

HOW HIS MAJESTY NICHOLAS CAME TO ENGLAND.

The whole town was passionate over him, for your Londoner loves a great king,—or, I'll say, even a little one. A czar is the greatest of great kings. His fiat—ah, here I am tritely philosophizing, while looking as on that eventful evening, into the vistas of the Green Park; the stretches sinking into shadows, as the watchful yellow lights begin to gleam between the scurrying leaves. You know that delightful view with Piccadilly's chattering roar.

"Waiter." But the place was crowded, and I had to be patient. I was lonely and half wished I hadn't left Clarges Street. I never have ceased to appreciate the comforts of the Clarges Street lodging. I positively believe that the white-capped landlady is the original fairy godmother. But I wonder,—if I were in arrears with my rent.

"Waiter." "Yes, sir; beg pardon, sir; yes, sir, the fillet is delicious. What'll you drink, sir? Thanks, sir."

Presently, as he bustled, I looked out again on Piccadilly. What a lot of people were coming and going! And where indeed do they come from, and where do they go to—these dinner-coated gentlemen in the hurrying hansom? Who dines them? I would wish that somebody were dining me. And these ladies in the barouches, with the flunkeys in gold and silver. I would wish— But that comes from being alone in London! The talk at a near table took my attention.

"Nicholas First,—oh, he was the Czar,—came when the Queen was twenty-three. This man doesn't look his part."

"He's the Czar," responded the other. Your Anglo-Saxon discusses personages informally. Only at the Queen does criticism hesitate.

"He's at Balmo—," the voice went on. But I was not listening, since there had entered, and unattended, a very pretty,—an exquisitely charming young lady. I say this because I am a bit of a critic of interesting women. Now, she was rather tall, extremely well-gowned,—that is, with the deft simplicity of the Parisian modiste. Her face, rather thin, had the clear pallor,—the one distinction of some women, but she had many. Well, to specify: the forehead was low and broad, under the bonnet covering a mass of dark, waving hair; and the face was alert and vivacious, with the most entertaining dark eyes. Now, behind her was a man, who evidently was not with her; I, for some reason, noticed him in that glance I gave the lady. She was not English, nor yet American; yes, perhaps American; you never can tell. But the man? I fancied about him—something sleek, even professional.

She had advanced into the middle of the cafe; you doubtless remember that great, rather brilliant room in the corner opposite Green Park. From the different tables every one glanced at her; for she was—have I said it?—a noticeable woman. She stood there, quietly self-possessed, when suddenly she noted the little man I have mentioned, who had taken a seat at one end of the tables. For a moment she looked frightened; for I can express in no other way the surprising change she hesitated, and then came toward my table. I did not expect it. Who indeed would? She took the chair at my side and then with surprising adroitness—for I saw she wished to appear to know some one in the room, and I surmised because of that professional little person—she began to speak to me in a delightful voice, in English which, while excellent, was too studied in its inflections to be her native tongue.

"Sir, you'll excuse me; you'll understand, I am watched, and must appear to know somebody here."

Now, as a matter of fact, I didn't understand at all. "It's very good of you," I began, striving for cleverness, as if I had expected her to take that seat at my table.

"Ah, I didn't understand, sir," said the waiter, "two portions?" "One will do for us both," said my lady. I saw she was trembling. And why? Of course I thought of the little man who had followed her. "I am sorry," I said, for some reason I can't explain.

"I know you must be," she said, with a touch of laughter. "You are helping me out of a dilemma." "Eh—a dilemma?" said I. "I do not dare be seen—now—since somebody I fear is in the room—with the gentleman I came here to join."

"The gentleman!" I cried. "He's there! Now don't appear to stare; over there at the corner table." I looked. He, too, was rather noticeable, his shirt front well hidden by decorations; he might have been fifty, or my age; handsome, with that white hair and alertly youthful, smooth-shaven face, with close, firm lips, and deep-set dark eyes. But if she were speaking the truth, he certainly was oblivious of her.

"He is trying to save himself some unpleasantness. Of course, he dare not recognize me,—when—" "The little man who followed you," I said. "He looks like a detective, or—"

"He is." I pushed my chair back a pace. "You don't look it," said I. "Sir," she said rapidly, "I owe you a thousand and no apologies. There is my carriage,—do you see?" I looked out to the curb, where was a landau; two lakies, red-faced,—as only British lakies can be.

"That's your carriage?" I was beginning to think her mad. "The waiter brought the soup."

"It's a very simple dinner," I apologized. "I don't care about that." "It's good of you to say it," I observed, "for I should like to make it complex. It's delightful to have—" "You are puzzled?" "Now wouldn't you be?" I asked,—looking her in those delicious eyes.

"Yes," she said, "I perhaps should be. Doubtless I should not yield so easily." "You knew I should?" I asked. "I selected you as a man in the room most likely to accept the situation."

"Ah, you knew I could not resist you?" "Yes; I'll be frank; and I saw you were,—well, a gentleman." "But why?"—we had reached the joint—"didn't you go near him?" I pointed to the man with the orders.

"Do you wish to know?—to prevent his arrest." "He would have been arrested," I cried, my fork half raised, "if you had spoken to him? He then I may—?" "Yes."

"But if you may be so dangerous to any one you address, why didn't you turn to leave?" "Every person in the room would have been held for examination," "But Mademoiselle—or Madame." "Madame." "I am sorry," I said, continuing my French.

"But I am a widow." "You are? But you are very young." "I was married young." "Ah, I see. But to return to the subject. Why don't they arrest you?" "They dare not."

"Yet, you compromise every soul you speak to?" "I am sorry for you, sir," she said; "you will be only detained,—a very brief time." "Hem, detained!" said I. "You can prove you never have seen me before; while you are—an American."

"Yes. But I thought—my accent, my manner don't tell that now." "I must be frank; they do," she said. I relapsed into silence, looking from her to the man with orders; from him to the professional little man who had followed and frightened her. I never was in such a predicament. I believe no other man ever was; for this was a lady born to the manor. Yes, I was positive—we had reached the said.

"Talk," she bade me; "we must talk a deal to each other, or—he'll notice." "He?" said I, looking over my shoulder. "What shall it be about,—the Czar?" "I thought she started."

"Oh, the Czar," she said,—"no, poor gentleman—" "He's more." "All emperors are not," she maintained. "You know him?" "Yes; very well."

She certainly was mad, said I, then. She knew the Czar—did she?—Nicholas, who appears so small after the great Nicholas; yet, perhaps, History may write this one. "Nicholas the Great." "Who, indeed, can tell? But as for my companion—at least she was entertaining, mad or wise! We chattered about many things, she keeping me at the distance of some formality. In this odd adventure we were acquaintances—casually.

"The Czar Nicholas," said I, at last. "You are then a Russian?" "Ah perhaps." "But you confess to knowing him, His Majesty?" "Yes, but—if you will—let's change the subject."

"You talk admirable French and English—a bit too precise." "I hope,—we had reached the coffee—" "that I have proven what you have expected."

"Yes, more." She looked at me a moment and reached for her gloves. You are very good. Ah, he is going." "The 'he' was the man with the decorations, whom her eyes followed out of the door, and on to Piccadilly.

"He has gone," she said, her voice sinking. "Yes, plainly," I remarked of what was so obvious. "So must I." "I trust I may be your escort—to your door."

"Thanks, no," she said. "You may see me, just to the landau." She had risen, and now suddenly sank down in the chair again, her elbows on the table,—those splendid eyes on me. "I am sorry, believe me; for this will make you trouble. Don't think me strange. Now will you—?"

"What?" said I. "Give me your card? your address?" You will believe me if you ever have seen her. I handed her the card, "John Danvers, Clarges Street." She, without glancing at it, pushed it under her left glove, against the palm of her hand. I rather envied the pasteboard.

"And, my dear Madam—may I ask—yours?" "No, it's as well you shouldn't. And will you believe I am sorry for what must happen to you? It will be but a temporary inconvenience, do you understand? The reason I wished your address was,—but, no matter. I can't help it. At least, I selected the right solitary diner in this room, and, as well,—the wrong one, sir."

"Yes—but why?" "I shall be sorry for the sequel." "Believe me," said I, "I shall be glad." "You're very gallant," said she, extending across the table a slender, a dear, little gloved hand.

"It's au revoir!" quoth I. "Au revoir,"—she assented. "You may put me in my carriage." I followed to the landau. The man, touching his hat, was already descending. I noted a crest on his buttons. "Thanks, again," said Madame, nodding, and to the man, "Park Lane."

I had a vision of her being swallowed between the yellow lights of Piccadilly's evening stretch. Well, indeed, here was adventure. "Sir," said the waiter over my shoulders, "you forgot the bill."

"Eh, the Princess?" "The Princess de Trebizond." I began to see there had been some method in her madness. As for my own predicament, I was cool—wonderfully cool.

"You mean," I said softly, "you have had information that she had an appointment in this cafe with a Russian political suspect—whom it is well to watch?" "Fol-de-rol," said he. "Possibly you don't know I am Bradford."

"I have heard of you," I said, though I hadn't; and I fumbled in my pocket for my card—not one with the London address—I carry two sets—but the other with the Madison Avenue house.

"You see, to be explicit, my dear Mr. Bradford, you've made a mistake. I am John Danvers, a broker who made not lately, out of a deal,—you know what that is,—I'll describe all my past on Wall Street,—a few thousands of dollars, not of pounds sterling—I wish they were, Mr. Bradford. Since then I've been knocking about, and my dollar becoming less—"

"Ah, yes," said he, lightly. "Waiter—ah hansom." For we had re-entered the cafe. "At the door, sir." "You will come, if you please, Mr.—" "You will come, if you please, Mr.—" "I can prove it," said I, hotly. "I can prove it. The consul knows me. Let me write to the offices, Victoria Street; you know I know—I am a thousand persons in London. I am an American."

"I know; I know," he said with a smile. "Does that prevent your being a Russian political suspect? If His Majesty Nicholas were not in London, you doubtless wouldn't be bothered. Now—there's the cab. I beg you not to make a row, which will be only unpleasant to you,—not to me,—I can assure you."

It was logic. I followed him. Had a blessed mess this adventure had made. It isn't desirable in public cafes—be they ever so attractive. "Why, Mr. Bradford," said I at last, "isn't the Princess arrested?" "I fancy, of course, you know; yet I don't mind telling you; the Czar won't allow it."

But he would say no more while we roamed through Piccadilly, across Trafalgar Square; at last to the left of Charing Cross, and drew up in Great Britain Yard, where I felt how serious was my predicament; I remembered how long suspects might languish.

Yet, as a matter of fact, I didn't languish; I was housed in a very decent room, and was allowed to write a note to the Members' Mansions, Victoria Street. An hour later the consul himself,—he fortunately was in town—appeared and positively identified me. Yet, although it all happened, the United States representatives had to bind themselves to be responsible for my good behavior during the Czar's visit. The situation was particularly exasperating. I knew as, late in the afternoon, I approached Clarges Street that I should be shadowed during the rest of my stay in England, and—I have repented it—I mentally cursed the Princess de Trebizond.

Yet,—to philosophize about the inconsistency of man—when on my desk I found a note scented sealed with her crest, I felt at once I was weak.

"Will Mr. Danvers favor the Princess de Trebizond—for whom he already has done a great favor—by calling at No.—Park Lane, 630 this evening?" Yes, do you know, I hadn't been singing enough. I was ready to be burnt, with my memory of her voice, her eyes. While I knew I was watched by Scotland Yard,—to state my case to you, I went directly to Park Lane.

There, as I waited, I heard a swish, and the doorway framed her,—an exquisite evening gown showing a dear neck and shoulders, all crowned by that charming head of the great Russian lady.

"I am sorry to have bothered you. You did me a great service," said she from the doorway. "Why out of that crowded room did you do me—the honor?" I asked.

"I am quick at reading human nature," she observed. "is a woman's weapon; yet there are women—" "Who, then, better without it?" "I didn't remark that," I answered; and then I remembered.

"You know how the information was obtained? I have sent my maid away." "It would seem," said I, "that a lady—a Princess—whom His Majesty the Czar protects—would not plot—" "It is for one I care about," she said softly.

"So I have surmised," I said. "And I added." "I would wish I were he." "It's prettily phrased; yet—you are not."

"No," said I sadly. "I have thanked you,—but indeed not enough. Will you forgive me if I go to dinner?" "But not this time," said I, lamely. "Not this time, Mr. Danvers." "For a moment I held her hand. "Good-bye."

"You said 'au revoir,' before." "I can't tell," said she, laughing gently; I won't say coquettishly. I was dismissed; I descended into the gloom of Park Lane.

I read the next day, that Nicholas had arrived at Cherbourg; that the Czarina had not suffered from mal-de-mer.

Now, do you know, as the day waned I thought of the Princess de Trebizond. Will you believe me, I dressed myself most carefully, studying the tails of my frock, and the pose of my cravat, and the immaculateness of my hat. Would she see me? I would dare it.

"The Princess," said the flunkey, "left this morning for Ostend." It may be that my two visits were indiscreet; that I really dared Scotland Yard, but that's not the worst; this is,—I'll confess to you, though I am near forty,—I haven't seen her again.

Clinton Ross.

THE FARM.

BETTER THAN DRUGS.

It seems almost idle to speak against the practice that has been so fostered by skillful manipulation of public sentiment, but when we see so many farmers and feeders, says Glen Noble in Breeders' Gazette, constantly dosing and drugging their animals, not only under the plea of curing some imaginary disease, but of preventing disease, while neglecting the laws of health and common sense, we are moved to say a word. The majority of the ills and ailments of men and animals are temporary and will soon yield to the corrective power of nature, if left alone. They are the warnings against some excess, indiscretion or irregularity. The careful or intelligent groom or feeder on the first appearance of a cold or dullness of appetite in his stable or herd will usually find the cause in a sudden change of weather or feed, in a draft or wet bed, or in an over feed. There is not often call for physic, blister and tonic, or for concoctions of drugs that derange the stomach and lessen the power of the system to throw off impurities and restore health. A careful and thorough investigation of the cause is worth more to the feeder or groom than drugs and physic at such a time. A change of feed, stopping the draft, or securing dry, well-ventilated beds and pens, and especially letting in the sunshine and pure air, would often cure what medicines only aggravate, where the cause of the ailment has not been removed.

While our animals are in winter quarters they are more liable to get out of condition. We need to give more care now to secure health-giving conditions. The confinement on dry feed may be followed by other evidences of disorder. Drugs and medicines will not correct the evils of too little exercise, too much dry feed or impure air, and uncomfortable beds and stables. Do not add to the discomfort of the animals by adding nausea and general derangement of the bowels by drenching and physic. Change the feed to something loosening, or more like the grass and variety they have been accustomed to, and clean up, and let them have all the sunshine and fresh air and pure water possible. These are nature's great tonics. Throw physic to the dogs, but not to the hogs or other stock to correct your own neglect. Intelligent care and feeding with judgment will secure profit where resort to stimulants and drugs will insure loss.

If there is an epidemic in the neighborhood, then is the time to give greater attention to cleanliness of pens and stables, of troughs and pails, and, above all, secure the co-operation of sunlight as the great tonic and germ destroyer. Germs of hog cholera, tuberculosis, etc., cannot exist in a clean place where the sunlight comes each day. It is worth more as a preventive and germicide than all the cholera cures and patent medicines ever produced. The majority of our troubles among our flocks and herds come from under their feet or in their feed and water. The great remedy for germ diseases is to keep the premises so clean and free from filth that germs cannot thrive. Where they thrive animals will not. Neglect and lack of appreciation of the need of cleanliness are the fruitful cause of many diseases.

Ainstee, in his book on epidemics, classes typhoid fever, diphtheria and scarlet fever as filth diseases. We may add to this list hog cholera, etc. It is good business to quit spending money for so-called cures and preventives of disease and spend more for shovels, brooms, brushes and muscle to secure thoroughgoing cleanliness. Some of the money wasted on drugs by farmers and stockmen might well be spent for works on hygiene, philosophy and laws of health. A campaign of education on the laws of health and sources of disease would be worth much to farmers and stockmen. So long as we neglect the laws of health so long will feeding medicine to prevent disease be as futile as the effort to make purebreds out of scrubs.

TREATMENT OF CLOVER.

I was much surprised not long since as I walked across my oat field to see that the clover is so very thick all over it, writes E. H. Collins. After drilling the field to oats I followed with one bushel of English clover to eight acres. In a day or two it rained and the weather remained damp and showery for several days, so that of this clover, which was fine cleaned seed, practically every bit came. We often say one bushel to eight acres is to thin. This oat field has one-third too much clover on it. The thought impressed me more than ever that we are wonderfully reckless in sowing clover seed. At the farmer's institutes last winter everybody wanted two questions answered: How to secure a stand of clover, and how to prevent hog cholera. I once watched closely the root of a sprouted clover seed trying to penetrate the hard surface of a wheat field. It grew along the surface about an inch and anchored between the small, rough points of sand and trash, and then turned down a very fine point, trying to force the entrance. Near by I saw another seed that had broken its anchorage and lifted the root. Of course it perished. In fact when sowed on firm seed beds just after frost has left, the seed seems to all perish except what rolls under the wheat or into cracks.

This spring we thought we would be smart and make a special effort to get a stand. We sowed our stall ground wheat early, the first week of March, to freeze in as the stalks were in the way of harrowing. Then, as soon as the ground on our oats and potato wheat was dry enough to harrow we ran over it with a sharp spike-

took harrow and scratched it well, then we sowed clover immediately. A soon rained and the clover came very nicely both in the scratches and between them, covered by the loose dirt. The stalk ground wheat has the poorest set of all three, and all are in the same field. I shall like harrowing wheat for sowing clover where we can, it helps the wheat too. The danger is that if we have one of those awfully dry springs, when it just will not rain at all, the clover sowed late is sure to die. But if sowed late at all it had far better be harrowed than to depend on cracks. The fact is, our failure to get a stand of clover has been largely due to our having worked the humus out of the ground and allowed it to get hard. Nature has no hard, slick cracked seed beds; she sows broadcast, but she has a mellow sheltered seed bed. The after treatment of clover depends on what you want to do. It is a pretty sensitive plant. It will respond to petting and succumb to abuse. We mow wheat stubble and weeds and leave it on the ground for a mulch. Then we sometimes allow a few shoats to run through to lick up the scattered wheat, but do not aim to leave them on young clover to pasture it. The second year you can use it for pasture or hay, or allow to grow for fertility. Many do not appreciate that they get less fertility when they divide its efforts between hay and fertility. A friend of mine pastures so lightly that it blooms like a meadow and has few paths through it. This makes the soil very mellow and lively, when plowed under. But one must not expect to add much to the fertility of soil by growing clover hay and selling it.

BREAKING THE ROAD COLT.

In breaking a colt to harness, we always prefer to give him his first few lessons double, along with a free, sensible, fast-walking horse. A light front bobsleigh answers well for several lessons. As soon as the colt has become used to harness, the bit, etc., and has ceased to be afraid of the driver or vehicle, and has learned to go along with his mate, like a horse should, we feel no hesitation in hitching him single to a cart. It is safe for the first few times to use a kicking strap, says Farmers' Advocate, being careful that it is properly adjusted about half way between the roots of the tail and coupling and fastened in the proper position to prevent slipping either way, then buckled loosely to the shafts. It is not well to take long drives at first; in fact, the colt should be returned to the stable feeling fresh rather than weary. Two short drives in a day are much to be preferred to a long wearisome trip. It is always bad policy to drive away a distance and then turn around and return by the same road. It is much better to go around a block, a different one at each time, however, so far as practicable, so that it will not require notions of his own as to where he should go or turn.

Look well to the colt's feet. Never under any circumstances allow him to become footsore, because if he does it will seriously affect his gait by causing him to step short and "tied up." As soon as the toes begin to break up put on light shoes or tips weighing from five to eight ounces each. Heavy shoes are apt to cause the colt to become leg weary and hit himself—a habit bad to overcome when once acquired. A tip is a thin plate which passes around the hoof about two-thirds of the way to the heel; their advantage is lightness, while they protect the toes, which is all that is required in colts. Should the heels show soreness, light plates of the ordinary sort should be at once put on. A mistake often made is to shoe the colt much heavier in front than behind, with the idea of improving his action. It is much safer to copy nature by endeavoring to keep him balanced than to force a condition which an over-anxious, inexperienced driver may seek to obtain.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

An Englishman's Bad Break—A Case Where Unconscious Humor Was Not Appreciated.

Debate in the British House of Commons is ordinarily conducted in a low, conversational tone. Not long ago a burly military member, who was not accustomed to public speaking, delivered an excited harangue on the exile of the Guards to Gibraltar, and nearly emptied the House by the violence of his shouting.

It was like the breath of a roaring blast furnace, and every word seemed to crackle with explosive energy. Members in the benches were at first amused by his unnecessary fervor, and finally wearied by his noisy, ear-splitting declamation. Drawing himself up to his full height and speaking in tones which were fairly deafening, he shouted:

"If I may be allowed to whisper in the ear of the government—"

He was not allowed to go on. The members burst into a loud guffaw of laughter, which drowned his voice and seriously disconcerted him. When it was perceived from his look of astonishment that he was unconscious of the real cause of amusement, they laughed again even more heartily than they had laughed before.

Unconscious humor is not always appreciated. When Herr Rickert, not long ago, turned contemptuously toward the German ministers and cried out: "We hear nothing upon the ministerial benches, nothing but profound silence!" no member moved a muscle, and nobody laughed; yet whispering in thunder tones were scarcely more ludicrous than hearing profound silence.

O'Connell's most famous Irish bull was delivered at a public meeting in London, and passed unnoticed until the speech was in print. He asserted that the birth-rate in Dublin had diminished at the rate of five thousand a year for four years, and added, solemnly: "I charge the British government with the murder of those twenty thousand infants who never were born!" Nothing could have been more absurd, yet there was not a sign of appreciation from the audience that the great orator had been unconsciously funny.