

## THE QUEEN OF SPADES.

The order of Prince William, forbidding the officers under his command from attending the Union club, where gambling is extensively carried on, and following upon the order of Chancellor Bismarck in 1876, closing all public gambling places in Germany, has led to many a discussion as to the extent to which gambling is carried on in other parts of the world.

An old diplomat, who had resided a number of years at St. Petersburg, being one of a recent company, averred that the mania which possessed the military officers, as well as the whole Russian aristocracy, during his stay in the country was something terrible. An officer, he said, who did not gamble, received no credit for it, and the public man who did not, now and then, run the risk of being ruined, was considered to be a stingy fellow, and was lightly esteemed by his acquaintances.

"I know of one instance," continued the speaker, "truthfully showing the straits to which a liberal player in Russia was reduced."

"At a grand ball, on one occasion, to which I had been invited, a lady was pointed out to me as the Princess Augustinoff. She was a charming woman, in spite of her age, still pleasing through her well stored mind and faultless manners."

"Now let me tell you her history. Her maiden name was Mary. She had been selected as maid of honor to the czarina, and was greatly attached to her. Her engagement at eighteen, was, therefore, the natural consequence of possessing such beauty and wealth and holding a high position."

"Peterhoff, her affianced, was a fine officer, having reached the grade of major general at an age when most officers are serving as captains and lieutenants. But he did not play. He was often rallied about it, and the czar himself had expressed wonder thereat, saying: 'Come, general, let us have a game of preference.'"

"This was an invitation not to be refused; but so great an aversion had the officer to gambling that he did not know the rules of the game. 'Not know the rules of preference?' exclaimed the czar, coughing. 'You must learn them, my dear general. A little play drives off ennui.' There's Augustinoff, who has reached the apex of perfection in preference. He must instruct you."

"Augustinoff was the best player at court—prudent, skillful and inscrutable, a man to be avoided at cards. He undertook with real zeal the instruction of Peterhoff; but he could never infuse into his mind his own coolness and prudence. Peterhoff was hot-headed, and played with a dash which oftentimes made his game famous for the amount of his winnings and losses."

Gambling in a short time became a mania with him, and had it been necessary he would have paid men to play with him. On the occasion I am about to describe he was found late in the evening at the gaming table, where he had passed most of the day. He had won from his adversaries without interruption. Piled up before him were almost 100,000 rubles, not to speak of 200 promises to pay from brother officers.

"In a burst of exultation he exclaimed: 'I will stake my day's winnings upon the chance of a single game!'"

"How much?" inquired Augustinoff, who had just entered thereon.

"Three hundred thousand rubles, in round numbers!"

"I accept your offer!" exclaimed the imperturbable Augustinoff.

"The game, for some time, was equally well conducted. After an hour or so Gen. Peterhoff was noticed to move toward Augustinoff 100,000 rubles. Hardly had the night reached the hour of 3 when the bewildered general had lost every ruble of his day's winnings."

"Now for retaking the citadel!" he exclaimed.

"The game continued, and before the dawn of day—and the nights are long in Russia—the aid-de-camp on the czar had parted with his vast landed property in the central provinces, his possessions in Moscow and his castle at Ukraine."

"Rising from the table, he filled and emptied his glass several times, walked up and down the room, passed his fingers nervously through his hair, finally returning again to his seat. Opposite still sat Augustinoff, who appeared to be amusing himself with cutting and dealing the cards."

"Pondering over him, Peterhoff said, in a low whisper: 'It is not yet day, Augustinoff. Do not rise.'"

"And is there yet left some hidden treasure, general?"

"With livid lips and contracted brow, he gasped: 'And are you ready to take it, Augustinoff? You love the same woman as I—the woman to whom I am engaged.'"

"The cards were again taken up, but both seemed loath to begin—Augustinoff, probably at the thought that the princess might not fulfill the conditions of the victory. Peterhoff at the thought of his wrecked career and future despair."

"At the cut the antagonists pause, like wretches overcome with fatigue and impending defeat. The trick balanced at the first deal."

"A bold play was now ventured on by Peterhoff which should have given him victory. It brought him defeat, however. His frenzy had passed away. He was covered with profuse perspiration."

"The agreement was carried out to the letter. The czar's aid-de-camp, however, obtained permission to join the army in active service, he departed for the front, and never returned more."

"And the princess? she paid the gambler's debt, and became the wife of Augustinoff, who had won her fairly with the queen of spades."—London News.

**Running Another Way.**

"Well," said old Grumpy to the bicyclist dealer. "Well, I suppose your business is still running into people?"

"Oh, no," was the merry reply. "Just now we are running into excess."—Dalmore Telegram.

### IT WAS A DOG.

Mr. Hotley Was Slightly Wrought Up Over the Fact.

"Why, Hotley, is that a dog you have?" exclaimed Mrs. Hotley, as her husband, with short breath, apoplectic face, bulging eyes, disheveled wardrobe and set teeth, kicked the front door open and yanked at a rope on the other end of which was a handsome Irish setter, stiffened out on all fours like a balking horse, according to the New York World.

"Oh, no," replied Hotley, in broken jerks, "that's a peak-climbing, cliff-jumping, chasm-leaping, Rocky mountain sheep, that is. Your fine sense of appreciation is simply overwhelming. Mrs. Hotley. Ever since we've been married you've been nagging at me twenty-four hours a day and seven days in the week, to buy you a dog. When I bring you home the greatest bench-winner in the land, at the imminent risk of my life, you don't know whether it's a porcupine, a kangaroo or a dog. Get out of the way and give me room. Bring me the ax. I'll chop this unknown beast fine enough to save the sausage-grinder all trouble."

"But the poor dog is not to blame."

"Not primarily, but he's been the chief instrument in carrying out your hellish plot. You've had your roaring farce-comedy at my expense. Now comes the tragedy."

"There you are at last, you whelp of Satan!" hissed Hotley, when he had sledged the dog through the door. Then the angry husband made a vicious kick at the brute, but went wide and came down in a confused heap after butting a hole through the hat-rack mirror.

"Now, are you satisfied, madam?" roared Hotley as he untied himself.

"Look at me. Both pant legs flopping loose. Hat rim around my neck. One eye shut and the other closing. One coat-tail gone and the other at half-mast. Heel kicked off my shoe and me a running fountain of rivulets. How do you like your work, woman?"

"See the crowd of grinning, hooting kids out there. For eighteen blocks I've been making a holy show of myself. Got whipped by two men because your dog ran between their legs and ripped them up. A third victim is getting out a warrant for me. Crowds lined the sidewalks and filled the windows to jeer at me."

"But I know when I have enough. When the doctor says I'm able to stir about again I'll leave you with your \$50 dog and try to get a new start in the world."

### TO BUY THE POPE A CITY.

Constantinople, More Than Rome, Is Likely to Be Purchased.

It is suggested that the Roman Catholics of Christendom shall subscribe \$1,000,000,000 to buy Rome and a nearby seaport for the pope, says Harper's Weekly. The belief is expressed that the Italian government might sell the property without serious detriment to its political integrity and that the money could be used to great advantage in relieving Italy of part of the burden of her public debt. It is not proposed to turn over the principal to the vendors, but to place it in trust and to pay its annual proceeds into the Italian treasury as long as the pope remains undisturbed in the papal territory. The plan is a very pretty one and there are those who think the money might be raised, and that King Humbert's government would appreciate the advantages of such a bargain. But would Rome be the best purchase the pope could make with the money? Chicago would take him vastly cheaper and give him port privileges on Lake Michigan, but she could not engage to make him monarch of an American township at any price. But there is a Constantinople, an excellent city, where popes have lived before, full of ready-made churches, built by Christians, and nearly ripe now for consecration. Constantinople seems liable to come into the market any day. If the pope could buy it of the sultan that would be a deal worth subscribing to and worth turning a page of history to record.

### Fortunes of the Old World.

When reading of the large sums possessed by modern millionaires it is interesting to recall the notable fortunes of ancient days. Croesus, whose name has become a byword for excessive wealth, could certainly not have bought up a Vanderbilt; his whole fortune did not much exceed three millions. A far greater sum was left by the famous and miserly Tiberius, who was worth \$2,625,000 at his death, and it is said that his successor, Caligula, squandered this immense wealth within a year. Seneca had a tidy little portion of \$3,500,000, which could hardly have been the case had his philosophy been pure and unalloyed. Apollonius, discovering that his treasury contained only \$80,000, committed suicide from fear of poverty; a single repast cost Lucullus \$20,000, and at one of her banquets Cleopatra made Antony drink a pearl valued at \$10,000. In extent of fortune certain living millionaires may beat the ancients, but in the matter of extravagance we think the balance is on the other side.—Scraps.

### Somewhat Backward.

Dukane—The electoral college is a trifle slow, isn't it?  
Gawwell—What do you mean?  
Dukane—It holds its entrance examinations as late as the 3d of November, long after all the other colleges have begun work.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegram.

Queen Victoria is rarely photographed standing on account of her small stature. When sitting she gives the impression of being a fairly tall woman.

### SHORT SKIRTS DECREED.

Health-Culture Club of Brooklyn Will Have Its Way.

Women's skirts are to be shortened surely this time and the Health-Culture club of Brooklyn is to lead the way, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. The decree has been promulgated and within thirty days the trimming must be done. Three inches from the ground is the prescribed limit for fair weather and six inches for stormy weather. Members of the club who do not comply with the law within the time allotted by the club's decree must pay a fine of 10 cents into the coffers of the club. In order not to make the law too onerous, dresses for evening wear, receptions and the church have been exempted from its enforcement. Mrs. E. Christine Lumsden is president of the Health-Culture club. Its members have given much attention to matters of dress pertaining to their health and it has entered their heads to banish the corset. In this, however, they meet the opposition of Dr. Robert E. Dickinson, who is a specialist on health culture and considers the corset highly beneficial for delicate women and some others. The bustle, however, has been excommunicated, more because it is a nuisance in crowded street cars than for any other reason, and it will be parted with without a pang. Next month the club will give an outing in Prospect park, when its members will appear on parade, so to speak, and undergo an inspection by their officers to determine whether the uniformity required in their skirts has been complied with. The committee appointed to arrange for the first outing consists of Mrs. James Brand, Mrs. Virgil Parker, Mrs. Paine and Mrs. Schenck. The ladies say that previous efforts to shorten skirts have failed because beauty in effect was lost sight of. They do not propose to make the same mistake.

### HOW FAR A MAN TRAVELS.

By the Aid of the Earth's Rotation He Covers Many Miles an Hour.

An ordinary walk of an hour is equivalent to a journey of 1,000 miles, just as a beginning, says the New York Journal. The average person walks three miles an hour, according to reckoning, but when it is considered that the world is constantly turning on its axis it is apparent where the 1,000 miles comes in. This is by no means all. The earth makes a journey around the sun every year, and a long but rapid trip it is. The distance of our planet from the sun is put in round numbers at 92,000,000 miles. This is the radius of the earth's orbit, half the diameter of the circle, as it is called. The whole diameter is therefore 184,000,000 miles, and the circumference, being the diameter multiplied by 31.416, is about 578,000,000. This amazing distance the earth travels in its yearly journey, and, dividing it by 365, we find the daily speed about 1,584,000 miles. Then, to get the distance you rode around the sun by your hour's walk, divide again by 24, and the result is about 66,000 miles. This is not the end of the hour's trip, however. The sun, with its entire brood of planets, is moving in space at the rate of 166,000,000 miles in a year. That is at the rate of a little more than 454,000 miles a day, or 18,900 miles an hour. So, adding the three miles of the leg travel to the hour's axial movement of the earth, this to the earth's orbital journey, and this again to the earth's excursion with the sun, and you find you have traveled in the hour 85,963 miles.

### STOPPING A TRAIN.

Important Discovery That Has Just Been Made in Europe.

Some important discoveries have just been made in Europe, says the New York Herald. How to stop a train when an accident is impending has long been a problem. Many plans have been suggested, but almost all have been considered faulty for the reason that they call for a quick stoppage. In such a case the shock would be so great that the carriages between the engine and the rear of the train would be smashed to atoms and their occupants crushed to death. Evidently therefore a gradual stoppage is imperative. An admirable plan, which enables a train to slow down gradually, has recently been tested at the railroad station in Dresden. It is extremely simple and has been found to work well. No intricate machinery is required, and the cost must be small. A track is laid, the rails of which sink or slope gradually into a bed of sand. As the train passes over this sand its wheels meet with an ever increasing resistance, which soon becomes so great that they are obliged to stop. The stoppage, however, is so gradual that there is no rough shock. The greater the swiftness of the train and the heavier the load the more immediate is the stoppage. No damage then is possible either as regards the train or the passengers. An experiment which was recently tried with a freight train showed clearly the usefulness of this very practical and simple plan.

### Look to Your Shoes.

Why will women wear handsome gowns, beautiful hats, neat new gloves, and neglect their shoes as completely as if their feet were invisible? Can anything be uglier than unlaced boots, buttons off or laces ragged or untied? If Americans would learn the lesson that French women set them they would not be under the suspicion of "washing the outside of the platter."—New York Evening Telegram.

### An Impossible Operation.

"I have nothing against the Populists."  
"If you had you couldn't collect it."

## A BARTERED LIFE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

### INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

#### CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Perhaps it would be better for me to change my dress, if I am likely to infringe upon the dinner hour," said Constance, at her chamber door.

"Oh, I do not think my cousin would approve of that!" exclaimed her emphatic conductress. Then she amended her inadvertence. "Of course, Mrs. Withers is the proper judge of her own actions, and I would not appear to dictate, but my cousin is punctilious on some points, and the matter of ladies' attire is one of these. I have known him so long that I am conversant with all his amiable peculiarities. I am confident he would be pleased to see Mrs. Withers assume the head of her table in full dinner toilet. But as I remarked, I do not presume to dictate, to advise, or even suggest. Mrs. Withers is undisputed empress here." Having run trippingly through this speech, she inflicted a third remarkable courtesy upon the novice, and vanished.

"She is underbred and a meddler," decided Constance, while she made a rapid toilet. "I hate to be addressed in the third person. I thought it a form of speech confined, in this country, to kitchen maids and dry goods store clerks."

Before she could invest herself in the dinner dress that lay uppermost in her trunk the bell rang to summon her to the evening meal, and three minutes thereafter the footman knocked at her door with the message that Mr. Withers had sent for her.

"I shall be down directly. Tell him not to wait for me," she said, hurriedly. She did not expect to be taken at her word, but upon her descent to the dining room she beheld her husband seated at the foot of the board and Miss Field at the head. The latter laid down the soup ladle and jumped up, fustily.

"Here she is, now. I resign my chair to one who will fill it more worthily than I have ever done."

"Keep your place, Harriet!" ordered her kinsman. "Mrs. Withers will waive her claims on this occasion, since she is late," designating a chair at his left as that intended for Constance's occupancy. "We would have waited for you, Constance, had I been less faint and weary. My physician has repeatedly warned me that protracted abstinence is detrimental to my digestion. Harriet, here, understands my constitution so well that I am seldom, when at home, a sufferer from the twinges of dyspepsia, that have afflicted me in my absence."

"Those horrible public tables," cried Harriet. "Assure you I never sat down to a meal when you were away without sighing over your evil plight in being subjected to the abominable cookery and intolerable hours of hotels."

"I did not know you were a dyspeptic," observed Constance. "You seemed to enjoy good health during our tour."

"That was because Mrs. Withers does not yet comprehend your marvelous patience—the courage with which you bear pain, and the unselfishness that leads you to conceal its ravages from the eyes of others," explained Miss Field, ogling the interesting sufferer, who was discussing a plate of excellent white soup with a solemnly conscious air. "Now that you are safe under your own roof, we will soon undo the mischief that has been done. You do not know what a prize you have won, Mrs. Withers, until you have seen him in the retracy of home. His virtues are such as flourish in perfection in the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree; shed their sweetest perfume upon the domestic hearth."

"As you perceive, my good cousin's partiality for me tempts her to become poetically extravagant in her expressions," Mr. Withers said to his wife, in pretended apology, looking well pleased, nevertheless.

"I could not have a more patient auditor than Mrs. Withers. I am sure," rejoined Harriet. "Mrs. Withers will never take exception to my honest enthusiasm."

#### CHAPTER IV.



CONSTANCE answered by her stertored smile, languid smile, wondering only at the complacency with which a man of her spouse's years and shrewdness hearkened to the bold flattery of his parasite.

The exhibition ceased to astonish her before she had lived in the same house with the cousins for a month. Within the same period she was gradually reduced to the position of a cipher in the management of the establishment. After that first day Miss Field had not offered to abdicate the seat at the head of the table, except at the only dinner party they had given. Then the handsome Mrs. Withers appeared in pearl-colored satin and diamonds as the mistress of ceremonies to a dozen substantial citizens and their expensively attired wives, endured the two hours spent at table, and the two duller ones in the great parlors, where the small company seemed but and everybody talked as if afraid of his own voice. She was no gayer than the rest by the time the entertainment was half over. The atmosphere of respectable stupidity was infectious, and this pervaded every nook of her new home. In her husband's case she had

had young visitors, and there was, at the dulllest, the hope of release to console her. Now she was "settled in life," could sit down with idle hands and spend her days in contemplation of her grandeur. She had married well. Nobody looked askance at her when old maids were the subjects of pity or ridicule. The most censorious could not couple her name with the dread word "dependence." She had no household cares. Mr. Withers and Miss Field relieved her of all such.

And the mistress of the mansion was left to her own devices? By no means. If her husband were fastidious, he was also tyrannical. He dictated not only what dress his wife should appear in daily, but also what laces and ornaments she should take the air; whom she must visit and whom invite; what songs she should sing to him when he asked for music in the evening, and when the day should close—the day so wearisome in its similitude to all that had preceded and those which should follow it.

"My cousin is a man with aspirations above the frivolities of fashionable life, and excitement is injurious to his health," Miss Field notified the bride that day after her home-bringing. "I fear Mrs. Withers will tire of the even tenor of our way."

"I like quiet," Constance replied.

But she did not mean stagnation. She was married in April, and on the first of July the trio removed to Mr. Withers' country seat. Here Constance was to find that the dead level of her existence had yet a lower plane of dullness. There was not a neighbor within four miles, hardly a farm house in sight.

"We recruit here after the dissipation of the winter," Miss Field said, enjoying. "The solitude is enrapturing. One can sleep all day long if she likes."

"This proved to be her favorite method of recuperating her exhausted energies. Mr. Withers, too, liked a post-prandial siesta, "prescribed by his physician as eminently conducive to digestion." Constance was not more lonely when they slept than when they were awake. The horrible sterility of her life was not to be ameliorated by their society. If commonplaceness be a crime, Mr. Withers and his cousin were offenders of an aggravated type. Harriet's attentions and Elnathan's platitudes were to the tortured senses of the third person of the party less endurable than the cicada's shrill monotone through the hot summer day, and the katydid's endless refrain at night. Her bosom heaving with the untamed waves of excitement and a malicious pout upon her lips, when a crackling sound upon the brushwood thrilled her with an uncomfortable sensation of alarm.

Before she could regain her feet or concert her scheme of defense or flight, the nearest cedar boughs were pushed aside, and a man stepped into the area fenced in by the hardy mountain evergreens. With subsiding fears, as her quick eye inventoried the various particulars of his neat traveling suit, gentlemanly bearing, pleasant countenance and deferential aspect toward herself, Constance arose, visibly embarrassed, but dignified, and awaited his pleasure. The stranger betrayed neither surprise nor confusion. Walking directly up to her, he removed his hat, bowing low, with a bright, cordial smile. "Unless I am greatly mistaken I have the pleasure of seeing my brother's wife. And you are more familiar with my name and my handwriting than with my face. I am Edward Withers."

### (TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Coining of Pennies.

It is not generally known that all the minor coins of base metal, such as pennies and nickels, are made at the Philadelphia mint, and that nearly 100,000,000 pennies are coined there every year. This large number is occasioned by the fact that thousands of pennies are lost annually, and the government has some difficulty in maintaining a supply. The profit of the government on their manufacture is large. The blanks for making them are purchased for \$1 a thousand from a Cincinnati firm that produces them by contract. Blanks for nickels are obtained in the same way, costing Uncle Sam only a cent and a half a piece. Gold is coined in Philadelphia and San Francisco. Not enough of it comes into the mint at New Orleans to make the coinage of it worth while. Gold pieces are the only coins of the United States which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains \$20 worth of gold without counting the two teeth part copper.

#### Retrgrading.

Lord Nocount (proudly)—"I can trace my descent from William the Conqueror." Cynicus—"You have been a long time on the downward path."—Truth.

#### Good Advice.

"Mr. X—has threatened to kick me next time he meets me in society. If I see him walk in that should I do?" "Sit down."—Standard.

#### Commanding Insects.

The caterpillars are great eaters, the different species consuming from five to twenty times their own weight of food each day.

The strain ceased abruptly, and, in place of the rapt musician, borne above the power of earthly woes to crush and petty vexations to sting, a woman grovelled upon the mossy cushion, weeping hot, fast tears, and beating against the rough rock with a child's folly of desperation the white hand that wore the badge of her servitude.

What was she but a caged bird, bidden to preen its feathers and warble the notes its master dictated between golden bars? A slave to whom state and thral had meant one and the same abhorrent thing? What had she to do henceforward with dreams of beauty and freedom—she, who had signed away her liberty of spirit and person, voluntarily accepting in their stead the most foul captivity a pure and upright woman can know? She felt herself to be utterly vile—plague-spotted in soul and flesh in the lonely sublimity of this mountain temple—a leper, condemned and incurable, constrained to cry out at the approach of every passer-by, "Unclean! unclean!" It would have been better for her to beg her bread upon the doorsteps of the wealthy, and, failing that, to die by the wayside with starvation and cold, than to live the life of nominal respectability and abundance, of real degradation and poverty, which were now hers.

The tears were dried, but she still sat on the gray carpet, clenching angrily at it and the wild flowers peeping through the crevices of the rock, rending them as passion had torn her; her bosom heaving with the untamed waves of excitement and a malicious pout upon her lips, when a crackling sound upon the brushwood thrilled her with an uncomfortable sensation of alarm.

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