ALMA TADEMA AND HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL HOME.

THE GREAT ARTIST ALWAYS AT WORK, BUT OPEN TO VISITORS.

Mrs. Tadema's Studio—A Household of Artists and Authors—How the Tademas Entertain.

London, Feb. 10.—The house which is inhabited by Mr. and Mrs. Alma Tadema is situated in St. John's wood, a locality much patronized by artists, most of whom, while desirous of living in London and of being in the centre of the life of the great metropolis, yet are anxious to get as far away as possible from the dust and smoke of the city. The glass covered pathway stretches in a curve towards the house, either side banked with brilliant colored flowers, while the floor is paved with specially designed, tiles bearing the letters L.A.T. quaintly intertwined, and the very iron supports of the glass roof bear the name of the king of this enchanted land instead of the ordinary commonplace scroll work. As the path sweeps around to the front door, the bank of flowers breaks on the right hand and discloses a marble basin into which a fountain splashes and plays. Above the door, which is bordered with some fine bronze work, is the friendly greeting Salve, here more than a mere formality, and as the portals fly open in response to a resounding knock from the wonderful bronze knocker, the eye is dazzled by a flight of gleaming steps of exquisitely polished brass which rise to the studio door, on which hangs a superb brass shield, a gift from the famous sculptor, George Simmonds, who executed it for his friend.

THE CONSERVATORY.

Turning to the left from the entrance hall we are in a huge domed conservatory, with palms rising high above the head, and ferns and escotics growing luxuriantly on every side. Beyond is another hall, where from the mantel the words of Richard II., "I count myself in nothing else so happy as in a soul remembering my good friends," speaks a cheering welcome. This hall is paneled some five feet high with white enameled wood, and each narrow panel bears a signed painting by some celebrated artist. The subjects are widely diversified one artist has chosen a corner of the house itself for his picture; another contributes an exquisite nude figure; a third shows a glimpse of tempest tossed sea; in striking contrast to which are a calm, peaceful landscape and a branch of delicately tinted apple blossoms. Mr. Tadema himself has added a ribbon-like frieze of the flowers he loves so well aglow with life and color, which gives a perfect finish to this diminutive are gallery. In one corner is a little niche filled by flowers and curios, which show particularly well against a background of exquisitely painted tiles, a bit of Mrs. Tadema's work, while the floor is paved with tiles designed by her husband and expressly made in Naples.

MRS. TADEMA'S STUDIO.

A wide staircase leads upwards to the chief studio, the ballustrade hung with gorgeous embroideries from Japan, and under an arched doorway is the entrance to Mrs. Tadema's studio, the subdued tones of which are in striking contrast to the greater part of the house. Mrs. Tadema's devotion to everything Dutch is a warm compliment to her husband, and here in her own studio, she is surrounded by the quaint old Dutch objects that she loves to paint. The high windows, with their leaded panes of white and faintly tinted old stained-glass, occupy nearly the whole of one side of the room, while the wide open fireplace takes up another. The greater part of the room is paneled with oak, and the ceiling was beautifully arranged under Mr. Tadema's direction to utilize some very fine old Dutch carving. The entrance from the hall is through a screan of carved oak arcades. Another door in the panels leads through a passage lined with old Delft tiles whereon is depicted a Dutch canal scene, to the library, while a diminutive oaken staircase rises to the cosiest of anterooms, almost entirely filled by

ALMA TADEMA AT HIS EASEL.

a huge carved 4-post bedstead. Here Mrs. Tadema rests when she is tired, and certainly nothing could be more inviting than the pile of huge brocade cushions heaped on the coverlet of antique embroidery, with a beautiful old curtain to shield the light from weary eyes. Here, too are the Dutch cradle and the old press which have figured in many of Mrs. Tadema's paintings, while a curious brass basin and can replaces the conventional wash hand stand.

The studio itself is filled with objects d'art, blue china and curios of every description, while the cosy old chairs are upholstered in embroideries and brocades whose colors are softened and subdued by age. A wonderful bird cage hangs from the ceiling, brass bowls stand on the chimney piece, things of interest and beauty catch the eye on every side, and Mr. and Mrs. Tadema are fain to pardon those who stare open-eyed at all these treasures.

THE DINING-ROOM AND THE GARDEN.

Passing through the library we come to the dining-room, a long room, one side of which is paneled with oak and has a fitted oaken sideboard. The walls are hung with golden paper, and the chief pictures are the artist's portrait of his wife and youngest daughter. The dining table, like everything else in the room, is of original design, for it is long and very narrow and affords no space for elaborate table decorations. The window looks into the garden, and even here the genius of the owner has been at work and has transformed the common place "plot" of the surrounding houses to a really effective scene. A series of pillars and arches in graceful iron work border one side and the end of the lawn, flowering creepers climbing lovingly from one to another while on the third side are spreading trees, from the branches of which a hammock hangs invitingly. At the end is yet another pool of water, with a fountain surrounded with a deep band of brilliant yellow flowers.

From the side of the dining-rooms another flight of brass steps leads once more to the great studio, but it is broken by a little atrium decorated in the Pompeiian style. There are long lounges, bookshelves laden with interesting volumes, bound in the most original styles. Some of them are priceless collections of notes and manuscripts; many of them are very old; all of them are of great interest. Opposite the bookshelves is a long, high desk, whereat Mr. Tadema stands and personally indites all his correspondence. In a corner there is a marble basin, lit by a skylight, and it was here that the artist contrived to see the shower of roses for his Heliogabalus picture, by having them thrown from above on the marble floor. As if in memory of that perfumed rain, dried rose leaves still lie scattered on the edge of the basin, faintly scenting the air. An alcoved recess leads to the gallery of the studio, while mounting the brass steps at the farther corner you pass into the great studio.

MR. TADEMA'S STUDIO.

Of all rooms in the house, this is of course the one most stamped with the individuality of the artist, as he reveals it to the public in his work. He himself speaks of his house as a series of backgrounds, to this pictures, and it is naturally in his tudio especially that he has provided himself with suitable surroundings. The room has more than one entrance, but only one small door is visible, the others are merely panels, which are usually concealed by the wall into which they slide, rich curtains breaking the outline of the opening. The great domed roof is overlaid with silver; the floor is exquisitely inlaid with parquet designed by Mr. Tadema. Facing the great window with its clear north light, is the apse surmounted by the inscription are longa vita brars. It is lined with cushion seats, and hung with gorgeous old red velvet embroidery which once decorated the palace of some Venetian noble. The delicate coloring has faded from a portion of the work, and one would suppose that it is the oldest piece of all, but it is not so. Not having enough of the drapery for his purpose, Mr. Tadema had the design copied and the materials dyed to match the antique, but while the old dyes have withstood the light for many a score of years, the new have already lost their brilliant hues. Two brass steps lead to another recess, over which there is a wonderful window where the light filters dimly through Mexican onyx and delicately veined transparent marble. Here stands the piano, a marvel of satinwood, inlaid with tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl and silver. The inside of the lid is lined with vellum, and thereon are inscribed the autographs of all the famous musicians, and their name is legion, who have played on or been accompanied by the piano. The walls of the studio are lined with beautiful woods and matchless marbles, while the gallery, which runs along one side, is ornamented with classic scenes in bronze. Here and there quaint little legends are introduced into the decoration, such as "As the sun colors flowers,so art colors life." A little ante-room is devoted to paints and brushes, and the great easel stands on the polished floor facing the wide window. The room is full of treasures.

TADEMA'S EARLY STRUGGLES.

Laurens Alma Tadema was born at Dronryp, in Holland, on January 8th, 1836. His father died when he was barely 4 years old, and his childhood was one of many deprivations and but simple pleasures. His mother, to whom he was very deeply attached, was a woman of strong character, and when she was left with a family of small children, only the two youngest of whom were her own, and a very limited income on which to support and educate them, she bore herself with energy and courage. Laurens was the darling of her heart; but she refused to allow herself to be convinced of his genius, fearing no doubt the glamor of her partiality. Circumstances had made her extremely practical, and she would not listen to the prayers of her son that he might study art. It was decided that he should be made a lawyer,and he did his utmost to submit cheerfully to the career which maternal love had marked out for him, although every moment he could steal from work was devoted to drawing and his tasks were often neglected in the pursuit of his passion for art. He was educated at the public school at Leeuwarden;but the routine of his work there was intensely irksome to him, and among all his studies the only one that appealed to him was Roman history. He induced his mother to wake him at day-break every morning—by means of jerking a string fastened to his big toe—and worked at his drawing with untiring energy, till it was time for school.

In 1851, when he was only 15, without having ever received proper tuition, he sent a portrait of his sister to one of the Dutch galleries, which was duly accepted and hung. But the fearful struggle between the inborn passion of the lad and the desire to do what he regarded as his duty to his mother, was more than his health could bear. His strength gave way, completely, and the doctors who attended him, gave it as their verdict that his days were numbered. Anxious that his few remaining months of life should be as happy as possible, his mother's resolution at last gave way, and young Tadema was given his heart's desire. The fierce struggle was over and under the new conditions he soon regained his health,for though the future still held many difficulties, they melted before the invincible determination of the young genius.

But Holland was not to have the glory of training her brilliant son, for strange, as it is to tell, the student failed to obtain admission into the Dutch schools, and he decided to go to Antwerp, where he entered the art academy and studied under Wappers. He labored without ceasing to make up for the time he had lost; but none of his work of this time remains, for he destroyed everything that he felt did not attain to the standard of excellence he had raised for himself.

After leaving the art school, the young artist entered the studio of the great historical painter of Belgium, Leys, who exercised a deep and lasting influence on Tadema's work; and it was when studying with Leys, at the age of 23, that he assisted that famous artist in painting the frescoes of the Antwerp Guildhall. On the death of his first wife,the mother of his two daughters, in 1869, he took up his residence in London, becoming a naturalized British subject a few years later. In 1871 he married Miss Laura Theresa Epps, whose striking features and wonderful red-gold hair we have admired in so many of her husband's pictures, and whose clever painting

THE HOUSE OF ALMA TADEMA AS SEEN FROM THE GARDEN.

would have made the name of Tadema well known, even if it had not been illuminated by the genius of her great husband.

TADEMA IN HIS STUDIO.

Mr. Tadema is one of the neatest of men; his studio is always the picture of order, no spot of paint has ever fallen upon the parquet, never does a paint brush lie neglected upon the floor. His brushes are like new in their absolute cleanliness, and he is so particular on this point that even his artist daughter is scarcely to be trusted with the labor of cleaning them. "Pere always says I make the handles greasy," she laughingly tells you, "he can't bear anyone to wash them but himself."

One of Mr. Tadema's recent and finest pictures, one on which he was engaged more than three years, is called "Spring"—a vast procession of girls laden with spring flowers, brilliant hued scarlet anemones and yellow narcissus and softer tinted blue bells. From the marble galleries on either side, the crowd look down and shower flowers upon them as they pass by. Among the throng you can recognize faces that tell you that the artist does not go only to professional models for the faces he paints. There is Ellen Terry, with the flowing red tresses of Cordelia, gazing upon the flower-laden children, while from above, the profiles of Mr. and Mrs. Henschill watch the procession of youth and spring.

Mr. Tadema's work is already fraught with sadness to his friends, for each of his pictures is the grave of many others. He never makes sketches, and could we but peel the paint in layers off each completed painting we should find many a change of scene. The procession of spring time once moved under a wonderful domed ceiling, but it did not satisfy the artist, who had a feeling for the blue sky, and the ceiling was painted out to the bitter chagrin of many friends. Nor would they cease their lamentations at the destruction of this exquisite piece of work, till Mr. Tadema promised that they should see it again, and it was to this promise that "Unconscious Rivals," owes its origin. The ceiling was painted once more and the two girls were inserted as a subject.

TADEMA'S PERSONAL PECULIARITIES AND VIEWS.

Mr. Tadema is very strongly against the idea that art students should travel and study the works of the great masters. They should wait till they are artists, he says. Then they will be better able to understand the masterpieces they see and to profit by all that they reveal to the artist eye. Mr. Tadema himself has not traveled a great deal, and has, curiously enough, never visited Greece and Egypt, the countries he so loves to paint, and which his brush brings so vividly before us.

One of his little bits of sentiment is connected with the number seventeen, which he declares has always been a lucky one for him. As the most striking proof he tells you that his wife was 17 when he first met her. Then the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was 17; his present home bears the same number. The first spade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17th, 1886. He had been in possession of it for three years, that time having been spent in designing and making plans and sketches, and it was on November 17th of the same year that he and his family first took up their residence there.

AN INDEFATIGABLE WORKER.

With the knowledge that the artist's paintings number over 300, without taking into consideration those which he so ruthlessly destroyed in his youth, it is not surprising to hear that he is an indefatigable worker. I remember questioning him once as to his favorite amusement. "Painting," he smilingly replied. Every moment of daylight spent away from his easel is regretted. In the evening he rests or possibly plays a game of billiards, at which he is an adept. He cannot read much, for his eyes are very sensitive and easily grow tired, but he loves his books and many a pleasant hour is spent in arranging and classifying them. Then there is his correspondence, which takes a good deal of time, for he will not employ a secretary, and all his letters are written by his own hand. Even his daughters are not allowed to help him much, though they, like their father and mother, are hard-working maidens. The elder, Miss Laurens Alma Tadema, is very rarely idle, and her pen is almost as busy as her father's brush. Her latest novel, "The Wings of Scarns," is very well known, and she is at work on a biography of Mme. Eleonora Duse, of whom she is a warm friend and admirer. She spent several months in Italy with the great actress, in order to collect material for the work.

All the family are ardent lovers of the drama, but it is an enjoyment in which Mr. Tadema can indulge but sparingly; for when he goes to the theatre he throws his whole soul into the play, as he does into everything that interests him, and he finds that the excitement, the bright lights and brilliant colors combine to affect his eyes and to render him unfit for work next day. But this does not lessen his interest in things dramatic and he has on more than one occasion consented to make designs and dresses for some special production. Some months ago Mrs. Tadema's studio was the scene of a delightful amateur performance, when a clever little play of Miss Tadema's was acted. Although the scene was laid at a later date than that which usually attracts the artist, the Stuart period, it will easily be believed that he spared no pains in perfecting every detail of the miniature production.

A GENIAL AND HOSPITABLE MAN.

Mr. Tadema is the most genial of men, and is a great favorite in the artistic world, and he and Mrs. Tadema are extremely hospitable. Evidently he has no belief in the artistic temperament which can only work in certain moods, and which can not bear to meet the eye of a fellow-man when in the mood for work. The desire is chronic with him, but he does not allow it to interfere with his social duties. Mrs. Tadema is at home to her friends on Monday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and Mr. Tadema does not follow the example of so many husbands and absent himself from his wife's receptions, but is just as genial and full of welcome as she is. On Monday there is only tea and gossip, but gossip of art, music, the drama and of all things interesting. Mrs. Tadema receives in her studio, and after chatting with her for awhile and drinking a cup of tea, her friends move upwards to the great studio to talk with their host and to enjoy his work. This is one of the points on which husband and wife differ, for while Mr. Tadema's pictures are always ready for the inspection of his friends, Mrs. Tadema's work is put carefully out of sight, for she does not like to have it viewed while in course of development. The evening receptions, which are quite as informal as the afternoon "at homes," but which are as a rule, more numerously attended, are held in the larger studio. Music and recitation given by the most famous votaries of these arts, are often heard. M. Paderewski, Mr. and Mrs. Hershell, Madame Duse, Miss Ellen Terry, Mr. Irving, have all assisted in entertaining Mr. Tadema's guests. But there is no prearrangement, and while sometimes the brightest stars may combine in an irresistible program, occasionally conversation unaccompanied is perforce the order of the night.

Even the refreshments are spread forth on the ordinary commonplace lines. The buffet is dispensed with, and the long, narrow dining table is arranged in the most fascinating manner. A huge bowl piled up with magnificent fruits is always a feature; there are countless little dishes of crackers and sweets; and, at the same time, more solid provision is not wanting. Flowers are everywhere, for who among the artist's admirers has not been touched by his deep passion for them. His infinite skill in their portrayal is a striking note of his genius, and he seems endowed with a veritable instinct for their introduction into his pictures. It is the same with his house and gardens. Of course, he has his favorites, and a great treasure is a wonderful blossom from Brazil, which he fancifully compares to an artist's brush brimming over with brilliant color, and which, he says, is therefore just suited to him. Whether he gives much thought to the arrangement of his flowers, or whether he knows by intuition how they should mingle, I cannot tell. It may be that nature has put this final touch to the great gifts with which she has endowed him, while she set the crown upon her work by adding the quality which has often been defined as genius itself, an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Bran for Horses.

Bran stands decidedly foremost as the food most generally in use for the invalid horse; it acts as a luxative, is frequently tempting to the appetite and easy of digestion. There is no part of the general treatment more universal than offering this substance as a change of ood. Does the horse show slight symptoms of cold or fever, a warm bran mash is a convenient plan of steaming and consequently of soothing the irritable mucous membranes of the air passages; it is a substitute for the more timulating diet he is accustomed to and gently promotes the activity of the digestive apparatus; it is also a convenient medium for the giving of certain simple remedies.—Farm and Home.

TALK ABOUT FILTHY LUCRE

HOW PREACHERS INVEIGH AGAINST WHAT THEY LOVE.

The Lust of Gold—How the Market is Supplied—Insecurity of Riches and Rich Men—Wealth and the Peerage—Money on the Stage—Poor Men and True Riches.

There is no greater or more pronounced antithesis in the Bible than gold and the gospel: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the Kingdom of Heaven;" "Sell what thou hast and give to the poor;" "Go to, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries, that shall come upon you; your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten; your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." And other passages to the same effect might be quoted.

Now I have known many preachers who were fond of telling their hearers not to trust in uncertain riches, that these riches were nothing but filthy lucre, and lo, and behold, when they went to their reward these same preachers were shown by the Surrogate Court to have accumulated and held fast to no inconsiderable pile. The worst feature is that, though they had been pleading the cause of missions and charities and schemes of the church for a lifetime with much unction, these deserving objects were all forgotten when they came to make their wills.

This line of thought leads me to write a "golden" article—where the yellow metal is obtained, its superabundance, and the questionable benefits and unquestioned evils of its acquisition.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, squandered, borrowed, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold.

When Mission-preacher Aitkins was in Toronto he told some stories about how Nemesis o'ertakes the mammon-worshipper. The gold would damn their souls, he said. Here are some historic incidents of gold being poured down the throats:

Marcus Licinius Crassus, surnamed "The Rich," one of the first Roman triumvirate, tried to make himself master of Parthia, but being defeated and brought captive to Orodes, King of Parthia, he was put to death by having molten gold poured down his throat. "Sate thy greed with this," said Orodes.

Manlius Nepos Aquilus tried to restore the Kings of Bithyma and Cappadocia, dethroned by Mithridates, but being unsuccessful, and made prisoner, he was put to death by molten gold poured down his throat.

In hell the avaricious are punished in the same way, according to the "Shephearde's Calendar":

And ladies full of melted gold
Were poured down their throats.

UNHAPPY MILLIONAIRES.

Mr. Aitkins, in one of his noonday addresses, said that increase of education and wealth, left to the unbeliever a greater disappointment with life than to the one who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. Here are some facts which seem to bear out this statement:

The Rothschilds have suffered much on account of their riches. The great Nathan himself one day received a formal death warrant from a secret political tribunal on the continent, condemning him to a violent end. One day, two tall, dark men, with heavy mustaches and penetrating eyes, were ushered into his room at New Court. The financier bowed, the visitors on their side, did the same, but said nothing. As the door closed behind them they began to feel in their pockets for something, which was apparently concealed there. Rothschild's fears at once led him to the conclusion that he was in the presence of assassins, and hurriedly seizing a hugh ledger which was on his desk he hurled it with all his force at the strangers and shouted loudly for help. When at last an explanation was forthcoming Nathan discovered that the visitors were two foreign bankers bearing letters of introduction, which, in their nervous haste, they were unable to discover.

The late Baron Meyer Carl, who was as noted for his witty sayings as for his public spirit and financial enterprise, had frequent dealings with writers of threatening letters. Once while seated at dinner at a summer resort a paper came flying through the window and alighted on his table. It was addressed to the Baron, who, on opening it, read the following laconic and anonymous message: Death or £2.

The banker at once took the required sum from his pocket, wrapped it in a piece of paper, on which he wrote: "Better give £2." Then hiding himself in the curtain, he flung it through the window. He saw a shabby genteel person pick it up, open it, and laugh heartily, as he pocketed the gold piece and hurried away.

M. Huret once asked Baron Alphonse de Rothschild for his views on happiness—whether he thought that riches led to happiness. "Ah, no!" answered the millionaire sadly and slowly, "that would be too glorious! Happiness is something totally different. I suppose," he added reflectively, "some advantages do attach to money, or people would not give themselves so much trouble to gain it: but, believe me, the truest source of happiness is—work!"

"You must be a happy man," said Sir T. Fowell Buxton once to old Nathan Rothschild as he inspected the beauties and luxuries of the millionaire's house at Stamford Hill.

"Happy! I happy!" was the bitter reply. "How can a man be happy when just as he is going to dine a letter is placed in his hand saying: If you don't send me £500 I will blow your brains out! Happy! I happy!"

MONEY EASILY EARNED.

It has been said that James Smith, one of the authors of the celebrated "Rejected Addresses," was better paid for a trifling exertion of his versatile muse than any poet since the world began. One day he met Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, at a dinner party, whom he found suffering from gout and old age, though his intellectual faculties remained unimpaired; and the next morning he transmitted him the following jeu d'esprit:

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk:
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

This compliment proved so highly acceptable to the old gentleman that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3000, being at the rate of £375 sterling for each line!

GAMBLING IN STOCKS.

Weary of bucket shops and the mischief brought by them, juries seem to be disposed to take pity on the victims of these institutions. A captain in the army has just been successful in an action brought by him against a jobber's concern known as the Universal Stock Exchange (Limited). The gallant captain, with a view to making money rapidly and easily, had been tempted by the bait of the bucket-shop-man's circular, and had gone in for extensive operations in the "time bargains" line. Such dealings are in law regarded as mere gambling transactions; and it is remarkable in this case that both Mr. Bingham, the gallant captain's counsel, and Sir Edward Clarke, who appeared for the defendant company, rested their case on the fact that the speculations were not legitimate investments, but were wagering operations. The plaintiff claimed the return of about £7000 deposited with the company; and the jury returned a verdict which merits being recorded in full. It ran as follows: "We find all the transactions were gambling ones, and that everything should be returned to the plaintiff that the law allows."

MONEY GETTING AND THE PEERAGE.

The holders of many peerages have sprung from a mercantile origin, and owe their fortunes directly or indirectly to successful trading.

Lord Burton, for instance, the colossal millionaire, is the great grandson of William Bass, who, in 1777, built a brewery at Burton, and laid the foundation stone of the business that has developed to such a magnitude in our own times. The great mass of Lord Burton's fortune was made by brewing and selling beer, though it has been increased by successful financial operations. The brewing and selling of beer formed, also, the foundation of the enormous wealth of Lord Hindlip (the descendent of the original inventor and manufacturer of Allsop's pale ale), and paid a very important part in heaping up money for Lord Tweedmouth, whose father was for years a partner in Meux's Brewery. The two Guinness peers, Lord Ardilaun and Lord Iveagh, owe their incomes of over £100,000 a year to their descent from their grandfather, Arthur Guinness, who started a brewery at Dublin for the manufacture of Dublin stout.

Lord Armstrong owes his wealth and peerage to the ability with which he made a valuable commercial property of his inventions by founding the celebrated Elswick Ironworks to manufacture and develop them. Lord Rendel would certainly not be a millionaire peer, with an income of £100,000 per annum at the present day, if he had not become a member of Lord Armstrong's Elswick firm in 1870, and for years worked hard as its managing partner in London.

The bankers are numerous. At their heads is the Duke of Fife, who would be comparatively poor but for his valuable partnership in the bank of Sir Samuel Scott & Co. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts inherited a gigantic fortune made entirely out of the banking operations of Coutts & Co. The grandfather of the present Earl of Jersey was a by no means wealthy peer, who was lucky enough to marry the grand-daughter and heiress of Robert Child, the last of the Childs of Child's bank, with whom he obtained the perdominating interest in the bank in question, and an enormous fortune as well. Lord Rothschild's bank controls something like thirty millions. He owes this enormous source of wealth originally to the financial operations of Meyer Amschel Rothschild of Frankfort, who, beginning in a small way, as a banker (and pawnbroker) of the kind that may be seen in any small German town nowadays, laid the foundation of the Rothschild fortune by transacting small loans for Frederick II. of Prussia. Equally celebrated is the former rival of the Rothschild Bank, the firm of Baring Brothers. From this has sprung no fewer than three fine fortunes—those of the Earl of Northbrook, Lord Ashburton and Lord Revelstoke. Lord Wantage, who will be better known to many as Colonel Loyd-Lindsay, of Volunteer fame, is another peer who owes his wealth to banking, for he married the daughter and heiress of the late Lord Overstone, and she inherited the four millions or so which her father had amassed in the firm of Jones, Loyd & Co.

Lord Masham's income of £100,000 per annum is very largely due to his lucky idea of utilizing the waste of silk for the manufacture of plush. He started this industry on a large scale, and was soon one of the biggest manufacturers of plush in England. Since then he has turned his attention to coal, but plush was one of the main foundations of his wealth. Lord Brassey is the son of Mr. Brassey, the contractor, who began life in a very humble way, and left his eldest son two millions when he died.

A beggar died last night; his soul went up to God, and said:
"I come uncalled; forgive it, Lord; I died for want of bread."

Then answered him the Lord of Heaven: "Son, how can this thing be?
Are not my saints on earth? and they had surely succored thee."

"Thy saints, O Lord," the beggar said, "live holy lives of prayer;
How shall they know of such as we? we perish unaware.

"They strive to save our wicked souls, and fit them for the sky;
Meanwhile not having bread to eat (forgive) our bodies die."

Then the Lord God spake out of heaven in wrath and angry pain;
"O men, for whom My Son hath lived in vain."

INCREASE IN THE PRODUCTION OF GOLD.

There has been, as is well-known, an enormous increase in the production of gold within the last two years. The production for 1893 throughout the world exceeded that of any of the years succeeding discoveries of gold in California and Australia, and competent authorities estimate the gold production of 1895 at nearly 30 per cent. above that of 1893.

Mulhall's tables gives the total amount of gold in the world in 1890 as $3,855,900,000 coined and $2,171,600,000 uncoined, or a total of $6,026,800,000. It is estimated by expert engineers that there is enough gold in the Transvaal mining district alone to nearly equal the quantity of coined gold in the world in the year 1890.

In the decade from 1840 to 1850 the world's production of gold was $363,000,000; in the decade from 1850 to 1860 it was $1,333,000,000, from which point it gradually decreased. In the decade from 1880 to 1890 it was about $1,000,000,000. It is estimated that for the decade from 1890 to 1900 the product of the yellow metal may reach $2,000,000,000.

WHERE'S THE DIFFERENCE?

George Stephenson's (the great engineer) distaste of ostentation is recalled by the anecdote of the youth who, got an introduction to him, but sauntered into his presence languidly balancing a gold-headed cane. "Put by that stick, young man, and then I will speak to you." The story of his rebuff to the fop has often been repeated: "You will, I hope, excuse me," he said, gravely, "I am a plain-spoken person, and am sorry to see a nice looking and rather clever young man like you disfigured with that fine-patterened waist coat and all these chains of fangdangs. If I, sir, had bothered my head with such things when at your age, I should not have been where I am now." Nor does this remark about the cloak of fame lose gist in retelling: "Why, madam, they used to call me George Stephenson; I am now called George Stephenson, Esq., of Tapton House, Chesterfield. And further, let me say, I have dined with princes, peers, and commoners; with persons of all classes, from the humblest to the highest. I have dined of a red herring when seated in a hedge-bottom, and I have gone through the meanest drudgery. I have seen mankind in all its phases, and the conclusion I have arrived at is this—that if we were all strippped there is not much difference.

Go aske the banker, with his golden seals;
Go ask the borrower cringing at his heels;
Go ask the maid, who, emulous of woe,
Discards the worthier of the wealthy beau;
Go ask the parson, when a higher prize
Points with the salary where his duty lies;
Go ask the lawyer, who, in legal smoke,
Stands, like a stoker, redolent of Coke,
And swings his arms to emphasize a plea
Made doubly ardent by a golden fee;
Go ask the doctor, who has kindly sped
Old Croesus, dying on a damask bed,
While his poor neighbor—wonderful to tell—
Was left to nature, suffered and got well!
Go ask the belle in high patrician pride,
Who spurns the maiden nutured at her side,
Her youth's loved playmate at the village school
Ere changing fortune taught the rigid rule
Which marks the lowlier from the loftier lot—
Those who have money from those who have it not!

SOME RICH ESTATES.

Seventy citizens of the United States possess an aggregate wealth of over $2,700,000,000. That gives an average wealth to each one of the seventy of something over $38,000,000. One American estate is valued at over $150,000,000, five estates estimated at about $100,000,000 each, one valued at $70,000,000, two at $60,000,000, six at $50,000,000, four at $35,000,000, thirteen at $30,000,000, ten at $25,000,000 and fifteen at $20,000,000 each. Besides, there are fifty other persons in the Northern States valued at over $10,000,000 each. There are sixty-three men in Pennsylvania possessing in the aggregate $300,000,000, and sixty persons in three villages near New York whose wealth aggregates $500,000,000. In Boston fifty families pay taxes on an annual income of about $1,000,000 each. Compared with these fortunes the English millionaire hides his diminished head. Baron Rothschild left about $17,000,000. The richest nobleman in Scotland, the Duke of Buccleugh, left about $30,000,000. The richest English nobleman is valued at $50,000,000.

WEALTH ON THE STAGE.

Mr. Bancroft, who once gave £1000 to the Salvation Army, was regarded as the wealthiest living English actor. The bulk of his fortune, which exceeds £200,000, was made at the old Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Irving, who became lesse of the Lyceum in 1873, would be a richer man to-day than even Mr. Bancroft, were it not for the sums he gives away in charity. The bulk of his fortune has been made in America. Mr. Irving cleared over his first American tour £50,000, and over those in 1880 and 1887 £35,000.

Mr. George Conquest, lessee of the Surrey Theatre is another wealthy actor. He is the son of the late Benjamin Oliver, who managed the Grecian Theatre, City Road—now the property of the Salvation Army—with such success that he was able to leave his son over £70,000. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall did not quit the St. James' Theatre with any considerable fortune. But two trips to America, 1889-90, brought them in a trifle over £100,000. Mr. Kendal's collection of oil paintings is worth £10,000. Mr. J. L. Toole never cleared any phenomenal sums over his London productions. An Australian tour in 1890 brought him in some £15,000; still, the bulk of his fortune, about £70,000, has been made in the provinces. Mr. Charles Wyndham has made his pile in that rapid brilliant manner which is so characteristic of his acting. His American tour brought him in £30,000, and by judicious investments it is said he turned these transatlantic profits in £70,000.

The wealthiest lady conected with the stage is Miss Sarah Lane, of the Britannia Theatre, Hoxton. She has been able to accumulate over £200,000. Mrs. Langtry is said to be worth £70,000, Edward Terry £50,000 and Charles Warner £20,000.

TRUE LIBERALITY.

This is measured by what a man has left—not by what he spares. And it is the motive of the giver that really counts.

Truly does James Russell Lowell write:

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a God goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was striving in darkness before.

EBOR.

Women do many things that get them all out of order. Careless dressing, exposure to draughts, over exertion—these and many others start the trouble. A slight cold may run into the most serious complications.

Perhaps none of these things would amount to much if only care were exercised to remedy them at once. Neglect is a most prolific cause of serious female troubles. By and by, the trouble is so much aggravated that the physician's skill is needed and then the dread of the examinations so much in vogue at present, deter the sufferer still longer.

As a matter of fact, examinations and "local treatment" should not be submitted to till everything else has failed. Nine times in ten, they are wholly unnecessary. Women were cured before these obnoxious methods came into practice. For over 30 years, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been successfully prescribed for all derangements of the womanly organism. It is remarkable for its effect on the whole system. It makes the blood pure, makes digestion better, helps stomach, kidneys and bowels and is wonderful in its effects on the generative organs. It immediately begins to allay the inflammation and stops the debilitating drain that is always apparent. As the inflammation ceases, the pain stops, the nerves are quieted and the increased bodily strength does the rest.

All suffering women should send for the 168 page book "Woman and Her Diseases" by Dr. R. V. Pierce. It will be sent free in plain sealed package on receipt of ten cents to partly cover postage, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always *palatable*—always *uniform*—always *contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.*

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