

est Piano." ith They are manufacturing lunatics for the greater honor of kingship, as if that trade was not naturally overburdened with disease. King Leopold, who made a reputation by keeping poor Carlotta in the strait-jacket all these years, though she is as sound minded as you or I, is at the head of the enterprise; his headquarters are the private madhouse Lindenhof, near Dresden.

TRAGEDY OF A PRINCESS.

There, in a shabby pavilion, attended by a single abigail, the unfortunate Princess Louise of Coburg is kept in close confinement. Legally dead, she is but a number in the economies of the vast establishment that makes a specialty of morphine and opium fiends and of victims of love's madness.

It is a house for incurables, and those entering leave hope behind. With the exception of her doctor and of Fraulein von Gebauer, her lady-in-waiting, she has no other human contact. Her days are spent in endless ennui, as she has neither society, horses nor other fashionable luxuries to while away the time.

Instead of concerts and grand-operations—the shrieks and yells of madmen marching in lockstep under her window, as did the guards of her uncle, the Emperor of Austria, only two years ago.

In place of the respectful staring of multitude and the flattering of courtiers—argus-eyed bracers, fitted out with revolvers and "bracelets" for emergency cases, and inflexible commands of physicians who know how to enforce obedience.

Grand dinner parties—yes, Her Royal Highness can still indulge in that privilege, nay, more, she must. She has a hundred raving females at table with her every day, all of whom, including herself, use spoons only, unless they prefer to employ things that were made before knives and forks were thought of.

The Louise who used to sup with a parquet of King's sons was the choicest dresser of chic Vienna; in Lindenhof her allowance for dress amounts to 30 florins a month. She was a devotee of literature. The foremost French writers of the day were her friends. She is allowed no books now save German milk-and-water affairs of the asylum library.

"Take my word for it, they will yet render her demerited," said a lady of the Dresden court to me, whom Queen Caroline of Saxony sent to Lindenhof the other day to watch her relative from a distance. Her ladyship continued:

"As if she thought that father, mother, sisters, all her pious relatives including every monarch in Christendom, have abandoned her, was not enough to unsettle the reason of a high-strung woman cradled in the lap of luxury and grandeur, and naturally of a loving disposition, the social and economic atmosphere of Lindenhof itself breathes a depressing, irritating spirit.

From the cheap house, and the unfortunates confined there, while not exactly paupers, are small people, whose lack of manners is aggravated, of course, by their mental condition. From the three-room garden cottage, but she cannot help seeing her companions and of mixing with them at meal time.

"The fare, too, is coarse, and the restrictions against the use of ordinary table necessities must be particularly odious to a woman of taste and refinement such as Louise is known to be. In short, it looks as if Her Highness's misery is placed in Lindenhof with the fixed intention of wrecking her intellect."

"Then you don't think she is actually insane?" I asked. "She is as sound-minded and bright as ever," replied my colleague of Dresden. "While at the asylum I had occasion for a snatch of talk with the governess, Fraulein von Gebauer, and she spoke to me as if I were a witness without witnesses. The faithful woman swore by all she holds holy that her mistress does not, and never did, exhibit symptoms of an unbalanced mind. I can truly say so—these were her words—I for I have never left her since our return to Vienna."

that will not make any difference in her fate. The unwritten law which says that "Kings cannot err," has a rider to the effect that: "Royal women who forget the marriage vow shall be adjudged insane," and it goes without saying that two crowned black sheep such as the King of Belgium and Philip of Coburg won't forget a shadow of the arbitrary power placed into their hands.

As father and husband respectively they have a right to avenge the scandal by which Louise threatened to eclipse their own reputation for profligacy when she eloped with Lieutenant Colonel Count Meglevitch, since disgraced, and incarceration in a madhouse is certainly the worst punishment that can be dealt to a healthy person. Besides, criticism is bound to stop at sight of the straight-jacket. If this Princess who threatens to eclipse their own reputation for profligacy when she eloped with Lieutenant Colonel Count Meglevitch, since disgraced, and incarceration in a madhouse is certainly the worst punishment that can be dealt to a healthy person.

Courty gossip has it that Louise will never again draw a free breath—not during the life of Prince Philip and King Leopold, at least. Her husband is 59, her father 63 years of age; she herself is past 42, and Princesses are notoriously long-lived. Doctors, being sure of ample reward, succeeded marvelously well in prolonging their life by keeping diseases at a distance and by retrenching their vitality by means that only the mighty can afford. If it hadn't been for her stepmother, the Austrian Crown Princess's determination to marry her Hungarian Count, Emperor Francis Joseph might have interceded, but today it's an unspoken secret in court circles that he has washed his hands of the whole business.

He is reported to have said that he has had enough of his Belgian Coburg relatives, and so angry is His Majesty with them that he snubbed the Princess Elizabeth, Stephany's only daughter, unmercifully when she made her debut at a recent court ball at the Hofburg. Elizabeth, who is tall and angular, wore a simple mull dress without ornamentation of any kind, and the grandfathers were cruel enough to remark that she might do for a milliner's daughter, but not for an Archduchess.

Louise's friends were likewise disappointed when they appealed to the King of Saxony, who, as Philip's lord, could, if he chose, command him to release his wife and seek redress in divorce. No one may gain say that King Leopold isn't just, even humane, but the fact remains—in matters that kind all men stick together. Only a day after my friend returned from Lindenhof and reported to their Majesties on Louise's sad plight and her unimpaired mental condition. Prince Philip was received at court with extraordinary eclat, guard of honor, state dinner, gala opera and the rest.

"It's a wonder we didn't turn tigers," exclaimed Comte d'Artois, brother of Louis XVI, speaking of the reasons of state" implanted in young royal minds. But don't we? Here we have a royal woman in her best years, beautiful, amiable and accomplished, who was certainly more sinned against than sinning. There isn't a King in Europe who knows her intimately; not one who hasn't dined and hunted with her; not one who hasn't at one time or another, admired her wit, her pretty face, and, indeed, pitied her for being married to that blackguard Philip. Yet when that same knave, backed up by his father-in-law, condemned her without trial, cold, leave her to her sad fate, though a word of protest from the most insignificant of them would suffice to secure her justice.

As to the Princess's debts, of which so much fuss has been made, they amount to less than \$350,000. Really it looks very much as if the charge of insanity had been brought to the High Court by her creditors. There is in particular, a certain Parisian diamond dealer who sues for half a million francs on notes made by Louise before her official disgrace. The Parisian is a high-class creditor, for the amount, which diamonds Her Highness pawned to get money to pay an enormous hotel bill in Monte Carlo. These assertions were proved correct, by Philip, maintaining the charge of insanity was in fact a mere pretext, and was in fact a mere pretext, and was in fact a mere pretext.

From that fatal day the life of Princess Philip of Coburg changed. The sad and pious woman of yore became the gayest of the gay, appearing on all public occasions, in the most risqué toilets and seeking the company of her husband's ruffians, whom she had once abhorred. Alas, she noticed the change as a comment on it. Only the husband seemed not to see it. He wanted no grounds for divorce, for in that case he would have to give up the Princess, and he desired to keep her. But, and though Philip is immensely wealthy, he takes good care that no one but himself enjoys his money.

There is still a more recent case. The father of Prince Albert of Prussia, desirous of obtaining undisputed control of his wife Marianne of the Netherlands's large fortune, and being likewise eager to marry his mistress, Fraulein von Hauch, conspired with his master of the horse to ruin the Princess.

The scheme succeeded. The family council not only decreed divorce, but imposed a penalty to the effect that Marianne must marry her reputed lover. This awful sentence was carried out, all protests from the unhappy Princess notwithstanding, and her own people, the royal family of Holland, looking on complacently.

"Of course the enforced marriage between the Princess and the gentleman hostler was a most unhappy one. Marianne scorned the bed who betrayed her and he took his revenge after the manner of his kind, whip in hand. In Kamnitz, Silesia, where the couple resided, there are still many people living who remember seeing Her Royal Highness run half naked through the park and the castle's corridors trying to escape her husband's beating. Marianne finally drank herself to death, but Prince Albert's successor died full of age and honors as a pensioner of the Crown of Prussia.

"After such examples, what hope is there for poor Louise?" asked the courtier.

ORIGIN OF NIAGARA.

From the Breaking Up of a Colossal Ice Gorge During the Glacial Period the Irresistible Flow of the Mighty Cataract Was Formed.

Professor Herman Leroy Fairchild of Rochester University has brought to light some strange and romantic geological facts regarding Niagara's formation in prehistoric days that are worthy of attention. He said: "The ancient ancestors of Niagara were hundreds of miles from the present location. These extinct rivers have left remarkable gorges across the ridges separating the north and south valleys of Skaneateles, Ontario, Ontario, Ontario, and Ontario, and they lie along a line joining the villages of Marcellus, South Onondaga, Jamesville, High Bridge and Mendenhall. To trace Niagara's ancestry back to the time when it is possible to discover any trace of the course of the original waters it is necessary to go back to the glacial period. The last great invasion of ice buried all of New England, all of New York state except a small area, and the Salomons, all of the basins of the great lakes and the Mississippi valley as far south as nearly to the mouth of the Ohio river.

"This ice body, some thousands of feet in thickness, uncovered the land it had invaded not by general melting of its surface, but by the slow recession of its frontage. The summer floods from the rainfall and the ice melting carried immense quantities of gravel down the south-sloping valleys and filled them deeply with the detritus. When the ice front retreated to the north side of the divide separating today the northward drainage of the St. Lawrence from the southward drainage of the Mississippi and Susquehanna, the waters were impounded between the ice front and the north-sloping land surfaces.

"The glacier occupied the Laurentian basin and by present low northward and eastward passes, and consequently all the waters were forced across the divide to the southward. When the west end of the Superior basin was uncovered, it held a glacial lake, which we now call Lake Duluth. In the same way local glacial lakes were formed in the southern end of Erie basin, called now Lake Maumee. The lowest of the three outlets of these lakes was that of Lake Chicago, which formed the channel now utilized by the Chicago drainage canal. Eventually, by the continued recession of the ice front, land was uncovered either side of the Michigan valley, lower than the St. Croix outlet of Lake Duluth or the Fort Croix outlet of Lake Maumee, and the Chicago outlet robbed the two higher outlets.

"The high glacial waters in the Erie basin were finally extended north and east by the continued recession of the ice dam until they covered all of the Erie basin, the lower Huron basin and the southwestern part of the Ontario basin. These waters were finally extended north and east by the continued recession of the ice dam until they covered all of the Erie basin, the lower Huron basin and the southwestern part of the Ontario basin. These waters were finally extended north and east by the continued recession of the ice dam until they covered all of the Erie basin, the lower Huron basin and the southwestern part of the Ontario basin.

PLAGUE'S RAVAGES.

A Historical Mortality List of the Horrible Pestilence.

The following figures convey an idea of the fearful ravages of the bubonic plague from the time of the first historical record of its existence: The history of bubonic plague dates from the second and third centuries before Christ, and two Alexandrian physicians, Dioscorides and Posidonius, who were contemporaries of Christ, have left a description of the disease which leaves no doubt that it was the same as that of modern times. The plague never died out, but it was not until the middle of the fourteenth century that the horrible epidemic, known as the "black plague," visited Europe and caused the death of more than 25,000,000 people. The disease was epidemic in London in 1348, 1361, and 1369. In 1352 two-thirds of the academic population of Oxford died of it. It was again epidemic in London in 1400, 1406, 1428, 1472 and 1499. In 1466 over 40,000 persons died of it in Paris. In 1563 it broke out again in London, and the mortality was more than 1,000 per week. In 1572 Lyons lost 50,000 of its population from the plague. In 1574 it visited Venice and carried off 70,000 persons. In 1603 the mortality of another epidemic in London reached 38,000. In 1603 an epidemic in Egypt is said to have resulted in the death of 1,000,000 people. An epidemic in London in 1625, caused a mortality of 35,000, and in 1630 more than 60,000 consumers were carried off. In 1656 there was a terrific epidemic

which carried off 300,000 in Naples, 60,000 in Genoa, and 14,000 in Rome. In 1665 a fresh epidemic in London resulted in the death of 68,500 people. This is the first absolutely accurate mortality record. In 1679 Vienna lost 75,000 by plague, and in 1681 Prague lost 83,000. In 1704 Stockholm had an epidemic with about 40,000 fatal cases. In 1720 an epidemic in Marseilles carried off more than 40,000 people. In 1770 and 1771 the plague killed 300,000 people in Moldavia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary and Poland and in the same year one fourth of the population of Moscow died of plague. Since that time there have been frequent outbreaks of the disease, and it has constantly existed in Lower Hindostan and about Constantinople, but there have been no really great epidemics. Coming to recent times, Bombay suffered an epidemic in 1856. In January the mortality was nearly 5,000, and in February it reached 10,000. The total mortality in the Presidency of Bombay has been, 164,083. In Puna, last August, there was an average of 100 deaths a day, in a population of 100,000. It is a remarkable fact that Europeans seem scarcely susceptible to the disease nowadays, and are able to withstand its ravages when infested. During the recent outbreak in Hongkong only 11 Europeans were attacked, and the mortality in their cases was but 182 per cent. Among Japanese, 10 cases, the mortality was 69 per cent. Among Portuguese residents, 18 cases, the mortality was 65 per cent. and among Chinese, 2,619 cases, the mortality was 93.4 per cent.

Dr. George M. Sternberg, LL.D., in an interesting article in the Geographic Magazine, says: "I shall have the satisfaction of stating that preventive medicine has made such progress during the past 50 years that there is very little danger that bubonic plague will ever again commit serious ravages in the more enlightened countries of Europe, or that it is a serious menace to the lives and prosperity of citizens of this country."

Brigadier-General Ibrahim, who has been doing such brilliant work in the Cape Colony at Dordrecht, has seen forty-five years' military service, having entered the 2nd Derby Militia as an ensign in 1855. He proceeded to South Africa, the following year, and joined the Cape Mounted Rifles. In 1873 he retired from the Rifles, and was elected member of Parliament for the Port of East London, and appointed Field Commandant of the Colonial Forces in 1878. The gallant General was made a C.M.G. in 1886 and during a Victorian enthusiasm spent in his career at the Cape.

Experts in the Census Bureau estimate the population of the United States, as likely to be disclosed by the forthcoming census, at 78,000,000. Senators Turner, of Washington, and Carter, of Montana, are the only confirmed snuff-takers in the United States Senate.

HOW THE GREAT FALLS OF TODAY CAME INTO EXISTENCE.

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THE CITY OF THE SUN GOD.

A Syrian Rite of Pagan Worship and Human Sacrifice.

Baal 'Bek, the city of the sun god, lies at the foot of Anti-Lebanon, in Syria. In order to reach it you must ride many miles over bare brown plain, across ridges hoary with olive and green with mulberry, between massive hills streaked like the zebra. Suddenly out of the silent fields spring ugly walls and pillars—giants who lift their heads into the amber sky. The sight of these sunburnt columns, beside which the tallest trees look like blades of grass, fills one with amazement. It is not alone their size and strength and beauty that inspire wonder, but their very existence—a such solitude, far from the track of mankind. We of the nineteenth century—so in the habit of associating cities with modern means of communication that we are astonished at the presence of massive ruins in the heart of a valley remote from river and sea.

As we draw near our wonder grows, for out of the thick grove, whose dark branches sweep and moan like a troubled sea around the foot of imperishable cliffs, there rise new walls and new columns, massive, ornate, stately even in their heap of confusion. This is the Temple of the Sun, a relic of pagan worship that has looked unmoved on the birth and death of dynasties. The walls are red as by some strong enchantment, we pass through the grove, whose dark avenues, overgrown with weeds, have echoed with the shrieks of the victims of Baal, lord of the heavens.

There, in the shadow of that poplar, may have stood the molten image, the human figure with a bull's head and outstretched arms, from which children drop into the fire. "They caused their sons to be roasted to pass through the fire." "They made themselves molten images, even two calves, and made a grove and worshipped all the hosts of heaven and served Baal." It is not easy to associate these bloody rites with such splendor of design and colossal workmanship, yet it is beyond dispute that these walls have seen the worship of Baal; that here incense has been consumed in his honor; that his priests, clothed in rich vestments, have trodden these paths; that here mothers have looked on dry eyed at the sacrifice of their children, while the screams of the burning victims were deadened with flute and drum.

IN THE FASHION.

I knew you drew all hearts to you. To hold them in disdain, And, teaching men the way to woo, You let them woo in vain. I knew you wished at your feet More prudence would forbid, And yet I sought and found you sweet And loved, as others did.

In matches style with many a wife You played a chamber's part Till, witless of your craft and guile, I showed you all my heart; Then, with a sigh, you turned me scorn, And let me, hopeless and forlorn, To sigh, as others did.

Now well I know one may outgrow Full many a greater care, But then I thought no human was Could equal my despair. My hopes forgone, my life undone, The cruel state I chide, Then—met my own, loved, wooed and won And woe, as others did! —Full Mail Gazette.

A Long Dog.

A lady living on Park avenue, Walden hills, was recently presented with a full blooded imported dachshund, a living exemplification of the saying, "Man wants but little here below, but he wants that little long." This dog in particular has all the fine points of a true dachshund. Its length is at least four times its height, and its legs are stumpy and have the conventional crook of a golf stick at the foot. The lady has several other dogs and is quite a fancier of canines. The other evening a gentleman called who had heard a great deal of the celebrated animal. As he entered the darkened parlor a small yellow dog of no particular breed arose from a rug in front of the grate and, unnoticed by the gentleman, slowly walked toward the door. The dog crossed half way over the threshold and stood in such a position that a person in the parlor could just see his hind legs and tail. At that moment the maid lighted the gas, and the dachshund poked its head inquiringly through another open door. The gentleman gazed in amazement at the head of the dachshund peering at him from one doorway and the hindquarters of another dog visible in the other doorway, and then in the hearing of the servant ejaculated: "Lord-a-mighty! I heard that this dachshund of hers was a long one, but this animal certainly beats my time!" —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drawn at Night.

The architect and his friend the builder were driving back to the former's office. They had been out to the edge of the city to look at some work on which they were engaged. As they drove by a certain house the builder looked up at it proudly, saying, "There is a house that I built myself. I not only built it, but I drew all the plans. Every bit of work in it is mine." The architect looked at the house and smiled in a provoking way.

The builder noticed the smile and looked at the house in a new light. "How hard I worked on that!" he said. "In the daytime I had to do something else, but every night I would sit up late drawing on those plans. I drew 'em every night for a month."

The architect looked at the house again and smiled once more, and the builder saw him.

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