

**WEALTH AND POVERTY.**

**BOTH EXIST AMONG THE EPISCOPACY OF EUROPE.**

Visits to Cardinal Simeoni in Hungary and to Cardinal Simeoni, the Head of the Catholic Church in America at Rome. Prelates of Great Britain.

(Special Correspondence.)  
LONDON, June 30.—Three entire days were consumed during the last week of February by an imperial commissioner and four delegates from the ministry of finance at Pesth in counting the vast amount of coin and securities accumulated by the late cardinal primate of Hungary in his magnificent palace at Grau.

This, together with the discovery that he had lodged in the Bank of England a sum of \$12,000,000, destined to assure an income of \$500,000 a year to his successors in the Hungarian primacy in the event of sequestration of its revenues resulting from a conflict between church and state, attracted the attention of the world to the glaring discrepancy between the almost fabulous riches of some prelates and the almost sordid poverty of others. The whole of the wealth of the late cardinal was acquired during his tenure of the Magyar primacy, for he was the son of a poor village cobbler, and when I visited him at Grau some years ago, on my way to Egypt, I found that his venerable old mother, the shoemaker's widow, was living with him in his palace. Her peasant garb and lowly appearance contrasted strangely with the magnificence of her son's surroundings. His household was on an altogether royal scale—monsignori, chamberlains, secretaries, masters of the ceremonies, chaplains, equerries and gentlemen-in-waiting, the latter all of aristocratic birth and gorgeously arrayed, thronged the antechambers of the cobbler's son.



HIS HOLINESS THE PATRIARCH OF THE COPTS.

Not even the proudest magnate of the land could enter his presence without bowing low to kiss the pastoral ring on his finger, and when he condescended to attend a session of the house of peers at Pesth every one of the haughty nobles in the chamber would rise to their feet and remain standing with bent heads until he had taken his seat. His stables at Grau were the finest that I have ever seen, containing almost 200 saddle and carriage horses of the best breeds. The palace itself was crammed from cellar to garret with valuable pictures, statuary and works of art of every description. It is perched high up on the left bank of the Danube, and its succession of marble terraces leading right down to the brink of the great river invariably calls forth exclamations of rapturous admiration from those who prefer to travel from Vienna to Pesth by water.

Far different are the surroundings of another archbishop with whom I became acquainted. His see is at Khartoum, a city which, since the death of General Gordon, has been in the hands of the Mahdi, and his diocese embraces the whole of the upper Nile region and Central Africa. His sufferings, his adventures, and, in particular, his association with the heroic Gordon, have rendered his name well known in Europe, where he has been received with the utmost distinction by the emperor and empress at Vienna, and by various other Catholic sovereigns who have insisted on his visiting them. An Italian by birth, and a member of one of the most famous of the old noble families of Verona, he is barely forty years of age, but his clean cut and handsome features are worn and emaciated to a painful degree. The long, auburn beard has been rendered very gray by the pestilential climate at Khartoum. It is difficult to conceive anything more horrible and degrading than the atmosphere in that part of Africa. The intense heat, coupled with the penetrating dampness, strikes down even the strongest constitutions with deadly fevers, and brings on all the symptoms of premature old age and decay.

I have rarely seen a more sorrowful sight than that presented by the aspect of five Sisters of Mercy, not one of them over twenty-eight years of age, who, after a three years' sojourn in the Sudan, had returned to Cairo with their hair turned completely white and bearing the appearance of women of sixty. The archbishop, when I first called upon him, was residing in a kind of barnlike building on the banks of the Sweet Water canal at Cairo, where he was quartered pending his return to the upper Nile regions. I found him engaged in tending some poor stunted trees and half withered plants in the desolate looking sandy inclosure which he referred to as his "garden." He was arrayed in an old, rusty and very much worn cassock, with a handkerchief tied round his neck

and an Egyptian red fez or tarboush on his head.

After mass in the little chapel, where he was forced to divide his attention between his ministrations at the altar and his fight against the pestiferous flies with a flytrap made of a horse's tail, he showed me his school, where he lodged, fed and taught eighty young Soudanese negroes, almost every one of them rescued from slavery and mutilation. Both the school, with its bare walls and rough benches, and the little chapel, with its patched altar cloth and untuned harmonium, bore a poverty stricken air that to me was pathetic in the extreme; and even a couple of pet monkeys that frolicked about in the garden seemed to share the aspect of hard times that was apparent everywhere—for one of them had lost an eye and the other a hand. Just as I was in the act of taking my leave the supper bell rang, and as I rode out of the courtyard I caught a glimpse of the good archbishop, with his attendant priests and a number of his little negro pupils, sitting down at one table to a meal so frugal that I could not help thinking of that very grand personage, the head cook or chef of the cardinal primate of Hungary.

A few days later while calling upon the czar's envoy, M. Hitrovo, at the Russian legation, I was presented by his excellency to a most gorgeous apparition, whom the minister described as "His holiness Sophronius, patriarch of the Copts." In his hand was a long ebony staff or crozier incrustated with jewels, over his shoulders was a voluminous crimson cloak, and the entire front of his robes from the throat down to the hem at his feet was one brilliant mass or plaque of precious stones, which glittered in the sun as he stepped forth to enter his carriage. Over his head was thrown a crimson hood which concealed a lofty headdress of some kind or another, and from beneath its edge there peered out a couple of furtive cunning eyes, which appeared alternately to cringe and to domineer. The swarthy face was almost entirely concealed by a thick, long and shaggy gray beard, literally caked with dirt. His hands although covered with gems were equally filthy, and I did not kiss the archiepiscopal paw at the end of the visit.

Another famous prelate whose surroundings are modest and simple in the extreme is Cardinal Simeoni, who as prefect of propaganda fide at Rome is, next to the pontiff himself, the supreme head of the Catholic church in the United States. Cardinal Gibbons and all the other members of the Catholic episcopacy in this country are subject to the absolute control and commands of this kindly little man who succeeded Cardinal Antonelli as secretary of state to Pius IX. While at Rome I used frequently to visit him in his quarters upon the sixth or seventh floor of the propaganda fide. They were low, bare looking rooms, with uncarpeted and unparqueted floors, sparsely furnished with shabby sofas and divans, and with tables and chairs that had seen better days. The cardinal's apparel was in keeping with his environment, and his cassock bore a far greater resemblance to that of the archbishop of Khartoum than to that of the primate of Hungary. Unlike the latter, his household was limited to a couple of monsignori whose faces are probably familiar to every American bishop who has visited Rome.

Nor is it among the Catholic prelates alone that these contrasts of great wealth and great poverty are to be found. A similar state of affairs prevails in the Church of England, where the salaries attached to the sees of Canterbury, Durham, York and London appear colossal when compared to those of Edinburgh, Liverpool, Exeter and St. Albans. The archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, receives from the government a yearly stipend of \$80,000 with the enjoyment of a stately palace in London at Lambeth and of a magnificent country seat, called Addington Park, near Croydon.

The bishop of London, who receives the same salary as the president of the United States, namely \$50,000, has a splendid town residence in St. James square and a palace standing in the midst of a superb park out in the suburbs at Fulham. Bishopsthorpe palace and \$60,000 a year go with the archbishopric of York, and Auckland castle, with \$40,000 per annum, to the bishop of Durham. The lord bishop of Rochester, on the other hand, finds it difficult to make both ends meet on \$14,000, as he is expected to maintain quite as much state as the bishop of Durham; and the bishop of Liverpool, who has not even a palace and an even smaller stipend, is in a still worse predicament.

Small as this rate of pay appears alongside of the big incomes of the archbishops of Canterbury and York, and of the bishops of London and Durham, they are still enormous when compared with the stipends of the Catholic hierarchy in France. There is not a single cardinal or archbishop whose salary exceeds \$7,500, while the average stipend attached to the Episcopal sees amounts from three to four thousand dollars.

**AN EX-DIPLOMATIST.**

Mrs. M. H. de Young.  
A correspondent says of the wife of M. H. de Young:  
After a short season of society Miss Katherine Isabel Deane became Mrs. Michael H. de Young when only eighteen years old, since when her beauty, grace and domestic virtues have made her one of the most popular women of the Pacific slope.

The De Young nursery contains four olive branches that are the perfection of juvenility—Charles, Helen Marguerite, Constance Marie and Kathleen, six, seven, five and two yearlings. The Chronicle boys swear by their employer's wife, and during her visit to New York last winter they sent the rarest of California fruits (on the boughs) and flowers to Klunder, to decorate her apartments at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which on her return from a shopping excursion gladdened her with surprise and filled her eyes with tears of gratitude. A sonvenir in immortelles read, "Christmas greetings from the flowery west to the snowy east."



**HOW TO CLEAN FURNITURE.**

Rub with cotton waste dipped in boiled linseed oil; then rub clean and dry with a soft flannel cloth.

**HOW TO MEND RUBBER OVERSHOES.**

Rub the patch and shoe thoroughly with sharp sand paper. Smeary both with liquid rubber five times, every time letting them dry. Do this once more, and before they dry apply the patch with pressure, and the shoe is mended. If liquid rubber is not obtainable dissolve small pieces of pure rubber (not vulcanized) in warm spirits of turpentine to the consistency of sirup.

**HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.**

There are numberless recipes for making a good cup of coffee, but perhaps the most delicious product of the bean can be obtained in this way: Take of freshly ground Java and Mocha, in equal parts, one ounce; pour over it sufficient cold water to thoroughly saturate the coffee; then add the white of one egg— together with the shell—and mix well together. This paste is now put into the coffee pot, and boiling water (about one quart) poured upon it. The pot is then placed over the fire, where it is allowed to boil for about half a minute, after which it is allowed to rest for five minutes. The coffee is then ready. It is clear as crystal, and the addition of a spoonful of thick cream, instead of hot milk, with sugar to the taste, makes a cup of coffee fit for the gods.

**HOW TO PREVENT CRAMPS IN THE LEGS.**

A great many persons suffer from cramps in the muscles of the leg at night time. Sometimes the pains are so severe that the leg is affected for several days afterward. A very simple preventive of this unpleasantness is to raise that part of the bed where the feet lie, so that they will rest a little higher than the head. That is all. Try it, you who are subject to nightly cramps.

**HOW TO PRESERVE YOUR HAT.**

Many men believe that brushing a hat wears it out and quickly destroys the nap. This is a fallacy. The dust and dirt and grease are primarily responsible for hats quickly becoming shabby. Never put on your hat without brushing it with a soft brush (whisk brooms injure it), and when you lay it aside take care also that no dust remains upon it. Attend to these simple rules and your hats will last twice as long and look respectable even when they are nearly worn out.

**HOW TO MEASURE THE HEIGHT OF A POLE.**

Measure the shadow it casts on level ground. Then place a staff upright in the ground, measure its length above ground and the length of its shadow. Then form the proportion: As the shadow of the staff is to its height, so is the shadow of the pole or other perpendicular object to its height.

**HOW TO DESTROY BED BUGS.**

Rub the joints of the bedsteads with equal parts of spirits of turpentine and kerosene oil. Where the insects are numerous the cracks of the surbase in the rooms should be treated in the same way.

**HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS.**

To each pint of water add two pints of fresh slaked lime and one pint of common salt and mix well. Fill a barrel half full with this fluid and put your eggs down in it any time after and before January. They will keep two years.

**HOW IT FEELS TO DROP 3,000 FEET.**

One of the parachute jumpers compares the sensation to that of being upset in a river. They shoot down 200 feet before they realize they are loose from the balloon. Thereafter the remainder of the descent is easy. It does not jar until the ground is struck. In fact there is less jarring to the system than if one jumped off a six foot fence.

**HOW TO DISGUISE THE TASTE OF MEDICINE.**

A strong solution of extract of licorice destroys the disagreeable taste of aloes. Peppermint water disguises the nauseous taste of Epsom salts. Milk is a good abater of the bitter taste of Peruvian bark, and cloves that of senna. Castor oil cannot be tasted if beaten and thoroughly mixed with the white of an egg. Another method of covering the nauseous taste of castor or cod liver oil is to put a tablespoonful of strained orange juice in a wine glass, then squeeze a few drops of lemon juice upon the oil and rub some of the juice on the edge of the glass.

**HOW TO CLEAN FEATHERS.**

Make a lather of soap and hot water and wash the feathers, squeezing them gently in it when lukewarm. Rinse in cold water, shaking well before, but not too near, the fire. Curl by drawing each fiber over the blunt edge of a fruit knife.

**HOW TO MAKE SUN CHOLERA MIXTURE.**

This excellent mixture is made of tincture of capsicum, two ounces; tincture of camphor, two ounces; tincture of opium, two ounces; tincture of rhubarb, two ounces; tincture of peppermint, two ounces. The dose is a teaspoonful in water after each evacuation of the bowels.

**HOW THE CHINESE PRESERVE GRAPES.**

They cut a circular piece out of a ripe pumpkin or gourd, making an aperture large enough to admit the hand. The interior is cleaned out, the ripe grapes placed inside and the cover replaced and pressed in firmly. The pumpkins are then put in a cool place, and the grapes retain their freshness for a long time. Careful selection of the pumpkin is requisite, the common field pumpkin, however, being well adapted for the purpose.

**LAST NIGHT SEHNSUCHT.**

English Version by Theo. Marsials after Chr. Winther. Music by HALFDAN KJERULF.

1. Last night the night-in-gale woke me, Last  
2. I think of you in the day-time, I  
3. O think not I can for-get you, I

night, when all was still, It sang in the gold-en moon-light, From  
dream of you by night, I wake and would you were here, And  
could not tho' I would; I see you in all a-round me, The

out..... the wood-land hill, I o-pen'd my win-dow so gen-tly, I  
tears are blind-ing my sight, I hear a low breath in the lime-trees The  
stream..... the night, the wood, The flow-ers that slum-ber so gen-tly, The

look'd on the dream-ing dew..... And oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing-ing,  
wind is float-ing through..... And oh! the night, my dar-ling, is sigh-ing,  
stars a-bove the blue..... Oh! heaven it-self, my dar-ling, is pray-ing.

sing-ing of you, of you,  
sigh-ing for you, for you,  
pray-ing for you, for you.



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