

Titled Foreigners Who Are Paupers.

To Americans accustomed to associate titles of royalty and nobility with persons of at least a certain importance in the world, whether the importance be financial, political or social, such incidents as that which happened in this city last week, when a Russian prince appeared in a police court to press a charge against a firm of ready-made clothiers, who, he said, had charged him \$13 for a \$9 suit, come as more or less painful shocks.

For the princes of history and tradition have never worn ready-made clothes at \$13 the suit. They may have worn a good deal worse material, away back in the past, but when they did the fellows who were not princes wore worse still.

As a matter of fact, however, titles are not nearly so valuable an asset as Americans who live at a distance from the countries where they abound are inclined to suppose. The romantic story of Princess Helene Zuluiddie, who is working as a bricklayer's assistant in Odessa, is by no means an uncommon one, and a study of the curious phases of life in Eastern and Central Europe would reveal some astonishing facts concerning the degradation of royalty.

In many parts of Europe the father's title is inherited by all his children, and there are said to be many villages in Austria, Poland and Russia in which all the peasants are legitimately descended from some princely ancestor. They are legally described as "princes" in all official documents, and on leaving their homes many of these peasant princes find themselves greatly handicapped by the burden of a high-sounding title.

It may at first sight appear strange that there should be any wish to get rid of the titles. At a time when a good many persons in this country are expending effort and money hunting up ancestral trees and devising coats-of-arms it would seem that the poor titled peasants of Europe would be glad to have at least their titles to point to with legitimate pride.

But the titles often mean starvation, and when it comes to choosing between eating and being a prince the selection is apt to fall on the former. Unfortunately, however, they cannot get rid of the titles, and are driven to the expedient of trying to conceal their existence. In this they are not often successful, for by the police regulations no employe can be engaged without showing his "papers," in which the rank, age and occupation are stated.

The reason that titles prove a handicap to the peasant so afflicted is that few people are willing to engage a workman of legally far higher rank than themselves. Thus the peasant-prince finds himself without a job, and as often as he secures one the production of his "papers" is apt to end the engagement.

A prince in this city a few years ago became the partner of a pawnbroker and made some money inducing his aristocratic friends up on the Bowery. —New York Times.

FIRST OF ALL THE EVICTIONS.

Magyars Have a Version of Expulsion from the Garden.

Among the folklore of the peasantry of Roumania and some of the adjoining Magyar states of eastern Europe is found the story of the expulsion of our first parents from the garden of Eden. It runs thus:

When Adam and Eve fell God sent Gabriel, the Magyar angel, to turn them out of Eden as a punishment for their sin. Gabriel was received most courteously, food and drink of the best set before him. Now, Gabriel had a kind heart and took pity upon the poor folk and would not accept their hospitality, remembering his errand. So he returned and begged that someone else be sent to evict the sinners, as he really could not do it. Then Raphael, the Roumanian angel, was sent and was received as Gabriel had been. He, however, was very fond of a good dinner and so he sat down and thoroughly enjoyed himself. The feast over, he told the erring pair his errand. They at once began to weep most piteously and beg for mercy. Their bitter sorrow so touched his after-dinner heart that he, too, returned and asked that someone else be sent, as he could not possibly turn out the poor folk after accepting their hospitality. Then it was that Michael, the German angel, was sent. He was received as the others by the trembling pair and treated even more sumptuously. He sat down and enjoyed himself till the last morsel of food had vanished and there wasn't a drop of liquor left. Then he arose and, turning to his host and hostess, said: "Now then, out you go, and be quick about it." Most piteously did Adam and Eve beg at least for time, even reminding him that he had partaken of their bread. All in vain. Thus it was that our first parents were driven out of Eden.

Feels No Hardship. "It is a great misfortune that you can't go to the theater yourself occasionally," said the friend.

"Not at all," answered Mr. Storming-ton Barnes. "Inferior acting does not interest me. And it would be a physical impossibility for me to sit out in a box and see myself and company performing."

News of Palestine. News of Palestine are entirely new to those who returned to their homes. Most of them are of the German

DON'T GET MARRIED, THEY SAY...

After Fifty Years of Wedded Life a Man and His Wife Give This Advice....

"Never get married." Such is the advice given to young people by Mrs. Reuben Nagle, a farmer, of St. Lawrence, Pa., a sad-faced woman of seventy years. Her husband is about the same age, and for half a century they lived together as man and wife. Only the other day they agreed to live apart, and they went about making the arrangements apparently without a pang of regret. First, they went to an attorney's office and he drew up the papers. Next they had deeds prepared making an equal division of their property. They started out in life with little, and wound up half a century of matrimony with about \$40,000 invested in real estate and securities. This was amicably divided without the shadow of a difference. The lawyer having prepared the papers handed them to the couple and the husband paid his fee. Then they walked to the court house together, filed the papers in the Recorder's office, and in the corridor of the building separated without a display of any emotion whatever. "Well, good-by," he said, and she replied "Good-by." They did not even shake hands, only the slightest nod as each went his or her own way.

Their neighbors declare that they never knew them to quarrel, though they often had strong differences of opinion. "In fact," said Mr. Nagle, "we drifted as naturally into the idea of separating as we did into matrimony. We simply decided to live apart because we weren't happy, and that's all there is about it."

Mrs. Nagle has resumed her residence in the old homestead, which she entered as a bride and has occupied ever since. It was there that she was found and questioned as to her views on marriage, when she declared: "Never get married. That's my advice. I've



found little happiness in the wedded state, and the same is the case with a large percentage of others. There are some in my own neighborhood. You read of others in the newspapers, and some don't say much about it. We didn't have much money when we started out in life together. We were economical and thrifty, and I thought that its possession would bring me contentment. In that I was mistaken. We accumulated little compared with the great fortunes of the world, but it was enough for our needs, and yet we were not happy. There was a time when I believed that the possession of money would bring me, as a married woman, the greatest satisfaction in the world, but I found that I was mistaken. Young man, just take this advice: Don't get married, and accept this as the truth: Money alone brings neither contentment nor happiness."

Mr. Nagle has gone to live on one of the farms which he secured by the division of their property, and there he expects to spend the remainder of his days. Unless they should happen to meet by chance, it is not likely that they will see each other on this side of the grave. "Advised you not to get married, did she?" he said. "So do I—that's what I say. It brought us no happiness. We weren't contented, and so we decided to separate. Marriage in our case, as in many others, was a flat failure."

GREAT RAILWAY PROJECT.

Proposed Line Will Open Up a Vast and Rich Country.

With the building of the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific Railway a new transcontinental railroad system will enter into competition with existing transcontinental lines. The new railroad will run west and northwest from Denver to Salt Lake City and will reduce the time by rail between those two points ten hours.

David H. Moffat, president of the First National Bank of Denver, will build the new road. He has entered into an agreement with Senator W. A. Clark, owner of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake road, by which the two roads will connect at Salt Lake City, thus establishing a through connection between Denver and the Pacific coast.

When it is borne in mind that Mr.

Wyoming. The Union Pacific at its nearest point is 106 miles to the north, and the Denver and Rio Grande is 128 miles to the south. The route of the new railway is midway between these points.

This territory, without a single railroad, doing its business by stage, wagon or on foot, now contains several thousand persons who are engaged in raising sheep and cattle and in mining in a small way and doing the best they can against all the obstacles arising from a lack of transportation. How greatly will a railroad, affording adequate transportation to persons engaged in all classes of industry, develop new industries and enterprises, stimulate farmers to take up farms, expand small villages into towns and, in a word, make a rich country of what is now almost unapproachable!

Journal of the Beggars.

Innovations in journalism are not generally looked for in Europe, but Paris of late has been doing a few things in that line which have been distinctly new. The latest is a journal for beggars, which has been started for the purpose of disseminating useful information among the mendicant fraternity, and the price of which is 5 cents a copy. At a glance it would seem as if this charge was rather high, considering the supposed straitened means of its readers, but presumably the editors know what they are about.

The advertisements furnish interesting reading for beggars temporarily out of a job, though it is difficult to understand how the advertiser could expect to receive an answer to the following:

"Wanted—a blind man who can play the flute a little."
Probably some unfortunate dabbler will tell his blind confere of the vacancy.

Here is another sample of an advertised vacancy which requires awkward qualifications:

"Wanted—a lame man for the seaside; one without a right arm preferred."

In addition to "ads" of this kind notices of forthcoming christenings, burials and birthdays of rich people are printed, so that the beggar may know where to go to prosecute his vocation with success.—New York Times.

More Bizness.

Hand in hand the swain and his ladylove walked beneath the noble trees of the forest.

It was autumn, and the soft scent of the woodlands was as incense to them, while the vagrant breezes did marvels with the lustrous locks of the lady.

"I wonder," she sighed, looking up at the foliage, "what makes the leaves so red?"

Now, the swain was blessed with the soul of a poet, so he made reply:

"They but blush in memory of the kiss I gave you beneath them last summer."

And the woman, being a coy young thing, and given to dissimulation, yet of a resourceful mind, smiled:

"I think they would be prettier were they a deeper shade of red."—Baltimore American.

When a young man gets married, the most sincere mourners at the wedding are his sisters, to whom he has been in the habit of giving spending money.

There never yet existed a literary club in which a knowledge of the Holy Grail could save the member who trumps her partner's son.

Science and Invention

NATURE & SCIENCE *6 *6 *6 *6

Half a million miles is the latest estimate of the length of the world's railways.

In Texas and Louisiana there are now more than one hundred canals and pumping stations, each capable of flooding one thousand acres of rice. These are owned by irrigation companies, which supply the water as needed to the rice farmers.

Sleep is induced by the Javanese, states a French author, by compressing the carotids. These large arteries, which carry blood to the brain, run upward below the ear from the lower front of the neck, and are pressed with a hand on each side of the neck. The brain congestion producing wakefulness is thus reduced.

"Black light" is the curious term used by Gustave Le Bon, of the French Academy of Sciences, to describe a form of radiant energy which arises from the back of a thin sheet of opaque metal when the front is illuminated with ordinary light. "Black light" in some of its properties resembles the X-rays, but differs from them in fundamental points. Le Bon first announced the discovery of this singular radiation in 1897. This year it has been observed by Mons. Nodon, who calls it radio-actinic phenomenon.

The result of tests of a liquid air plant, made at Cornell University, reported at the Pittsburgh meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, indicates that the expenditure of one-horse power continuously for one hour results in the production of just enough liquid air to produce, if utilized in its turn as a source of power, in a perfect machine, one-horse power for one minute. The experimenter adds that the most efficient method of obtaining liquid air as yet discovered would increase the time to only five minutes.

The mighty peaks of the Himalayas, several of which rise far above the loftiest elevation attained by any other mountains on the globe, have long challenged the mountain-climber with impunity. Sir Martin Conway got to the top of one, 21,000 feet in height, in 1892, but the real giants rise more than a mile above that level. Now Dr. Jacot-Guillemot, with a party of two Austrians and three Englishmen, has started for India to attempt the ascent of Mount Godwin-Austen, formerly known as Mount Dapsang. If he succeeds in this attempt, he may yet try higher peaks. The highest climb on record is Fitzgerald's ascent of Aconcagua in the Andes, about 23,000 feet.

According to Consul General Mason at Berlin, the trailing clouds of black smoke from mill and factory that hang over so many American cities, darkening the atmosphere and befouling the buildings, could be eliminated if the scientific methods of constructing chimneys and stoking furnaces that prevail in Germany were adopted here. "It is not every strapping laborer who can shovel coal who is permitted to stoke a boiler furnace in Germany," says Mr. Mason. The stoker in that country must learn the theory and practice of economical scientific firing, whereby the coal is so distributed over the grate surface as to secure the most perfect combustion. The use of fuel briquettes for domestic purposes in Berlin also tends largely to the prevention of smoke.

LANDMARK AT ABERDEEN, OHIO.



Aberdeen, Ohio, claims the distinction of having within its borders one of the oldest houses in the United States. It is known as the Wisconsin property, and is located on East Front street. Through its old age it has become famous. Every apartment in it is composed entirely of rock, and notwithstanding that at least fifty Ohio river floods have inundated the old structure and sometimes hid it from view, it is still intact and firm. Generation after generation has occupied the famous old residence, and it is claimed to be over 200 years old.

Philosophic Mauderings.

Not until a man is good and married does he realize what an easy thing it is to get into trouble.

If the man constantly dunned by creditors wants to analyze his sensations, let him think of the dog with the tin can tied to his tail.

We have had all kinds of experience with kitchen help, including seeing the girl in the kitchen help her relatives over the back fence.—Baltimore News.

Train Your Pussy.

Trained cats are the latest fad of French society women. Fashion decrees that the animal must be "educated" entirely by its owner, and several of the best-known women in Parisian society are giving an hour a day to training their pets.

What the people really need is a health food which will keep them so warm they will not need much coal.

The foundation of the average man's support is pine, and full of knot holes.

OLD FAVORITES

Past and Present.
I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.
—Thomas Hood.

The Harp that Once Thro' Tara's Halls,
The harp that once thro' Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled,
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glories' thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throbs she gives,
Is when some heart indignantly breaks,
To show that still she lives.
—Thomas Moore.

THRIFTY NEGRO FARMER.

Henry Jackson, a colored man of exceptional character, and the wealthiest member of his race in St. Louis County, has increased his real holdings recently to nearly 400 acres, by the purchase of a tract of land near Creve Coeur Lake, says a St. Louis paper. He owns other properties in the county and has money loaned out at interest. His wealth is estimated at \$50,000, all of which has been amassed since the civil war, and which consists principally of rich farming lands in the vicinity of the lakes. The nucleus of his fortune was furnished, however, from savings accumulated during bondage.

Before the war Jackson was the slave of Richard H. Stevens, owner of a plantation of 500 acres near Creve Coeur Lake. He was made foreman of the farm in 1862. As such he had supervision over about twenty-five men and women, and often had charge of as many as fifteen or twenty teams in hauling products of the farm to St. Louis to market. He was then a young man and was married to a woman belonging to John Stump, who lived six miles away. After the war broke out, Jackson went to Ohio, but while there wrote to his former master, Mr. Stevens, saying that his absence was necessary and that he would soon return.

Coming back after the war Jackson continued to work for Mr. Stevens during the day, and at night, by moonlight, he used to cut corn for the farmers in the neighborhood until midnight. In this way he saved considerable money. He now owns one tract of 160 acres and another of 170, besides the sixty acres which he has recently acquired.

One of his sons is a practicing physician in St. Louis; another is a professor in Lincoln Institute at Jefferson City, and still another is with him on the farm. Jackson was married a second time eight years ago to a Miss Beiger, sister of Emanuel Beiger, of Clayton. He is now 63 years old.

IN THE STATE OF GWALIOR.
Brilliant and Just Prince Who Rules Over It. Modern Solomon.
If ever a prince combined great political power with great historical associations, a striking individuality with personal charm, it is the Maharajah Scindhia of Gwalior. The popular conception of an eastern potentate is that of an autocrat, stern and relentless in his wrath, magnificent and whimsical in his fits of generosity.

But no eastern prince so little fulfills that conception as Maharajah Scindhia. Versatile in his accomplishments as a prince, many-sided in nature's gifts to him as a man, consistent and arduous in his earnest desire to seek the welfare of his people, he combines in himself the two ideals of a ruler, the eastern and the western. And, withal, such is the gracious and tender disposition of his heart that, even if he were not a prince, he would yet be great and noble as a man.

In Gwalior he has erected a magnificent hospital at his own expense, in which some 80,000 patients are treated annually, and so keen is the interest taken by his highness in its work that, notwithstanding his numerous other labors, he has yet found time to go through the regular course of a medical student.

Once in the course of his frequent rounds through the hospital, he heard that a coolie had fallen from a scaffold

fold outside and broken his arm. Instead of summoning the house surgeon, his highness went out himself and set the limb and bound up the wound with the utmost care and tenderness.

His last public act in this connection is still fresh in English memory. Touched by the possibility of great suffering in an arduous campaign, he fitted out at his own expense a splendid hospital for the use of British troops in the recent China expedition.

Another conception of an eastern ruler is that of supreme justice, sitting upon his throne like Solomon, and giving daily justice. In this Maharajah Scindhia fulfills the eastern ideal, except that by a marvelous combination his justice also partakes of all that is best in western jurisprudence, for he is a diligent student of Austin and Bentham.

All these, says the London Express, though he be absolute monarch in a state as large as Scotland and Wales combined alike in extent and population. And by a strange coincidence, the kingdom of Gwalior is not unlike Scotland in its topography.

CAUGHT BULLET IN TEETH.

This Was No Juggler's Trick The Little Maine Girl Accomplished.

The State of Maine has presented a juvenile wonder of the world, whose performance is likely to down the hustler which surrounds that of William Tell and his brave little son.

Rosa J. Starratt, a black-eyed daughter of Bath, has been literally shot into fame by catching a bullet in her teeth that was fired at her from a distance of less than two feet out of a 32-caliber revolver.

But it all happened and Rosa is alive to tell it, though it is an uncomfortably thrilling story to hear.

Rosa is 13 years old, and she assists her mother at light housekeeping when she is not at school.

The Starratts had two boarders, who moved to another part of the town recently.

Rosa and her 11-year-old brother, Royal, went into the room a few days ago and the boy noticed a revolver on the bureau.

Rosa picked up the weapon, saw that it was loaded, and replaced it, but the little brother took it and moved to the window to examine it.

As they stood, scarcely two feet apart, the boy pulled the trigger and the self-acting revolver was discharged.

The bullet entered the right side of the girl's mouth, cutting a furrow nearly an inch in length along the top of the lower lip and struck the eye tooth in the jaw.

The tooth was splintered into five pieces, while the next tooth was removed as smoothly and artistically as it could have been pulled by the highest priced dentist.

Two more teeth were knocked from the jaw, but not completely severed, and there the bullet stopped.

For an instant neither child realized what had happened, and then, with a cry, the girl ran downstairs.

As she flew along she wrapped her face, which, from the blaze of the powder, seemed to her to be on fire, in the big apron she wore, and reached her mother, apparently dangerously wounded and completely disfigured for life.

A scar where the bullet entered her lip and the vacancy caused by the loss of the four teeth will remain as permanent reminders of an accident which could not be repeated without fatal results once in a million times.

The bullet is flattened to a ragged piece of metal, showing clearly the marks of the broken teeth.

But for the remarkable fact that it struck the jaw exactly in line with the row of teeth, says the Philadelphia Press, and proceeded along that line so accurately that it struck each succeeding tooth squarely, and so did not swerve to either side, it must have made a terrible wound.

For Night Readers.

Speaking of new things, there is a French bedstead which provides for the individual who reads after going to bed or during waking hours in the night.

There are single iron beds, and in the top of the rather high head is set an electric light. A reading desk is attached to a bar, which crosses the head of the bedstead and can be raised above it when not in use and lowered when required. There are disadvantages to this light, which must shine in the eyes as well as on the book or paper.

Better arrangements are made in some of our big hotels. There is arranged at one side of the bed an arm with an electric light attached which can be pulled over the bed at the will of the occupant, and is below the eyes, though quite high enough for the light to fall upon the book.

The top of the electric light globe is covered with a dark green shade, and none of the light can go up.

That Man Next Door.

"A revolver?" repeated the clerk. "Yes, sir; six-shooter?"

"Oh, yes," replied the determined-looking man, "that'll do. If I can't hit him, or at least ruin his cornet, in six shots I'll give it up."—Catholic Standard and Times.

When a woman boasts that her husband never speaks a cross word, the other women present think to themselves, What a Patient man he must be!

When a woman gives a party, a man is expected to do his part by paying the bills and eating down town.