

CONVICTS OF NAME.

TITLED CRIMINALS WHO NOW WEAR STRIPES.

Two Sicilian Princes Commit Murder—The Princess Regina d'Avalos Was Poisoned by Her Husband—Prince Eristoff de Courie's Crimes.

CONVICT garb is now worn by a large number of princes and great nobles in the old world, a fact called to mind by the sensational trial not long ago of Prince Charles of Loos-Coswarem, scion of the formerly sovereign house of that name, on charges of forgery and fraud, says the New York World.

In olden times this strange anomaly would have been impossible, since the mere fact of being branded as a felon on the shoulder and forehead and having occupied a seat in the galleys carried with it the loss of all nobility privileges, titles and prerogatives.

It is in Italy and Russia that instances of this kind are the most frequent, owing, in all probability, to these two countries being afflicted with a larger number of princes than any other. Thus, at the great penitentiary of Maddelena, near Naples, there are two Sicilian princes who are dukes as well, namely, Don Francesco and Don Pietro de Villarosa-Notarbartolo, who are undergoing a term of penal servitude for the cowardly murder of a young infantry lieutenant named Leon, who was betrothed to their sister, the Princess Katarina. The assassination took place at Palermo, in the magnificent Villarosa palace owned by them, and where they had invited the young officer to dine in the most friendly manner. After dinner and after Leon had broken bread with them the princes took his life by stabbing him in the back as he was about to leave the palace.

The trial was to have taken place at Palermo, but the two princes, like many other great Sicilian nobles, were affiliated with the Mafia, which rendered it absolutely impossible for the government to secure witnesses for the prosecution or jurors willing to risk their fortunes and their lives by rendering a just verdict. It therefore became necessary to change the venue to Naples, where, owing to the relations that exist between the Sicilian Mafia and the Neapolitan Camorra, conviction was obtained with the utmost difficulty.

Another prince confined in the same convict prison is the prince and duke of Caracciolo di Bella, sentenced to ten years at hard labor for the murder of his wife. The latter, a woman considerably younger than himself, was renowned for her beauty and wealth. The Princess Regina d'Avalos, which was her maiden name, was regarded as the greatest heiress in southern Italy. Orphaned at an early age, Regina had already witnessed one sanguinary tragedy before she had attained her 14th year. In her presence an aunt—a woman of the most incredible violence of temper—had shot down and killed in cold blood one of her farm bailiffs, who had been guilty of some gross insolence.

When Regina grew up it was determined that she should marry and the bridegroom chosen was a lieutenant in the navy, who was a brother of her aunt's husband. On the morning of the wedding day, however, the lieutenant was found in his apartments with his brains blown out and a revolver at his side. It was a clear case of suicide, but no explanation was ever vouchsafed as to the cause of his act, most extraordinary rumors being current on the subject.

Eighteen months later the young princess married Caracciolo di Bella. But the union was an unhappy one. Hence, when one day the princess was poisoned, leaving a will in which she bequeathed every cent of her immense fortune to the husband whom she detested, suspicion was naturally aroused against him on the discovery that the drug that caused her death had been purchased by him, he was arrested on a charge of murder, convicted and sentenced to a term of penal servitude.

There are at least a score of princes—Neapolitan, Sicilian and Roman—doing time, not including those half-dozen or more who are paying the same penalty for complicity in socialist and anarchist outrages, who, although treated as ordinary felons, may be regarded as political prisoners.

Prince Eristoff de Courie, whose title is of the most authentic character, and several of whose relatives occupy offices of great dignity at the court of Russia, served two years in a German penitentiary for frauds committed at Berlin and subsequently underwent six months' imprisonment in France for offenses of a similar character. He likewise suffered ignominy of arrest in England for swindling, in spite of all of which he was received with open arms by New York society, the German ambassador, Count Arco, who was in happy ignorance of his criminal antecedents, actually giving dinners and luncheons in his honor and officiating as his social sponsor. He was on the point of contracting a wealthy marriage in this city when he was unmasked in the nick of time by a London clubman who had known something of his previous history and whose statements were by the most fortunate of chances verified by the Scotland Yard detective, Inspector Jarvis, who happened to be in New York after other

game, but who had been the very man to clap the handcuffs on the prince's wrists in England.

There have been some rumors of late that Prince Nicolas Savine, formerly lieutenant of the Chevalier Garde de l'Imperatrice at St. Petersburg, has succeeded in effecting his escape from Saghalien and that he is now in this country. Six years ago he was sentenced by the courts of St. Petersburg to penal servitude for life for a long long succession of crimes, comprising arson, forgery and fraud of the most colossal description.

Hussars and son of the well-known statesman and marshal of the court of Emperor Alexander II., is now on the point of completing, not in Siberia but in the great lake prison to the east of St. Petersburg, a term of eight years' penal servitude for the murder of a Polish actress at Warsaw. He blew out her brains in a fit of jealousy when about to bid farewell to her previous to their final parting. It was solely the late czar's appreciation of the long and faithful service of his father that saved him from death.

RIDES HIS WHEEL ON A RAIL.

Pranks of a Daredevil Wheelman to Attract Attention.

E. G. Wilbur, of 1427 Broadway, Oakland, is looked upon as a curiosity by the bikers of Alameda county. He races with railroad trains, rides his wheel on a railroad rail, and does other queer things. Thursday Wilbur raced the narrow-gauge train from the pier to Oakland, riding his wheel on a single rail behind the speeding train. Wilbur for some months has been practicing riding his wheel on a single railroad rail. His method is to take a companion wheel and use it for balancing. In this manner he can ride on a railroad track for miles. One hand is used to steer his own machine, and the other rests on the companion wheel which he pulls along by his side. After many experiments on the Seventh street track Wilbur decided he was proficient as a rail rider. The sport on the ground was not exciting enough for him, so he determined to ride a rail over the long narrow-gauge trestle. At 7 o'clock Wilbur started out from the mole behind a train with his two wheels, one on the track and the other jumping over the trestle ties. He made good progress, but was unable to keep within hailing distance of the train. But his speed was high considering the fact that the slightest slip meant a fall into the bay. The Webster street drawbridge was crossed in safety, and when the rider arrived at First street he dismounted with the remark: "I defy any other wheelman in California to make that ride." Not satisfied with this feat, Wilbur left Tiburon yesterday on a run to Santa Rosa, using the railroad track. The run was made in good time, and now the wheelman is looking for some other mode of astonishing wheelmen. Wilbur simply takes these wild rides in order to amaze people. He likes to be called queer and pointed out as a crank. "I can beat any man in the United States riding a bicycle on a railroad track," said Wilbur today. "I like to be called a crank and pointed out as a fool for taking chances. This thing of riding a wheel in a rail is only a matter of practice. Any man with a steady nerve and a little courage can do it. Next week I am going to make a trip from the Oakland mole to San Leandro on my wheel, and will ride a rail all the way."—San Francisco Examiner.

They Had Lost Faith in Mascots.
Two men were talking about luck at the corner of Baltimore and South streets last night. Neither of them had had a recent visitation of Dame Fortune, and in consequence both were lost in their denunciations of that fickle lady.

"I haven't had a good thing for three years," said one of them in a tone of deep disgust. "I have tried my best to overcome the hoodoo, but somehow I can't do it. I've tried every sort of mascot, but I can't get out of the rut. For two years I have carried a rabbit's foot, but it seems to have come from a Jonah rabbit, and not of the regular kind. Darn this luck, anyhow."

The other man sympathized deeply, and told his own troubles in the same disgruntled style. He, too, had a mascot in a Chinese coin.

"They are all a snare and a delusion," he said, and his face looked more woe-begone than ever. "Darn this luck anyhow."

"Mascots are not what they are cracked up to be," assented the other. "I'm almost tempted to believe in Jonah as the harbingers of good fortune. I'm going to get rid of this rabbit's foot, at any rate."

"I'm right with you," said the other. "Darn this luck, anyhow."

The rabbit's foot and the coin appeared from their pockets, and with a more hopeful manner than they had yet shown the two charms were tossed together in the middle of the street near the tracks of the City Passenger railway. Then the two "hoodooed" men went down the street arm in arm.

"Darn this luck, anyhow," was the last thing heard as they disappeared in a doorway.—Baltimore Sun.

An Oris Bag for the Laundress.
A family laundress who lives with a family that prefer the fragrance of an oris root to the delightfully fresh and clean odor of "no smell at all," puts a large piece of oris root, wrapped in a little case of linen, into the water in which the body linen is boiled each week. When ironed, the linen is placed in drawers sweet with violet powder in linen or paper sachets.—New York Post.

The white daisy is emblematic of innocence.

ON THE BIG MUDDY.

VAGARIES, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RIVERS.

Its Mighty Current Eats Away Big Farms and Throws Them Up in Sand Bars—Continual Fight at St. Joseph, Mo.

THE Missouri river has been on its accustomed annual rampage, and, as the receding waters run out the damage done by the rise is becoming apparent, says a St. Joseph, Mo., special of recent date. Along the shores the scenery has changed. Farms have loosened and dropped into the remorseless stream here and there; other farms have cropped up under the guise of giant sand bars, altering the swift current, itself always an unaccountable vagary.

"The river is rising very rapidly," is a simple statement—one frequently found in the columns of the daily papers, always at this season, under prosaic headlines, perhaps, and tucked away in some remote corner of the page. But for the old residents along this great stream it has a never failing charm. In the mighty river that glides swiftly by the city's gate, washing, cutting, grinding, eating away the earth walled foundation, there is something more majestic than the tranquil sea; there is a distant power of movement that carries with it a hint of unconquerable force, a river unfettered and undammed, and beyond weak mortal's will.

The plain announcement that the river is rising causes a feeling of awe to creep over the poverty-stricken boat dweller as he gathers his family about him and stands on the shore, gazing askance at the swirling, muddy current. It creeps steadily, stealthily, resistlessly up, inch by inch, foot by foot, until the bottom of the leaky boat is submerged. Its encroachments are like the ways of the dreaded panther.

When the river is rising rapidly the coter along the shore takes a new reef in the hawyers that hold his small home to the bank beneath the willows, and the gleam of the midnight lantern is seen over the gloomy waste of waters, for it is unsafe to sleep at such a time—when the river is rising rapidly.

Along the shore on either side of the majestic stream the comfortable farmer puts down the bars and permits his stock to roam into the uplands that range away from the towering bluffs, standing like grim, wakeful sentinels above the river's crest—when the river is rising rapidly.

Then he stands sadly by the bank in the green and fertile meadow and watches the rich black soil, in massive sods and patches, crumble and roll into the rapacious jaws of the merciless octopus—when the river is rising rapidly.

Standing on the shore at the foot of Felix street, for the watcher gazing westward there is a peculiar and inspiring charm in the scene when the river is rising rapidly. Tons upon tons of loam from the farm lands have discolored the water until its depths are as impenetrable to the sight as solid iron or granite. The rivulets from the crystal springs that leap down the foothills of the far-away mountains, dashing through gulch and vale with merry laughter, are changed to black and indigo, but the shifting sands of the Missouri and the soil of the farm land simply discolor, not destroy. A more healthful draught than the cup taken from the rushing current of the stream was never brewed nor mixed by art.

When the river is rising rapidly it bears on its current many strange things. Now a boat, half broken, half sunk, goes swiftly by, bobbing up and down in the sunlight. Again the body of a drowned bullock or a floating cabin. Then a tree—an evergreen, a pine or a cedar—borne on the face of an avalanche, perhaps, from its perch upon some bald mountain side and caught in the sliding snow drifts. Birds hover in its swerving branches and flit and fly as it tosses and rolls in the angry stream. Into the high bank the current rolls, and the swirling eddies growl and roar as the whirlpool settles down at the base of the willows, rip-rapped into the bank. And so it goes—rushing, gurgling, roaring, never smiling, never safe, a thing of awe, of grandeur, of wonder and mysterious charm, but always to be avoided—when the river is rising rapidly.

Into the western side of this city the river sweeps straight from the west. Here it turns directly south for a mile, then turns westward again. Away over yonder, where the ends of the curves are closest, only a mile strip of loamy Kansas soil stands between a meeting of the waters. And this is daily becoming narrower. The river is eating into it every hour, until it now bears resemblance to a vast peninsula.

A mile out from St. Joseph the strip of land between the river's curves is fully five miles wide. It is predicted by those who have watched the erratic Missouri's course and changes for a quarter of a century that it is only a question of a short time until that narrow neck of land in Kansas is eaten away and the Missouri's channel is under the eastern slope of the big, round bluffs that range along the western horizon. When that happens, St. Joseph, with its magnificent sewerage system, will be an inland town, high and dry, and its great steel railroad bridge will be spanning the nucleus of a fertile farm, or, at best, a shallow lagoon. Efforts to prevent such catastrophe by rip-rapping are constantly in progress.

The sack or box coat will be much in evidence this fall.

MOZART IN LONDON.

His First Appearance Attracted Very Little Attention.

A notice in the Public Advertiser informs us that "At the Great Ranelagh Spring garden, near St. James' park, Tuesday, June 5, 1764, will be performed a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music for the benefit of Miss Mozart of 11 and Master Mozart of 7 years of age, prodigies of nature." This venture was attended with success and in the same month Wolfgang played pieces of his own composition for the benefit of a "public useful charity" at a concert given at Ranelagh, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The times, however, were not propitious for artistic enterprises. In January of the new year the king was seized with an alarming illness, which lasted to the beginning of April, in addition to which the Spitalfields weavers were discontented, with the result that for three days during May London was in the hands of a riotous mob. Owing to these unpropitious circumstances a concert given by the Mozarts at Hickford's Great Room in Brewer street met with little encouragement. From this time the father invited the public to test the youthful prodigies in private every day from 1 to 3 o'clock at his lodgings in Thrift (that is the present Frith) street, Soho. The result of this appeal, however, not being satisfactory, they turned to the city and tried the Swan and Hoop tavern in Cornhill, the price of admission being reduced to half a crown for each person.

Before leaving the capital the Mozarts visited the British museum, to which Wolfgang presented his six published sonatas and a manuscript madrigal entitled "God Is Our Refuge." For these six sonatas, written for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin or German flute, and dedicated to Queen Charlotte, the young composer had received the sum of 50 guineas. In July, 1765, the family left London en route for The Hague, their visit having produced little effect save that of interesting musical amateurs such as Daines Barrington. The young Wolfgang had been a nine days' wonder and many years were to lapse before his music appeared almost as a revelation to musicians in this country.

The Town's Crooked Dividing Line.

"There is a reason for most everything," said a Cumberland man, when he was asked how in the world they came to have such a crooked line between two towns in his county. "There's a reason for this crooked line. You see, some of our towns established in pioneer times, when land was abundant and people were few, had a big territory, which was afterward sliced off to make new towns. It was so in the case you mention and when the cut-off was made people along the line of division were of different minds as to which town they wanted to be in. So the legislature drew a straight line between the two parts and then provided that persons dwelling on lands adjoining either side of this line might be in one town or the other as they should decide within ninety days after passing the act. Some went one way and some the other and the line was all skewed up to accommodate them."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

He Knew Her.

Mrs. McBanger—My husband did not like that tea you sent us last. Grocer (politely)—Did you like it, marm? Mrs. McBanger—Yes, I liked it. Grocer (to clerk)—James, send Mrs. McBanger another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, marm?—Chips.

Cheap.

Ellicott Squeer—I notice that the new restaurant managers are going to put in Boston girls as "lady waiters." Ellmore—Yes; they believe it will save them the cost of ice and electric-fan power.

Unpleasant.

A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."—Buffalo News.

BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world. It is cheapest in China.

About 600,000 trees are annually planted by Swedish school children, under the guidance of their teachers.

In the public schools of Germany the bright pupils are separated from the stupid ones. Medical men do the sorting.

An umbrella covered with a transparent material has been invented in England, enabling the holder to see where he is going when he holds it before his face.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

In about twenty-two seconds a drop of blood goes the round of the body. In about every two minutes the entire blood in the body makes the round through the right side of the heart, the lungs, to the left side of the heart, through the arteries, the veins again to the heart.

Mother-of-pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster shells is of this nature; the mother-of-pearl used in the arts is much more variegated, with a play of colors. The large shells of the Indian seas alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

Vindicated.

"No," said the tall, blonde one, "I do not like her, because she is so dramatic in her ways."

"She is no such thing!" said the petite brunette one, rallying to the defense of the absent. "She has been married to the same man for more than ten years. Dramatic in her ways, indeed!"

The assembled persons had to admit that the point was well made.

Hall's Cataract Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The One Exception.

"Ah, my young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was impressed, then he looked at his watch. "Really," he said, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to ride home?"

"Not much! I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."—Up-to-date.

Coe's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

People cheerfully pay 25 cents for a 5-cent cake of soap, if it is well advertised.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WOODS' SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEething.

There are now over 500 horseless carriages in use in Paris.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

Do you know that people to love, if you are a gossip, that you are not very nice yourself.

Blood Pure?

Is it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and keep it so. Isn't it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and make it so. One fact is positively established and that is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify the blood more perfectly, more economically and more speedily than any other remedy in the market. There are fifty years of cures behind this statement; a record no other remedy can show. You waste time and money when you take anything to purify the blood except

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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