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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and cooler.

There is so much original sin abroad it would seem that we should have a few original sermons on the subject.

Instead of burying their differences at the grave of Jefferson those Democratic pilgrims seem to have exhumed a fresh supply of trouble.

Comptroller Roberts, so it would appear, is going to enforce the Civil Service law on Commissioner Lyman because the latter will not permit Roberts to select the Buffalo drink chaperons. What a go-as-you-please civil service reformer Mr. Roberts is!

While the administration was engaged in its struggle with the measles the free silver Democrats down in Alabama slipped in and carried the day for their gubernatorial candidate. This will give Secretary Herbert the counterpart of that unpleasant job Secretary Carlisle had down in Kentucky.

Since appeal is to be made to the Building Department to enforce the Raines law by arresting proprietors of bogus hotels, the Excise Board might be asked to enforce the building law by getting after owners of fire-trap tenements. It's all a little irregular, of course, but one good turn deserves another.

Missouri Democrats have declared "Silver Dick" Bland the favorite son of the State, and will present his name to the Chicago Convention as that of a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. This is flattering to Mr. Bland, but not profitable. It would have been vastly more to his purpose had such Missouri Democrats as lived in his Congressional district voted for him in 1894 instead of sulking at home and allowing a music teacher to be elected to Congress in his stead. What does it profit a man to lose a $5,000 Congressional job and be made a favorite son without salary or perquisites?

Governor Bradley irascibly declares he will go to St. Louis bent upon doing all he can to defeat McKinley. This because McKinley's emissaries invaded Kentucky and prevented Bradley's securing a unanimous indorsement as favorite son, though they could not prevent his securing a majority of the delegation. Though Bradley's prominence in national politics is purely factitious, sprung from a blunder and resultant schism in the Kentucky Democracy, his influence among Southern Republicans is wide. It may be doubted whether in hurting him just enough to enrage and not enough to kill him the McKinleyites have not made a tactical mistake which may prove fatal.

ANOTHER RIGHTEOUS PLATT.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, evidently has no fear that any legislation which it may please the worshipful Congress of these United States to accomplish will be regarded by the people as impertinent, oppressive or idiotic.

Tuesday he offered a bill making guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable with heavy fine, prolonged imprisonment, or both, any person "who shall knowingly be a party to the transmission by telephone, telegraph, mail or express or otherwise, from one State or Territory into another, of any gambling bet, or report of such bet, or the odds quoted on any race, prize fight or other event, or who shall knowingly receive or transmit such reports."

It is usual at the time of Presidential campaigns for newspapers to furnish their readers with a rough way of estimating the probable outcome by printing the odds which shrewd bettors in different cities are offering and taking on the respective candidates. Should Senator Platt's bill become a law the jails would yawn for the correspondents and telegraph editors who handled the depraving reports and the wicked proprietors who dispatched into adjacent States by mail or express newspapers containing them. Yesterday, for example, great bundles of the Journal were sent into New Jersey and other neighboring commonwealths containing the story of Alderman Olcott's loss of his vote for one year in a wager based upon Alderman Dwyer's ability to kiss a blushing bride. A score of people concerned in handling this item and the papers containing it might be fined and imprisoned for thus debauching public virtue with an account of a gambling event.

What is the matter with the Platts anyway? The New Yorker has given us a law which makes the sale of beer at certain hours a dire offence unless the seller have somewhere about his premises sleeping accommodations for ten people—an enactment which reminds us of the logic of the Mad Hatter in "Alice's Adventures"—while the Connecticut Platt is going to detract from the gayety of nations by refusing to let us read in November next how as a result of an election bet Simon Pefferton, of Wahoo, Kan., cannot trim his whiskers for four years.

Mr. Platt's Albany tools have at least succeeded in legislating up the value of the Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

THE SILVER DEMOCRATS.

In his communication to yesterday's Journal Mr. Julius Chambers did not in any material degree overestimate the probability of the capture of the Chicago Convention by the silver element in the Democracy. The one thing really surprising in the situation is that the Administration Democrats were so long in discovering that, while they were enjoying the complimentary attention of the press and making cheerful, if rather vague, prophecies of the complete discomfiture of the "free silver cranks," the latter have been systematically gathering in the delegates.

For the present situation, which certainly involves grave danger of a serious schism in the Democratic party, if not indeed an actual bolt from the convention, extremists of both factions are to blame, although the adherents of the Administration policy—which is in effect gold monometallism—are the more so. They have failed to comprehend the extent of the silver sentiment, and have in many States refused contemptuously to combat it with argument or political effort, believing it a passing whim, which would disappear with better crops. A case in point: To-day the State Convention of Missouri is in session to select delegates to the Chicago Convention. The indications are that its voice will be strongly for free silver, and, as one of the earliest conventions in the middle West, it will exert considerable influence upon the Democrats of surrounding States. Yet when the primaries were held in St. Louis only 5,000 votes were cast, the free silver candidates being overwhelmingly elected, though it is probable that in St. Louis, as in other large cities, the so-called sound-money element is in the actual majority. The Republic says the sound-money Democrats purposely refrained from making a contest. Why? If they were in the majority would it not have been well to show it? If in the minority, have they any right to combat the cardinal Democratic principle of majority rule? A like attitude was assumed by the sound-money men of Illinois when "Buck" Hinrichsen summoned the famous free silver Democratic convention in Illinois. How little good they did for their cause by holding contemptuously aloof is indicated by Senator Palmer's reluctant admission now that the Illinois delegation of forty-eight in the National Convention will be for free silver.

This has been the prime error of the Administration Democrats. To constantly assert their numerical superiority and describe their opponents as an insignificant handful of "cranks," while evading every opportunity to test their strength, has been their uniform policy in almost every State. It is a policy which naturally has neither won them many converts, nor even aided to hold their own rank and file enthusiastically together.

Mr. Hanna regards Quay and Platt as mere children in politics. Doubtless he thinks that Florida trip was due to an attack of the political colic.

THEATRICAL INDECENCY.

A New York manager was on Monday arraigned for exhibiting at a popular place of amusement a so-called theatrical entertainment, which the complaint described as "lewd, indecent, obscene, filthy and scandalous." That is was so the Journal testified before the complaint was made, and any further reference to the character of the "show" is unnecessary in print. It will either be modified or removed now that the law has come to the rescue of decency. But there are two circumstances brought to light in the matter that are worth a moment's reflection. It packed the manager's house with a crowd of both sexes, which in great part may be adequately described in the terms of the complaint as more "lewd, indecent, obscene and filthy" than the stage exhibition itself; for while one exhibition was mutely suggestive and only pictorially salacious, the other was as avowedly and demonstrably brutal as any riotous horde of satyrs could be. All the baser elements of human character in the floating population of a vast city found the expression of its lewd desires in this show and rushed to it with cheeks aflame and jaded pulses newly awakened by the promise of it. When, on Tuesday night, the performance under police surveillance omitted the only particulars of impudicity that made it piquant, this audience of unhaltered boys and senile veterans cried "Shame," and snorted its disgust at having its appetite interfered with. All this appears to have been counted on by the manager, who promptly threw himself on the license of high art, employed an esthetic lawyer and braced himself to defend the "beautiful" and advertise his house at the same time.

The moral of all this is as plain as a pikestaff. There are vagabond elements in the rear ranks of the public itself, no less than in the "horsed couriers" of amusement, that will not bear exhibition in a clean community. Filth has to be hidden by a strong hand, whether it claim the immunity of a public dunghill or only gibbers behind the screen of prostituted art.

In case Mr. Tillman fails in his effort to electrocute the Democracy at Chicago he will turn on his full voltage and try the current in the Populist party.

THE BRIDGE LEASE.

The truth of the saying "What is everybody's business is nobody's business" finds new demonstration in the smooth course in the Senate of the bill to authorize the leasing of the tracks on the Brooklyn Bridge to the elevated railroad companies of New York and Brooklyn. That measure was quietly reported yesterday by the Senate committee having it in charge.

Grave criticism upon this bill has been given public expression. It has been urged that for an enormously valuable concession the lessees are to be charged an absurdly inadequate rental; that there is doubt of the ability of the Bridge structure to stand the incessant pounding of "L" engines; that, except for Brooklynites living along the line of the elevated roads, the contemplated plan will be an actual inconvenience; that two fares are to be exacted and no provision is made for future reduction of fares, and that the taxpayers are not adequately protected in that part of the bill which prescribes how the necessary extension of the bridge shall be paid for. Yet it does not appear that formal and determined effort has been made to bring these objections properly before the Legislature.

Public memory is short in New York, and many may have forgotten that the Brooklyn Bridge was originally begun as a private, money-making enterprise. Supposing that plan had been adhered to. Imagine that the incompetence and blindness of the original possessors of this enormously valuable franchise had not enabled the people to regain their own. Would the pathway be free to-day? Would the fare on the cars be down to three cents? Would not rather the original charges be exacted and stock watered and books juggled to give them apparent justification?

By a piece of unparalleled good fortune the people secured ownership of the most travelled highway in the United States to-day. It would be criminal folly for them to give any part of it up.

Some of the net results of the Raines law manifested Tuesday last were these:

Lockport elected a Democratic Mayor by 28 majority. Last Fall it was Republican by 650.

Watkins elected two Democratic Trustees. Last Fall it was solidly Republican.

North Tonawanda went solidly Democratic.

To students of politics these be significant facts, but as indicative of the impressive and effective work for temperance and morality accomplished by this famous act they are as nothing in comparison with the news that, spurred on by Raines, "Silver Dollar" Smith and other gentry of his sort have bought sparingly of furniture and started "hotels."

The history of the famous Duke of Cambridge Stradivarius violin, the theft of which from the late Professor Jean Bott caused his death through chagrin and worry, when it comes to be written, will read more like an imaginative romance, such as the "Moonstone," than a recital of a series of actual happenings. The future custodian of the famous fiddle, if it still exists intact, will doubtless lock it in a safe deposit vault and never play upon it except when guarded by a corps of policemen. Even so charming an instrument as the violin can be transformed into a white elephant by the cupidity of man.

The intelligent tariff system by which we Americans protect the dignity of American labor and raise needed revenue has seldom offered a more amusing problem for solution than that with which the New York authorities wrestled yesterday. Shall holy water be admitted free or not? Deputy Collector Estabrook thought it should pay a duty of ten per cent. Special Deputy Naval Officer Gurley, however, opined it was natural spring water and should come in free. The Collector finally agreed with the S. D. N. O. and the holy water of Europe entered America untaxed.

Those people who wonder at the splendid persistency of the Cuban revolutionists will find an explanation of it in but one aspect of the situation—that of taxation. The Cuban is taxed by Spain before he is born and after he is dead. At no time is there an intermission of taxation. Failure to pay the tax on the dead is followed by ruthless despoliation of graves, as bodies on which the grave tax is unpaid are unceremoniously removed from the cemetery. It is not so wonderful, after all, that there are revolutions in Cuba.

All About the Coronation of the Czar.

Berlin, March 25.—After three weeks of cabling, letter-writing, document-furnishing, bail-offering, wire and red tape-pulling and submission to all manner of personal inquiries I have at last secured for your special correspondents a suite of rooms in Moscow that fronts the principal thoroughfare leading to the Kremlin, the old stronghold of palaces, churches, forts and towers where the coronation of Nicholas and his Czarina will take place on May 14.

His Majesty the White Czar desires and commands that all good citizens of Russia shall heartily enjoy themselves on the occasion when the greatest honors of Orthodox Christendom are conferred upon him and his lovely wife. The stern Prince Governor, Grand Duke Sergius, will therefore not interfere with the pleasant game of fleecing visitors to Moscow on this momentous opportunity that comes only once or twice in a lifetime.

Moscow, in respect to hotels, is worse off than Brooklyn, far worse, and the Government's command that all respectable quarters shall be reserved for the use of royalty and persons of distinction has brought on a crisis which has led the sly Moscowites to the adoption of the following resolution:

First—All hotel and lodging house accommodations must be secured for one month from May 1 to June 1. No exceptions for either large or small apartments.

Second—Rates for board and lodging will be trebled, but no board will be furnished, except coffee and rolls in the morning, at an extra charge treble the ordinary.

Third—All non-Russians, except visiting royalty, must apply for accommodations to ——— (that individual being a hardened courier, who has acquired a large fortune and no end of ability to fleece in conducting the Vanderbilts and other moneyed aristocrats over the Continent)

That these onerous rules will be strictly and painfully adhered to, I gather from letters received from every Moscow hotel keeper. The said courier has also written indorsing the above and stipulating the following terms:

Two parlors and two bedrooms, the first on the coronation route, from May 1 to June 1 (not obtainable for lesser period)	6,000 roubles
Hall bedroom, ditto ditto	600 roubles
Small bedroom in the rear, seat at window	500 roubles

Nota Bene.—"Silver" roubles (worth 70 cents in our money), none of the dirty Russian paper. Another note says that one-third of the price must be deposited one month in advance.

While this may not frighten rich tourists, there are other circumstances connected with the coronation and the visit to Moscow at the present time that may serve as a warning even to the most adventurously inclined. It goes without saying that no Hebrews will be admitted to Holy Russia on this supreme occasion, and that passport regulations will be more rigidly enforced than ever; but these are side issues. Foreign travellers must also bring certificates from a magistrate testifying to their good character and their peaceful intentions, these documents to be indorsed by their Minister in St. Petersburg. Furthermore, it is required that they furnish the Russian police with five photographs of themselves, which are to be deposited in so many "rogues' galleries" at the frontier, at Moscow, at St. Petersburg and with the different railway companies.

Though I am ashamed to own it, I must confess to having my picture taken especially for the Muscovite police, acceptance of older photographs having been refused for lack of up-to-deteness. I have likewise accumulated half a trunk full of documents, receipts, extracts from law books, letters and certificates since I began reckoning on the probability of witnessing the coronation, our Minister in St. Petersburg, the Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, and J. B. Jackson, Charge d'Affaires in Berlin, lending their valuable assistance in the kindest and most hearty style.

After explaining these matters to my tourist countrymen I think I have done my duty toward them when I add the information that Moscow is a dirty, and, consequently, most unhealthy place in Summer, and that the natives there pride themselves on understanding none but their own barbaric language. Without a courier a traveller is lost completely.

The official programme of the festivities was only decided upon a few days ago, and a copy has been furnished me by the Moscow Governor. The ceremonies begin on May 6 and last for twenty days. On the 6th Their Majesties arrive in the coronation town and take up their residence at the Petrowsky Palace; on the 7th and 8th the Czar's birthday is celebrated; on the 9th occurs the triumphal entry of Their Majesties into Moscow, with the Te Deum in the Cathedral of Uspensky, and in the evening the Czar and Czarina retire for three days to the Alexandrinsky Palace; on the 10th is the grand reception of Ambassadors and diplomats in the throne room of the Kremlin; from the 11th to the 13th the imperial couple will travel from one sanctuary to another saying prayers, and there will be a review of the Body Guards, the blessing of the Czar's standard in the Kremlin, the procession of the crown jewels, and in the evening of the 13th the entrance of Their Majesties into the Kremlin amid the roaring of cannon, after which all true Russians are expected to spend half the night in prayer; the 14th is coronation day, the evening being devoted to a banquet in the Granowitja Palace; from the 14th to the 26th there will be grand illuminations, dinners and balls to the nobles of all countries, including a ball and concert at the German and Austrian Embassys, the celebration of the Empress's birthday on the 25th, and on the 26th Their Majesties leave Moscow.

There will be hardly a breathing spell for Their Majesties and the poor correspondents.

HENRY W. FISCHER.

AMUSEMENTS TO-NIGHT.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC	Humanity
ABBEY'S	The Little Duke
AMERICAN	The Law of the Land
BROADWAY	Excelsior, Jr.
BIJOU	The Widow Jones
BOWERY	Variety
CASINO	The Lady Slavey
COLUMBUS	Mavourneen
DALY'S	Madame
DORIS'S	Continuous Vaudeville
EDEN MUSEE	Wax Works and Concerts
EMPIRE	Bohemia
EIGHTH AVENUE	Variety
FOURTEENTH STREET	The Village Postmaster
GARDEN	His Absent Boy
GRAND OPERA HOUSE	The Two Orphans
GARRICK	The Spirit of Dunne
HARLEM OPERA	A Social Highwayman
HERALD SQUARE	The Heart of Maryland
HOYT'S	A Black Sheep
IRVING PLACE	Georg Engels
ICE PALACE	Skating
IMPERIAL MUSIC HALL	Vaudeville
KEITH'S	Continuous Vaudeville
KOSTER & BIAL'S	Chevalier and Variety
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN	Circus
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE	Don Giovanni
OLYMPIA THEATRE	Vaudeville
OLYMPIA MUSIC HALL	Marguerite
PALMER'S	Mme. Sans-Gene
PEOPLE'S	The Trolley Party
PROCTOR'S THEATRE	Vaudeville
PROCTOR'S PALACE	Vaudeville
STAR	The Last Stroke
SANFORD'S	Fritz in Love
STANDARD THEATRE	Chimonie Fo..dem
TONY PASTOR'S	Continuous Vaudeville
TROCADERO	Vaudeville

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is interesting and nearly always amusing in whatever he tells us, whether it be an artist's life in some picturesque corner of the world, a simple sketch of an old mountaineer making friends with a low-down dog and the squirrels in the woods, or a study in Irish like "Tom Grogan."

"Tom Grogan," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and illustrated by Reinhart, is a story of "pluck and grit" in the person of a sturdy Irish widow, left alone early in her career with a family and her husband's business on her hands. How she brought up the one and brought the other through many vicissitudes of wind and weather, fire, fight with "the Union," Staten Island politics (which are merely touched upon—a rich field for him who cares to probe), is charmingly told by Mr. Smith. There is the usual sharp little street Arab, with the Bowery accent and the heart in the right place, who can neither be cajoled or threatened, whom we have all grown to love; there is just enough of a love story, hair-breadth escapes, thrilling rescues and attempted murder to supply the action, and through it all the widow moves with sturdy frame and unflinching courage. In the end the villain dies properly as a villain should, or is otherwise disposed of, the lovers clasp hands under the drifting apple blossoms, with the widow's blessing, and the curtain drops on "Tom Grogan" and her faithful adherents in peaceful possession of her contracts, her little portion of Staten Island, and the reader's best wishes.

But what is the matter with Mr. Reinhart's frontispiece? Lathers, one of the villains, is supposed to be cowering before the widow's wrath; there is an arm shaking a fist gently in his face, to be sure, but any man who would cower before that placid figure—a figure that might belong to a Puritan maiden looking dreamily out to sea for an absent lover—would cower before the tamest kind of a bluff. Mr. Reinhart's figure and his arm do not agree. Again, in the illustration, "I'm givin' it to ye straight, Dan," the figure, face, attitude, all are perfect but the shaking fist does not shake. Even when a gentle artist shakes a fist there ought to be some force in it.

"A Flash of Summer," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford (Appleton's Town and Country Library), is one of those good old fashioned tales over which you've wept in your younger days, or, if you do not belong to the weeping sex, your eyes have known that "suspicious moisture." Old fashioned, with just a touch, a glimmering of the new, for Katherine, who tries to go back to duty and a brutal husband, finds it too much for her and ends her pathetic life in a friendly pool, where, as the waters meet above her head, it "seemed to her that her lover's arms closed round her forever."

"The story of a simple woman's life," Mrs. Clifford calls it, and it is simply told, with none of the heroics, analytics, introspectics, or even moral, that we are accustomed to look for; indeed, the author states in her brief preface that "the story is a story and nothing else, and does not in any way belong to recent controversial discussion," which is a relief to begin with. It is a story that could happen in England, where the scene is laid, or at least could have, before the recent "revolt of the daughters" that has been making so much stir over there, but would be quite impossible in this land of the free, where liberty and more are drawn in with the first breath of the sons and daughters of even the foreign-born. A story of a gentle girl, with a bleak childhood, who grows up in the depressing atmosphere of a wicked old uncle, is married against her will, in her teens, to her uncle's family lawyer, whom she hates and who detests her, but who has an eye to her uncle's money, which he supposes the young woman will inherit, and who makes her life miserable when he finds himself disappointed. The "Flash of Summer" comes in Katherine's sombre life when she has fled from her lawyer-husband's persecutions, and is, of course, the heritage of love and the right man in the wrong time and place. It is a pathetic story, simply told, and, for weeping purposes quite as effective as "Ian MacLaren."

"A Woman of Sense" and "A Hair Powder Plot" are two little plays in Hennequin's Colloquial English into French series (press of William R. Jenkins, New York), designed by Mr. Hennequin for the student's translation from English into French. Any one who has wrestled with the metamorphosis of English colloquialisms into French colloquialisms will appreciate the helpful notes of Mr. Hennequin, which will teach him, for instance, how to put "headed for nowhere in particular" into "n'ayant aucun but defini," which he would not be apt to discover for himself at a first glance.

Now, when to recognize or not to recognize the Cuban struggle is a burning question, with a President—of Mr. Cleveland's proportions—hanging in the balance, anything relating to the island is of more or less interest. Raimundo Cabrera's "Cuba and the Cubans" (published by the Levytype Company, Philadelphia), is a book extremely popular in Cuba and among Cubans. It presents the situation of affairs in that unhappy island—a "pearl in the mire," Signor Cabrera calls it, from the Cuban's point of view—a situation, if Signor Cabrera faithfully portrays it, so full of injustice, of archaic stupidity on the part of Cuba's governors as to warrant the bloody rebellions which have formed so large a part of its history. "All the evil it possesses," says the author, "which is no small matter, is the result of its Spanish colonization, and the little or almost nothing which it has of good is what it assimilates spontaneously from the American atmosphere;" a rather strong statement, which he sets about to prove.

As to sanitary affairs in Havana, Cabrera says:

Pray do not scrutinize too closely the waters of the port. The filth which is deposited in thick crusts at the bottom makes the waves muddy, and its emanations, if we are to believe the doctors of the country—reputed for their knowledge and scientific attainments—constitute the principal cause of yellow fever. * * * There is a drainage system (of the city), but so bad is it that it serves only as a receptacle for filth, and there is not enough water for cleaning purposes here, where springs abound. Public improvements have certainly not preoccupied the Colonial Government, which, while appropriating $8,165,000 for the maintenance of the army, allows $1,228,000 for public works, and this is almost entirely expended on personnel.

That was the condition of sanitary matters in Havana, according to Cabrera, ten years ago, and that it is not materially changed to-day is borne out by Dr. Doty's recent inspection.

An absence of representation in the Government, an arbitrary press censorship, a general disregard for anything like public education, a policy prohibitive of exports or manufactures—in short, a general government by the Spanish, for the Spanish, with little or no regard to Cuba's needs or wishes, is the Cuban's arraignment of his Spanish masters. A short, concise Editor's Supplement, historical and descriptive, adds much to the information of the book.

Prince de Sagan, The Alcibiades of France.

Boson de Talleyrand-Perigord, Prince de Sagan, eldest son of the Duc de Sagan, Valencay, Talleyrand and of Perigord, is the most conspicuous figure in the great world of Paris and the arbiter of all elegances of the French metropolis. The very type of the French dandy, and a worthy representative of the great Talleyrand, in so far as wit and savoir-faire are concerned, he is, in spite of his sixty years, still one of the youngest men in Paris, and his handsome, refined, clever face and snow-white curls are to be seen in every place where pleasure is the goddess worshipped, from the race course at Auteuil, where he is the all-controlling spirit, to the smart Club de la Rue Royale, looking out onto the Place de la Concorde, and where he has established his headquarters as the presiding genius of the institution since he parted from his wife, whom he describes as "tant soit peu vulgaire," a compliment which she returns by asserting that he is "l'egoisme en personne!"

There are few men of more strangely complex character than the Prince de Sagan. According to some people, he is everything that is chivalrous, chic and a grand seigneur, while there are many others who are equally positive in their assertions that he is a man of the most questionable honor, who derives a goodly portion of his resources from foreign millionaires, who fee him for piloting them about and for introducing them into the salons of the great world and the boudoirs of the half world, and who, moreover, credit him with receiving large commissions from the various Parisian tradesmen, to whom he brings customers.

It is to be feared that both his friends and his enemies are right, and that he is an almost unique mixture of good and bad, of chivalry and—well, let it be called the reverse—of high principle and absence of principle. Thus he was certainly chic, chivalrous and grand seigneur when he left his wife in the manner that he did, literally shaking off from his feet the dust of her establishment and calling upon the entire household to witness that he carried away nothing save the cane in his hand, being unwilling to soil himself with money acquired by the frauds of his wife's father. That gentleman, as is well known, committed suicide on the very morning of the day when his trial was to commence for forging Government stamps on army supplies, which he had contracted to furnish and which the official examiners would never have permitted to pass.

Although the Prince has many times been in terrible straits for money, yet it must be said in his honor that he has persistently declined his wife's proffers of assistance, the only time when he consented to hold any intercourse with her having been when his eldest son, Count Helie de Talleyrand, was under indictment for fraud, and would have probably been sentenced to a term of penal servitude had not the Princess yielded to her husband's demands that she should step forward and furnish to her badly treated first born the money needed to compromise the criminal proceedings against him.

On the other hand, it is impossible to deny that the Prince de Sagan is constantly seen in public with a class of people whose very appearance, let alone their manners, must offend his sense of delicacy and refinement at every turn, and for his association with whom no other excuse or reason can be found than that they are pecuniarily useful to him. He is the leader of a band of men numbering about one hundred and fifty, all of them bearing, like himself, some of the most illustrious names in France, all of them ruined financially, and having no avowable means of livelihood.

Yet they practically lead masculine fashion, who constitute the cream of what is known as "le Paris galant," who launch the famous demi-mondaines and who make and unmake professional beauties in society. Do they pronounce any little bourgeoisie as beautiful, original and in every way charming, at once the press will take up the cue, give voice to the sentiments which they have expressed, and for a time you will scarcely open a Parisian paper without seeing effusive paragraphs about "La belle Madame X.," until the poor woman's head is quite turned. The whole thing generally terminates in disgrace or suicide, the fair one either joining the demi-mondaines, so as to retain the notoriety which has now become more of a necessity than a luxury to her, or else blowing out her brains.

There are scores of such tragedies that could be recorded, and some of them have furished the theme to novelists as well as playwrights, the Prince de Sagan, being often nicknamed the "Prince d'Aurec," after his prototype in one of the most popular and successful dramas that have been produced on the Parisian stage in recent years. Sometimes, too, it is not a woman, but a man, who is the victim.

A case in point is that of Pail Avernay, who has just committed suicide, because after being taken up by the "Prince d'Aurec" and his titled associates, he had been dropped by them, and could not bear the thought of existing any longer without seeing his name alongside of theirs in the press record of "Le Paris galant." He was by birth a Hebrew, the son of a very rich merchant, and up to the time that he happened to cross the path of the Prince was perfectly content with his lot and with the remarkably pretty damsel whom he had persuaded to share his bachelor establishment.

It was the lady who attracted the attention of the Prince, and instead of Avernay's resenting the Prince's publicly professed admiration for his belle amie, he was delighted therewith, since it not only gave the fair one a fresh value in his own eyes, but also opened up to him the possibility of becoming a member of the Prince's entourage by means of the lady. This was what took place. He became a temporary member of the coterie known as "Paris galant," and for the sake of his belle amie and incidentally of the money was tolerated for a spell by the Prince and his set.

As his money decreased so did their cordiality, until finally he found himself left out in the cold, cut by his titled associates and deserted by the lady whose intimacy with them he had encouraged with the object of ingratiating himself. Unable to bear the mortification and the loss of publicity and notoriety, which had become as indispensable to him as the air that he breathed, he shot himself, his fate merely evoking a contemptuous "Poor snob!" on the part of his quondam chums. And this phrase "poor snob" may be regarded as his epitaph, as it was nothing but snobbery that led to his death.

It is things like these that do the Prince so much harm in the eyes of all right-thinking people, and in view of his mature age, his snow-white hair, and his really imposing appearance it does seem a pity that he should lay himself open to such reproach as this, or to that which he incurred when he invited a large party of demi-mondaines to an exceedingly gay supper for the purpose of making the acquaintance of Prince Henri d'Orleans; or again when he helped King Milan of Servia to introduce the latter's son, the nineteen-year-old ruler of the kingdom of Servia, to the fair but frail ladies of the half world of the French metropolis.

It is he that gives the tone, and in dress, at any rate, it is quiet and refined. There is something of the Athenian exquisite of olden times in the Prince, and he well deserves his nickname of "France's Alcibiades."

Matters Quaint and Queer in English Churches.

London, April 4.—The other day when one of the greatest men in England was talking about the singular pugnacity and eagerness for war of us Americans, I said: "Well, where do you find anything different? Isn't all Europe on the edge of war, and has not all Christendom taken to walking around with a chip on its shoulder?" He admitted that this was true and that the twenty years' peace which was first seriously broken by the Japanese last year might be long in healing its wounds. "Do you not think we are hastening toward the long-expected and terrible European war?" I asked. "I had not Europe in my mind when I was speaking of your country," said he, "but I agree with you as to Europe. I do not know whether the hot weather of midsummer will precipitate a European war or whether it will be put off until next year, but it is evidently drawing nearer and nearer. As to England, I will tell you this: If we get out of our present troubles in Venezuela, Egypt and Central Africa without a great war on our hands we shall be a very fortunate people."

On the day after this conversation I noticed the words "A Great European War" in an advertisement column of the Daily Telegraph and read what followed. It was an advertisement inserted by the sect called the Second Adventists, who have figured out that Christ's second coming was due in each year that has passed since I was a very little shaver and first felt a curiosity that led to my attending one of their meetings. The notice reads as follows:

A great European war, and, perhaps, invasion of Britain may be expected next year, 1897, and the formation in 1898 of an allied confederacy of Ten Kingdoms (the ten-horned wild beast of Daniel, vii., 24), viz., France, Britain (possibly without Ireland and its colonies), Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and the Balkan States—in fact, all the countries of Caesar's original Roman Empire. Then they will appoint Napoleon to be King of Macedonia (the Little Horn of Daniel, vii. and viii.), who will re-enact the career of Alexander the Great, and subdue by democratic revolution Greece, Turkey and Syria (thus plucking up three horns), and himself become King of Syria by 1901, and afterward be recalled to Europe and be made Democratic Emperor of the Ten Kingdoms for three and a half years from 1904 until the battle of Armageddon in Passover Week, 1908. Addresses on these subjects will be given by several ministers in the Drill Hall, Bromley, Kent, on April 5 and 6, and in Lesser Queen's Hall, Langham place, London, on April 23 and 26, each day at 11 a. m. and 3 p. m. and 7 p. m.

The next advertisement was of the same order, saying that Napoleon as King of Syria may be expected seven years from Good Friday to make a seven years' covenant with the Jews in Jerusalem from Passover Day, April 4, 1901, to April 16, 1908. "More than three hundred expositors in their books on Daniel consider that these seven years of the future Jewish covenant will be the last seven years of the age or dispensation, and will end with the personal descent of Christ at Jerusalem, to commence the millennium of 1,000 years." I copy this precise and important information in the hope that it may startle those who have not been fooled as many times as I have on ground floor information as to the exact date of the last day.

In the meantime the solid old church of England goes its way doing to-day just what it has done for hundreds of years, and arranging to continue doing the same thing for hundreds of years to come. Yesterday, for instance, twenty-one poor widows went to the Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, in "the city," and, marching to the little shut-in, gloomy churchyard behind the church, each one picked up a sixpenny piece from a tombstone from which every year for ages twenty-one such women have picked up sixpences in the same fashion. The origin of the custom is shrouded in obscurity, and it has been kept up (with great difficulty) only because it is a custom. Far, far back in the past, it is said a devout widow left a fund for defraying the cost of this annual gift of the score-and-one of sixpences, to be picked from her tombstone, and to be followed in the church with the further gift of a bun and two shillings to each worthy widow. The good old soul feared, perhaps, that a mere sixpence each would not stir so many widows to come, so she added a hot cross bun and two shillings, or, as time went on, the church folk added these, as sixpences grew less and less tempting and uncommon. No one knows anything more than that the custom dates from time immemorial, and has been kept, it is believed, in unbroken continuity. No one knows who the widow was, or under what stone her ashes now mingle with the dirt. It is agreed that the sixpences were to be picked from a "flat stone" in the churchyard, but the identity of the stone became moss grown, like all the rest connected with the queer custom, and so for many years the churchwardens led the widows the rounds of the yard, to each stone in its turn, in order to make sure of once in a while visiting the right one. Next, the bequest money ran out, or got mixed with other moneys or spent in other ways, and then the maintenance of the custom depended upon the generosity of individuals in the church or the parish. Nine years ago a rich Mr. Butterworth invested enough money to keep up the custom "forever," and the church wardens thought it time to determine upon a fixed stone to be used in the ceremony as long as it lasts. Readers of this little chapter of history—especially those who have been to England—will remark: "Just like England! Nothing changes there. No custom is suffered to die." It will interest such confident wiseacres to know that of all the numberless odd ancient "doings" willed to continue forever by the pious of the past in the old original London, this is to-day the last surviving representative.

JULIAN RALPH.

More of Less in the Public Eye.

Senator Beranger is the Dr. Parkhurst and Anthony Comstock of Paris. He is leading a crusade against vice in the French capital, but at the present moment vice is many laps ahead of the reformers.

Queen Sophia of Sweden is one of the richest women in the world. She was a princess of Nassau, and her brothers, from whom she inherited her money, owned the gaming tables at Wiesbaden.

Miss Frances Willard recently spoke of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt as follows: "After years of labor there rose up a man in a Church from which we have not hitherto received much encouragement, but which I honor and covet, and whose help and assistance we shall have in the future; if he had wanted to, he could have taken his yacht and cruised in the Mediterranean. But he was so much a Christian and so much of a patriot that he stayed up this country and accepted a Police Commissionership in a city which had Tammany and its accompanying sin and crime. When there is a man and not a mouse to enforce the laws there is a prohibitory law which does prohibit. And thus it has come about that 2,000 saloons have been closed, sixty gambling houses shut up and 300 haunts of nameless infamy wiped from the city."