

## THE MACKAY ROMANCE.

The Poor Nevada Woman whose Husband Has Just Wedded the Princess Colonna.

Some twenty odd years ago there dwelt in California a family of three persons, father, mother, and daughter. The latter was a mere child. All were young. The father was a physician. Unfortunately he injured his not very extensive practice by intemperance. His habits became so dissipated that the poor wife, despairing of his reformation, and also of the possibility of independent action on her own part to secure support for herself and child, proposed a separation. The man agreed to it; but he was not put out like Rip Van Winkle. He was assured that while he lived he would never cease to help him, and that when he mended his ways their old relations should be restored. He departed to cure himself, if possible, and become worthy of the woman who, sorely beset, undertook the maintenance of the family. Encouraged by his wife's prayers, letters, and heroic conduct, the doctor redeemed himself. At least he thought so, and his poor wife was more than willing to believe it. He returned to her home and heart, warmly welcomed back to both. Unluckily, he had either miscalculated his will power, or the demon of indulgence was simply asleep, and by no means dead within him. He went back to his cups, and very soon the skeleton finger of poverty was laid upon his domestic affairs. The devoted wife, unwilling to undertake an experimental separation, and unable to remain where she was, determined to try what change of scene would do for this miserable man who naturally kind, talented, and wholesome, seemed to be insanely abandoned to the devil of strong drink. Just at this crisis rumors had reached California of the Comstock lode discovery, and thither many of the mining population drifted. Across the Sierras to Virginia City this little and most wretched family journeyed.

The doctor pulled himself together for a while and did some business, but his health was gone, and very soon he died. Widow and orphans were left in the very depths of poverty. The generous miners had clubbed together to bury the doctor. They made up a purse for the mother and child from time to time, and thus saved both from utter deprivation of food, shelter, and raiment. There was at that time, superintendent of one of the mines, a sturdy young Irishman, who, from the lowest rounds of the ladder, had begun to push his way to fortune. He was not then more than moderately well off, and little dreamed of the Monte Cristo casket in store for him. He used to carry the weekly or monthly stipend to the widow, and his visits to her became more and more frequent. At last he married her, and her days of fear on the score of poverty were over. She possessed a well-to-do husband, who was the master of his possessions, and certain to make his way in the world. But in the days of distress the unhappy woman had resorted to the morphine habit, and could not, of her own effort, release herself from it. A young physician at Virginia City, who had recently graduated in France, informed her that if she would visit Paris and put herself implicitly under the care of his old master there, her cure could be guaranteed. While the husband remained to uncover, with the present junior Senator from Nevada, the richest silver deposit the world has ever known, she wife crossed the seas and submitted to a rigorous medical treatment. It was successful after many months of endurance. Meanwhile, the famous California and Consolidated Virginia mines were penetrated by the husband, and the world-renowned bonanza, of which he was principal owner, made him at least forty times a millionaire. The wife in Paris, now perfectly cured and blooming, at once rose into prominence and celebrity, for how could the marvel-loving Parisians help adoring a woman whose talents and beauty were matched by such fabulous wealth so romantically discovered. For years this lady, who is no other than Mrs. John Mackey, has been a silver queen in the most splendid capital of Europe. She has lived in palaces. Noblemen and men of genius have paid court at her shrine.

Now all Paris and therefore all the universe, is in a ferment over the approaching marriage of Miss Mackey and the Prince Colonna. The drift is nuptially to Rome, the city of the soul, and to Italian nobility. It is a miraculous bridging of the chasm that lies between the mining gulch of the Nevada Mountains and St. Peter's Church, where stands in supernal splendor, "the grandest dome that mortal hand has painted against God's loveliest sky." Little did the widow of the wretched doctor of Virginia City imagine that she would fairly roll in wealth, dwell in palaces, be courted by Church and State, be familiarly associated with the proudest names of the descendants of the crusaders, and finally become the mother-in-law of a Prince Colonna, whose nobility dates back almost to the time of Saladin. The family name is as famous as any in history, and the heir of the Colonna family is, at 27 years of age, to wed the daughter of the poor doctor who fell by the wayside in Nevada, and sleeps his last sleep in that stony desert.

### She Wasn't so Covetous as That.

"I wish I had a new silk dress like Mrs. Jones bought yesterday," said Mrs. Smith to her husband.  
"Growing covetous?" asked Smith, dryly. "You should remember, my dear, the commandment: Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox nor his ass."  
"I wasn't coveting another husband, I'd have you know!" said Mrs. Smith, with a mischievous smile.

## INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.

The Late Governor-General of the National Life of Canada and the United States.

An article from the pen of Lord Lorne, published in the *New York Tribune*, is very interesting. The following are some of its leading features: The relations between Canada and the United States seem to realize the conditions favorable to progress and peace in the harmless rivalry of two kindred people. It has fallen to the lot of the Canadians to occupy the northern belt of the great continent named after Amerigo. It is a tract of country possessing in the central portion magnificent lands, and having in the eastern regions areas comparable to those first settled by the Puritan leaders in New England. It is a region likely from its climate to breed a race of great physical power. "Tis the hard gray weather breeds hard Englishmen," said Charles Kingsley, and the descendants of Norman and Saxon show after many generations in Canada that the blood is by no means deteriorated by the bracing and pure air of their new northern home. To be sure these "blameless hyperboreans" have beyond their habitations

### THE EVER-FROZEN EARTH

which stretches away to the countries of the midnight sun and the overarching glow of the auroral light. But if Canada has parts too cold for our race, the United States has parts too warm. The cotton harvest is more popular in the markets than is the "ice crop," but the "Kanucks" have enough, and more than enough, in territory under an excellent climate to make them a nation strong in political power. The purchase of Alaska has given the authorities of Washington an opportunity to show their good will by helping the British Columbians to keep order among the coast Indians. On the northern boundary river the territories of the two countries are so dovetailed that a rectification of the line is needful, because prisoners to justice are obliged to be taken across places where an escape would mean freedom under international law. Here the old Indian depredator has almost disappeared, but the white ruffian, the whiskey smuggler and the horse stealer represent the criminal classes, and these gentlemen ply their vocation along the whole prairie frontier until

### WE ARRIVE AT MANITOBA.

An agreement between our Government is needed to make these disturbers of the public peace amenable to law and extradition. The frontier once crossed gives them protection for their persons. Obligations recognized by international law have been observed to the letter by the United States government in the matter of attempted Fenian raids, although the complication of legal procedure and the power of the Irish vote have sometimes made action tardy and engendered expense. The treaty in regard to the Atlantic fisheries has for a period of years opened to American industry the northern banks. A mixed commission might determine what local laws are worthy of being maintained in the common interest of all who wish to use the fisheries. With the Canadians a wholly new world has been opened. The young men of the present time allow no one to take any prominent part in public life who displays a tendency which is considered that of a dastard to his country's hopes.

Some indeed speak of independence, and that party would be larger if the wiser did not know that premature independence would mean absorption of the rising nationality. The Canadian Government is a crowned democracy. It provides for a most perfect and rapid representation of the national will in parliament. Look where you will through the long list of national communities in ancient or modern times, you will find none that have made a fairer use of their opportunities than have the Canadians. They have made known to themselves the marvellous territories they possess, and they feel that the only strength they now need is a fair field and the favor for a time of the mighty empire whose history is their own, and future story shall yet be theirs also when their sons shall call their country the strong ally of the old mother of free peoples.

## SERMONS IN SHORT.

Home is the rainbow of life.  
Without a rich heart wealth is an ugly beggar.—Emerson.  
The greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.—Emerson.  
The Lord intends that our wealth shall be our servant, not our master.  
If men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it.—Franklin.  
The human heart is like heaven—the more angels the more room.  
Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see.  
Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm, swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.  
If thou wouldst attain to thy highest, go look upon a flower; what that does will easily, that do thou willingly.  
When worthy men quarrel, only one of them may be faulty at the first; but, if strife continue long, commonly both become guilty.—T. Fuller.  
No man has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion.—Ruskin.  
All impatience of monotony, all weariness of best things, even are but signs of the eternity of our nature, the broken human fashions of the divine everlastingness.—A. Mitchell.

## JEWELS OF THE ORIENT.

Three Bushels of Diamonds Found Inside a Barberian Head.

The history of jewels in the east is the history of the governing princes, for so often has the course of history in the orient been affected by intrigues about precious stones that they assume a state importance. The traditional diamond in the east is the Great Mogul. The original weight of this stone was 787 carats, but by cutting it was reduced to 297 carats. The stone disappeared at the last Tartar invasion, when treasures to the value of \$350,000,000 were captured by Nadir Shah. It is believed to be at present hidden away in some obscure fortress in Asia Minor, and it may be recovered at some future time.

Some idea of the abundance of precious stones in the east may be gained from the fact that when Mahmoud, in the eleventh century, captured Sumnat, an idol statue was broken open and found to contain three bushels of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Ala-ud-Deen obtained from the rajah of Marattus fifty pounds of diamonds and rubies and 175 pounds of pearls. Shah Jehan, the greatest of the mogul sovereigns, left a treasure of incalculable value at his death, a throne valued at \$30,000,000 and a crown worth \$12,000,000. The throne was the celebrated peacock throne, so called from the images of two peacocks which stood before it, each made of precious stones so matched in color and position as to resemble the natural colors of the bird.

The throne was six feet long and four feet wide, of solid gold, and crusted with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Steps of silver led up to it, while a canopy of gold, fringed with pearls, supported by twelve pillars emblazoned with gems, surmounted the whole. On each side was a sacred umbrella made of velvet, embroidered with pearls, the handle being of gold, inlaid with diamonds. It was the most costly work of art ever made. Its only rival was the cerulean throne of the house of Bahmense, in the Nizam. This was built in the seventeenth century, was nine feet long by three feet wide, was made of ebony, covered with plates of gold, crusted with gems, and was valued at \$20,000,000.

A late traveler gives an account of the magnificence of the Persian crown jewels. In the jewel-room he found treasures valued at \$35,000,000, among them the crown, a mass of diamonds surmounted by a ruby as big as a hen's egg. The king's belt is a wonder of barbaric magnificence, weighing about twenty pounds, and composed of a solid mass of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. As Persia is the native land of the turquoise, it is but natural that the finest stone of this description is to be found in its collection. This royal specimen is four inches long, perfect in color, and without a flaw. When the shah was in Europe, some years ago, he wore a variety of diamonds and other precious stones that kept the detectives in a constant fever of fear lest he should be robbed of some of them, for, even of the smallest, would have been a fortune for a half-dozen thieves. The buttons of his coat were five in number, and each button was a diamond larger than the Kohinor, while every part of his clothing seemed to be useful, not as a covering for his body, but as places to hang diamonds on.

### Lincoln's Great Strength.

A writer in the *New York Times* records an incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln as follows:

I have chanced upon a new anecdote of Abraham Lincoln, or one that is new to me, at least. The Hon. Allen Francis, United States Consul at St. Thomas, Can., tells it to me. The first daily newspaper in Illinois was Mr. Francis'. He and Mr. Lincoln were fast friends in their early manhood, and he tells many anecdotes illustrative of the simple life and manly career of the future President ere he was called to responsibility and fame.

Lincoln was the local athlete beyond compare. In leaping, running, wrestling, boxing, swimming, in every rural sport, he was at the head. One winter night young Francis and Lincoln went sleighing. Into an ice covered slough went the horse, to flounder deeper and deeper at each attempt to extricate himself. Out jumped the young men to the rescue. Breaking the ice from around the legs of the sunken animal they prepared to place their shoulders under the horse's body to lift him out. But before Francis was fairly in position Lincoln had shot his head and shoulders between his steed's forelegs, and with a tremendous effort had raised the heavy, helpless body high and dry to a firm foothold. "It was a task for a half-dozen men," comments the venerable Consul as he recounts the incident, and affirms that in all things that go to make up the best manhood Abraham Lincoln was pre-eminently blessed.

### Her Hint was Taken.

"George," said a country young lady to her beau as they smuggled into a seat, "it's nice to ride on the cars, ain't it?"  
"Yes, Safah."  
"George, if you were going to travel a long way on the cars, where would you rather go?"  
"To Chicago, or California. Where would you rather go?"  
"To Florida, by all means."  
"Why?"  
"Be—because, you know, George, because—because in Florida they have so many orange blossoms, you know."  
On the return trip they sat still close together, and the lady had pretty hard upon her shoulders. He must have thought she was a little out of her mind.

## WHO IS THE COUNTESS?

A Young French Lady Visits the Countess of the Invalides.

An incident happened recently on the Quai des Invalides. It is 5:30 in the evening. Not a carriage can be seen. All was silent and deserted. The countess, a young French lady, was walking on the muddy pavement. The coupe stops. The countess alights and walks a short distance.

She is soon accosted, without having seen him coming, by a person who asks for alms. At that hour, in this deserted corner of Paris, she naturally believes him to be an impostor and continues her promenade without replying. The man follows close behind, reiterating his tearful appeals, that refrain familiar with all professing onal beggars. She remains silent. "Then nothing is left for me but to die," groans the individual, and, running to the bridge of the Invalides, which is only one hundred feet distant, he climbs over the parapet and throws himself into the Seine. The countess hears the noise made by the body as it strikes the water. She in turn runs the distance, throws off her hat and abawl, and in the darkness plunges headlong into the murky water, in which the poor unfortunate, already exhausted, is struggling feebly a few arm's length off. She seizes him, drags him out of the water, hoists him up the steps, stretches him on the ground, makes sure that he is safe and sound, alips 100 francs into his hand, and returns to her coupe. She is freezing, her wet garments cling to her form, her teeth chatter. The horses are driven at a gallop to her residence.

The same evening, accompanied by her husband, the countess was present at a grand ball. Nobody knew, nobody suspected that two or three hours previous she had risked her life to save a beggar, under circumstances from which every other woman would have shrunk. As usual, she was radiant in her glorious loveliness—even more beautiful, perhaps, from the reflections of her great heart, which shone in her eyes, and wearing on her brow, with the diamonds of her coronet, a more precious crown.

The countess is one of three young, pretty, and fair-haired countesses whose grace society admires, whose beauty it extols, and whose illustrious name it honors.

Young, pretty, and fair—fairer to-day than ever. Can't you guess her name?—[Paris Gaulois.]

### An Antidote for Cholera.

A discovery has been made in regard to cholera, namely, that marriage is a prophylactic so far as men are concerned. Recent statistics of the cholera in France show that married men are much less liable to be attacked by cholera than bachelors. In a population of 100,000 men between the ages of 25 and 50, 51 unmarried men died of cholera while only 18 married men fell victims to the disease. Between the ages of 30 and 35 the mortality from cholera was 78 among bachelors and 21 among married men, and between the ages of 50 and 55, 167 unmarried men and only 37 married men died. It is thus evident that in time of cholera the married man has more than three times as many chances of life as the unmarried man has.

No attempt has been made to explain this remarkable fact, but it is not, on the whole, difficult of explanation. The married man lives in circumstances much more favorable to health than those in which the bachelor lives. For instance, his food is better, for he has a wife to look after it, and in many cases he buys his meat, his groceries and his vegetables himself, whereas the unmarried man daily risks his digestion at restaurants or trifles recklessly with it at boarding-house tables. The married man's linen and sheets are properly aired, and he is made to change his clothing when the weather changes, to wear rubber overshoes and to go to bed at reasonable hours, whereas the bachelor has no one to see that he is properly clothed, and that he does not risk his health by keeping unholly hours.

If a calm frame of mind and an absence of nervous dread contribute to exemption from cholera, the married man is peculiarly fortunate. In cholera time the moment the nervous bachelor feels the slightest pain he begins to fancy that he may have contracted the cholera, and he ends by frightening himself into a genuine attack. On the other hand, when a married man has a pain he mentions it to his wife, who instantly replies: "Stuff and nonsense! You've no more got the cholera than I have. Why, I've just such a pain every day in the week," whereupon the married man is encouraged and consoled, and straightway forgets the cholera. In case he really has symptoms of the disease his wife promptly sends for the doctor and compels her husband to keep quiet and take the proper remedies, but the unfortunate bachelor who is smitten with cholera, sees himself deserted by frightened servants, and is left to die or recover by himself.

Some dwelling houses in Antwerp are to be lighted by electric glow lamps, the current for which is to be conveyed from the generating station by a system of underground wires.

Dr. W. Huggins has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, London, for his researches regarding the motion of the stars in the line of sight, and for his photographic spectra of the stars and comets. On a former occasion he and Dr. Miller discovered the motion of the stars in the line of sight, and for his researches regarding the motion of the stars in the line of sight.

## FIGHTING WITH KNIVES.

The Champion of Europe Beats the Champion of Sicily.

Capt. Charles Engelbrecht of Denmark who says he is champion of all Europe and Marcus San Antonius, styled champion of Sicily, make a specialty of fighting with knives. They agreed to have out for the championship of America, the world, and 300 men and one woman went to Gardendon Hall, New York, a recent night to see them do it. About half of the crowd were Germans, and the remainder Italians, with a sprinkling of sporting men.

The heroes of the evening wore blue shirts and white trousers. Antonius, the Italian, wore a blue scarf, and was very big and black, with a fierce eye, false black beard, and false mustache, false eyebrows, and false hair. He looked as though he must win, and the Italian greeted him warmly. Engelbrecht, on the contrary, was small, with a faint yellow mustache, and a broad, bald spot. But he walked with a step so catlike and wiry, and gazed with such indifference at his adversary's proportions, that the Germans took heart and applauded enthusiastically. Ned Malahan announced that the men were to stab five rounds, and endeavor to pierce "the heart" of the other. The round was to conclude when the heart was pierced or at the end of five minutes.

Each man put on an ordinary fencing mask, and padded fencing gloves. A thickly padded plastron was strapped over each man's chest, and over the heart was fastened a small round box, like a blueing box, which would yield blood when pierced. It was called the heart. A small brass buckle fastened on the left forearm, and a steel knife, twelve inches long, with dull edges and padded point completed the outfit. Ned Malahan said "time," advised the public to keep its eye on the "bladders," and the men went at it.

First they stretched their arms and legs far apart, to get their muscles in working order. Then they stamped their feet with a loud bang, and drew nods of approval from Matsada Sorakichi, who does the same thing himself. Engelbrecht edged around cautiously, eying the Italian's heart, and Antonius, when he saw a good chance, jumped forward and stabbed. He was met half way, and the shields clashed and banged beneath the rapid thrusts for nearly a minute. The men drew back to breathe and the crowd howled.

Then the stabbing and clashing began all over again. The men jumped backward and forward six or eight feet at a time, and showed so much strength and agility that even the boxers admitted there was something in it. At the end of five minutes both men were dripping with perspiration, and their patriotic backers were purple with enthusiasm. Ned Malahan shouted: "No bladder bust yet," and ordered the men to their corners.

The second round was like the first, except that the men stabbed at each other more viciously, and their knives glancing off the small bucklers landed on the men's windpipes in a very painful way. This and the next round were finished without the heart being reached. Each had been disarmed once, and the honors were even.

But Engelbrecht was beginning to show that he was the better man. His knife thrusts were as rapid as the sting of a wasp, and he seemed to be all over the stage at once. Now doubled up to jab his knife under Antonius' guard, and now leaping into the air to strike down and over the shield. In the middle of the fourth round he made a feint and grabbed both of his adversary's wrists. A fierce struggle followed, and Antonius got away with his heart still safe. But Engelbrecht was after him, and flourishing his knife in every conceivable direction, he deceived the wary Italian, and with a final thrust, landed his knife in the middle of his adversary's heart.

That closed the round, with Engelbrecht ahead, and the Germans were wild in their joy. The Italians objected to the German applause, and loudly advocated throwing the fat German, who led it, out of the room. Policemen's clubs restored order, and the last round began.

Antonius knew it was his only hope, and fought all he knew how. But Engelbrecht did his best also, and would not be beaten. He disarmed the Italian twice, thus increasing the advantage already gained.

No more hearts had been pierced at the end of the round, and the match, championship, gate money, and receipts went to the Danish champion. The Germans who had read his name were much surprised to learn that he was no German.

Home should be made the dwelling place for souls rather than a mere lodging place for bodies.

Prof. Li Shan-lan, who died at Peking a few months ago, was the greatest mathematician that China has produced within the present century. Western mathematicians define a point as to that which has no parts and no magnitude—that a point is mere position without magnitude. Li Shan-lan took exception to this definition, maintaining that a point must be an infinitely small cube.

Dr. T. D. Fhipson finds that in grapes grown out of doors the production of sugar first occurs in the periphery, and gradually extends inward as the Autumn advances, while the organic acids disappear. These acids remain to the last in the pulp around the seeds, where they act as an antiseptic until the moment arrives for the seed to fall and germinate. At the same time the greater portion of the acids are spread around the