THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Sliding Down a Stair Rail With a Man in Hot Pursuit.

"Of course, as a boy," said the retired burglar, "I slid down cellar doors, and banisters, and that sort of thing, and tore my trousers, and fell off, and had the usual number of accidents, but the most exciting sport of that kind I ever had was once after I had grown up, when I slid down the stairs of a four-story house, from top to bottom, without stopping.

"When I had got pretty near to the top of the last flight of stairs there was a door opened at the top, and a man looked out; I suppose he must have heard me, down below, or coming up. I turned my light on him for about a quarter of a second, which was plenty long enough to show that he wasn't the kind of a man that would go back and shut the door and lock it until I had gone away, and then I just put one leg over the banister, right where I stood, and took the other foot off the stairs, and started; with him after me.

"These stairs were built different from the ordinary. The foot of the second flight was right at the top of the first, though you had to turn on the platform there, to reach it, the second flight going up in exactly the opposite direction from the first. That is, going up the first flight you went toward the back of the house, going up the second flight you went toward the front. And then at the top of the second flight you came to the foot of the third flight, turning on the platform here to reach it, this flight going up toward the rear again, bringing it right over the first flight, and running the same way. So you see there was a slide of three stories with

TWO SHARP TURNS.

"It was a good, broad rail, and very smooth, and easy sliding, the first thing that struck me when I got on to it was that it beat all the rails I ever slid on, and for a minute I forgot that I wasn't a boy, any more, but a man, and engaged in business, and then in pretty serious business, and give myself up to the pleasure of the slide. But only for a very short minute; because I knew I was coming to that first curve very soon, where the rail turned to go down the next flight, and I'd got to look out and see that I wasn't flung off going round it.

"I put on the brakes, hard, by gripping the rail with my knees and my hands the instant my feet touched the bend, and slowed down so much that the man coming after me touched me with his feet; he was coming faster than I was, anyway, being eager and naturally more or less excited, and not paying the attention to the brakes that I did. But, though down to that point he gained on me thus rapidly, he lost it all going around the curve. I went around slow, but slick and smooth; he came to it so fast that when he struck it he almost flew off, and he had to grip on hard to keep on at all. Of course that gave me a good start again, six or eight feet, because when I got clear around I just let loose, and let her go, while he was righting himself up. But he got a-going again in a minute, and then he came down after me like a shot. But I kept that next turn in mind all the same, the one at the top of the first flight, and slowed up deliberately for it, and rounded it safely, I'd just cut loose again when the man coming after me, struck it.

"He was more eager now than he was even when he started. I suppose he saw me getting nearer and nearer the door and a chance of getting away; and he gave more thought to me than he did to himself, and he struck that last curve at a high speed, with hardly any slacking at all; in fact I don't believe he thought of it. He'd pretty near made up that six or eight feet, striking the upper end of that east curve before I'd left the lower. But he didn't get around this one. As I looked up I saw him, when he struck the curve, sway over to one side toward the stairs, and then I saw him gripping for all he knew how, to hold on,

COOL ENOUGH NOW,

but going so fast, and thrown over so hard by the motion that he couldn't hold on. And off he went, striking the stairs about three steps down, that being about opposite to where I was then on the banister, and then he bounded from there and went in one round sweep through the air, like a ball, landing on the stairs about two or three steps up from the bottom, He came down there with a smash, and then rolled down to the floor like a bag of clothes. He'd passed me, flying through the air. We both got to the floor together. But he didn't get up,

"'Are you hurt?' I says to him.

"'Only a leg,' he says.

"He'd broken his left leg.

"'If I hadn't been in such a hurry,' he said, 'I'd be giving you now exercise enough to keep you warm, anyway, and the least you can do is to go for a doctor.'

"And that's what I did. I lugged him into a room on that floor and laid him on a lounge, and then put for the doctor, and rung his bell, and waited to see his window go up and his head come out, and then I waited in the shadow of a stoop to see if he actually went, which he did; and he got into the house easy because I'd left the door so he could."

KISSED BY THE QUEEN.

Story Told by an Old Quartermaster Sergeant.

To be Knight of the Thistle is a big honor, of course," remarked an old quartermaster sergeant, amidst a discussion among some military men at Chatham, says Pearson's Weekly; but I can claim a distinction lots in front of that, or of kissing hands with the Queen, as they say of the custom observed by Cabinet Ministers when taking over the seals of office."

"You're chucking it, mon," observed a stalwart sergeant frae the far North.

"Well," the veteran non-com. went on to explain, "the good fortune which befell me was to be kissed by the Queen," an intimation which caused the little party to gather round yet closer.

"You're having us, Jock" observed a credulous corporal, "and if you want the hatchet, say so for the present holder is far outclassed."

"No," the distinguished soldier, as he claimed to be, contended, "it is you that's out of it, as you will see. You may have heard of my being the youngest bugler that took part in the Crimea, and such fact secured for me a place among the survivors who were inspected by the Queen after peace was proclaimed.

"When the wounded went by, some in chairs—"

"Quite so, Well, I was then a little flaxen haired, red cheeked youngster, very small for my age, and I suppose contrasted a good deal with the worn veterans. When my turn came to pass, Her Majesty asked how old I was, and on replying a little over thirteen, at the same time giving quite the best salute possible, the Queen said:—'Dear little fellow,' and then gave me a kiss on the cheek. So you see how I came to receive a gracious distinction which from generals downward no other soldier has ever been able to lay claim to. That honor's mine alone."

Poverty may be a blessing, but only when it clings to our enemies.

The Left Hand of Samuel Dodson

I.

"Smoking, as usual, and wasting your time after luncheon, instead of hurrying to your offices and coining time into money like old Sam Dodson, who can give the cash value of every five minutes," and Welsby sat down beside three other young Liverpool merchants in the club—all men who had one eye on business and the other on the good of the city. "Something's happened since I saw you fellows last on 'Change. Guess."

"Cotton up 3 points? A corn corner at Chicago? A big bear in sugar? Anything to do with fruit?"

"Nothing whatever to do with such prosaic subjects, and I am ashamed to notice your mercenary tempers; this is a public affair, and is to be a profound secret for exactly seventy minutes, after which it will appear in the fourth edition of the Evening Trumpet."

"It's a pity that the early news could not be used for an operation in cotton, but I'll take it along to the 'Fags' and tell it under pledge of absolute silence to half a dozen brokers. If you are really interested in the matter, this will give it a wider and more certain circulation than any Trumpet could."

"We're all ears, Welsby,"

"Well, to begin at the beginning, you know our people in Liverpool are crowded together in courts and rookeries without room or air. It's hard on the men and women, but it's hardest on the children, who have no place to play in but the gutter.

"So a man wrote a letter to the papers about a month ago pleading for a fund to put down small playgrounds in the crowded districts, where the little folk could come of an evening, and the mothers could sit, and the men might smoke a pipe—"

"I remember the letter," broke in Cotton; "it was signed 'Philanthropist,' and was generally supposed to have been composed in a moment of inspiration by some proprietor of insanity property; it was an eloquent letter, and affected me very much—to tears, in fact."

"It was signed Charles Welsby, and you never read a word of it because it had no reference to polo nor the Macfarlane institute for working lads, the only subjects which you give any attention. Four people read it, however, and wrote to me at once. One man denounced the scheme as another instance of the patronage of the rich. He added that it was a sop, and that the toilers would soon find open spaces for themselves."

"He would mean your garden, Welsby," suggested Produce. "The socialist has two main principles of action; first, to give nothing to any good cause himself, and, second, to appropriate his neighbors' property on the first opportunity. And your other correspondents?"

"I had a letter from the inventor of an unintoxicating beer offering £5 on condition that we advertised his beverage, which he discovered by supernatural guidance and sold for philanthropic ends."

"All queer beverages and patent medicines are owned by high-class religious people, as far as I can understand," remarked Corn, Go on."

"A third letter warned me that such spaces would be abused by bad characters and sap the morals of the people; the writer also wanted to know whether they would be closed on Sabbath."

"A publican, evidently," remarked Cotton; "no man is so concerned about Sabbath observance. And so you got sick of the whole affair?"

"Rather till I got this letter. I'll read it, and then you can make your guesses at the inclosure:"

"Liverpool, June 9, 189—My Dear Sir: Your letter of the 7th ult. in the issue of the Morning Trumpet of May 8, caught my eye, and received my most careful attention. As you appeared to have established a prima facie case for what you designate 'people's playgrounds,' I have occupied my leisure time in examining the sanitary and social conditions of certain parts of our city which were more or less distinctly indicated in your letter. As the result of my investigations, I am thoroughly convinced, in the first place, that you have proved your case as regards the unfortunate circumstances of the children in such parts, and, in the second place, that your plan for the relief is practical and wisely considered.

"It then became my duty as a citizen of Liverpool to consider what I could do to further the ends of your scheme, and it seemed to me on the whole most advisable to place a sum of money at your disposal, on condition that it be spent with such other sums as may be sent you in purchasing decaying property and creating playgrounds—said playgrounds to be vested in the parks and gardens committee of the City Council— and I would suggest that people interested in each district be allowed and encouraged to distribute to the furnishing and adornment of the playgrounds.

"'I beg therefore to inclose a draft in your favor on Messrs. Goldbeater & Co., Lombard street, London, and I have only to add my sincere approval of the good work you are doing among the poor of Liverpool, and my wish, which, as a man of honor, you will doubtless carefully respect, that you will take no steps to discover my name. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

ZACCHEUS.'"

"Satisfactory, very, although a trifle pedantic and long-winded. And the sum, Welsby? I say £250."

"Five hundred pounds," said Cotton.

"One thousand pounds," cried Produce.

"What do you say to £10,000?" and the draft was handed round.

"Congratulate you, old man," Fruit shook hands with Welsby, and so did they all, for he had worked hard in many a good cause. "You deserve your luck; think I'll take to writing letters for my pet hospital. Who can he be? Do you suspect any one?"

"Half a dozen, but I'm bound not to inquire; and I rather think that the trail is covered at Goldbeater's beyond finding. But I know who did not give it—Sam Dodson."

"No, of course I did not ask him for help. Ones does not court refusals; but you know his meddling, ferreting ways. If he didn't stop me on the street and ask fifty questions till I hinted at a subscription, when he was off in a minute."

"Nothing frightens him like a suggestion of that kind. He has raised meanness to the height of genius. They say that he is worth £200,000, but I wouldn't change with him," said Produce, "for a million. When he dies Dodson will not leave a soul to regret him, and there'll not be six people at his funeral."

"You can't be sure, gentlemen," said a quiet voice behind; "I've overheard you on Dodson, and I hope what you say is not true."

The speaker was one of those rare souls God sends forth at a time to establish our faith in goodness, who are believed in by all parties, and respected by all creeds, and loved by all classes; who sit on all the charitable boards, and help on every good cause, and make peace in quarrels; whom all men consult in their perplexities, and young men turn to in trouble, and people follow with affectionate glances on the street; who never suspect their own excellence, always take the lowest seat, and have to be compelled to accept an honor.

"You have a good word to say for everybody, sir," said Cotton, with deep respect; "but have even you ever got a penny from Mr. Dodson for a charity?"

"Well, I can not say that I remember; only I'm sure that he has his own way of doing good. Everyone has unless he is utterly bad; and I'm 70 years old, gentlemen, and I never met that kind yet."

"Greatheart is the only man in Liverpool who would say a word for Dodson," said Lard a minute later, "and in this case his charity has rather overshot the mark; but it does one good to hear the old man. He is a walking sermon on the mount, and the best thing about him is that he believes in everybody; and very sight of his white hair makes me a better man."

CHAPTER II.

"How tired you must be, Fred, after four hours' begging in offices, I'll bring you a cup of tea in the study at once, and then you are to have a nice little dinner all to yourself.

"O, no, I've not been extravagant at all, and I've not taken any money out of our almsbox, and I'm not a wicked parson's wife who gets into debt; but a hamper came from the country with lots of good things in it, and you will have the chicken; the children and I simply rioted in plenty to-day. Now I'll not hear a word about your expedition until you have had some food."

"There, I feel a perfect g-glutton, Laura. I hope you have sent home the h-hamper to the sick."

"I've done nothing of the kind; every single bit is to be eaten in this vicarage of St. Ambrose's; you would starve yourself and your family for the parish, and I am sure you are the hardest working man in it. Well, have you got the money to furnish the playground for St. Ambrose's?"

"Do you mean have I come home with £54 in my pocket as the result of one r-raid by a poor, dull, s-stammering parson, who couldn't make an eloquent appeal to save his life?"

"You don't stammer, Fred, and I wish you wouldn't say such things; you may—hesitate at a time, and I m sure any one would give you money for a good cause because you are—so sincere, and——"

"There, that will do, Laura; it's a great h-help to an obscure parson in the poorest of parishes to have a wife who believes in him, and makes £400 out of £200."

"And now about the money. Was the asking hard?

"It might have been, but every one was so jolly. The first man I went to was Mr. Welsby, and as soon as I came into his room, he cried out, 'Was just thinking of you; I hope you're on the warpath for that playground for I've a £5 note ready for you.'

"He sent me on to a botton br-broker, and he thanked me several times for coming on such a good errand, and backed up Welsby with £5. Every person had a kind word, and by five o'clock I had——"

"The whole sum?"

"With £6 over, which will get a little sheltered seat for old people. How good thsoe city fellows are when they fancy a cause."

"And when they fancy the man who pleads it, Fred. Did you not get one refusal?"

"Well, I was h-hurt by one man, who treated me rather shabbily. He allowed me to explain the whole scheme—swings, sandheaps, seats and all—and he asked me a hundred questions about the parish and my work, till I think he knows as much about the place as we do ourselves, and then sent me off without a penny,—said he didn't give to subscriptions on p-principle."

"What a mean hypocritical wretch!"

"I left rather down, for I had lost h-half an hour with him, and I was afraid I had offended him by some remark, but when I met Welsby again on the street and told him, he declared that I ought not to have been sent there, because D-Dodson—that's his name—was the most inquisitive and the hardest man on 'change.

"He can't be a gentleman at any rate, to question you for mere curiosity; I hope you gave him something to think over."

"No, I didn't; it's no use, and only frets one's self. He had a big chchance and lost it. What do you say to inviting the subscribers down some evening when the playground is in full occupation? They will get full value of their money at the sight of the girls on the swings, and the boys at ball, and the b-baies scooping up the sand and the old folks sunning themselves on their seats."

"It will be splendid, but, Fred, it goes to my heart that our own boys can have no holiday, and when their schoolfellows are away in Wales will be sweltering in this close house."

"How much have we in the h-holiday fund?"

"Just £2 6d. Save as I would, that is all I could manage. . . . If we had not given so much away we might. . . ."

"You are just as r-ready to give as I am, my little wife, and none of us regret anything we've done for the poor souls around us; but I'm sorry for the boys. Did you tell them?"

"No. I hadn't the heart, so I played the coward, and said you were thinking the matter over, and that you would tell them, perhaps, to-morrow morning."

"Do you know, I r-rather suspected this would be the end of it, and I was planning how to make the best of things, I made up a series of cheap trips, personally conducted, to New Brighton and Cheshire and Hale; you'll give us our lunch, and we'll have a regular picnic. I have some old knick-knacks of my school days at Shrewsbury, and I'll offer them as p-prizes for the best account of the day. You'll come with us, too, and we'll have a particularly jolly time."

"Letters? The post is late to-night. That is about the c-contract for swings, and this is a diocesan circular, and there is a new company p-prospectus—rather an irony sending it to me—but here are two unknown hands; let us see the news.

"Now isn't this good? Three pounds for the playground from a dissenter who c-complains I didn't call on him, and has a kind word about my hard work, as he calls it; and I've been often annoyed at that man for the things he said on disestablishment. He may say anything he pleases now on a platform; I know there is a kind heart behind the words.

"Will this be more money for the s-swings? Hurrah! here s an inclosure of some sort. But what is this?"

"What's wrong, Fred? Is any one dead? Are you ill?"

"Laura, you are an excellent m-manager.' The vicar, very white as to his cheeks, and somewhat wet as to his eyes, stood on the hearth rug and waved his wife to a distance. "Be g-good enough to secure a commodious farm house in North Wales, somewhere between Bettws-y-Coed and Llanberis, for the month of August—with a little f-fishing attached, if possible.

"Please sit down, Laura, and don't interrupt, I'm sane, quite sane; much p-playground and domestic affliction have not made me mad. Now, where fwas I? Yes, and arrange a quite new s-series of tours round by Festiniog, and up Snowdon, and down to Llandudno, and another to the Menai Straits.

"You are an extravagant, d-dressy woman, Laura, so you may get a natty walking dress and three blouses, but keep a trifle for f-fishing apparatus and special provisions—you are th-throttling me—then read it yourself, read it aloud, and—I will p-process round the table, I wish the boys had not gone to bed."

"Liverpool, July 16, 189—Reverend and Dear Sir: It has come to my knowledge from various quarters that you and your devoted partner in life are doing a most beneficent work, both sacred and secular, in a very necessitous district of our great city, and that you are discharging this duty to your fellow-creatures at severe cost to yourselves and your family.

"My observation of life leads me to believe that some of our citizens live harder lives or make greater sacrifices than clergymen of limited means whose sphere of labor lies in poor parishes, nad without being in any sense a good man—for my whole life is a struggle with one besetting sin, which often getteth the victory —I have been filled with respectful admiration, and have wished to assist, after a humble fashion, in this Christian service.

"As you may have some difficulty in securing a suitable holiday for your family through your notorious charity —for such is the report concerning you—I venture with much diffidence to inclose a draft on London, which can be cashed at any bank, for your use, under two conditions, which I must charge you to observe: 1, that the whole sum be employed to the last penny in holiday expenses—including such special outfit as may be judged fit by your wife for you all; and 2, that you make no effort to discover the name of your unworthy friend. The indorsement of this draft will be sufficient acknowledgment.

"Trusting you will all have a health-giving, happy and long holiday —I have the honor to be, your humble servant,

ZACCHEUS."

"Your voice is a little shaky, Laura . . . don't wonder . . . such nonsense about me and such c-compliments to you . . . yes, it will be g-glorious, another honeymoon, and those rascals of boys, why won't they . . . let us thank God, wife; it came from him.

To be Continued.

BIG NAMES OF HISTORY.

THEY ARE ENROLLED IN QUEEN VICTORIA'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK.

Signatures of Sovereigns Who Have Visited Windsor Castle—The Queen's Grandchildren Have a Queer Name for the Volume.

Among the most valued treasures of a personal character belonging to Queen Victoria is an autograph book, on the pages of which are signed the names of all those distinguished personages who have been her guests at Balmoral, Osborne, Buckingham palace, and more particularly at Windsor, during the sixty-three years that she has occupied the throne of Great Britain. To those who are aware of the existence of this volume of autographs the visit paid recently by Emperor William to his venerable grandmother, appeals perhaps the more strongly, because they know that he as well as his escort will not have been permitted to leave the historic castle on the banks of the Thames without having once more inscribed their names and the date of their sojourn in that book, which, more perhaps than any other thing comprised in so small a compass, shows the march of time and the progress of history. For a perusal of this volume serves to demonstrate above everything else the extent to which England's sovereign has outlived her contemporaries. It calls forth memories of dynasties that have been overthrown and kingdoms that have disappeared, and seems to evoke the specters of a great throng of rulers and of celebrated statesmen, all now in their graves, not a few of whom have met with terrible deaths at the hands of assassins.

The visits paid by foreign rulers and by foreign statesmen to her majesty possess, thanks to her absolute and supreme control of England's foreign policy far more importance than one might be disposed to accord to them at first sight. For the stay at Windsor of nearly every continental monarch has been followed by political consequences. The course of history, indeed, may be said to have been largely influenced by these visits which the queen receives from her brother and sister sovereigns. And it is this that renders her book of autographs so exceptionally interesting.

MILESTONES OF HISTORY.

The autographs may be regarded as bearing a certain analogy to milestones, since they mark so many different epochs. What more remarkable, for instance, than the changes which have fallen to the share of the reigning house of Prussia during the near sixty years intervening between the visit of King Frederick William IV. to attend the baptism of the prince of Wales, and the stay of Emperor William at Windsor? At the time when this king was a guest of Queen Victoria, Prussia was in every sense of the word a second rate power. Frederick William, in fact, was almost abject in his subserviency to the German emperor at Vienna. and to his brother-in-law, Czar Nicholas I. As far as the Imperial house of Hapsburg was concerned, he seemed to be unable to forget that his ancestors had been, if not a little more than a hundred years held the position of cupbearer to the Emperors at Vienna, and been compelled to stand at state banquets behind the imperial chair, doing duty, if not as a menial, at any rate as a mere vassal. As for his attitude toward Russia he permitted himself to be bullied and browbeaten to such an extent by the czar that he did not venture to take any step, even in his own dominions, without the sanction of his imperious brother-in-law. So great was the contempt in which Prussia, was held at the time of the congress of great powers held in Paris at the conclusion of the Crimean war, King Frederick William's plenipotentiaries were not admitted to the meeting, on the ground that Prussia was not a power of sufficient importance to warrant her receiving any such privilege.

King Frederick William was at the outset of his reign when he visited Queen Victoria at Windsor in 1842. Six years later he was a prisoner in the hands of the people of his capital and forced to pay homage to the dead bodies of the men, women and children who had been shot down by his troops. And during that time his brother, William, who eventually succeeded him on the throne, was obliged to flee for his life, to England, where he in his turn, enjoyed for a time the hospitality of Queen Victoria and wrote his name in her autograph book. The closing years of the reign of King Frederick William IV. were darkened by insanity of the most violent description. William became first King of Prussia, and then, after 1870, German emperor, appropriating at Versailles a dignity which had been for centuries the most highly-prized possession of the house of Hapsburg.

"UNSER FRITZ."

Emperor William's successor was that "Unser Fritz," who was of all Queen Victoria's sons-in-law, the one she loved best, and many were the visits which he paid to her at Balmoral and at Windsor, one sojourn at the latter place being, however, suddenly interrupted by a violent tiff between his wife, the now widowed Empress Frederick, and her august mother, on the subject of the latter's crochety, cranky, and terribly surly Highland gillie, John Brown.

Emperor William II. who now visits his grandmother at Windsor for the second time since his accession to the throne is, therefore, the fourth ruler of Prussia whom she welcomes beneath her roof tree, and she greets him no longer as the sovereign of a second or even third-rate state, but as the head of the greatest military power on the face of the globe, whose friendship England is glad to secure at the present juncture, and who holds to a great extent at the present moment the balance of power in the Old World, his understanding with Great Britain resulting in a combination so mighty as to put an end to all the projects which had been entertained of a continental union against England. Truly, Prussia, has undergone many and amazing vicissitudes during the period that has intervened between King Frederick William's visit to Windsor in 1842, and the stay there last week by his grand nephew.

NAPOLEON'S MEMORABLE VISIT.

A very important state visit and certainly one pregnant with great political consequences was that of Emperor Napoleon III. and Empress Eugenie to Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle at the time of the Crimean War. It may be said to have constituted the first actual recognition of the emperor, and, above all, of the empress, by any of the reigning families of Europe. Napoleon had until then been regarded as a mere successful conspirator who prior to his seizure of the French throne had been a disreputable chevalier d'industrie; while the empress was looked upon as an adventuress, concerning whose antecedents the most scandalous stories were current. Indeed the wars of 1855 and of 1859, which resulted so disastrously to both Russia and Austria, were largely brought about by the contemptuous manner in which the courts of St. Petersburg and of Vienna rejected all advances made to them by Napoleon and Empress Eugenie. Queen Victoria was then, as now, renowned for her strictness on the score of the character of all the women whom she consented to admit to her presence, and her action therefore in inviting not merely Napoleon, but likewise, his consort, to Windsor, where she treated them with the utmost distinction and regard, went so far, to improve the status and prestige of the imperial couple both in the continental courts and even in France, that neither of them ever forgot the kindness of Victoria in the matter. Indeed, as long as he remained on the throne, the emperor continued the warm and loyal friend of the English people.

Napoleon was not the only French monarch whom the Queen had the opportunity of welcoming at Windsor. In her visitor's books is likewise to be found the name of King Louis Philippe, who stayed with her once while still ruler of France, and then several times after he had been dethroned and was in exile.

A POPE AND FOUR CZARS.

The name of the present pope, while still papal nuncio to the Brussels court, as well as of no less than four czars of Russia are to be found in Victoria's autograph book. The first is that of Emperor Nicholas I., who suddenly arrived without warning in England to visit the queen in 1844. To this day the object of his trip remains more or less of a state secret. But it is generally believed that he came for the purpose of discovering how the ground lay in connection with his designs upon Constantinople, and if he quitted Windsor more or less disappointed by the failure of his mission. The impression that he created upon the queen does not seem to have been altogether agreeable. At any rate, her published diary leads to that inference. His son and successor came to Windsor thirty years later, shortly after the marriage of his only daughter to Queen Victoria's second son. Alexander III. was a frequent visitor to Windsor and likewise to Osborne before he ascended the throne, while the present autocrat of Russia, a grandson by marriage of the queen, has visited her once at Balmoral since he became emperor, but spent whole months at Windsor while he was courting the lovely princess, now his wife. It is to the affectionate relations then established between young Nicholas and the venerable queen that is largely due the maintenance of peace between Russia and Great Britain—two countries which find themselves in rivalry and opposition in nearly every quarter of the globe.

MEMORIES OF TRAGEDIES EVOKED.

One of the most dramatic things about this book of the queen's is the fact that so many of the personages who have signed their names therein have met their death through violence. Indeed, many are the grim tragedies that are called to mind when one peruses its pages. Taking them at haphazard, there is that, to the queen, least welcome of all the guests whom she ever entertained at Windsor, namely, Nasr-Eddeen-Shah, the ruler of Persia, who was shot down only a few years ago by a religious fanatic. Then there was the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, who stayed at the castle in 1867, who who was done to death nine years later in his palace at Constantinople with a pair of long, sharp, concave-bladed Oriental scissors. Czar Alexander II. had the entire lower portion of his body blown to pieces by Nihilist bombs in 1881, while Empress Elizabeth of Austria was stabbed to the heart at Geneva, but a little more than a year ago. She had often visited the queen, and in spite of everything, asserted to the contrary, was on terms of warm friendship and continuous correspondence with her. The young Prince Imperial of France was killed by the Zulus, in South Africa while wearing the queen's livery as one of the officers of her army. He was one of her special favorites and might have become her son-in-law had he lived.

KING PEDRO OF PORTUGAL

succumbed to poison shortly after returning to Lisbon from a visit to Windsor castle; King Louis of Bavaria, whose death by drowning has never been satisfactorily explained to this day, figures in the book, and so does his cousin, the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, who blew out his brains at Mayerling on discovering that Baroness Marie Vetsera had poisoned herself. He had visited Windsor only two years previously, at the time of the queen's jubilee. His uncle, Archduke Maximilian, who suffered death by shooting at Queretaro, after reigning as emperor of Mexico, spent a week in Windsor in 1857, and in her diary the queen speaks most highly of him, saying: "We have become great friends." His consort, who is the queen's first cousin, has for thirty years been under restraint as a lunatic. The Duchess of Alencon, of whom the queen was particularly fond, and who, when staying at Bush Park, loaned to her father-in-law, the Duke of Nemours, by her majesty, used often to go over to Windsor, was burnt to death in the terrible Charity Bazaar conflagration at Paris. Prince Baldwin of Belgium, another near kinsman of her majesty and a signer of the book lost his life by a revolver bullet in an adventure of a questionable character in a mansion of the Avenue Louise at Brussels, while at least two of the queen's former guests at Windsor, namely, Archduke John of Austria, and the late Landgrave of Hesse, have vanished at sea without leaving any clue as to their fate.

Many more names could be cited that call forth equally tragic memories, but these will suffice to explain why the queen's grandchildren should have nicknamed this so unique volume as "Grandmamma's Cemetery."

SHOEMAKER'S STORY

Tweed Shoemaker Who States He Was Cured of Backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

No Reason to Doubt It. He is But One of a Thousand—Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Backache.

Tweed, Nov. 27. There is a shoemaker in this town who is one among the thousands who have been cured of Backache by Dodd's Kidney Pills. The shoemaker's work sitting bent over the bench or last all day is naturally a strain on the back, but that of itself is never the cause of the real Backache. Backache of the genuinely painful and distressing kind is caused by disorder of the kidneys. In fact the ache or pain is situated directly in the kidneys as the sufferer will find if he tries to rub the pain away with liniments, as he would were it a mere stiffness of the muscles.

Mr. W. S. Bushy, of Tweed, thought his case was of the latter kind. He bore with it for years, thinking it inseparable from his work. Finally, however, he found his mistake. He writes:—

"I have long been troubled with severe pains in my back, and I always thought that the cause was from my constant work on the bench. I found out my kidneys were affected and once I was certain of that I resorted to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I am happy to say three boxes left me clear of Backache. I can highly recommend them to any person afflicted with that form of Kidney Disease."

A SUBSTITUTE FOR RUBBER.

Velvril Said to Be Superior to the Natural Product in Some Respects.

Velvril is the name by which a new substitute for rubber and guttapercha is to be known. It is to be used largely for deep sea cable insulation, to take the place of rubber, The desirability of such a substitute being found is seen in the fact that one cable recently laid required over 500 tons of rubber, or one-fifth the annual output, for its insulation. The new insulator is a mixture of nitrated linseed or castor oil with nitro cellulose. This gives a homogeneous mass, the elastic and other properties of which can be modified by changes in the proportions of the constituents. A good imitation of Para rubber is secured by mixing two pints of nitrated oil with one pint of nitro-cellulose. Castor oil yields better results than linseed oil. The elasticity of the product is 25 per cent. It is said to be more durable than rubber, and it can be molded under heat and pressure, or worked by dissolving in any suitable solvent, and then evaporating the solvent. Velvril is claimed to be superior to vulcanized rubber, in that it is without action on copper. It appears to possess many advantages, but satisfactory information as to its cost of production is not yet forthcoming. The purposes for which it is expected to be specially adapted are machine belting, the manufacture of portmanteaus, camping-out sheets, lift cloths for horses, balloon materials, hose and tubing, carding wire foundations for spinning rollers, floor coverings, paints, enameled leather and fishing lines. It is non-explosive, and not more inflammable than other kindred organic products.

THE SCIENCE OF DREAMS.

According to the recent studies of Signor De Sanctis of Turin, children begin to dream before their fourth year, but are unable to recall dreams before the age of four or five. This age, he concludes, is that at which a child first becomes distinctly conscious of self. Aged people dream less frequently and less vividly than the young. Women's dreams are more frequent, more vivid and better remembered than those of men. Criminals and delinquents dream much less frequently and much less vividly than other people. Two-thirds of the most depraved criminals examined by Signor De Sanctis were never conscious of mental activity.

NOBLE WORK TO DO.

Ah exclaimed the youth, we have fallen upon evil times! What is there left for one who is over forty, nowadays?

Well, the old man replied, he can put in his time after that trying to become as great as he thought he was at twenty.

Be Cured of Catarrh.

It is quite easy to cure yourself of Catarrh or Asthma if you use Catarrhozone, the guaranteed air treatment for all diseases of the nasal and respiratory organs caused by germ life. Catarrhozone will cure—absolutely cure—Catarrh, and is a very pleasant remedy that can be used without any danger or risk whatever. When inhaled it rapidly volatilizes, and finds its way to the very seat of the disease, where it kills the microbe life that causes Catarrh and at the same time restores all irritated membranes to their normal condition, effecting a permanent cure. you simply breathe; Catarrhozone does the rest. One trial will demonstrate its worth. For sale at all druggists or by mail, price $1.00. For trial outfit send 10c in stamps to N. C. Polson & Co., 518 Kingston, Ont.

LIVE ON STRAW.

Thousands of persons in Germany live literally "on straw," making it up into blankets, panniers, boxes, knick-nacks, hats, bonnets, etc. Professional schools have even been founded where the trade is taught in all its varieties.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

ACETYLENE SEARCHLIGHT.

A German officer has invented an acetylene searchlight which can be carried by one man, and which will illuminate everything within a distance of 100 yards. It is expected to be of great use in searching for the wounded after a battle, and in bridge building at night.

POR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

WORSE THAN WAR.

France losses every year by infectious and contagious diseases 240,000 lives, or nearly double in number of lives lost in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Granby, Que. Cigar Manufacturer.

THE SPIDER'S APPETITE.

Commenting on the amount which a spider actually consumed during 24 hours Sir J. Lubbock says: "At a similar rate of consumption a man, weighing 160 pounds, will require a whole fat deer for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner, and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep and four hogs, and just before retiring nearly four barrels of fresh fish.

O'KEEFE'S LIQUID EXT. OF MALT Invigorates and Strengthens. LLOYD WOOD, Toronto, GENERAL AGENT.

TREASURE FROM THE SEA.

Greek divers have discovered treasure in a Russian flagship sunk in Greek waters in 1770. Gold coins to the value of $55,000 have already been recovered, and the divers report great stores of silver and jewels, which the storms of a century have washed out from the hulk of the old wreck.

A REVELATION TO NEW USERS—A NECESSITY TO OLD ONES—

LUDELLA

Lead Packages. 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c. CEYLON Tea holds its friends like a magnet

WE DESIRE That every citizen of Canada could read this advertisement. Fortune knocks at every man's door at some time. Now it is knocking at yours.

WE SHOW YOU how you may live in easy circumstances, earning big money honestly and honorably the rest of your lives without leaving home. The first applicant from each town or country district will get this unparalleled chance. Capital not necessary, for start. For full particulars address enclosing two cent stamp.

EASTERN DISTRIBUTING CO., Belleville, Ontrio.

WASTED AMMUNITION.

Marguerite,—Some men are awfully stupid.

Amy—Who, for instance?

Marguerite—Well, there's Harry. I remarked that I just doted on diamonds, and he simply said he did too.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND Complexion TREATMENT. Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART Analytical Chemist, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Bank President—Are you aware the casher has taken a half interest in a yacht?

Director—We had better see he does not become a skipper.

La Toscana, 10c. RELIANCE CIGAR FACTORY, Montreal

A SLIGHT RETURN.

The last laundry I patronized was the worst I've struck yet.

In what way?

Why I sent 'em six collars, and all I got back back was the buttonholes.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan. $1.50 & up.

Hotel Carslake, European Plan. Rooms from $1 a day up. Opp. G.T.R. Station, Montreal. Geo. Carslake & Co., Prop's.

AVENUE HOUSE—McGill—College Avenue. Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

ST. JAMES' HOTEL—Opposite G.T.R. Depot, Railway. First-class Commercial House. Modern improvements—Rates moderate.

A WISE PRISONER.

Now tell me, said the visitor to the penitentiary, if you had your life to live over, don't you think you would choose a different road?

You bet I would, answered the prisoner, I'd take to the road through the woods, and they's never catch me.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HOW SOME MEN LIKE IT.

Do you believe in the observance of the golden rule?

Yes. I always like to have other people keep it in mind when they are dealing with me.

W P C 1003

CALVERT'S Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevent infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application. F. C. CALVERT & CO., MANCHESTER, . . ENGLAND.

Blemishes OF THE SKIN AND Complexion TREATMENT. Send one cent stamp for circular. W. J. URQUHART, Analytical Chemist, 489 Queen St. W., Toronto.

HARRIS Buys Scrap LEAD, COPPER, BRASS. Wholesale only. Long Distance Telephone 1786. WILLIAM ST., TORONTO.

I.C.C. permanently cures Catarrh of nose, throat, stomach and bladder. 50c & $1 a box. Write for particulars. The Indian Catarrh Cure Co., 146 St. James-st., Montreal.

TORONTO Cutting School offers special advantages to all desirous of acquiring a thorough knowledge of Cutting and Fitting Gentlemen's Garments. Write for particulars. 113 Yonge St., Toronto.

POULTRY, BUTTER, EGGS, APPLES, and other PRODUCE, to ensure best results consign to The Dawson Commission Co., Limited, Cor. West-Market & Colborne Sts., Toronto.

WANTED—Men to travel, salary or commission; exper