

A Female State Prisoner.

The Princess Eleonore Christina, daughter of King Christian IV., of Denmark and Norway and Fran Christina Munch, was born in Fredericksburg Castle in Cazeuhagen the 22 of July 1621.

When only fifteen years old her marriage took, Uhlfelt then being Governor of Copenhagen and Knight of the Order of the Elephant. For ten years she lived happily in Copenhagen, where she spent most of her time practicing the several branches of her education as her husband who had been raised to the rank of ambassador was mostly absent at foreign courts.

In 1748 Frederic III. ascended the throne of Denmark and Princess Eleonore had to undergo neglect and deep contempt from Frederic the Queen, the proud and domineering Sophia Amelia. Among other things she was denied the privilege of driving into the castle yard which was always allowed her in her father's time.

Uhlfelt incensed over his wife's treatment, vowed vengeance and took every pains to induce the Swedish King Charles X. to declare war against Denmark. It shortly came to pass, for in 1657 war being declared, Denmark itself being the aggressor, Charles soon compelled Denmark to a most humble peace in Raeskild 1658.

Charles refused this openly, but after audience gave the Danish minister to understand that he might secretly get her in his possession when she left his domains. The opportunity soon came and the 9th of July, 1663, she was arrested in Dover, immediately hurried aboard ship and arrived in Copenhagen the 8th of Aug., where she was incarcerated in the Blue Tower, the Bastille of Denmark.

King Frederic died 1670, and his son Christian V. came to the throne. But her prison life got no better and she was still held a captive. But still her hope did not forsake her and she made another attempt to

soften the Queen's heart. On a beautiful flask, she with great artistic skill embroidered with pearls this verse, which she sent to the Queen:

Thy goodness and grace, Strengthens heart and hope Might I be able to view it? Reach me thy hand of grace And me from my bonds release, Gracious Queen!

By this she gained nothing more than a new oven in her cell. At last the prison door was opened for her the 19th of May, 1685. She went to visit her niece Franlein Lindenau who lived out Christianshaven Canal. In the three days she remained here the whole city population went to see this remarkable woman.

The Future Life in Court. A Roman Catholic of Buffalo, N. Y., died leaving seven children. She bequeathed \$1,000, her whole estate, in trust to Nicholas Bashman, to be used by him in paying for "masses for the benefit of my poor soul, and for the benefit of the soul of my deceased husband."

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew made the following remark to a New York reporter on his recent return from England: "I think there is only one country in the world, and that is the United States of America." This proves conclusively that Mr. Depew thinks a great deal of nonsense.—Mail.

Teacher: "Why was Solomon the wisest man in the world?" Boy: "Because he had so many wives to advise him."

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Eight hours later he arrived at the summer hotel, to be met on the piazza by Kate herself. "Why—what did you mean by sending me such a message?" he asked.

"O," she gurgled, "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you, but my 10 words ran out, and I had to stop."

An excellent story of Disraeli, told by Lord Dufferin, is not to be found in the copious preface to Lady Dufferin's poems. "One of my earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli," writes his Lordship, "was in Brook street, the afternoon of the day he had won his Buckinghamshire election. I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me, 'Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the country, and asking what I stood upon, so I said, 'Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So-and-So, or the vast acres of the Duke of A., but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand I will tell him—I stand on my head.'"

About once in three months, we read, in papers that ought to be better informed, that Luther rejected the Epistle of James. The charge has been refuted, the matter explained, once and again, but all to no purpose. Luther once said that beside other books of the New Testament St. James's Epistle did not seem so strong on the doctrine of justification by faith; it was strawish compared with them. It is the old story of the three black crows. Luther said the Epistle of James was strawish ("Ein recht strohern Epistel gegen sie,") and the next writer says: "Luther calls the Epistle of James an epistle of straw."

Drink, and the gang drinks with you, Swear off, and you go it alone; For the bar-room bum who drinks your rum Has a quenchless thirst of his own.

Steal, if you get a million, For then you can furnish bail; It's the great big thief that gets out on the leave, While the little one goes to gaol.

Sleep, when you can't play poker, Wake when the sun is low; For it may be right to sleep all night, But that'll never win the dough.

Here and There.

The U. S. navy department purposes introducing electricity instead of steam for operating heavy guns mounted on turrets on warships.

Husband—This crying youngster is enough to drive me distracted. Wife—Wait a moment and I'll sing it to sleep. Husband—Oh, I'd rather hear it cry.

The smallest woman living today is said to be Mlle. Pauline, of Holland, of a respectable family, who is 18 years old, weighs 10 pounds and is 1 foot 9 inches tall.

"Cholly," he exclaimed, in dismay. "What's the matted, deah boy?" "I may lose my life, don't you know. The doctors say that violent exercise is dangerous." "Y-a-a-s." "Well, I'm getting the hiccoughs."

Mrs. Jaspur—I shall never send for Dr. Veriswell when I am ill. Mrs. Jumppe—Why not? Mrs. Jaspur—Because he is so excessively polite that if he found me at death's door he would hasten to open it for me.

Redsy—"How is it Skinny Dougan's got such a cinch on der girls, Swiper?" Swipesy—"He got his name in der papers for hookin' norings from Apple Mag. It's what rich folks calls a scandle, an' a feller's got ter have it ter be pop'lar."

"I hear that your friend Jack, who stutters so, didn't get out to see you last Sunday?" "No. He reached the station just two minutes before the last train left, but he stuttered so that he couldn't tell the agent in time where he wanted his ticket for."

Brown—Old Cobwigger is remarkably superstitious for a man of his intelligence. I saw him pick up an old horseshoe the other day. Merritt—Yes. He nailed it over that \$100 vase in his library. Brown—Did it bring him good luck? Merritt—It fell down and broke the vase.

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