The Artist Misconceived—European Idea of Rapid Transit.

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The sun has set in the west with a dull sickening—no, that won't do. It is a dark night. The fragrant moon has retreated behind a murky cloud; the modest stars, though not exactly concealed from view, are hardly what you might call—well, at any rate, it is a dark night. This doesn't sound enough like a scoop—that's so, it's word painting. Word-painting may not be in my line, but I'll make one more stab at it. I'll take a fresh start.

It is the Berlin express from Magdeburg and still further west. Swiftly on its glittering track it has sped through the dispiriting suburbs of the old cathedral town until, the open country reached, the scene grows more exhibarating. By the wayside a herd of swine, unchaperoned, amiably munch their evening repast. Town after town, each with a name suggestive of a fine brand of kase, of wurst, or mayhap of beer laden tankard, is passed with a rattling swish. Not a stop, not even a semicolon. Even stately old Brandenburg-on-the-Havel, midst river-made lakes and musty memories of long dead, world-famed margraves, is passed with scarcely a nod from the burly locomotive-fuhrer. The pink-and-white lieutenant in the corduroy seat (for it is a second-class compartment, a fact the corduroy up-holstering denotes) flips from off the lapel of the fire-gray overcoat a ting inder speek.

It is a great strain for him to leave the surface of an and aim over his high redeloth collar and aim over his high redeloth collar and aim over his high redeloth collar and aim.

the lapel of the fire-gray overcoat a tiny cinder speck.

It is a great strain for him to lean over his high redeloth collar and aim at the spot where the cinder is. He must have felt if the fire the fire trop there.

The first stop of this lightning express will be at Potsdam, my alighting place. The speed of the train is so great that the passengers are struck with awe at their own swift flight. The speed almost equals that made by an American milk train on a Wisconsin branch line.

Dusk comes apace. I have authori-

speed almost equals that made by any merican milk train on a Wisconsin branch line.

Dusk comes apace. I have authorities to prove it. Twinkling stars begin to appear in the boundless space above—space almost as boundless as that which I am writing against.

Sol, like a gleaming copper target, is slowly sinking, filling the western sky with lurid fame; the black tree tops are silhouetted against the glare like the spires and pinnacles of a burning city. The passenger at the east window of the compartment comes to life and lights a tobacco torch, which aifirst burns with a blue flame, then turns to orange, and this expiring, the torch smolders on sputteringly.

The air is divinely still, as if nature held her breath to watch the glory of dying day. Perhaps it is the cigar.

The lieutenant discovers that the left lobe of his mustache is off its perpendicular. He arranges the matter to the intense relief of himself and the minor specimens of humanity who have the honored felicity of sharing the corduroy compartment with so illustrious a person.

Just above the carnation of the sky line a sea of mackerel green leaves the golden coastline of a buff cloud continent.

Still the sun sinks.

veil of night

il of night.
squeak, squeak, of the locomowhistle. Housetops, turrets and
h spires! A dome appears. The



POTSDAM AND ITS PALACES.

Lederer's Impressions of Frederick the Great and Others.

The King's Idea of a Joke-Nightmarish Decorations-Embarrashing Foot Genzal Idea of Kapid Transit.

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The sun has set in the west with a dull siekening—no, that won't do. It is a dark night. The fragrant moon has retreated behind a murky cloud; the modest stars, though not exactly concealed from view, are hardly what you might call—well, at any rate, it is a dark night. This doesn't sound enough like a scoop—that's so, it's word painting. Word-painting may not be in my line, but I'll make one more stab at it. I'll take a fresh start. It is the Berlin express from Magdeburg and still further west. Swiftly on its glittering track it has sped through the dispiriting suburbs of the old cathedral town until, the open country reached, the scene grows more country reached. The furniture countries table quarters of samples of royal bedroom at at I did not nip a granite vas or two, or a few samples of royal bedroom a few samples of royal bedroom as the I did not nip a granite vass or two, or a few samples of royal bedroom that I did not nip a granite vass or two, or a few samples of the fund not nip a granite vass or two, or a few samples of the fund not nip a granite vass or two, or a few samples of the fund. Mind, I mention a present from king about a ton, which the guides of samples from stone the table, weighing about a ton, which the guides not the least one v

ne paintings by the old mas-are rather fine. In fact a few



Dieces, hand painted, mind you, by Watteau, Van der Werff and Poussin would not disfigure a Drexel boulevard, Chicago, palace, even to-day. But need touching up some.

It is hard to give a good description of the Potsdam palaces—they hustle you through so. There is nothing homey about a royal palace. I say that if they frontier me for it.

Old Frederick the Great tried to make Sans-souci an at-home place, from his peculiar standpoint, but his standpoint was a great hindrance to his intentions. Sans-souci is said to have been copied from the palace of Versailles, and was built by F. the G. in 1845—and his royal highness lived there most of the time. None of his successors cared much for it, however, and it is now in pretty much the same condition as when he ceased to live there August 17, 1786, 2:20 a. m. I am so sure and exact about the time, because a trained clock of his greatness felt so bad about it that it stopped at the exact moment that the monarch expired. There was no coroner's inquest held on the clock. They still exhibit the clock, and they didn't even fold its hands.

Sans-souci is only one story high, for Frederick the Great was much averse to climbing stairs, and I suppose he had lost faith in elevator inspectors, and therefore wouldn't trust his life on a "lift." They say he was gouty in his old age. When he lived at the old palace (near the railway station), which is a few stories high, he got around the stair business by having a chute built for himself. I should have liked to see his royal nibs do the slide act.

It is hardly probable that the royalty of the nast—or present—was nut to the

ilked to see his royal nibs do the slide act.

It is hardly probable that the royalty of the past—or present—was put to the same inconvenience that visitors experience in the way of pedal covering. Even without taking the hustling into consideration, palacing is a form of anusement not unaccompanied by embarrassment, for the uncrowned visitor is required when slumming—I mean palacing—to wear things on his feet. I don't know what to call 'cm. They're something like the wall-pockets one sees in country houses in New Jersey, or perhaps more resemble the baskets by means of which the squaws in South Dakota carry their babies on their backs. Only these are felt—and seen. I've heard dark hints to the effect that it was merely a scheme to get the hard wood floors polished without expense.

When Frederick the Great was

some STATUARY AT SANSOUCI, DUGHT AT AUCTION BY F. THE G.

discordant clamor of a railway-station, and my golden reverie is shattered. We are at Potsdam. I must get a "Dienstmann" to take my "Gepack"—a porter to take my luggage.

Potsdam: what a name for a place of imperial residence. It had another name once—Potsdapimi, which meant "Under the Oaks" in—well, some old language—Slavic, probably. I wonder if it is treasonable to think that "Under the Oaks" in—well, some old language—Slavic, probably. I wonder if it is is treasonable to think that "Under the Oaks" in—well, some old language—Slavic, probably. I wonder if it is is treasonable to think that "Under the oaks" sounds prettier than Potsdam. Anyway it was Potsdapim in an old document made July 3, in the year 933. I was shown the document—the alleged document. Tenth century handwriting is very poor "copy."

There are over 66,000 human beings here, including about 10,000 soldiers and the royal family when they are at home. The empress is here now; and for that reason I am not permitted to take and under the walls were all covered with straved and painted figures, monkeys, aranes, peacocles and pairots; even the furniture was mixed up the same way. It has a possible took me through several other Potsdam royal places (there are five of them here), where there were no modern conveniences either; but the folks were out, for even royalty can't live in five palaces (there are five of them here), where there were no modern conveniences either; but the folks were out, for even royalty can't live in five palaces (there are five of them here), where there were no modern conveniences either; but the folks were out, for even royalty can't live in five palaces, and so they live in five palaces, and so the folks were out, for even royalty can't live in five palaces, and so they live and the walls were all to see the room is still shown just as Voltaire's reference the folks were out, for even royalty can't live in five palaces, and so the five palaces of the effect that it

was fortunate enough to be present at a turn-out of the Royal guard. A very gallus-looking old officer was pointed out to me as Koniglicher Kommandateur, and I must say he looked it every inch. His uniform showed that great ingenuity had been exercised, together with a total disregard for expense or taste, in the getting up of his uniform; but he was a dull-looking object compared to the drum major of the—Lean't for the life of me tell now whether it was a regiment of Landwehr-Bezirks-Kommando, or a detachment of the Schlossgarde-Kompagnie; or maybe it was the Eskadron des Regiments der Garde du Corps. Very likely it was all three. I may have got the name of one regiment divided into three parts by accident. The names of these regiments are so simple. He was a beauty, this drum major; and if I could only have him shipped I would have him with me, even if I had to pay 47 M. excess baggage. By the way, they carry this excess baggage charging to excess—this country. As I couldn't cart him along I made a hurried sketch of this most gorgeous of all drum majors, a sketch that I will preserve, even if it takes 30 pounds of sugar to do it.

Here at Potsdam is a colony planted by Frederick the Great, which is full of interest and Russians. The latter are descended from the Russian mercenaries whom the great Prussian king hired for target practice. They are the most descended people I ever saw. They live in houses that are an unhappy medium between a Swiss chalet and what I imagine a Russian abode to be.

West of the town, on the right bank of the deep sea, der tiefe See, as an off-

what I imagine a Russian abode to be.

West of the town, on the right bank of the deep sea, der tiefe See, as an off-shoot of the river Havel is called on the local maps, is the Babelsberg park, and at the north end of this is another castle, also the abode of royalty. It is a fine affair, and as is accustomary, visitors are permitted to skate through some of the rooms when the royal family is away. It is 25 pfennig a shot at each palace or castle, and you are expected to drop a tip or a tear as you go along. It all depends. It's a tip at the writing table of Konig Heinrich, the S'teenth, but a tear is considered more appropriate at a massoleum where a few kings and queens are planted.

appropriate at a masoleum where a lenkings and queens are planted.

There are a good many articles of vertu to be seen here, but they don't come up to the collection of brie a brace.



that Prederick the Great strewed around Sans-souci. Here are no stat around Sans-souci. Here are no statuettes like those the Great Frederick is said to have bought at an auction of Pompelian and Greeian antiquities. And in the picture galleries of Babels-berg there are no portraits of Napoleon or Mme. Pompadour, such as are to be viewed at the Orange palace of Potsdam. There were no Napoleons or Pompadours in Frederick William the Third's time, and the Napoleonic craze had not struck in at the time that monarch expired.

I was skating on the grounds here when an officer of the household ap-proached me. I thought perhaps he was a connoisseur, and as such I wel-comed his presence.

when an officer of the household approached me. I thought perhaps he was a connoisseur, and as such I welcomed his presence.

"Das ist nicht hier erlaubt," he remarked, as affably as his voice would permit.

"No, it isn't so bad, is it?" I replied, in an off-hand Yankee way—something like my sketch, which consisted of a few outlines of a group of peasants who were standing opposite the bank where I had established temporary headquarters.

And then the officer took me in hand and gravely explained in choicest German with a slight Zwiebel accent that there were a few princesses and princes stopping at the castle, and that during their visit they did not wish to be sketched.

"But I am not sketching them," I ex-plained, by means of my Englisch-Deutsch and Deutsch-Englisch Tas-chenworterbuch. And I showed him my sketch.

my sketch.

"Das macht nichts aus. Diese konnen dach prinzessinnen sein."

(That makes no difference; those may still be princesses.)

He was an honest official intent on doing his duty; but he was no judge of pictures, and my sketch of a group of peasants was torn into bits and ground into the soil.

CHARLES LEDERER.

into the soil. CHARLES LEPERER.

A Rug That Can Cut Metal.

The Zopherus Melicanus is the only known species of American beetle that has strength enough in its mandibles to cut metal. This curious faculty of zopherus was accidentally discovered by F. W. Devoc, a member of the New York Microscopical society. A friend had sent Mr. Devoc some specimens of this queer species of bug from the northern states of South America. The miseroscopist was busily engaged when the insects arrived and simply provided temporary quarters for the creatures in a glass jar having a metal top in which the porcelain cap was wanting. Within less than forty-eight hours they had cut holes in the metal sufficient to get their heads through, and would soon ave escaped had their operations remained undetected. By careful experiment Mr. Devoc found that the force necessary to do such cutting was equal to 350 grammes.

An Afflicted Widow.

A young lawyer, Maj. Gassaway, has been in the habit of visiting the Widow Flapjack about four evenings in the week. This has been going on for some time, but the lawyer has not proposed. Mrs. Peterby was talking with the Widow Flapjack about this very lawyer. She said:

"What a splendid education he has! He seems to be at home on every subject. There is nothing he cannot explain."

"Except his object in calling on me," replied the widow with a sigh.—Texas Sittings.

Siftings.

Thought He Had Quit.
Col. McLaughlin sent his Swedish foreman out a few days ago to do some work around the mouth of an old mining shaft, and he took a green country nan with him as an assistant. In a ouple of hours the foreman walked up to the colonel's office and remarked: "Say, colonel, I want anudder man." "Why, what's the matter with that than I sent out with you?" inquired the colonel.
"Oh, he fall down de shaft bout an hour ago, an' don't come up. I t'ink

ır ago, an' don't come up. I yumped his yob."--San Fran

Post.

Considerate.

Hostetter McGinnis is a male flirt. He was taken to task by Gilhooly, who raid, reproachfully:
"You have been courting all four of those Longcoffin girls all summer; why don't you marry one of them?"
"I'd do it, Gilhooly, but I don't want to do anything to forfeit the esteem of the other three."—Texas Siftings.

An Unpalatable Drink,
"An unusual number of saloons
nancial difficulties," remarked D

financial difficulties," remarked Dinwiddie.

"That adds another kind of liquor to the supply usually kept at such places," replied Hilland.

"What sort?"
"Sheriff's ale."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Their Annoyances.

Neighbor—I called to say that you must keep your dog from barking; he won'tlet our baby sleep.

Householder—I'm glad you called. I wanted to say that if you don't keep your baby from crying, i shall have to enter a complaint. It annoys my dog awfully.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Want Much.

Didn't Want Much.
Upward, onward, flew the balloon.
Paler and paler grew the face of the

"I envy no king, no millionaire. All Higher, higher went the airship—"Is the earth."



"What are you thinking of, Madg
"Whether I would rather have you
friend, or Jack for a husband,"
"Well, can't you have both?"
"That depends upon Jack,"—Bro
yn Life.

'yn Life.

Lost the Job.

"So you want a position in my office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you chew?"

"No, sir."

"Then I can't hire you; I won't have a man in my employ that I can't borrow tobacco from."—N. Y. Recorder.

A Fit at Last.

Mrs. De Crisscross (who has come to talk about an unsatisfactory gown)—Is Mme. Froufron Voulezvous in?

Modiste's Assistant—No; madame is ill with apoplexy.

Mrs. De Crisscross — Indeed! Then she has a fit at last.—N. Y. World.

he has a ht at mac.

Development.

The girl to her doting father brings
Her love with a fond salute;
But as time goes on there's a change is
things—

She brings him a lover to boot!

—Judge.

Like a bad piano player,
Old Outlate seems to be,
Because, however hard he tries,
He cannot find the key.
—N. Y. Recorder.

Question of Age.
Editor—You say you wrote that joke

Editor—1ou say you ourself?
Jokist—Yes, sir.
Editor—You don't really look it, young nan, but you must be about three hun-red and twenty-five years old.—Modes.

The Essential Thing
"I have been told, Mr. Spooner, that
you have been engaged before."
"Yes, I must confess that I have; but"
(brightening up) "you needn't let that
trouble you at all. I still have the
ring."—Brooklyn Life.

Cool.
Marlow—Isn't it rather embarrassing o be engaged to three or four young men at the same time?
Miss Flirt—I believe they do find it to at times, poor fellows!—N. Y. World

They Rarely Bill.

He (smoking)—And what is your opinion of the "deadly eigarette?"

She (looking him over)—They are not half as deadly as they ought to be,—
Detroit Free Press.

Not So Simple.

It takes nine tailors to make a man,
But the world has not yet learned
How many are in the construction
Qf the tailor-made girl concerned.

NEGRO QUIZZES NEELY.

The Head of the House of Vanderbilt Has a Funny Experience.

Cornelius Vanderbilt votes in the ninth election district of the twenty-ninth assembly district of New York. The polling place is in a florist's establishment on the east side of Sixth avenue, between Fify-see enth and Fifty-eighth streets.

Mr. Vanderbilt appeared before the election officials on Tuesday. He evielection officials on Tuesday. He evi-

negro inspector in the



"KIN YOU READ AND WRITE, SAIL?"

was acting as chairman when Mr. Van-derbilt appeared before the registrars. "Name, sah?" ejaculated the Afro-American, who cultivated his voice as a chimney sween.

"Cornelius Vanderbilt," was the re

chimney sweep.

"Cornelius Vanderbilt," was the reply.

The negro was paralyzed. His pen began to play a tattoo on the registration book, scattering ink spots all over the page. A big splash of the black fluid changed the name of a voter who had already registered from Dennis to Ennis, while another but smaller splash covered the large O' which is the initial letter of the surname of one of Mr. Vanderbilt's coachmen. When the colored inspector had recovered from his spasm and his huge eyeballs had sunk back into his head, he continued his questions to the multimillionaire.

"Kin you read and write, sah?"
"See here," exclaimed Mr. Vanderbilt, with evident anger, "you are impertinent. What right have you to ask me such silly and impertinent questions?"
"De law ob de lan', boss; de law ob de

pertinent. What right nave you to ask me such silly and impertinent questions?"

"De law ob de lan', boss; de law ob de lan', suah nuff. Caln't skuse you, et you is Mr. Vanderbilk. De rich en de pooh gotter 'scribe ter de law. There wur en frishman heah a little while ago, an' he was gwine ter trow me troo de window, en a Dutchman kinder looked at wun ub dem flower pots when I axed him his tallness. De acting chairman ob dis board will new perceed fudder to cross question de genulu."

Mr. Vanderbilt appealed to the white spectators and they pacified him by showing him the new law for the registration of voters.

"What arrant nonsense," said Mr. Vanderbilt. He then said that he was 51 years of age, weight 170 pounds and was 5 feet 10 inches in height. His complexion was recorded as dark.

As he started to leave the place of registration he tossed a quarter at the colored inspector. The coin struck the table and rolled to the floor. The quarter and the coffee-colored inspector disappeared simultaneously. They met under the table.

THE GIRLS ARE ATHLETIC.

Perform Before an Open Window, and Demoralize a Bladery. There is a bookbinding establishment on Greenwich avenue, the rear of which faces the rear of the dwelling houses on West Eleventh street, New York. Sev-



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ria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels,

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signature of Charff, Fletcher, wrapper

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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