

PRINCE DE GALANTHA.

THE MAN WHO IS TO MARRY THE JERSEY LILY.

Like Mrs. Langtry He Has Had Matrimonial Experiences of His Own—A Prominent Sportsman Whose Horses Are Well Known on English Tracks.

PRINCE Esterhazy de Galantha, who, it is announced, will soon lead Mrs. Langtry to the altar, is a noted character in Europe, although not well known in America. He is prominent in Austria and is very favorably known at the court of his country. The Jersey Lily is proverbial for her partiality to sporting men, and it will be no surprise, therefore, to say that the prince is one of the foremost horsemen of Europe. His racing stock is well known on the tracks of the continent, and his income is sufficiently large to make the best bloods of Paris jealous. Prince Paul, for that is his christian name, is descended, by an odd dispensation of fate, from the earls of Jersey. His mother was a daughter of the fifth earl of the island of which Mrs. Langtry has been justly called the lily. Both parties to the proposed match have not been without experience in the way of matrimony. Mrs. Langtry's history and adventures in that respect are very well known. It is different, however, with Prince Paul. It is not known, in America, at least, that he has been twice married. Both of his wives are dead. The second was a prin-



PRINCE DE GALANTHA.

cess of Croy, who passed away in 1889. Prince Paul's son by his first wife is now an officer in the Austrian army. Mrs. Langtry's prospective husband is 54 years old but it is said that he does not look or feel his age by twenty years. His marriage, like that of his namesake in the comic opera may prove no end of comment in continental journals, but, with his coveted prize won, it is highly probable that this veritable Prince Paul will care little what the "confounded journals" say about him. Mrs. Langtry's recent divorce leaves her free to wed.

Whistler and Irving.

Many of the pictures of Whistler, the artist, are vague, both in treatment and subject. The public may be pardoned for not understanding some of these pictures after hearing the following amusing anecdote of the painter: One night Whistler dropped into Sir Henry Irving's rooms to dinner. Other guests were present, but Whistler alone was silent. Two of his landscapes adorned the walls, and apparently he wanted no further entertainment. Every few minutes he would jump up from the table to get a better view of his own work. At length, after a prolonged examination of these studies in moonlight and moorland, he cried out, "Irving, Irving, look what you've done!"

"What's the matter?" inquired Irving, calmly walking up to the pictures.

"Matter," thundered Whistler, "Why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have been like this for months?"

"I suppose they have," replied Irving. "But I think I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them—over an hour to discover that they are upside down."

For a Life of Good Work.

Six years ago, when Miss Kate Adams was 21, she was called the belle of Topeka, and it was commonly supposed that she was the heroine of a society novel written about that time by a Topeka minister. In which several other well-known people figured conspicuously. Now she has given up society to devote her life to nursing. When she went to Philadelphia two years ago to enter the deaconesses' house of the diocese of Pennsylvania genuine sorrow was expressed by her friends, and many hoped that before her two years of preparation had ended she might change her mind. But she did not and the service by which she will be set apart as deaconess will take place next January in the Episcopal cathedral at Topeka. Miss Adams has been called by Bishop Millsbaugh to do special work in Kansas this summer, but she will return to Philadelphia in October to take the three months' hospital training which will complete her course.

Fountains in London.

According to the jewellers' etruscan gold set with moonstones is a coming fad. And the "hoop" style will be the favorite. A hoop for the wrist, a hoop for the throat, and—most barbaric revival! hoops of gold for the ears, are the order of the hour.

CURE YOUR RHEUMATISM.

Steal a Dishrag and Rub Yourself with It Every Morning.

"You see that I haven't a particle of rheumatism," said the man with a florid face and a voice that was intended by nature for campaign purposes, says the Detroit Free Press. "I feel like a 2-year-old. Never have an ache or pain. Don't pay a particle of attention to east winds, rains or changes in the temperature. Eat three meals a day and sleep like a top. A year ago I went around smelling like a bottle of horse liniment. One time I'd be on crutches. Then I'd have an arm drawn all out of shape or a shoulder that was of no earthly use. The last spell I had was with my back, and I was about ready to throw up the sponge. What did I do for it? Everything under the sun. I had horse chestnuts in every pocket. I carried potatoes till they petrified. I ate lemons until I was as sour as I looked. I took more kinds of medicine than you can find in any one drug store. I was in a boiled state for six months from hot baths. I was massaged into a pulp. I traveled 300 miles to have the disease charmed away and had it worse coming back than I did going. One day I met a little old man that must have been 100. He was as spry as a kitten, yet assured me that from the time he was 50 to 70 there was nothing of him but rheumatism. Even his hair ached. He advised me to steal a dishrag and rub myself thoroughly with it every morning. There was no virtue in the treatment unless I stole the rag. I would have robbed a bank to get relief. One afternoon I slipped through the back door of a house into the kitchen, grabbed a dishrag and started to limp away. A 200 pound hired girl let out a Tipperary screech and took after me with a mop stick. By the time she had clouted me once or twice I was running like a professional and at the end of half a block I was out of reach of her weapon. I've never had a twinge since. I don't know whether the hired girl, the pounding, the running or the dishrag cured me. I'm rather disposed to think that the rheumatism was scared out of me."

A SELF-MADE MAN.

Treasurer Roberts Was Once a "Devil" for a Country Paper.

Ellis Henry Roberts, the new United States treasurer, began life as a compositor in the office of a country newspaper. The various steps which he took upward from the "devilship" to Uncle Sam's counting room were made wholly by his own personal effort. In his early youth he entered a printing office and while learning his trade not only supported himself but secured a thorough education. He fitted for college and was graduated with the second highest honors in the class of 1850 at Yale. In 1851 he became editor and part owner of the Utica Herald and for thirty-five years controlled the policy of that paper, having in the meantime become the sole proprietor. During all this time he had been more or less active in politics. He served as delegate to the Republican national conventions in 1854, 1856 and 1876. In 1866 he was elected representative to the state legislature. Four years later he was elected congressman and served two terms. In 1889 he was appointed by Harrison as assistant United States treasurer at New York and during the subsequent four years he directed the subtreasury at that city. Mr. Roberts has found time to write several books. He has been honored by Yale and Hamilton, both



ELLIS H. ROBERTS.

of which institutions have conferred upon him honorary degrees.

A Great Engineering Feat.

A remarkable engineering feat was recently performed in California in providing a bulwark for a great dam being built to impound water for San Francisco. By a single blast a section of a mountain was torn off and hurled into a gorge below. Two months were required in preparation for the blast. In tunnels cut into the mountain of rock great stores of black powder were placed, while deposits of giant powder were located under the mass to be moved. The black powder ignites slower than the granite powder, and the effect, when electricity was applied to both at once, was first to lift up the mass and then push it over the edge into the gorge. A mass of rock measuring 400x80 feet, and weighing an estimated 150,000 tons, was thrown exactly as the engineers had planned.

Inequalities of Existence.

"We rest," said the distinguished lawyer for the defense.

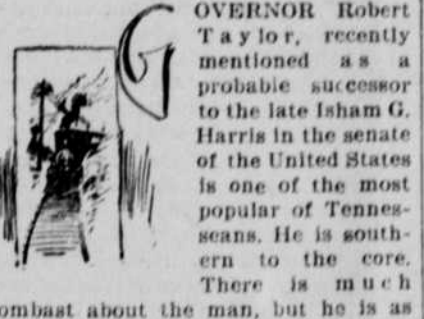
"An' such is life," added Raggy Rufus, recounting the circumstances to Plodding Pete. "We rest an' git the dog set on us. He rests an' gits paid fur doin' on 'n."—New York Truth.

Most people consume less food in summer than in winter, and very many use but little meat in extremely hot weather.

GOV. "BOB" TAYLOR.

ONE OF THE GREAT CHARACTERS OF TENNESSEE.

He Wants to Go to the Senate Two Years Hence—Sketch of His Career—His Brother Alf and Their Political Battles.



GOVERNOR Robert Taylor, recently mentioned as a probable successor to the late Isham G. Harris in the senate of the United States is one of the most popular of Tennesseans. He is southern to the core. There is much bombast about the man, but he is as honest as politicians get to be these days. During all of his life he has stood up straight as a trivet for Democracy. He has never been a backslider. Even when his party's candidate did not conform to his ideas in 1884, 1888 and 1892, he swallowed it uncomplainingly. He is an inimitable story teller. He loves fried chicken better than a hound dog loves pot liquor. He drinks his whiskey straight and he pulls off his hat to every lady that he meets. He can play the fiddle, he can ride a horse bareback, and he can follow the hounds until the horn blows for breakfast the next morning. He knows the difference between a thoroughbred and fetlock stock, and he worships a blue eyed baby with a devotion characteristic of the mountain man. He can talk, he can sing, he can fiddle, and he can cut the pigeon's wing. He is breezy and he is bright. By a peculiar accident Taylor was elected to the forty-sixth congress. He was then to fame and fortune unknown. He beat Pettibone, a carpet bagger from Michigan, not by his own strength or the strength of his party, but because his brother Alf took the stump for him. In congress Taylor was a general favorite. When he spoke the galleries listened. He got more notoriety because of a speech made by General Bragg of Wisconsin one night when some pension bill that had been fathered by Taylor was up for discussion



WU TING FANG.

than anything else that he ever did while in the house. Bragg gave Bob a cruel blow, and it took the Tennessean a long time to recover from it. In the course of his remarks General Bragg said: "I regret much that my duty as a congressman requires that I oppose the passage of this act granting a pension to this poor soldier who was shot to death with chronic diarrhea in 1861 and never found it out until 1881."

As a declaimer his friend Bryan is not a marker to him. While in congress Bob got the floor as often as the speaker would allow him. When he couldn't make a speech to his fellow-members he would go to the committee rooms and orate to the clerks. It was a passion for him in those days to repeat the celebrated speech delivered a half century ago by his famous



GOV. TAYLOR.

uncle, Hon. Langston C. Haynes, which was perhaps the finest piece of oratory that ever fell from a southerner's lips. It was about the mountains and the valleys, the streams and the skies, the sunshine and the starlight, the grass that grew beneath the trees and the birds that nested among the branches. Bob always delivered it beautifully and for a long time claimed it as his own. He finally confessed that he had been a pirate.

Bob was defeated two years later by Pettibone. Then he returned home and was nominated by the Democrats for governor. His opponent on the Republican ticket was no other than his distinguished brother Alf. It was called the war of the roses, and had the contest occurred a half century ago it would have been the most picturesque event in American politics. Alf made a great race, but was defeated. Then he went to congress and made a better reputation there than his brother who had preceded him had made. It is his ambition now to be a prosperous farmer in East Tennessee.

For fifteen years it has been Bob's desire to go to the senate. Once he was elected senator. That was in 1881. But before the result could be announced a vote that he could not spare was changed and Bob retired to one of the cloakrooms and spent the balance of the day in tears. The successful man was Jackson. He has had the senatorial fever ever since that day. It was for this that he ran for governor the first time. It was for this that he took the nomination for the same office last year when he really did not want it. As a word painter he has no equal in Tennessee. Had he been contemporaneous with William B. Haskell he would have rivaled that prodigy of traditional oratory.

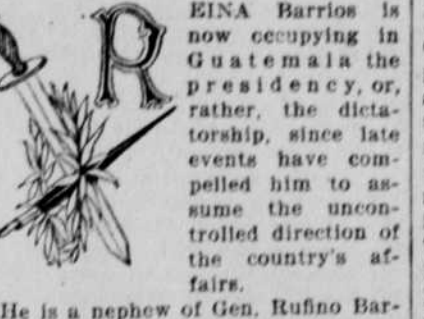
Wu Ting Fang.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, who is soon to be transferred from the American capital to Tokyo as Chinese representative in Japan, is a gentleman of education, culture and modern ideas. He is perhaps the ablest man that has ever represented the Chinese government in the United States. He speaks English freely, and is well informed on current affairs and the politics of the world. The minister is an English barrister. He is a graduate of Lincoln's Inn, London, where he lived for several years. When he went to Hong Kong he practiced law in the English courts there for five years. His early education was acquired in China, where he held several high positions in the Chinese government. This is his first mission abroad, although he was in this country about twenty years ago on a private errand. He is a courtly, affable Chinaman, and represents the very best class of his countrymen. He has a wife and a

FAVORS OUR IDEAS.

WHY GUATEMALA HAS A DICTATOR.

Gen. Barrios Likes the American Way of Doing Business and Wants to Trade With This Country—British Influence Is Against Him.



GEN. Barrios is now occupying in Guatemala the presidency, or, rather, the dictatorship, since late events have compelled him to assume the uncontrolled direction of the country's affairs. He is a nephew of Gen. Rufino Barrios, who was killed in 1885 at the battle of Chalcuapa by the Salvadoreans and other Central Americans opposed to his scheme of restoring the ancient confederacy under Guatemalan influence and moral direction. Gen. Jose Maria Reina Barrios was only 13 years old when he marched in 1866, with the small troop of patriotic volunteers led by his uncle, Rufino Barrios, in his first but unsuccessful assault upon the government of President Carna. The young volunteer participated in the several attempts to free his country from tyrannical government and won his military grades on many battlefields.

He was married in New York ten years ago to Miss Algeria Benton of New Orleans. He was elected president of the republic on March 15, 1892, and his term will expire next March. On May 21 last he met with the most serious, if not the first, opposition of the



GEN. JOSE MARIA REINA BARRIOS.

national assembly. This happened about a government bill proposing to make in the United States a loan of \$15,000,000, destined to finish the northern railroad of Guatemala and to promote other enterprises. It was impossible to get a quorum for several sittings and finally the president was compelled to dissolve the assembly and assume himself all the powers which the constitution gave him.

President Reina Barrios is popular among his countrymen, notwithstanding the fact that the favors the introduction of American ideas, inventions and products in his country. All the British influences are at work against him.

What Becomes of Them?

Of the 119,000,000 old copper cents which were sent out from the mint only the 900,000 have ever been accounted for and only now and then is a stray one of the remaining 119,000,000 seen in circulation. Of the 4,500,000 bronze 2-cent pieces sent out only 1,500,000 ever found their way back, leaving 3,000,000 to be accounted for, and there are an equal number of nickel 3-cent pieces somewhere in the country, though it is very rarely that one is seen. Of the 800,000 half-cents not one has ever been returned to the mint. A few of this denomination may be found in the hands of coin collectors, but the whereabouts of the rest is a mystery. It is estimated that the daily supply of needles for the entire world amounts to 3,000,000 of varying shapes and sizes, while the United States alone calls for a yearly supply of 300,000,000. Of pins, it is said that some of the large department stores often order 100 cases at a time. Each case contains 108 dozen papers, and each paper holds 360 pins, so a little use of the multiplication table will show what an immense thing even the one order means. The yearly output of pins from the largest factory in the United States, it is claimed, would if placed end to end reach three times around the world.

What a Model Bakery Should Be.

What should be the essential conditions of a model bakery? First, the building should be above ground, perfectly drained and ventilated, well organized, absolutely clean, and the expense of labor should be of no consideration. The men should be systematically inspected with regard to their personal cleanliness, having, in the first place, been selected for employment on the ground of their good general health and temperance. The hours of labor should be limited and convenience for washing purposes should be provided. The buildings should be dust-proof in order to make dust contamination impossible; the ovens should be fired at the back of, and not in, the bake-house itself. Water used should be of the very best and guaranteed quality, and in order that only a proper proportion should be used for its corresponding equivalent of flour, it should be measured by meter. These are roughly the essentials to a typical bake-house.

Boys of Flint, Mich., got \$400 from the county treasurer during June on bougies on starling birds.

BREAKING MONTE CARLO.

Figures Showing the Financial Rainbow to Be Difficult of Capture.

Those who have a passion for gambling and have found it unprofitable, a class nearly as numerous as those who gamble at all, might well consider the recent announcement that a dividend of \$4,000,000 for last year has been declared by the stock company running the gaming tables at Monte Carlo. That amount, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat, is the interest on \$109,000,000, and represents an extraordinary profit. There are about 400,000 visitors a year at Monte Carlo, and as, in addition to the dividend named, they pay the expenses of the gambling resort, with its thousand attaches, they will not be disposed to deny that gambling is a highly expensive amusement. Though there is a tradition that somebody occasionally breaks the bank at Monte Carlo, its dividends are never seriously affected. As the games in Monte Carlo appear to be what is called square, even those familiar with them are at a loss to account for the enormous profits. The chances in the play seem to be almost evenly balanced, yet the millions gravitate rapidly to the side of the bank.

If the mere betting on red and black which is prevalent at Monte Carlo is so profitable to the bank many other forms of gambling are far worse. It is needless to name them. The visitors to Monte Carlo could make at least \$5,000,000 a year by not going there.

WRITER OF ADJECTIVES.

Ptolemy Was the Greatest User of the Qualifying Words.

The greatest writer of adjectives that the world has ever known was Claudius Ptolemy, the renowned Egyptian astronomer and astrologer, who flourished in the second century. The present revival of the latter science has recalled the use of adjectives by famous wizards of the Nile. Here is a passage from one of the books which has come down to us through the centuries having lately been reprinted: "When Jupiter alone has dominion of the mind, and is gloriously situated, he renders it generous, gracious, pious, reverent, joyous, lofty, liberal, just, magnanimous, noble, self-acting, compassionate, fond of learning, beneficent, benevolent, and calculated for government; and if posited ingloriously, he will endow the mind with qualities apparently similar to these, but not of such virtue and luster; as, instead of generosity, he will then cause profusion; instead of piety, bigotry; for modesty, timidity; for nobleness, arrogance; for courteousness, folly; for elegance, vulptuousness; for magnanimity, carelessness, and for liberality, indifference. Conciliated with Mars, and being in glory, Jupiter will make men rough, warlike, skillful in military affairs, dictatorial, refractory, impetuous, daring, free in speech, able in action, fond of disputation, contentious, imperious, generous, ambitious, frascible, judicious and fortunate; but, if thus connected, and not placed in glory, he makes men mischievous, reckless, cruel, pitiless, seditious, quarrelsome, perverse, calumnious, arrogant, avaricious, rapacious, inconsistent, vain and empty, unsteady, precipitate, faithless, injudicious, inconsiderate, senseless, and officious, inculpators, prodigals, triflers, altogether without conduct and giving way to every impulse. When conciliated with Venus, and in glorious position, Jupiter will render the mind pure, joyous, delighting in elegance in the



PTOLEMY.

arts and sciences, and in poetry and music; valuable in friendship, sincere, beneficent, compassionate, inoffensive religious, fond of sports and exercises, prudent, amiable and affectionate, gracious, noble, brilliant, candid, liberal, discreet, temperate, modest, pious, just, fond of glory, and in all respects honorable and worthy.

Advertisements of Ancient Pompeii.

An "advertisement pillar" has been brought to light in the excavations of Pompeii. It was covered with advertisement bills one over another. The different layers could be separated from each other, and the contents were deciphered as theatrical programs and programs of the arena, proclamations for the forthcoming senatorial elections, notices of tribunal gatherings, festivities, etc.

A Great Musician's Father.

The father of Sir Arthur Sullivan was bandmaster of the Royal Military college at Sandhurst, and as a boy was made to learn every instrument in the band except the bassoon and the hautboy. It is to the severe training this father gave to the present composer that the latter attributes his magnificent powers of orchestration.—Exchange.