

pocket and put them on the table.

"I will take the directions and card of admission now."

"Certainly," said Blake; this little plan makes your way clear from Weybridge station. It is six or seven miles, and you will have to walk it. Cabs can be tracked."

"I quite see that," said Streuth.

"For similar reasons you must not inquire your way. You cannot miss it; the plan is on a large scale and every possible landmark is indicated. When you reach the furnace (which is supposed to be used in connection with some brickworks) you will find a deaf mute as night porter in charge. Hand him the ticket and he will show you by signs what to do."

Streuth took the ticket and plan, shook hands and went out.

He was a passenger in the last train to Weybridge that night.

Three days afterward, Streuth, with a mile on his face, called once more on Mr. Blake. Mr. Blake did not seem at all surprised to see him.

"Let us speak plainly," said Mr. Blake. "Were you afraid of fire?"

"I was," said Streuth.

"Everybody is. It is the most awful element, having in it something of the supernatural. I have sent 175 suicides to that place, and only three handed their tickets to the night porter."

"And did the three commit suicide?"

"No! They came out again. Not one of them has committed suicide or ever will. You won't, for instance."

"No," said Streuth, "common sense has dawned. After all," he muttered, "she is not the only girl in the world."

"Many of my clients," said Blake, smilingly, "give me some little present, some trifling souvenir on their return."

Streuth put his hand into his waist coat pocket. As he fumbled with the coins he said: "Suppose that one of those three who did give up his ticket to the porter had committed suicide, you would have stood a fair chance of getting yourself into a devil of a mess."

"Not at all," said Blake, genially, "not at all. To prevent the possibility of accidents there isn't any furnace."

He swept the sovereigns from the table into the palm of his hand.

"Most liberal of you, I'm sure."

Chicago Times-Herald.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Los Angeles, Cal., July 11-14 1899, the Union Pacific will make the greatly reduced rate of one fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip.

The excellent service given by the Union Pacific was commented on by all who had the pleasure of using it to the convention at Washington in 1898. This year our educational friends meet in Los Angeles, and members of the Association and others from points East should by all means take the Union Pacific.

The service of the Union Pacific is unexcelled and consists of Palace Sleeping-Cars, Buffet Smoking and Library Cars, Dining-Cars, meals a la-carte. Free Reclining-Chair Cars and Ordinary Sleeping Cars.

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"Did the minister talk politics as usual, to-day?"

"I guess so, he took his text from the epistle to the Philippines."

DU MAURIER AND MOSCHELES.

First Meeting of the Two Great Artists in Gay Bohemia.

We first met in Antwerp in the class rooms of the famous academy, says Moscheles in the Century. I was painting and blaguing as one paints and blagues in the storm and stress period of one's artistic development. It had been my good fortune to begin my studies in Paris, where in the Ateller Gleyre I had cultivated the essentially French art of chaffing known by the name of "la blague Parisienne," and I now was able to give my less lively Flemish friends and fellow-students the full benefit of my experience. Many pleasant recollections bound me to Paris, so when I heard one day that a "nouveau" had arrived straight from my old Ateller Gleyre I was not a little impatient to make his acquaintance.

The newcomer was Du Maurier. I sought him out, and, taking it for granted that he was a Frenchman, I addressed him in French. We were soon engaged in lively conversation, asking and answering questions about comrades in Paris, and sorting the threads that associated us with the same place. "Did you know un nomme Poynter?" he asked, exquisitely Frenchifying the name for my benefit. I mentally translated this into equally exquisite English, my version naturally being "a man called Poynter." Later an American came up, with whom I exchanged a few words in his and my native tongue. "What the deuce are you? English?" broke in Du Maurier. "And what the deuce are you," I rejoined. And we then and there made friends on a sound international basis.

It seemed to me that at this first meeting Du Maurier took me in at a glance—the eager, hungry glance of the caricaturist. He seemed struck by my appearance, as well he might be. I wore a workman's blouse that had gradually taken its color from its surroundings. To protect myself from the indiscretions of my comrades I had painted various warnings on my back, as, for instance, "Bill stickers, beware," "It is forbidden to shoot rubbish here," and the like. My very black hair, ever inclined to run riot, was encircled by a craftily concealed band of crochet work, such as only a fond mother's hand could devise, and I was doubtless coloring some meerschau of eccentric design.

It has always been a source of legitimate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my "verfuchte physiognomie," as a very handsome young German whom I used to chaff unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eager glance.

The German Emperor's Children.

How the German emperor will bring up his only daughter is no subject of wonderment to the Berliners. They know that, princess as she is, she will be taught to be a good housewife, to sew, to cook perhaps, and to order dinner certainly. For the sovereign's ideal woman is a strictly domestic person, as his ideal man is a stout soldier. His little boys haven't much fun in their daily lives. Concerning these lives the Sketch says: In the Spartan upbringing of his children the kaiser rivals his ancestor, Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia. According to Klausmann's "Leben in Deutschen Kaiserhaus," the life of the royal children of Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity. In their years of infancy the kaiserin ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of 9 things are all changed and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.—Philadelphia Ledger

PURCHASED FAME.

Why English Newspapers Always Advertise the Obscure Society People.

During the recent upheaval in the Pall Mall Gazette office one interesting bit of information that came to the surface was that Mr. Astor's editors and reporters were accustomed when among themselves to refer to a certain department of the paper as "the tittle-tattle column," says the New York Times. It contains divers short paragraphs in which are recounted the doings, social and other, of notabilities of various grades, including always many titled nonentities and occasionally professional persons like doctors, lawyers and diplomats. Most of the other London journals have similar columns and they are all equally trivial and snobbish. It now appears that what has always seemed to be merely an amusing illustration of the extent to which the British public carries its interest in the "upper classes" is in reality something quite different.

A Manchester doctor recently got into trouble with his confreres because he allowed himself to be advertised as connected with a certain sanitarium. One of his friends, noticing that the movements of other medical men, all of whom had been vociferously scrupulous in regard to the ethics of their profession, were constantly recorded by the press, proceeded to the office of the Thunderer itself with a similar item exploiting a journey of his own. There he was informed that announcements of that class were inserted at the rate of 1 guinea for three lines and 10 shillings 6 pence for every additional line. Continuing his investigation he learned that the society people, too, bought fame at the same high price and that the so-called "tittle-tattle" was published not because the British public yearned for it, but because the lesser lights of society and science yearned for notoriety and were willing to pay for it.

The Karaim Jews.

The Karaim Jews number 3,000 or 4,000 and live principally in the Crimea. They speak a Tartar dialect among themselves, and ethnologically are much more like Tartars than Semites. Their own legends, in fact, permit the assumption that they were Khazars and were converted to Judaism in the eighth century. Their form of Judaism differs from that of the 5,000,000 or more orthodox Russian Jews in rejecting the talmud and traditional theology altogether and confining itself strictly to the Mosaic revelation. It has been a favorite amusement with the Russians for generations to pretend the greatest admiration and affection for this obscure little tribe. Mme. Novikoff had her joke on the subject here in London when she gravely assured an interviewer some years ago that there never had been a law of any kind issued in Russia against the Jews. When this amazing assertion was questioned she coolly explained that she referred to the Karaim Jews, as in Russia they did not consider the disciples of the talmud were Jews at all. Inasmuch as the Karaites constitute only a two-thousandth part of the Jewish race—if, indeed, it be conceded that they belong to it at all—the insolence of the Russian attitude toward them is peculiarly exasperating to Hebrews in general and the spectacle of their being brought forward at Moscow as the sole representatives of Israel will smart and rankle just as the genial Slavonic character desires it should.—Saturday Review.

Louis Napoleon at Play.

At the Tuilleries madam received me in a salon hung with tapestry. Through a half open door I heard a child's voice; it was that of the prince imperial, who was playing in the next room. Soon we heard the noise of a saw and a hammer, and as I listened Mme. Bizot led me quietly to the door of that room. "Look," she said, speaking low and opening the door a little wider. Then I saw the emperor seated on the carpet and making toys for his son.—Mme. Octave Feuillet.

A ROMANCE FROM AFRICA.

The Story of a Treasure—Ingenious and May Be True.

Englishmen are predatory creatures, and the London papers do not hesitate to express annoyance because the expeditionary force recently sent against King Prempeh found at Coomassie only a meager number of gold ornaments, and hollow ones at that, says the New York Times. The value of the loot taken from the royal "palace" was only about £2,000 and made a poor showing when exhibited in London, as compared with the results of previous raids. Now a correspondent writing from Accra tells a story which if true—a very large "if"—will make the British officers wish they had not left the Ashanti capital quite so soon. He says: "Some years ago a slave girl of surpassing beauty—of the Ashanti type *belin entendu*—had the misfortune to attract the fickle fancy of a chief, whose head wife tolerated no rivalry. To reproach a husband is generally useless; in Coomassie it is dangerous. The lady, wise in her generation, forebore to risk her head, but set for the executioner and caused the ears and lips of the too fascinating maiden to be removed, rendering her such an object as can only be seen in savage kingdoms. History does not say if the expedient answered the purpose of restoring the chief's wandering affections to their rightful owner, but the slave girl developed, not unnaturally, into a woman with an undying thirst for revenge. Lately she sought an audience with the governor, and she informed him that the real treasure of the Ashantis lies buried some fifty feet below the soil, in a disused shaft of a mine near Coomassie, and readily undertook to point out the spot. Digging is being vigorously carried on, already more than a fourth of the depth has been cleared, and should the treasure amount to anything like the rumored value, the cost of the expedition will be fully defrayed, making the Ashanti war a record one, as not only bloodless, but free of cost."

No Wonder it's a Trass.

The silver question, as it is understood in some parts of Kentucky, is graphically illustrated by a letter which one of the statesmen at the capitol received from a correspondent in that state. It appears from this epistolary evidence that a controversy was being waged between a sound-money man and a silver champion. The gold man thought he had the best of the argument. He asked his adversary why he thought that the free coinage of silver would make times better.

"Simply because it would put more money in circulation," said the white-metal crank.

"But how will it put more money in circulation?" demanded the gold man.

"How?" asked the silver man, with a smile of contempt at his opponent. "How? Why, you blamed fool, if you can take one gold dollar to the treasury and get sixteen dollars for it, won't that increase the circulation?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Didn't Care for Much Dress.

Mr. Uptown is the husband of a very fashionable and drossy wife, and not long ago he was talking with a stranger about women's clothes at a swell reception up in Harlem.

"Plenty of handsome women here to-night," ventured the stranger.

"Yes," said Mr. Uptown blandly.

"Married?" queried the stranger.

"Yes; my wife is here to-night."

"I'm married, too, but my wife seldom goes out. She doesn't care much for dress. Does yours?"

"Well," replied Uptown, with some hesitation, "I don't really know whether she cares much for dress, but I'm pretty sure she doesn't care for much dress; but you can judge for yourself. There she comes now."

Mrs. Uptown, who is stylish to the backbone, swept by, and the stranger changed the conversation.—Texas Siftings.

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