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THE TRUTH ABOUT TITLES in the breach than in its observance, and

OF THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN NO BLES AND ARISTOCRATS.

There Be Many Titled Plebelans and Many Untitled Aristocrats-Points to Be Observed by Americans in Conferring Friendship on Titled Foreigners.

(Special Correspondence.)

NEW YORK, June 4.—One great error into which the majority of Americans visiting Europe almost invariably fall is their belief that every person bearing a nobiliary title necessarily belongs to the aristocracy, and possesses a strain of blue blood in his veins. This is very far from being the case. For, paradoxical though it may appear, there are many dukes, princes and earls who are ple-belans, while there are numerous unsand counts-none of their titles, howtle consideration that there is a successful hatter at Madrid who has been created a duke, a retail butcher who has received the title of marquis, and a pedicure, or chiropodist, who has been made a count. The real aristocracy of Spain is limited to 243 grandees, many of them untitled, but who enjoy innumerable privileges, including those of remaining seated and covered in the presence of royalty, and of access to the sovereign

Lincoln • Patrons Nothing is more amusing than to observe the punctilious care of these grandees to address parvenu dukes, marquesses and counts by their titles. In fact, the courtesy is so pointed as to al-most become insulting. For among themselves the grandees never by any chance make use of any titles which they may possess. They merely prefix the word "Don" to their Christian names, and address one another as "Don" Emilio,
"Don" Fernando or "Dona" Angela.
This omission of the use of titles among
the old aristocracy likewise prevails in France, and especially in Italy. Mrs. Mackay's Roman son-in-law, for instance, would never be spoken to by equals as "Prince" Ferdinand Colonna, while at Paris the Duke de la Rochefoucauld or the Princess de Chimay are invariably addressed by the denizens of the noble faubourg as "Monsieur" de la Rochefoucauld and as "Madame" de

> This species of disdain with which titles are regarded in Spain, Portugal, Italy and France is mainly attributable to the facility with which anybody who wishes can obtain them. In Spain, for instance, all that is necessary is to marry some lady with a title to her name. In that country the inheritance of titles is not limited to the males, but is ex-tended to the females as well, who have the curious privilege of being able to transfer to their husbands the titles which they have inherited and which they possess in their own right. Thus the Duke of San Lucar, whose features are familiar to every American who has visited Biarritz during the last forty years, and who died a few days ago, was an Irishman of the name of O'Shea, who had married a girl that had inherited the dukedom of San Lucar from a bachelor uncle, and who had transferred it to her husband. The latter was the son

of the Captain O'Shea of Parnell fame. Grenville Murray, the famous journalist and novelist, likewise acquired his title of count from his wife, who had inherited it. In Portugal, where all hereditary titles have been abolished and where they are held only for life, it is possible to become duke, marquis, count or baron by the payment of relatively small sums of money into the national treasury. There are any number of English and other foreign merchants engaged in Portuguese trade who have acquired high sounding titles in this manner, one of the best known cases being that of the husband of Tennie Claffin, who, although a merchant of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, has caused himself to be invested by the Portuguese monarch with the grand old crusader title of Viscount of Montserrat. In Italy, too, any title can be obtained by

the payment of money.

There is a regular fixed tariff, the cash paid being described as "registration dues." Thus everybody who does not happen to be a notorious criminal can buy an hereditary title of count either from the pope or from King Humbert for the sum of \$5,000. I know two disreputable Syrian usurers of Alexandria, in Egypt, who each acquired a countship in this manner, the one getting it at the Vatican, and the other at the Quirinal. The sole difference between the two was that, whereas the latter insisted on the \$5,000 being paid in gold, the papal authorities were content to accept the amount in paper lire. A dukedom is somewhat more costly. Its price reaches as high as \$16,000, and among those who secured it by these sort of methods was the widow of Isaac Singer, of Singer sewing machine fame. When she conferred her hand and her fortune upon the amiable but penniless little Amsterdam Hebrew who became her second husband, she purchased for him from ian titles descend to the children, who even bear them during the lifetime of their parents without any let or hin-

With regard to France, it is not even necessary to go to the expense of purchasing a title there, even if the government had such a commodity for sale, which it has not. All that is necessary is to adopt any title that may happen to strike one's fancy, no matter whether it be count, prince or duke. It is true that there is a law in France which directs' that no one shall adopt a nobiliary title or even adorn his buttonhole with the ribbon of any foreign order without having previously obtained authority to do so from the grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor. But the statute which provides for heavy penalties, both by

is rarely if ever enforced.

The consequence is that alongside of the Rochefoucaulds, the Chimays, the Rohans, the De Luynes, the Du Plantys -seventeen of whom are recorded by Froissart as having been killed at the battle of Agincourt-and the remainder of the old nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain, there are literally tens of thousands of soi-disant nobles of obscure origin, and often with a criminal record at their back, who, by dint of perseverance and imperviousness to snubs, have suc-ceeded in getting the general public to accord them the titles and frequently even the names which they have wrongfully usurped. Of course none of these pseudo nobles has any documents from the French government to authenticate their titles, and frequently seek to explain the absence thereof by the ridiculous and hackneyed excuse that their family papers were lost in the great revolution of 1793. This, however, need never be accepted as a valid plea, since the monarchical governments which succeeded the reign of terror at the close of the last century were exceedingly liberal-far too much so, indeed-in recognizing and registering titles that had been in existence previous to 1793. Indeed there is no excuse for a French nobleman being without some kind of a document from his government in which his title is officially recognized.

In Russia, just as in France, Italy and Spain, titles carry no privileges, either official or social, and confer no kind of prestige upon their bearers. There are thousands of so called princes and princesses who have no right to appear at court, and who would not be admitted into the society either of St. Petersburg or of any other capital of Europe. I say
"so called princes" because the title of
prince, when applied to Russians, is due to misapprehension and wrong translation. The Russian word used to designate these Muscovites who are addressed as princes abroad is "knyaz," the correct English synonym of which is "Lord." A "knyaz," in fact, possesses much the same rank and position as an ordinary English country squire or lord of the manor. During the reign of Louis XIV of France two of these knyaz happened to visit Versailles. On inquiries being made by court officials concerning their rank, their interpreters, partly through ignorance and partly with a view of increasing their own importance, translated the word "knyaz" as prince.

Since then every Russian "squireen" has invariably been treated to the title of prince from the very moment that he crosses the czar's western frontier, much in the same manner that every well to do Bombay peddler is greeted as a full blown rajah as soon as ever he sets his foot in Paris. Under these circumstances it is not astonishing that the titles of count and even of baron are of far more importance and of higher rank in Russia than that of "prince." For since the days of Peter the Great there have been only sixty creations of "count" and fourteen of that of "baron." These figures, however, do not include the German barons in the Baltic provinces of Russia and the Polish counts who

have become subjects of the czar. In Austria and Germany the titles of prince and count are but rarely con-ferred, and are therefore usually borne by persons of ancient lineage and possessed of names that are more or less hisunless attached to names of this kind, is ation. For there is scarcely a single one of the horde of petty and impecunious German sovereigns who has obtained a loan without conferring the title of baron upon both the bankers and brokers who have obliged him. People thus ennobled are, however, kept at a distance by the old aristocracy, which is likewise very numerous, owing to the fact that not only the eldest son, but also every one of the younger children, bears the father's title. This is different in England, where it

only descends to the senior male heir. The result is that the use of honorific distinctions of this kind is exceedingly restricted in Great Britain. Indeed, there is no nation in the Old World that comprises so few titled personages. Including dukes, marquises, earls, barons, baronets and knights, there are not more than 3,000. With regard to knights it may be as well to mention that the only orders of knighthood that carry with them a title of any kind are those conferred by the English government. Neither the Italian, the French, the German, Spanish nor Russian orders bring with them any title, not even that of "sir" prefixed to the Christian name.

In conclusion, I will take the liberty of warning Americans visiting Europe to give more consideration to the name than to the title of the acquaintances that they may acquire in the Old World. Titles, even when they are authentic, and they should always be subjected to investigation, are but of small value compared to gentle birth and ancient lineage, which no monarch or government can confer. King James I of Great Britain, whose name figures in the preface to all of our Bibles, was wont to remark that though a king can create a peer or confer nobility he cannot make a gentleman. It is the latter and not the mere bearer of a mushroom title who is regarded in Europe as the true aristocrat. There is no more ancient or more blue blooded family in the Old World than the De Rohans, who, notwithstanding their ancient lineage, their immense power and influence and their pride of race, have always disdained the use of a title. AN EX-DIPLOMATIST.

American Silver.

It appears that the American product of silver, including that of ores brought in from Mexico to be smelted, is now about one half of the world's product. The friends of free coinage very -naturally assert that it is, or soon will be. more than half, while the opposition as naturally declare that it is a great deal less than half. At any rate it is about half, and with the "ore in sight," as miners say, and the established workings, there is little doubt that for ten years to come the American product will average provides for heavy penalties, both by 55,000,000 ounces per year, or at coinage fine and imprisonment, is more honored rates \$71,000,000.

ASHRARREL IKE, THE DETECTIVE;

OUT FOR THE DUST. By CAPTAIN MAINE REED, Jr., Author of Iron Bound Ed. the Elevator Boy, or From the Bottom to the Top. Billy the Bilk, or the Bandits of the Bowery: The Doomed Dozen, or the Danite's Daughter, Rob Ruby, the Dia-mond Duke, or A Bad Man From Bitter Creek, Etc., Etc.

"Curse it! the sleuth bounds of the law sre upon our trail. Where can we hide the swag?"

Two men are rushing down Murray street, in the city of New York. It is a dark, cold night yet the perspiration stands out on their foreheads in great drops as they toil beneath a heavy burden.

"I have it?" cries his companion. "Here, quick! In this ash barrel. It will never be disturbed beneath this piled up garb-age, even though it be ten years till we re-

"Just the thing!" cries his companion and in a few moments their plunder is hid beneath the contents of the ash barrels. where no hand but theirs will ere disturb it, as they think. But they reckon with-out their host, for in the doorway of No. 71 man stands with a latchkey in his hand. It is Ike Irvington, the famous young detective, and be has seen it all. He knows that you want at a sacrifice. the plunder is safe where the villains have placed it. He besitates no longer but starts in swift pursuit. On the corner of Greenwich street he stumbles over the prostrate figure of a man.

It is a policeman upon whom the flying thieves have vented their vindictive wrath. The brave guardian of the peace is half shot. "The cowards!" murmurs lke Irvington, "to take advantage of a sleeping man. And he turns and pursues them still

The silent stars have gone out one by one, the gray dawn breaks with a crimson selvage. But the policeman still lies there cold and still while the city wakes.

CHAPTER IL 'You may be richer than I am, but I an

o better than you." The speaker is a bandsome young man, poorly but plainly dressed. He stands with folded arms and faces the well dressed man who bars his way His hearer starts. "That voice," he says, then he asks for a wienerwurst in a guttural tone, and de parts without a word. The seller of sau ages gazes after him with his piercing eyes. As the stranger goes up the street whistling "The Sweet By and By." "It is hymn," he mutters

Across the way Gilligan's chemical iaporatory is a blaze of light. From the family entrance the cloaked figure of a woman ssues. She carries half concealed a small bucket. The well dressed man crosses the the street and meets her half way 'Give me the growier' he gasps 'Ash Barrel Ike is dogging our trail as a frankfurter seller." The woman hands him the bucket and

turns pail. "But why do you drink it ali, Reginald?" she asked. 'Remember I had promised to chase the duck with my little one. Our little one, Reginald, she adds, and takes the can from his all unwilling band

'Yes, curse you' cries the man, and the brat do nothing but booze.' The woman laughs 'We don't git no boot off you in that," she says

But he scowls at her, and she is silent.

CHAPTER III.

At Hog Hollow on the Hudson the stately home of Reginald McGinty reared its head. The primitive people of Hog Hollow gazed wonderingly at the mansion hid be hind the tall elms and the high brick wall and massive gates that kept them out Of ten at shadowy eve they heard the sweet voice of a young maiden rise clear through the shadowy twilight, but no living person torical. The title of baron, however, had they ere beheld, save the tall dark man whose hair was already tinged with gray. who only said his name was Reginald Mo

Ginty, and they could learn nothing more. Yet there was one who had fathomed the mystery Down the terraced walk, arm in arm, walked a couple in the twilight One of them was a young girl in the first flush of dawning womanhood, a wealth of au burn curls set off a burglar proof face, from which two eyes peeped shyly at each other. Her pellucid, almoud shaped ears, like Dresden tea trays, stood out from her classic, chiseled face

Imogene McGinty was as cute as a bug's The young man at her side was tall and handsome, with a face like a Greek god. It was our hero, Ike Irvington 'Imogene, dearest." he was saying. " have unearthed the secret of your birth

You are no kin to your father The young girl shrank from him. 'Heav en help me?" she murmured, and in the starlight he could see the hard, cruel lines that crossed her countenance, until her young face looked like a piece of corduroy

'Imogene, dearest," he whispered, "when tracked those villains I was unsuccessful But I discovered where they hid their spoils. Among the plunder I found the famous Mulligan diamonds, and a paper telling who you were. The description tallied exactly. I ave reason to think that Reginald McGinty is the leader of the gang who committed the burglary to hide his robberies My plans cannot go astray I will have him arrested on suspicion of being Frenchy No 2, and while he is held five or six months in the House of Detention we will wring a con-fession from him by cleaning his nails."

CHAPTER IV "Do you think so, Ash-Barrel Ike?" The roung couple looked up quickly Reginald McGinty stood before them with a sneer upon his face Ash Barret Ike made a step forward, but fell senseless as Mickey the Mug. Reginald's pai, knocked him in the head with an ax Imogene McGinty gave one wild shriek and fell in a faint.

"What shall we do with him, captain?" asked Mickey the Mug.
"Take him out and feed him to the

Just then there came a loud knocking at

the gate. "Curse itt" cried Mickey the Mug. The continuation of this thrilling story will be

found in The Messenger Boys' Companion. Price five cents. All newsdealers.—New York Evening Sun.



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