

HEAVEN UPON EARTH.

DUKE AND DUCHESS CARL- THEODOR OF BAVARIA.

They Pass Their Lives Doing Good for Others Without Pay or Price. Names That Will Shine in the World's History.



HE third of six beautiful and talented sisters, the Princess Maria Josepha of Braganza, became the second wife of the celebrated Royal oculist, Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria, on April 29, 1874.



DUCHESS CARL THEODOR, the Duke of Urach on July 4, 1892. It was not until seven years after his first wife's death that the Duke made his second choice, a choice that has rendered his home life ideally happy.

No married life could be more simple or happy than that led by the Duke and Duchess Carl Theodor, surrounded by their five children, three daughters and two sons—the Princess Sophie, born in 1875; the Princess Elizabeth, 1876; the Princess Marie, 1878; Prince Ludwig Wilhelm, in 1884, and Prince Franz Joseph, the godson of the Emperor of Austria, on March 23, 1888.



ROYAL SCHLOSS AT TEGERNSEE, the beautiful Duchess, who soothes them in their sufferings with the gentlest and kindest of touch and words, so that they speak and think of her as an angel of light and healing.

the sick rather than to inflict wounds, and his name will live longer and be more loved by generations to come than that of any soldier, however brave and noble his life may have been.

It often happens that a clever woman is domineering and unamiable, but this is not the case with her, for she has the sweetest and most unselfish nature, and is always thoughtful and considerate to her attendants, who are one and all devoted to her.

The Duchess has many interests in life, and one of her chief hobbies is engineering. She takes an immense interest in machinery of all descriptions, and what is very rare in a woman, thoroughly understands the subject.

She is a most tender mother to her own children, and was an affectionate and devoted stepmother to the Princess Amalie, who was just nine years old at the time of her father's second marriage, and who has now two little daughters of her own, born on June 22, 1893, and in September, 1894.

Schlöss Tegernsee is beautifully situated on the lake of Tegernsee, almost on the edge of the water.



PRINCESS AMALIE, united on the lake of Tegernsee, almost on the edge of the water. Tegernsee is a very ancient town, founded by two brothers, Count Ottokar and Count Adalbert, in the year 746.

The ancient Schloss, which was formerly a monastery, became a private residence in the year 1803, and in 1817 became the property of King Maximilian I. of Bavaria. The King made it his summer residence, and generally spent several months there every year.

The hospital is situated in one wing of the Schloss, as the Duke finds it most convenient to have his patients under his own roof. No royal duke and duchess in all Europe lead such truly unselfish lives as the Duke and Duchess Carl Theodor of Bavaria, and if only his example will be followed by those who are talented among the royal and noble families of Germany, only good would come to the Fatherland.

Southern Hospitality.

A discourse on southern hospitality would be upon an old text; but as most old texts are the especially good ones, it would be a pity quite to drop them. It has been predicted that with the abolition of slavery and the consequent difficulty of securing household assistance, there will be a decline of the old famed hospitality; that it will not outlive this generation.

She—That was very pretty for Mr. Iselin to kiss his better half after the race." He—"Yes, it was pretty; but remember it was the other half who won the race."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE PIPE OF PEACE.

A Mail-Carrier Has a Rather Hard Experience With a Bad Indian.

In July, 1893, Peter Schneider, who is now a policeman in Cincinnati, met with an adventure which he will not soon forget. The Second United States cavalry, to which he then belonged, were in camp at the big bend of Milk river.

Schneider had been detailed mail carrier between the camp and Fort Assinibone. On the way coming he met an Indian at Clear Creek. They exchanged the courtesies of the day, and the redskin, with treachery in his heart, offered the soldier the pipe of peace. They smoked in silence on the roadway for a short time.

Schneider also shot at him, and suddenly the Indian and his horse disappeared from sight as though the earth had swallowed them. Schneider followed, and stood horrified at the brink of a precipice over 200 feet in depth.

This Man Never Wears Hats. Clinton Miller, of Bradford, Pa., a florist gardener and quite an intelligent man, says the Buffalo Express, has a strange hobby. He does not and will not wear a hat.

In the summer, with the hot sun pouring down upon his uncovered head, Miller may be seen walking around the town or at his work, with the utmost serenity of manner, as if he never minded it a little bit.

Miller attended the New York state fair last year, and was an object of great interest. It was very hot during the days on which the fair was held, and the sweltering crowds tried to keep cool with broad-brimmed hats, parasols, umbrellas, etc., and Miller, with his bare head, seemed to be the only person on the grounds who did not suffer from the heat.

"You say you don't see how I can stand it? Look at the North American Indian. How does he stand it, or how did he stand it before the entrance of civilization, which resulted in some of them adopting hats? See the natives of far-off Africa and other far-off countries, who do not wear hats. Why, you can even see the foolishness of wearing a big, heavy, cumbersome hat by looking at women on the streets with bonnets as big as a silver half-dime. They don't need any hat. Another reason I do not wear a hat is that it produces baldness.

BETTER THOUGHTS.

It is a man's nature to hate those whom he has offended.—Tacitus. Opinion is a medium between knowledge and ignorance.—Plato. Beauty, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—Talleyrand. Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.—Disraeli.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.—Lavater. I shall leave the world without regret, for it hardly contains a single good listener.—Fontenelle.

Women cherish fashion because it rejuvenates them, or at least renews them.—Mme. de Prezeux.

Who partakes in another's joys is a more humane character than he who partakes in his griefs.—Lavater.

It is easier to believe in someone than in something, because the heart reasons more than the mind.—Rueuse. Love in France is a comedy, in England a tragedy, in Italy an opera, and in Germany a melodrama.—Lady Blessington.

A MODERN BUNYAN.

(J. N. Ervin, in Ram's Horn.)



DREAMED: and behold I saw a man clothed with rage standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back, I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and as he read he wept and trembled; and not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

And while he was standing in his plight there came to him a man named Evangelist and talked with him and gave him a parchment roll wherein was written the way of life from this world to that which is to come. Then the man took the roll and began to read in it, and as he read the way seemed plain before him and a voice said, "This is the way, walk ye in it."

Now, while he was still reading therein there came by a man with a huge book under his arm. But the man who was reading was so intent upon what he was reading that he did not see him. Then the visitor laid his hand on the roll in the man's hand and said, "What readest thou?"



WITH HIS FACE FROM HIS OWN HOUSE.

And I saw, and behold, there came another man to that place the man was still reading the roll. And he stopped and spake with him and asked why he read so earnestly and why his face was so serious and troubled. And he replied that he was trying to learn the way to escape from Destruction. "I am so glad, then, that I have found you," said this man. "My name is Mr. Modern Thought, and I am setting right such people as you. I perceive that Evangelist has found you and that he has puzzled you with the roll which you have. That roll is all right, but Evangelist is narrow in his views and several centuries behind the times.

He shows you the narrow way by the little Wicket Gate and over the Hill Difficulty and through the Valley of Humiliation which pilgrims used to go. That way is largely abandoned and we now find an easier road. We are never for there is always a gay company with us to cheer the time, and we have no longer the sad faces pilgrims used to have. I have a company close here which is on their way and which I am guiding. If you will put that roll in your pocket and go along with me I will guide you without any farther fear on your part. We will follow the roll, but I will read and explain portions of it to you every seven days and relieve you of the vexation of reading it for yourself. And then I will give you that explanation which we accept and which makes our journey so happy. If you have ever read the account which John Bunyan gives of the journey of the Christian from this world to that which is to come you may have found that he went through much tribulation, but I can show you another way." Then I saw that the man persuaded him to go and he gave to him the name of Pilgrim and added him to his company.

Then I saw that Mr. Modern Thought went on his way with his company. And as they went they laughed and sang and cheered each other by the way. Pilgrim kept the roll in his pocket and rarely touched it. On every seventh day Mr. Modern Thought would talk to them for half an hour about some theme pertaining to that roll and would tell them how sadly the stern men of the past had tried to force all pilgrims through a narrow and difficult path with lions in the way and how fortunate they were in that they were not beset by any of those old views. The spirit of the modern times does not follow those old paths.

And then for the rest of those days which they called sacred days they found delight in social companies or in reading papers each of which contained a sermon that no one ever read.

Now, I saw that as they went on their way, they came to a place where a narrow way went up a steep hill to the road that Christian went of whom we have heard from Bunyan. And at the place where this way left the road that Pilgrim was going there was a house where Evangelist was trying to gather in those who were with Pilgrim and explain to them the roll so that they might go on the King's Highway to the Celestial city. And I heard Mr. Modern Thought speak with his company and tell them that while Evangelist might imagine he was doing good it were better to go on their easy way than to fall in with the fanatics who were trying to climb that hard hill and leave behind them all the delights they might enjoy. Then I saw that they passed by without stopping to hear what words Evangelist might speak to them. And so they escaped any pricks of conscience.

And I saw after this that they came to a place where the atmosphere from the Valley of Humiliation began to blow chill upon them. And their hearts began to sink and goblins began to appear to them. But Mr. Modern Thought belonged to a company who had builded a railroad entirely around that valley, called Constant Amusement railroad. It is luxuriously furnished and its coaches are equipped with theatrical exhibitions and dancing pavilions till it takes away all thought of the discomforts of the Valley of Humiliation. Pilgrim and all who were with him took this railroad and passed the serious valley without so much as a single encounter with any evil or so much as a dream of Apollyon. It is said that he has never interfered with the running of that road, though it has large numbers of travelers. On Sundays Mr. Modern Thought talked to them of a religion of sunshine in opposition to the sadness of those who pass through the Valley of Humiliation where the old way used to go.

At the end of the C. A. R. R. was a station fitted up with telescopes labeled

PORPOISE IN CAPTIVITY.

Apparently Contented in the Locks of Harvey's Canal, Va.

The locks of Harvey's canal, while originally intended for the accommodation of vessels of various kinds and dimensions, but failed to operate for some reason or other, were permitted to fall into disuse, says a New Orleans paper. As a consequence of this it was considered necessary to construct a dam across the head of the canal and also below the inner gate. The basin formed by the two dams gradually filled with rain water, forming a pool about 250 feet in length, 50 feet wide and possessing a depth of about 15 feet. In the course of time this basin became filled with small fish, and, as it now turns out, this provision of nature will serve to prolong the life of a very remarkable inhabitant of the lock basin. The capture of a porpoise in itself is a very unusual occurrence, but when you couple to this capture the fact that it was kept alive for a period of ten hours, the occurrence becomes of more than ordinary interest. Yet this was the case in regard to the acquirement of a porpoise Wednesday by Captain H. A. Harvey of the steamer Louise Harvey, which vessel plies between the head of Harvey's canal, on the other side of the river, and the Gulf waters in the neighborhood of Barataria bay, engaged in transporting fish and oysters to this city. The fishermen employed by Captain Harvey on the day mentioned were hauling the seine in the shallow waters of the bay, when there was an unusual splashing and disturbance in the bag of the net. Upon the haul being completed it was found that a monster porpoise had permitted himself to become entangled in the seine, and being unable to get away was after considerable difficulty landed safe on the deck of the steamer. Remembering the condition of things relative to the lock of the canal, as noted above, Captain Harvey conceived the plan of transporting the fish to this location and dumping it into the basin, to be retained as a curiosity for the people of the city. The porpoise, which was eight feet long and weighed 550 pounds, was not injured in the struggle which took place upon reaching the side of the steamer, and being secured so it could not plunge about the deck, was covered with sacks and kept well wetted during the journey to the lock. This location was reached nearly ten hours later. At this time the fish appeared rather weakened by its long absence from the water and did not give any violent signs of life when thrown into the fresh water of the basin. Some ten minutes later, however, it began to swim slowly about the lock, and after an hour's duration it seemed to have regained its usual vigor and appeared to enjoy the novelty of being sole occupant of any size in its new domicile.

"BEWARE!" SAID WILLIAM.

But the 17-Year-Old Beauty Didn't Beware Worth a Cent.

A very funny young fellow named William Riggs thought it would be fun to scare four young women who were in the habit of riding by moonlight on their wheels in the smooth road in the vicinity of Delhi, N. Y.

He had made a long white costume and a hideous mask. Mounted on stilts he appeared twelve feet high, and he waved his ghastly arm and in a sepulchral tone moaned, "Beware!"

One of the young women fell off of her wheel in a faint, two of them broke all world's records for the distance, but Miss Grace Holden, a 17-year-old beauty from Jersey City, gracefully dismounted from her "bike," picked up a large stone, and, as she threw it, said: "If you are a ghost this will go through you, and if you are a foolish, masquerading boy it will hurt you."

And that is how it happened that William Riggs has three broken ribs.

This Calf's Tail is in Front.

A Scarborough (Me.) man has a cow which recently brought an offspring into the world. The calf is said to be all right except as to the tail, and the tail is all right, only it is misplaced, being on the wrong end of the beast. It is said to grow from between the eyes. In fact, the animal looks more like a baby elephant than a cow. It was found that the calf was likely to starve to death from its inability to suck and wag its tail at the same time, so it was brought up by hand.

Cheap Traveling.

The cheapest railway traveling in Europe is from Buda-Pesth to Cronstadt, in Hungary, a distance of 457 miles, for which the fare, third class, is 6s 8d, or at the rate of six miles a penny. Cheap as this is, it is further liable to a reduction of one-half in the case of agricultural laborers journeying in parties of ten, or workmen of other kinds in groups of thirty.

Raising Wild Beasts.

A well-known English writer on zoology says the rapid opening of Africa means the destruction of many wild animals, and zoos will not be able to keep up their stock unless they act promptly in the matter. He recommends that wild beast farms be established in civilized countries to preserve desirable species.

Had Their Feet Washed.

The ceremony of feet-washing was performed in the Church of God, at Decatur, Ill., recently. One hundred and twenty-five persons had their pedal extremities made clean.

If the Atlantic ocean could have a layer of water 6,000 feet deep removed from its surface it would only reduce the width of that great body of water one-half.