

house with considerably less than half that number. The garden was told some time ago that the gardens would be kept up only to the extent that they were made self-supporting. All the horses that once filled the extensive stables have been sold. When the earl wants to take a drive or pay a visit he hires a carriage from a neighboring livery. But though the estate generally is much neglected now it is a magnificent one of rolling park and woodland, stretching nine miles from gate to gate. The big house still contains some treasures and relics which even Lord Ashburnham's devotion to lost causes will never permit him to part with. In a tiny octagonal room on the ground floor the earl keeps a curious picture which was given to him by the Duchess of Madrid, the wife of Don Carlos of Spain. It is a picture of a religious puzzle, the meaning of which the owner himself acknowledges he has not yet succeeded in deciphering. In the center is the head and shoulders, the side of a handsome young cavalier. Surrounding it are various small pictures which, it is supposed, illustrate incidents in the career of this cavalier. In one he is depicted addressing a mob. In another is shown a woman stretched on a sick bed. A third shows the cavalier bringing a doctor to see her. Who is the cavalier, or by whom it was painted, is not known, but the earl is convinced that the picture is precious.

THE ONLY PROMISING PRE-TENDER.

At any rate, the high value he sets on this painting affords a measure of the earl's devotion to the "lost causes." Probably among all the claimants to thrones whom Lord Ashburnham is backing Don Carlos is the only one who stands any chance, small though it now seems, of ever being seated. When things go wrong with them the Spanish people are much given to swapping one king for another, and though the Carlists are now reduced to merely "lying low," there is no telling what may happen if the present king continues to show a disinclination to govern. Meanwhile, Don Carlos enjoys life in exile in the Venetian, and waxes fat and sends the noble earl repeated assurances of his distinguished consideration.

Facts so practical as the chances of success which may attend a movement for upsetting one dynasty in order to replace it with another whose claims have a firmer hereditary foundation have no place in Lord Ashburnham's calculations. With him the cause of the earl's is everything; the prospects of victory count for nothing. For this reason he is an ardent supporter of that most forlorn of all monarchical hopes: the movement of outlaws and exiles called the Stuarts on the English throne.

According to the Legationist Jacobite league, which amuses itself by conducting the movement, the lawful ruler of the greatest empire the sun ever failed to set upon is that devout and amiable elderly lady who is the wife of Crown Prince Louis of Bavaria. The first of her long string of baptismal names is Mary, and in the propaganda literature of the Legationists, which doubtless Lord Ashburnham's money helps to print and post through King Edward's mails, she is proclaimed in bold type as "Mary IV, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Queen, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith"—and all the rest of it.

And there is no doubt that if the so-called "divine right" of direct descent had not been overborne by the asserted right of the English people to choose their own rulers this remarkable woman would today be occupying Buckingham palace. So far as mere heredity goes, her claim to the English throne is much better established than that of Edward VII.

To make this plain, a brief incursion into history is necessary. Princess Louise of Bavaria is descended directly from Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots; James I, and the unlucky Charles I, whose head was chopped off by Cromwell's orders. After Cromwell's death the throne was restored to the son of Charles I, Charles II, who was about as famous for his fondness for Nell Gwynn as for any other achievement. He was succeeded by his brother, James II, who was such a wretched failure that a king that the English people sacked him and put his daughter, Mary, and her Dutch husband, William, on the throne, although the next in line for it after James II was his sister, Henrietta Anne, seventh child of Charles I. It is from this sister that Princess Louise of Bavaria derives her claim of direct descent.

DIRECT HEIR OF CHARLES I.

Even if James II had managed to stick to his throne and had been succeeded by his son, James the Pretender, and afterward by "Bonnie Prince Charlie," this Princess Louise would still have the best hereditary claim to the throne. The list of kings and queens following "Bonnie Prince Charlie" would have figured as Charles III would have taken this order: Mary III, who married the Duke of Modena; Francis, her eldest son, and finally Mary (now Princess Louise of Bavaria), daughter of the younger brother of Francis, who succeeded her uncle to the throne.

King Edward VII is well known by students of history, occupies the throne by virtue of the act of settlement of 1701, which provided that Queen Anne, daughter of James II, should be succeeded by her second cousin, the Electress Sophia of Hanover, instead of by her brother James, then a boy of 14 and the legitimate heir to the throne. It is interesting to recall that this act was carried by a majority of one vote out of 35 cast. And it is that one vote which has prevented this Bavarian princess from becoming England's queen.

Despite all these historic facts and of Lord Ashburnham's pocketbook the Roman Catholic Bavarian princess will never reign over the British empire. She is well aware of it, and has never advanced any personal claim to the throne. Lord Ashburnham is on friendly terms with her, but her attitude toward the movement is entirely neutral and passive. She has something like a dozen children, and is well satisfied with her position and the prospect of becoming the Queen Consort of Bavaria. Visionaries though they are, the Legationist Legitimists are not so unreasonable as to expect that King Edward VII ever will be deposed, and they have a dim notion that when the Prince of Wales ascends the throne the temper of the English people will change and then they can get their work in.

The royalist pretender to the throne of France, the Duke of Orléans, also gets a generous backing for his claims from Lord Ashburnham, despite the fact that his ostentatious patronage of a French gutter lampoonist of Queen Victoria aroused such a storm of indignation in England, where he was born and so long had his home. But the noble earl, as a Legitimist, is down on republics of all kinds, and has no faith in the old saying, "Vox populi, vox Dei." He believes that a king with a good title is infinitely better than no king and even preferable to a good king with a bad title. He is consistent. No claimant to a throne who can produce good documentary evidence of that kind applies for his support in vain.

WANTS GREECE AND TURKEY.

In modest style at Kensington lives a woman who claims descent—and has a family tree to prove it—from the empress of Byzantium, and on that ground modestly maintains that by divine right she is the lawful ruler of both Turkey and Greece, though she would be quite content to take either one of them to begin with. In England she is regarded as a mad Mrs. Wickham, having married Major Wickham, an English offi-

cer, but she styles herself Princess Eugénie de Crisotora. In her home she holds receptions in regular court style, those presented to her doing her homage on bended knees and kneeling her nation's hand. Of course Lord Ashburnham is one of her financial champions. Lord Ashburnham leads a secluded life in these days, seldom showing himself in the gay haunts of worldlings who are selfishly indifferent to the welfare of those who yearn in vain for ancestral thrones. As the champion and almoner of lost causes, Lord Ashburnham has a large amount of correspondence to attend to. For the rest he delights in reading of the good old days before the dry rot of kings had been called in question. His father was the last of the great Sussex ironmasters, an industry which disappeared when the forests which used to supply the wood needed for smelting purposes were cut down, there being no coal mines in the region. Recently natural gas has been discovered in the vicinity of the earl's estate, and he has granted permission to a company to prospect his property for it. Should they succeed in discovering it in large quantities it would lead to the revival of the iron industry in the neighborhood and supply Lord Ashburnham with the means of amassing a large fortune. At Penbury, in Wales, he has another seat, in which is at present housed one of the religious communities which was expelled from France some little time ago. They have transformed the place into a fine glass-making manufactory. Lord Ashburnham's heir presumptive is his brother, the Honorable John Ashburnham, who formerly was in the diplomatic service. He does not carry a baton for the representatives of kings and queens who were long ago given the sack, and if he gets possession of the estates they will not get a penny out of him. Meanwhile, much to his own and regret, he is powerless to prevent the earl squandering his means upon them. E. L. SNELL.

ASTOR PLANS TO BUILD TUDOR TOWN

Continued from page 9

state of affairs these incidents reveal. They cannot be regarded as the invitation to a reasonable number without giving mortal offense to many persons and jeopardizing their own popularity. However magnificent their abodes they must one day be torn down and the earl's carriage can drive up at them at one time or another. While the earl's carriage is away, when there are hundreds of carriages filled with guests awaiting their turn, the earl's carriage is not alone those who are invited to these grand functions who are exposed to inconvenience. In consequence of the street blockades people who are returning to their homes and very anxious to get to them are often detained over an hour in consequence. Swells cannot be treated like coterie street traffic and creating what the law terms a nuisance.

WILL REVISIT AMERICA.

Yielding to the request of her American patron that talented artist, Miss Edith Wright, who only returned to London in the spring, has planned to revisit America in the fall. Her last batch of portraits, which she was commissioned to paint when in America last year, comprised those of many of the leading members of the famous Lotus club of New York. Miss Wright has the knack of discovering the prettiest studies in London, and artists follow in her wake that they may secure the different apartments which she vacates. For it is not one studio alone, but quite a number in London which she has transformed and made beautiful. At one time she owned an exquisite high art house in St. John's Wood, and in the garden of her house in Melina Place stood the huge studio so attractive to her many friends. From this Miss Wright went to No. 8 William street, Leinster square, and the later date found herself in a fine studio with tiny living room attached in Cavendish Place, back of Oxford street, in the occupancy of which Arthur Hacker, R. A., succeeded her. It was this studio which Miss Wright left to go on the stage to fill an engagement suggested to her by her great friend, Mrs. Lewis Waller.

At one time Miss Wright was engaged to be married to Prince Pierre, married Amelie Rives, the well known American authoress of "The Quick and the Dead" fame. When on the stage, Miss Wright married Mr. Arncliffe Barclay, the manager of the touring company in which she figured. After a brief and not particularly happy married life, Miss Wright went to America to obtain a divorce, which, to her regret, she never discovered how to hold good in England. After a short career on the stage, Miss Wright returned to her painting and took another studio in Grove End road near the Lord's cricket ground, and having tired of this, she then went to South Kensington. At present she occupies a delightful studio in Yeoman's Row, the entrance of which almost faces the Hampton Gratory. The first of Miss Wright's artistic successes was a picture that appeared in the Academy, entitled "Bon Jour, Pierrot," and successive pictures of a similar character caused her to be styled "A Painter of Pierrots," though all the time she was also painting portraits, one of the most successful of which was of Wolf Joel, the millionaire. Miss Wright will devote herself almost entirely to portraits when she returns to America.

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THAT OTHER FAMOUS SIEGE.

In Which the Russians, Though Stupid, Were Exquisitely Stubborn.

FIFTY years ago next October began the siege of Sebastopol, one of the most notable military events of modern times, says the Chicago Record-Herald. Then, as now, the Russians were the besieged. Then, as now (with Port Arthur), the struggle was "witnessed by all the world," and was a living and exciting panorama, displaying a full scene of carnage and death. The siege was the actual, dramatic close of the Crimean war, Russia was locked up in the great stronghold as she is now bottled up in Port Arthur. France, England, Sardinia—Count Cavour's baby nation—and the Turk, were then at war with the northern bear.

Sebastopol is situated on the Crimean peninsula of the Black sea, and the great harbor and land defenses which had existed at the time of the war, had been planned and constructed by an English engineer, Col. Urton, and his sons, and were completed in 1854.

The invading army landed on the Crimea Sept. 14, 1854, and while the war was raging including the battles of Inkerman and Balaklava, the Russians continued to strengthen the defenses of Sebastopol. Six thousand men were almost daily engaged on them, while the actual garrison was about 30,000 men. The number of guns mounted at the final assault is said to have been 500, but several times that number were rendered unserviceable during the siege.

The actual investment of the fortress began on Oct. 17, 1854, when the army that won the battle of the Alma on the preceding 25th of September, occupied the plateau between Sebastopol and Balaklava, and the first shots were fired into the fortress. As at Port Arthur, there was a vigorous response; and day and night, for eleven months, sanguinary encounters took place, the losses on both sides being enormous. The Arctic rigors of the climate also had a terrible effect on the besiegers. It was current report that "Gen. Nicholas I said at the time that 'Gen. Januarius and February'—meaning the fierce winter weather—were his best allies."

The besiegers soon discovered that Sebastopol was an entirely different place from what they expected, and that they had to deal with brave, energetic and skilful enemies, commanded by skilful fighters.

As the siege progressed the work in the trenches became very trying to the men of Russia. From the first the British army was deficient in numbers, and severe labor, the climate and the unusual exposure speedily exhausted them. The French, too, were overtaxed, while the very guns became shaky from continuous use. Conditions in the forts were likewise disappointing. The Russians had removed every combustible from their shelters and buildings, so that, with the exception of flesh and blood, the allies had nothing to fire against but stone wall and mounds of earth. The Russians, in the fortifications, fought with the desperation of savages, and it was charged against them that they frequently bayoneted the wounded. As the Japanese are said to be doing in the present war, the Russian soldiers were especially instructed to pick off the officers of the allies, and in a short time Gen. Cathcart and Strangways and Sir George Browne had been slain. The mine rifle performed wonders in the siege.

The sufferings of the invaders increased as the sorties, assaults, bombardments and shelling continued, while the Russians continued to increase their defenses, taking advantage of every temporary lull in the firing. On Jan. 2 there were 3,500 sick in the British army before Sebastopol, due to exposure and to hard work in bad weather. Within four months after the siege began 8,000 of the sick and wounded had been sent from the camp of the allies to be returned to their native countries.

Headly night skirmishes continued, the Russians, and especially the Cosaks, proving to be an enemy worthy of valiant exertions. From the Muscovite rifle pits came shots at short intervals that played havoc among the besiegers. These pits were simply excavations in the ground about 600 yards from the works of the allies. They were faced with sand-bags, loop-holed for rifles, and banked with earth. They were, in fact, little forts or redoubts, armed with rifles instead of cannon. There were six of these pits, and each would contain ten men. They were so well protected and covered by the nature of the ground that neither the English nor the French sharpshooters could touch them. Severe fighting took place for the possession of these pits, and on March 22, 1855, three of them were captured. The battle was described as being a "strife of heroes." In contrast to the Port Arthur siege the assaults at Sebastopol were frequent by the Russians. Night attacks appeared to be their delight, and though

in all cases they were repulsed with loss, the sorties were well planned and bravely carried out.

The beginning of the end of the siege came on June 7, when the French captured the Mamelon tower and the Ebnah carried what was known as the Quarries. These events were marked by desperate fighting and the loss of thousands of men. These conflicts were followed on the 15th by assaults on the Malakoff and the Redan, in which the French obtained possession of the former fort, but were unable to retain it, the Russians losing 2,000 men in its recapture.

Matters thus drifted along, with almost daily combats, until September, before the Russian commander, Gen. Prince Gortschakoff, discovered that his works were being mined. The Muscovites then put forth their energies in one desperate assault. The battle of what is known as the Trenches, fought and the Russians were forced back to their fortifications.

On Sept. 17 the final attack on Sebastopol was begun, with the explosion by the French of three small mines, one of which swept the Russian ranks and scoured their center to the core. This was followed by a volley that probably never before was uttered since the cannon found its voice. It paralyzed the Russians, whose commander described it as "the fire of hell." The stone walls were like houses of cards before this tempest, but the huge mounds of earth seemed quietly to engulf all the missiles that could be hurled against them. The bombardment had a terrible effect on the Russians, who had only a few guns left to reply with, but they kept up the fire with their terrible undiminished courage. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air, not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves or illuminated with their lurid flashes.

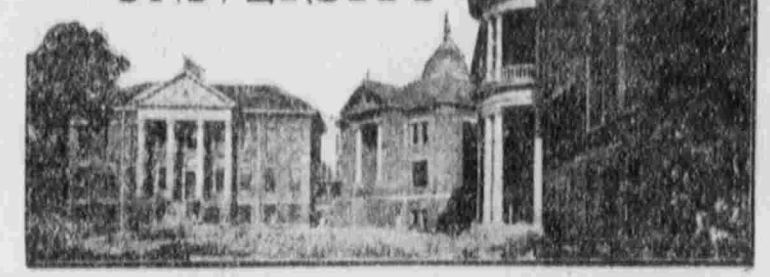
During the night the bombardment, aided by the ships of the fleet, was continued, and at a council of war the great attack was planned for next day. The French to assault the Malakoff and the British the Redan. This program was carried out. After six desperate attempts, MacMahon, who led the French, captured the Malakoff, beating back three dense columns of Russian reinforcements from the center, left and right. The passages were choked with dead bodies, which seriously impeded the retreat of the Muscovites. Column after column poured through the embrasures, and scarcely had the leading men of the invaders cleared the ditch when the tricolor floated over the bastion.

The English, however, found a more difficult proposition in capturing the Redan. A storming party had got in, but were speedily moved down with grape shot. Other regiments advanced, but they, too, fell before a withering fire from the Russians. Panic seized upon part of the English troops, who were impressed with the idea that the Redan had been mined and would blow up. Besides, large masses of Russians, supported by grape from several field pieces, had dashed in upon the broken, confused parties of the British and crushed them as if beneath an avalanche. But the Englishmen were not to be denied, and fought desperately to gain an advantage. The Muscovites were soon forced to retire by the preponderating fire of British batteries and riflemen, and the great fort had been won.

In the final attack the French lost 1,545 killed, including five generals and 150 other officers, while the English lost 355 killed, including 29 commissioned officers, and had 174 missing. The English wounded numbered 1,850. During the night the Russians withdrew after having placed combustibles in every house, and in a few hours their fleet had been scuttled and sunk. Explosion after explosion made the night hideous. What were known as the Flagstaff and Garden batteries blew up, the magnificent but awful scene being heightened by the bursting of the numerous shells contained in the magazines. The conquerors, who entered the town on the 9th of September, found a large quantity of stores and also 4,000 guns unharmed.

The forces actually engaged during the latter months of the siege were: French, 12,000; British, 27,000; and Sardinians, 5,000. The Sardinians and a small Turkish force helped to hold the base (Balaklava) and the communications of the besiegers. The Russian loss of the siege was 44,000 men, and the total loss of the allies 60,000, while the Russian loss of the siege was nearly 150,000. At the close of the siege Sebastopol had but 14 houses that were not severely damaged. Russia had made a Moscow of Sebastopol. But she was beaten to the ground—humbled to the dust. Nothing remained for her but to accept the terms imposed by the victorious allies. And so the fearful siege and the Crimean war ended.

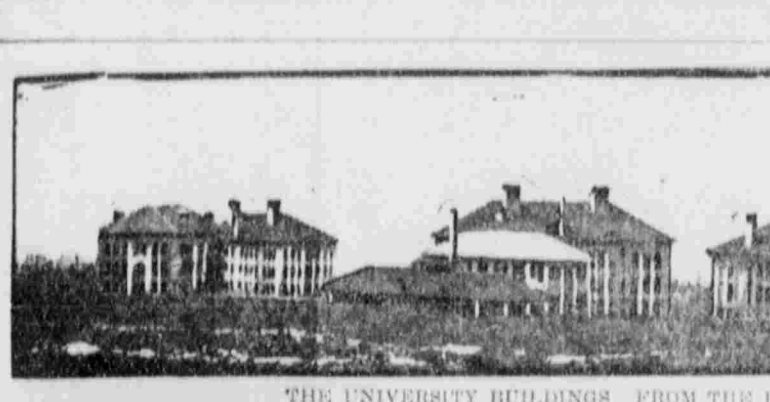
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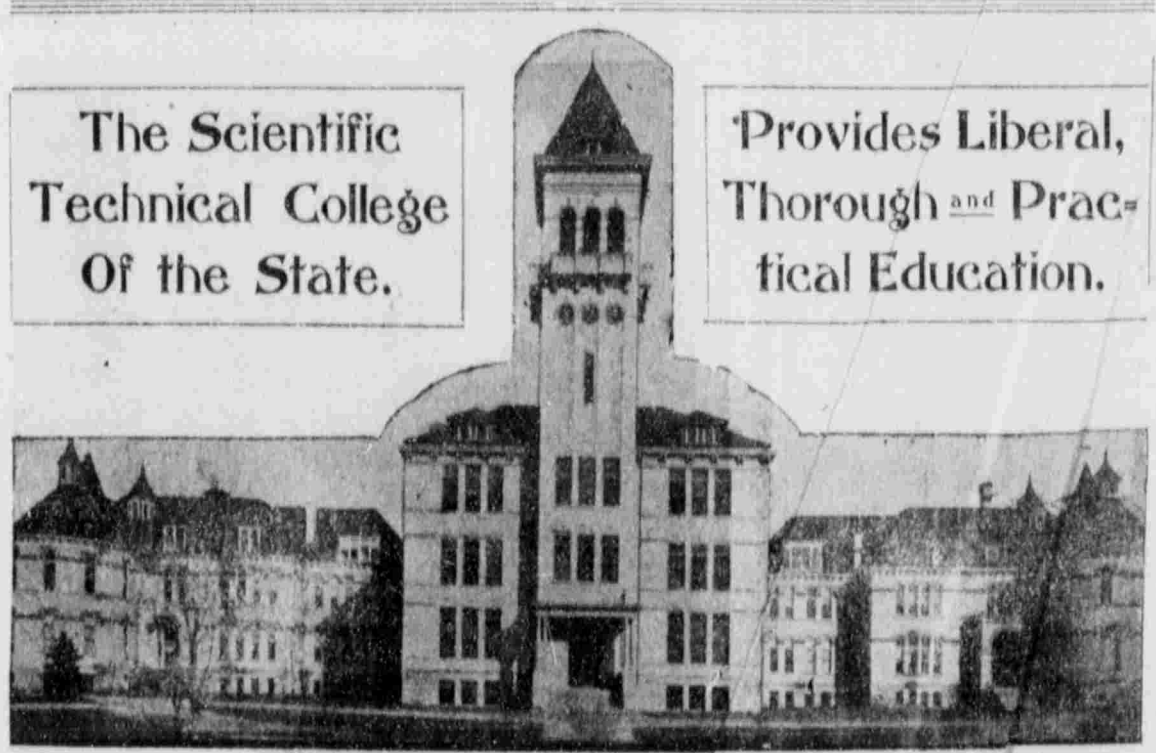
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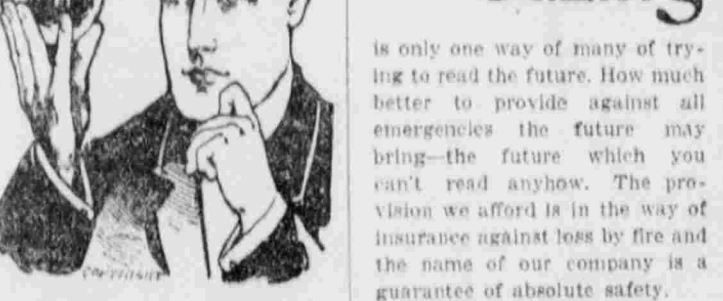
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