the judges, pays the clergy, pays the army—and pays its shareholders. "The Society of Baths of Monaco" is, of course, only a specious medical title used to cloak the real business of the company, which is the conduct of the great gaming establishment of Monte Carlo.

A COUNTER.

"Professors" at Monte Carlo are abundant. One of them is a lady of a certain age. She will point out to you, of course for a consideration, the table at which there is the best chance of winning. If necessary, for a ten-franc piece she will come early and keep a place for you. She deals in talismans, and has always in her pocket a piece of the rope with which the last criminal has been executed.

The Casino, or gaming-house, stands out amid a mass of verdure, near the railway station. The path which leads to the Casino is delightful. The authorities have softened the inclines and sanded the alleys until it resembles terrestrial paradise. No one can penetrate into the gaming saloon without a personal admission card; but the special commissioner never refuses an application. What silence in the saloon! The room is crowded, but no conversation whatever is heard; one sound alone meets the ears, the chink of golden coins which the croupiers are collecting with their rakes, and piling up in shining heaps before them. Pretty "counters" are standing here and there. Two of the illustrations show the "roulette" and the divisions of the table on which the players stake their money. The money which visitors may stake at one time is limited, the smallest sum being about a dollar, and the highest something like one thousand two hundred dollars. "Roulette," or little wheel, is purely a game of chance. It is played on an oblong table covered with green cloth, in the center of which is a cavity of little more than two feet in diameter in the shape of a punch-bowl. This cavity, which has several copper bands round its sides, at equal distances from each other, has its sides fixed, but the bottom is movable round an axis placed in the center, the handle by which motion is communicated being a species of capstain of copper fixed on the upper extremity of the axis. Round the circumference of this movable bottom are thirty-seven holes, painted in black and red alternately, with first thirty-six numbers and a zero, as shown in the diagrams. These thirty-seven symbols are also figured at each end of the table in order that the players may place their stakes on the chance they select. Along the margin of the table are painted six words—pair, passe, noir, impair, manque, rouge—which will be afterward explained. The game is usually played as follows: One of the tailleurs, or "bankers," pushes the movable bottom in motion, by turning the cross with his forefinger, and at the same instant throws into the cavity an ivory ball in a direction opposite to the motion of the bottom; the ball makes several revolutions, and at last falls into one of the thirty-seven holes above mentioned, the hole into which it falls determining the gain or loss of the players. A player may stake his money on 1, 2, or any of the thirty-seven numbers (including the zero), and shows what number or numbers he selects by placing his stake upon them; if he has selected a number or zero corresponding to the one into which the ball falls, he receives from one of the tailleurs thirty-six times his stake—*viz.*, his stake and thirty-five times more. If he selected two numbers he only receives eighteen times, thus only winning half what he would have done had he staked the whole on one number; if three numbers twelve times, etc. This is called "jouer a cheval." The rectangles at the bottom of each of the three columns of numbers figured on the table, are for the reception of the stake of that player who selects a column (twelve numbers) as his chance, and if the ball enters a hole the number of which is found in his column, he is paid three times his stake. Those who prefer staking their money on any of the chances



THE ROULETTE.

THE TABLE.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

marked on the edge of the table, if they win, receive double their stake (their stake and as much more). The "pair" wins when the ball falls into a hole marked by an even number; the "impair," if the hole is marked odd; the "manque," if the hole is numbered from 1 to 18 inclusive; the "passe," if it is numbered from 19 to 36 inclusive; the "rouge," if it is colored red; and the "noir," if it is colored black. The coin should fall into the hole marked with the zero, the stakes of those players who venture upon the six chances last described are either equally divided between the bank and the players, or, as is more commonly the case, they are "put in prison," as it is called, and the succeeding trial determines whether they are to be restored to the players or gained by the bank.

Glance round at the players who are seated around the green cloth. There are men of all ages, of all nationalities, and of all professions. Next to a Russian sits a Frenchman; beside an Englishman is a German, a Turk, or a Greek. A prince elbows a wealthy tradesman; an old magistrate sits behind a thief. A beautiful young woman comes bounding in with an oily looking old fellow who is old enough to be her great-grand father.

Picture to yourself a splendid saloon brilliantly lighted by numerous chandeliers. The walls are magnificently decorated, but the sole furniture of the room consists of tables and chairs. On each table may be seen a roulette wheel, a miniature rake, and a locked box. Gradually the crowd enters, and the gaming saloon is filled. Visitors of the most various types take their places round the tables, the croupiers come in, open the box, fill it with bank notes, and pile up before them heaps of gold. The play begins. Among scores of others, a young couple enter. The lady is French; the man speaks English, but with a strong American accent. Doubtless they are a newly married couple who have come to Monte Carlo for their honeymoon. Both take their places at the table and begin to play.

"The 9th of December was our wedding-day," whispers the woman in her husband's ear; "suppose we choose the No. 9; perhaps it will bring us luck?"

"Just as you like," answers her husband, and they placed $5 on the No. 9.

The ball is thrown, and whirls around the wheel. The husband, with his hands on the table, awaits the result almost with indifference. The lady, somewhat less cool, puts up her glasses to get a better view. The ball revolves for a long time, but eventually slackens its pace, passes by the numbers 33, 1, 20, 14, 31, and finally stops at No. 9.

The croupier takes $180 in gold, and, noisily sounding the coins, places them before the wife, who smilingly takes a rake, and heaps up a little monument of gold.

"If, instead of $5," says the husband, "we had risked $100, we should have gained a small fortune, $3,600, and we might have abandoned the idea of living on board our vessel."

"Let us risk $100, as we have won it. It was on January 17 that you were so nearly drowned at sea with your father and mother; let us put $100 on No. 17."

The $100 are placed on No. 17. The ball revolves, and quite gently, as though guided by an invisible hand, stops at No. 17.

"Everyone for himself!" exclaims the husband, gathering in the huge packet of notes which the croupier passes him. "It is I who risked the $100; the winnings should belong to me."

"I thought that between us all was in common," said his companion timidly.

"At play—no. I repeat everyone for himself."

"Our winnings are considerable," ventured the lady. "Let us leave the room, and go back to Marseilles, where your vessel awaits you."

"You are mad; don't you see that I have a run of luck? I mean to break the bank."

In fact, the young American, excited by his extraordinary success, begins to play wildly.

He plays long and disastrously. Luck is against him. He loses everything, honor as well as all of his money. Wild-eyed he deserts his bride and his boat. It's the old story. In a few days his body was washed ashore. These incidents are of daily occurrence. Suicides are numbered by the score. When a player shoots himself, someone is ready to push his body aside and take his place.

Her Little Game.

Mrs. Gall (in dry-goods store)—I wish, if you please, that you'd give me samples of six or seven different patterns in surah silks and a few samples of colored velvet—a friend of mine would like them; and I'd like a sample of this green India silk. I want a dress of some kind, and a sample of this figured silk, too, please, and one of this pink satin. Thanks. I'll decide soon about the dress.

Mrs. Gall (outside the store)—One, two, three, five, eight, eleven, fifteen—nineteen perfectly lovely samples in all! Six or seven more as large as these will make a whole block for my new crazy quilt. I'll go around to Ribbon & Linnen's and get them before I go home.—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Real Rude Man.

Boston girl—I don't like Uncle Ben a bit. He may know all about ships, but he doesn't know anything about etiquette.

Her mamma—What's he done, Emeline?

Boston girl—He told Charley last night he didn't like the cut of his jib. And you know, mamma, Charley doesn't wear jibs.

She Wanted to Be a Capitalist.

Ida—Mamma, don't capitalists have lots of money?

Mamma—Yes, my child.

Ida—Isn't Washington the capital?

Mamma—Yes.

Ida—Well I wish papa would move to the capital, so we would be capitalists and have lots of money.—*Chicago Ledger.*