THE CZAR'S CAR IS SHOT PROOF.

A Ruler Who Travels Continually Between Two Fires of Sentiment.

When the czar travels in Russia the precautions taken for his safety would not be greater if he were in an enemy's country. A battalion of infantry is detailed for every 100 miles of distance, and allowing 500 men as the effective force of each battalion, every spot of ground on both sides of the track is covered by sentinels within easy distance of each other. The czar is said daily whirled off to the station, accompanied by the chosen twelve of his body guard without pomp or circumstance, swiftly and silently. The czar always travels in a train of five carriages. His carriage is built in a peculiar style.

The windows, while ample for light, are high so that a person sitting down is invisible from the outside, and the sides of the car are fortified with plates of steel concealed in the ornamental woodwork, but strong enough to resist a bullet. There are two entry boxes in the carriage, one at each end, and each looking out at an opposite side from the other.

The guardsmen on duty in these apartments are shut in from any observation from the interior of the car rings, but at intervals of about two feet, the whole length of the saloon, are electric buttons, communicating with the guard chambers, as well as with the two carriages, one containing the suite, and the other, in the rear, occupied by the guardsmen not on duty. So far, therefore, as the train itself is concerned, the czar could be as safe as if he were in St. Petersburg.

The train speeds on to its destination without a halt, except on account of accident. At a distance of not less than five miles ahead is a pioneer train, to which the imperial director of all steps and the chief engineer of the particular railway on which the czar is traveling always ride. As the pilot train whizzes by the reserves along the line rush to arms and guard the tracks of the railway, waiting until the imperial train has passed, so that the spectacle is presented of continuous lines of soldiery for hundreds of miles. Arrived at the end of his journey, the czar is escorted to the quarters intended for the imperial family.

The streets are guarded by special constables, in the attire of citizens. Every property owner has been called upon to supply one or more of these men at his own expense to do duty when the sovereign makes a public appearance. The constables arrange units ten of the crowd that lining the streets, and being in ordinary dress they can mingle with the people, note what is said, and, perhaps, do something that will obtain them regular employment among the secret police.

With one-tenth the population engaged as spies upon the remainder, with troops enough concentrated to stand a formidable siege and his faithful guardsmen dogging every step, the czar goes through the farce of a visit to the ancient capital of Russia, or whatever city he may choose to honor.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

One Policeman's Power.

The Paris prefect of police is today the most unaccountable and the most powerful man in France. His functions are highly varied. He controls not only the ordinary police that patrol the streets and keep order, but also the detectives and officers who constitute the "police judiciaire," and who work up criminal cases. Besides these, he is master of the political police—the government's secret agents—and he has in his hands a secret service fund to spend unaccountably except as regards his immediate superior, the minister of the interior.

His department covers the maintenance of order everywhere in streets and public places, the punishment of misdemeanors, the inspection of weights and measures, the organization of important life saving and sanitary services, authority to permit or to forbid public spectacles, licenses of numerous sorts—such as omnibuses and cabs and river steamers—the regulation of certain trades and callings, and, in general, the control of a great number of services that affect the security of life and property, the public health and the convenience of a great community.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

A Boston Baby's Cradle.

In Boston a cradle is used, contrived rudely as to both structure and motion. It is an oblong box or sailor basket, with a cord from each of its four corners converging to the hook or the rafter from which it is hung, and with a looped cord underneath, in which the mother puts her foot to swing her baby. In winter—which in Russia is long and severe—the cradle or sometimes the hammock in which the youngsters of this dress shop, are slung around the great stove upon which the parents and other adult members of the family pass the night, wrapped in their sheepskins.—Strand Magazine.

No Left Handed Shoemakers.

A left handed Jerkey bought a stem winding watch from one of our young men. After having the watch in his possession for several days he brought it back to him, saying that it was no good, as it would not run in spite of all his persistent efforts at winding it up. The young man, after examining the watch, turned the stem, and the watch at once began ticking. The negro could not for the life of him understand why the thing would not run for him, though he had been so faithful in winding it up.

The baffling mind of the young man, to the astonishing bewilderment of the derby, told him the trouble, which was that no left handed negro would run a timepiece. With his left hand he had been turning the wrong way all the time. He went home firmly convinced that his watch would ignore his left hand every time, and it would only run when manipulated by a man using his right hand.—Waynesboro Tri Citizen.

AMERICA'S REAU BRUMMEL.

Reminiscences of Colonel Richard Hickman: a Famous Character.

Washington's most famous character, if adhesion be popular vote, would be decided to be Colonel Hickman, known the country over as Beau Hickman, the Prince of Dandies.

Colonel Hickman was born in Virginia, presumably, as he came from that state to this city, settling here in the year 1824, about twenty-two years old. From this date for almost three years may be included the beau's joyful period of existence, when the world was seen only through rose colored glasses, and life was but a merry round of love and lawn, sonnets and gooey "affairs." He swung the old globe about as quickly as possible, and was as gay and merry a high roller as the city has ever seen.

In a short while his name was as well known in Washington as that of Beau Brummel in London. He moved in exclusive circles, had all the polish and grace and spent his patrimony with a lavish hand. At the races he was a valued sporter and knew more about horses and their sprits than a paddock full of jockeys. He was a frequenter, too, of the theaters, and was as much at home behind as before the scenes.

For the short three years of affluence and high living delighful to the beau he was compelled to repay more than thirty years of what would have been to any other a most humiliating and wrenched existence. From the society reveler he was reduced to a state of pitiable poverty. He never buried the secret of his fortune well to bad now, and then, it being too late to retrieve his squandered fortunes, it became necessary for him to adapt himself to his altered fortunes in the most expedient manner. There was but one course left open to him, he became a dependent upon charity. In his high strung and sensitive nature this was an achievement so difficult of execution that in at one time even admitted that the sacrifice exacted by his haunting methods could be characterized as offerings of charity.

His fall from his high estate was not as sudden as his financial wreckage. He did not cease his swell existence when he found that all his resources had become exhausted, but kept on spending the money that he had not as recklessly as he had spent the money that he had formerly possessed. Where he had before liberally bestowed gold and greenbacks he now distributed notes of "I. O. U.'s," trusting to the recalcitrant Dame Fortune to visit him again at some time in the legislator future. He at this time patronized the most exclusive hotels, kept up fashonable connections and was as good a beau as ever. He regarded as such—as the only thing that prevented his creditors from swarming in upon him.

Beau Hickman's few years of prosperity left not faint impress on the public mind. It is as the prince of humbugs that he is best remembered. For years the principal hotels knew him but to fear him, afterward they hailed upon him as a show box feature to be pointed out to visitors to the national capital as the famous beau Hickman. Every new visitor was legitimate prey and liable to amusement. Beau's home seemed to be in the lobbies of the hotels. He was often seen at the capitol and other public lodgeries.

Here was always an opportunity to pick out his man, and as this meant often meals and bed to him he naturally devoted a considerable portion of his time to selecting his victims. The assessments netted were seldom more than a quarter or a half dollar, and these extorted with such a good grace that the victims felt truly it was more blessed to give than to receive. He also had a regular list of patrons, mainly congressmen, on whom he levied assessments at regular periods.—Indianapolis Journal.

Self Possession Is a Strong Trait.

There is nothing like self possession in all emergences. Not long ago a clever woman was dining at a bachelors house in an interior city. She had never, as it happened, seen lime juice offered in the course of a meal. When the bottle was handed around, some salad had just been served to her, and without giving the matter any thought she sprinkled the liquid to be a sauce piquante for the salad and dashed a few drops on her lettuce hearts.

In an instant she became aware, by that sort of intuition which is in the air at such times, that she had done something wrong, and when she saw her neighbor adding some of the contents of the bottle to his glass of water, she divined at once what her blunder had been.

The meal progressed and she finished her salad with apparent relish. Her hostess pressed more upon her, and she accepted a second serving. Then, with a little air of six having everything quite to her liking, she looked up and down the table and squealed the welcome "The lime juice, please," she said nonchalantly, as if salad without lime juice were an unpalatable dish. This bit of adroitness at once set her in a niche among the company as an epitome of exalt and unpassmed knowledge.—Her Points of View in New York Times.

One Ancient Mines of Laurium.

United States Consul Manatt, at Athens, in a recent report on Greek mining and metallurgy, enters into the history of the subject in an interesting manner.

The mines of Laurium, now worked for zinc, lead and iron, are, he says, the very mines from which Themistocles drew the silver supply to fit out his fleet and beat back the Persian invader at Salamis (480-481 B. C.), and so to lay the foundations of the Athenian hegemony. More than this, it is thought probable that the Phoenicians delved here before the Greeks came, as they are known to have done on the island of Thasos.

At any rate, Thorikos was a free city before Themistocles sailed the Attic boats into a single commonwealth (that is to say, before the name of Athens appeared in history) and its importance must have been due to the mines, so that the mining industry at Laurium may possibly trace its roots as far towards as thirty centuries back, while it is again in full blast today.

In walking through the French company's great office at Camarasa, in the heart of the Laurium region, one traverses before a gallery in artistic exploitation for zinc and lead and lead by another workpit cut by the old Greeks two or three thousand years ago. These ancient works are among the most interesting monuments of Hellenic civilization.

Prepare in September Your Medicine.

The young man of the period may not be surprised if, when he is off on his excursion and sitting on the hotel piazza with his best summer girl, she should suddenly inform him that the sensible he is on is "very pretty and quite the thing for my rug. Just give it to me when you are done with it, please." Of course he merely hands it over without so much as asking why, but the reason is soon given and the astonished man finds that she is saying the same thing to all the other fellows. She must need quite a collection.

But what the girl does with them is this: She cuts them into strips about an inch wide and sews them together, forming long strips of varied colors. This is pleasant work for a summer afternoon and the maiden makes a pretty picture seated with a large lap robe filling with daintily colored silks, and with the darting needle so easily sewn them together. Her attendant carries wads the long strips into good sized balls. Not a very different picture from that her grandmother made while being assisted to wind a skein of worsted. At the end of the season there will be several large balls and then these are sent to be woven into a soft pretty rug that will grace the hardwood floor of our maiden's room.—New York Sun.

The Fast of Ramadan.

Ramadan, the Mussulman's terrible month of daily fasting, is like the Chinaman's New Year, governed by the moon. This year, probably at the moment the new moon becomes visible on the morning of April 8, Ramadan began and continued throughout the lunar month. The origin of this long fast seems shrouded in mystery, as it is said to have been observed by the Sin worshipers long before Mahomet was born. Mahomet did, who thought he commanded to all true believers to fast for eleven months in the year was too much to require of mortal flesh. Through the angel Gabriel he therefore brought the Great Spirit to reduce the time one-half. Finding this still a heavy load, he again intervened and got the time fixed at one lunar month, when it still remains. During this awful month nothing in the way of food passes the true Mohammedan's mouth between dawn and sunset. At the moment, as soon as a white thread can be distinguished from a black one, the fast begins.—St. Louis Republic.

Valuable Coverings.

Talk about a ninety dollar gown as a wonderful graduation day in the city! What will you think when you are told that a lady up in Oxford county protects her house plants while out of doors from frosts with a $200 coat? Early in the month, during the frosty nights, a woman living in a Rumford village in Oxford county took her husband's old coats to cover up her plants. Several days later he inquired for his coat, and when told the purpose for which it had been used and that probably it was left in the flower garden, said he guessed it had better be brought in, as there was a $200 roll of bills in the inside pocket, which he had carried there for some time.—Lewiston Journal.

Etiquette in the Reign of Louis XIV.

The etiquette which prevailed at Versailles was of the most minutely elaborate character, and governed every movement of the king and those about him from the very moment he opened his sleepy eyes until he closed them in sleep. He was the center of the whole; it was a drama, daily repeated—the same characters, the same scenes, the same details—upon which, in its unknown, fatiguing, is its constant pressure.

I have neither the space nor the inclination to dwell on all the extraordinary ceremonial of the state dinner; the twenty or thirty grandees flittering around the king, the napkins and glasses, the sacramental utterances of the cardinal, the gaudy processions of the retinue, the arrival of lamé—that is, the center piece of plate which contained, between sweated cushions, the king's napkins, and Pontac the prince—the taking of each dish by the gentlemen servants and officers of the table before the king partook of it.

The same custom was observed with the beverages. It took four persons to serve the king with a glass of wine and water. Well might Frederick the Great, on hearing an account of all this pomp of etiquette, exclaim, that if he were king of France his first edict would be to appoint another king to hold court in his place.—All the Year Round.

The Augusta Journal tells of a deaf man there who is too stingy to buy an ear trumpet, or sound of anything else and is suspicious for his niggardly traits. The other day he went into a meat room and wanted to know how much he could purchase a certain soup bone for. The proprietor is a generous fellow and replied, "Oh, I'll give you this." Then the old man with his hand on his ear exclaimed, "Can't you take a little off from that?" Poor old fellow, he hadn't heard and the dealer taking pity on him said, "You call it ten cents."

"German Syrup"

A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says: "We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country." John Franklin Jones.

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My digestion being very bad, and I was broken down from overwork so that I could not sleep nights. But my stomach is now in perfect condition, and for all the good herself gratitude to this Hood's Sarsaparilla."

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