

HAVE MANY MILLIONS,

THE ROTHSCHILDS AND THE SIZE OF THEIR GOLD PILES.

Wealth is Power and the Famous Family is More Potent than Are the Armies of Nations—Golden Rules for Getting Rich as Laid Down at the Start.

When the Parisian anarchist sent an infernal machine to the head of the French Rothschilds recently, the financial universe trembled the next day, when the cable flashed the news to all parts of the globe. How intimately the nations of Europe are entwined with the fortunes of the Rothschilds is a question. That the connection is very close indeed can be easily seen by a glance at the history of Europe. One nation may declare war upon the other but not the most powerful of them all has the courage for hardihood to declare war upon the Rothschilds. Such is the power of money when guided by the hereditary genius of this strange family.

In all the European wars of the past century the Rothschilds were a most potent factor. They practically held in their hands the power to give defeat or victory to either side, by withdrawing their support from the one and concentrating it upon the other. But this is not the policy of the Rothschilds. They have no desire to make an empty show of their power. War in the past has always meant untold millions to them. Carnegie coins gold for them.

What the wealth of this family is, can only be roughly estimated. It may be \$1,000,000,000 and it may be \$2,000,000,000; it is somewhere between those figures. There are eleven barons, each one of them among the richest men in Europe and with their respective fortunes so fixed that they can be used as a unit if need be.

All this wealth sprang from the genius of the son of a poor dealer in furniture and cheap bric-a-brac at Frankfurt. This genius was named Mayer Amschel Rothschild and he was the founder of a fortune which has no contemporary history. In a small way this man started a banking business. It was a little concern and for the first few years he had a hard struggle to keep it from going to the wall. From the first he mapped out certain rules which he absolutely adhered to and which are just as potent in the management of the numerous banks today as they were then and for that matter they will probably be in force a dozen generations from now. One of them is: "A man will not tell what he has not heard." Another is: "Gold never repeats what it sees." Absolute secrecy in all dealings is the rule of the house. Let a clerk in any of the banks be discovered talking about the most trivial thing connected with the affairs of the business and he is at once discharged. As far as possible the Rothschilds employ clerks from the same family generation after generation. The great grandson of a present clerk may be keeping the same accounts a hundred years hence that his forefather is working over today. In time the capacity for saying nothing becomes hereditary.

The Rothschilds employ a skilled professor of finance to instruct their growing sons. Finance with them is everything. A few Americans have studied under this genius. Harry F. Gillig, the founder of the American exchange in London, was one of these, but he did not follow his teachings strictly, for after building up a great fortune in London without having a cent of original capital, he failed seven years ago for \$8,000,000, leaving hundreds of touring Americans stranded in all parts of the globe.

At the time of the Napoleonic invasion the great Rothschild had built up a local reputation as a financier and already established his son Nathan Mayer Rothschild in London, for those were unsettled times, and the prudence of the man discovered the necessity of having a place to fly to, if occasion required.

When the news of Napoleon's coming reached Frankfurt, the elector of Hesse placed 15,000,000 francs in the custody of the elder Rothschild for safe keeping. The sum was sent to the son in England. Napoleon heard of it and tried every way to induce the banker to give it up.

A commission went to his establishment and minutely examined the vault and the books. Menaces and intimidation were in vain, however, in persuading Rothschild to divulge the whereabouts of the treasure and the commission undertook to play upon his religious scruples by demanding an oath. He refused to take it and there was talk of putting him under arrest. Napoleon did not quite care to venture such an act of violence and an effort was then made to win the old man by the promise of gain. They proposed to him to leave half the treasure if he would deliver the other half to the French officials. They promised him a receipt in full, accompanied by a certificate proving that he had yielded only to force and that he was blameless for the seizure of the entire amount. But the banker had already decided that all trusts were sacred and refused.

In 1814 the elector returned to Frankfurt and the 15,000,000 francs were paid back to him. The terms of the deposit gave the Rothschilds the interest on the money while it was in their custody and

this considerable sum was in reality the cornerstone of the family fortune.

Wealthy marriages have also been part of the creed of the family. In 1806 the son who had settled in London married the daughter of a rich banker, Levi Barnett Cohen.

This Nathan Rothschild was on the battlefield of Waterloo and by a wonderfully quick trip reached London before the real news had been received by the government. He was on the staff of Wellington and the minute he saw the defeat of Napoleon was certain rode at breakneck speed to Ostend, crossed the channel at the risk of his life, and was on the stock exchange next morning. At that time England only knew of the first part of the battle, when it seemed that Napoleon was again destined to conquer. Rothschild's gloomy air and the adroit rumors put in circulation, argued the worst for England. The prices of securities fell at a terrific rate. At the proper time Rothschild put his agents at work buying everything in sight. Later came the news of Wellington's victory. Rothschild is said to have cleared \$6,000,000 by the deal.

Bismarck has been forced to bow to the moneyed power of this family. In 1866 the Prussian government demanded an indemnity of \$25,000,000 from the city of Frankfurt. The Rothschilds sent word to Bismarck that if any attempt was made to enforce the levy, they would break every bank in Berlin. This was no idle threat, as Bismarck well knew, and he succumbed to the inevitable.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild to whom the infernal machine was recently sent is the head of the Paris bank. He has strong ideas on the labor question and has made many enemies in consequence. Three years ago he expressed these views on the labor problem:

"I do not believe in the so-called labor movement. I am confident that the workmen generally speaking are satisfied with their condition and have neither cause nor desire to complain. They are, I am confident, indifferent to socialism. To be sure, some agitators make plenty of noise, but that amounts to nothing; they do not influence the honest and reasonable workman."

"In considering the so-called labor movement it is necessary, however, to distinguish as clearly as possible between the two. Only the idle good-for-nothing desire the eight-hour day. Serious men, fathers of families, work as long as they think necessary for their own and their children's needs. There is much loose talk nowadays about the danger of so much capital in the hands of a few men. This is all rubbish. Some men are richer; others are poorer. Tomorrow this is all changed by vicissitudes which nobody can control. It is the money which circulates which fructifies, and money circulates with the same risk to all. It is money which lends in confidence for so-called good things which do not always turn out to be good. All that applies to the great as well as the small venturers."

"Brighten and threaten capital and it vanishes. Capital is like water. Grasp it violently and it slips through your fingers; treat it gently, dig a canal in which to lead it and it runs wherever you will. Capital is a country's fortune. It represents the energy, intelligence, thrift and labor of the people. Capital is labor. Apart from unhappy exceptions, which appear to be unavoidable, each shares in the people's capital according to his intelligence, energy and work accomplished. If a workman be discontented with his capital he may strike."

"It is unjust to compare a man with capital and intelligence, organizing faculties, invention and knowledge with any gross, brutal workman, who applies to his work only the intelligent work of his hands."

These views were not pleasant to the excitable masses of Paris. Perhaps the infernal machine was an echo of them.

Of the 11 barons, Nathaniel, Alfred and Leopold are located in London; Alphonse, Gustav, Edward, Adolph and James in Paris; Nathaniel in Vienna and William in Frankfurt. The Belmonts are the agents in this country.

Some idea of the riches can be had from the fact that since 1865 they have raised for Great Britain alone more than \$1,000,000,000; for Austria, \$250,000,000; for Prussia, \$200,000,000; for Russia, \$200,000,000; for France, \$400,000,000; for Italy, nearly \$300,000,000; for Russia, \$125,000,000; for Brazil, for \$60,000,000, to \$70,000,000, and they took through the Belmont-Morgan syndicate about \$15,000,000 of the issue of United States bonds last February.

Bought His Own Furniture.

An amusing story is told of a gentleman living in London. As the anecdote goes, it seems that he had a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auctions, and that in making 'good bargains' he had filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion his wife took the responsibility, without consulting her husband, to have a portion of the least useful of the pieces removed to an auction-room to be sold. Great was her dismay when, on the evening of the day of the sale, the majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband, had stumbled into the auction-room, and not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at a better bargain than at first. —Harper's Round Table.

Carat Gold.

Twenty-four carat gold is all gold; twenty-two carat gold has twenty-two parts of gold, one of silver, and one of copper; eighteen carat gold has eighteen parts of pure gold and three parts each of silver and copper in its composition; twelve-carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of three and one-half parts of silver and eight and one-half parts of copper.

IN THE BALMY AZORES.

FAIR LANDS WHICH ARE OUT OF THE TOURIST TRACK.

They could be reached Half Way Station on the Great Ocean Highway—Beautiful Scenery and Much Enjoyment at a Cost of a Small Expenditure.

The nine islands and two groups of rock which the early Portuguese named Ilhas dos Acores (Islands of Hawks,) and English-speaking tongues have corrupted to Azores, lie on the warmer side of the Gulf Stream, though about in the same latitude as Philadelphia, 2,000 miles east of Boston or New York, 1,000 miles southwest of London, about 800 miles due west from the southern corner of Portugal (to which kingdom they belong,) and the same distance from the northwestern end of Morocco. Sailing toward them from the west, you come first to Corvo and Flores, the smallest and least important of the group, which lie on a line longitudinally ten miles apart; then to Fayal, Sao Jorge, Graciosa, Pico, Terceira, San Miguel, and Santa Maria, in the order named as to location.

San Miguel is much the largest, being fifty miles long by from five to twelve broad and the two heaps of uninhabited rocks are called, respectively, Formigas and Dolabaret.

They are in three distinct groups, with long stretches of sea between; and, indeed, little Flores and Corvo are so far away from the other as to hardly belong to the archipelago at all. Altogether, they present a surface of about 700 square miles, and their combined population is a little less than 300,000. In other words, if the islands were pieced together their area would be six times that of London, with only one-fiftieth as many people as inhabit that city; but spread over 400 miles of the deepest part of the Atlantic they include an area of land and water greater than all England. Being historically of great interest, and scenically among the most picturesque spots on the earth's surface, the wonder is that they have been so long neglected by pleasure seekers and curiosity-hunters. Until of late few persons except those connected with them commercially or absconding cashiers and other individuals seeking an out-of-the-way haven of refuge have had any idea of their exact location, much less of their characteristics and the peculiarities of life there. Barely mentioned in the geographies and encyclopedias, even now the would-be student of them finds scant literary information on the subject.

But all this will be changed in the near future, since three lines of vessels now make regular trips between our ports and those of the Azores, where they connect with the Portuguese and other lines, thus enabling tourist to enter Europe via the Spanish peninsula and the Mediterranean—a very welcome change from the old routes of travel. The islands make a delightful half-way station on the great ocean highway, and if one goes no farther he gets a bit of foreign travel which cannot be duplicated anywhere in the world in the way of novelty, fine scenery, and enjoyment for so small an expenditure of time, strength and money.

Nowadays, too, the Azores have new interests for Americans, since Portugal has at last grudgingly recognized our principles of local government in granting autonomy to the islands, and the interesting little community are legislating for themselves at Angra, the almost unknown capital of the group. The independent blue flag that now waves above everything Azorian, with its white hawk and nine stars, contains history in a nutshell. It tells of nine mid-ocean provinces under one government, and the emblematic hawk reminds the world that their name, Acor (Portuguese for hawk), was conferred because of the great number of those birds found on the islands by navigators whom Portugal sent to take possession of her group. It was a fine morning in late August, after a passage from Bermuda which we would fain forget as quickly as possible when some early prowler on deck raised the cry, "Land, ho" at daybreak, and the sleepy passengers tumbled out to see what looked like a low cloud-bank on the horizon—the Isle of Flowers and its sister, Corvo, twenty miles away.

Crossing the wide ocean in these unfrequented ways one feels a new admiration for Columbus and the other ancient mariners; for to the "land lubber" it is a never-ending marvel how a ship even with all the appliances of modern science to seacraft, can traverse the pathless deep with unerring accuracy to any given speck of land in the wide waste of waters, hundreds of miles from anywhere! And, by the way, this is the very same course in which Columbus sailed to immortality on his way to America, and the same in which he was afterwards sent home in chains. This is the path direct to Gibraltar; to the route of the British ship that carried Napoleon to St. Helena; of Nelson to Aboukir and Trafalgar; of Child Harold on his pilgrimage that ended in Greece. This is the enchanted region of dark blue sea under which lies the sunken continent of Atlantis—according to many authorities between Plato and Ignatius Donnelly; the same wherein Pindar located the heaven of the Greek heroes on the "Sacred Isles of the West."

This is the very scene of the conflict, on

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Aug. 10, 1591, made memorable by the pen of Walter Raleigh, in which the English ship Revenge, with Sir Richard Grenville, as captain, endured for twelve hours before she struck the attack of eight great Spanish armadas. She sunk two of them, each three times her own size; and after all her masts were gone, and she had been three times boarded without success, defied to the last the whole fleet of fifty-one sail, which lay round waiting for her to strike or sink, Raleigh tells us how, finally, Sir Richard, shot through body and head, and wounded in many places, was taken on board the Spanish Admiral's ship to die, and gave up his gallant ghost with these words: "Here died I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought—fighting for his country, Queen, religion, and honor; my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do." That was a rather long and stilted speech for a dying man to make; and probably, in point of fact, he said no such thing, though it reads so well in history. Sir Walter Raleigh romanced too much in his account of El Dorado and the golden cities of South America for us to have entire confidence in his famous "Report of the Truth of the Fight About the Isles of the Azores."

As the outline of the Flores grows more distinct you see jagged volcanic peaks sloping on all sides to the sea, ending in black precipices against which the surf beats ceaselessly. A nearer view reveals green fields and cultivated uplands, cottages, and waving grain, and cloud shadows chasing each other on the hill tops and down the deep ravines. While waiting for a boat to come off with the health officer and pratique to go ashore—a business of some hours—we amused ourselves by getting all the information we could about Corvo, the nearby neighbor, of which we have a fine view.

It looks almost round, a picturesque mass of rock and forest, not five miles in diameter—in short, what it is, merely a volcanic crater, which the natives call O Caldura, "the big pot," whose outer sides are cultivated.—This smallest and most northerly of the Azorean Archipelago exists only as a satellite of Flores, and would not be mentioned at all were it not within sight of the latter. Vessels never call there, because it has no harbor, the means of communication with the outside world being by means of a whaleboat from Flores once a month—if winds and waves permit. But sometimes during bad weather even this is forbidden, and for three or four consecutive months the tiny island is totally isolated. At best the ten-mile row is not a pleasure excursion, owing to the boisterous waves and adverse currents, so it is not likely that we shall ever set foot on Corvo. The great drawback of all these islands is their lack of natural harbors, business being mainly carried on through two of them, where artificial harbors have been constructed. Corvo got its name (which Portuguese for crows) from the number of these birds found upon it when discovered. The captain's chart says that it is six miles long by three wide, rising abruptly from the ocean, with a rough, inhospitable-looking coast of dark, serrated rocks, which run in reefs from the shore, heaving themselves high above the water, there merely blackening the surface, and again sinking to such a depth that their dangerous presence can be told only by the eddy swirling about them.

It is inhabited by a small colony, of Moorish descent, about a thousand strong,

who are said to be a peculiarly gentle and inefficient people—called "old-fashioned" by the other islanders. Their specialty is raising poultry—the very best in the world, says the ship's steward; and they also produce some wheat, yams, and corn, and there are two natural curiosities on the little island. One is a small lake at the bottom of the extinct volcano, studded with tiny islets that present a perfect miniature representation of the Azorean Archipelago. The other curiosity is of semi-historical interest. On a cliff near the shore nature has depicted the figure of a man on horseback, with extended arms pointing to the westward. The ravages of wind and weather have nearly obliterated the likeness, but local tradition still confidentially asserts that this stone horseman had a great deal to do with the discovery of America.

The story goes that Columbus on his great voyage of discovery became completely disheartened by the difficulties surrounding him, and was on the point of abandoning his project and turning back to Spain, when a severe storm drove him close to Corvo. Seeing this rock, and its colossal horseman sternly pointing to the westward, he regarded it as a heaven sent omen piously crossed himself and proceeded on his way to the New World. A great many Carthaginian coins have been picked up in Corvo, from which circumstance it is argued that the ancient Carthaginians must have visited this island, although there is nothing in history to show that the early Greeks and Romans had any knowledge of the Azores.

We were fortunate enough in having for a fellow passenger a man who had spent some time in Corvo. He says the whole country is set upon edge, so to speak, rising steeply to the Caldera; and is divided by stone walls into small, well-cultivated compartments.

These fields form narrow terraces, one above another, and look from the shore like steps out into the hills. Higher up the mountain is carpeted with heath, where flocks of sheep and hogs find a living. The crater, which was once, no doubt, a turbulent pit, is now a green and quiet valley, its round sides covered with grass, and at the bottom a still, dark pond, over which broods that appearance of sad serenity peculiar to volcanic valleys. The Corvoites are quite independent of the world, producing on their own little island everything required in the way of food and clothing. But then, their requirements are simplicity itself. They have swarthy skins, go always barefooted, and generally bare headed, and are strong, healthy, happy, and industrious; at least, the women are industrious, for they do all the field work, and are said to excel their somewhat lazy lords in all matters requiring skill and endurance.

They are noted besides for their slovenliness and red petticoats. The men wear suits of coarse brown homespun, with coats reaching almost to the ankles, and a skull cap of the same material for dress occasions.

In trade they evince the remarkable shrewdness proverbial among the Azoreans; but so friendly and unsuspecting are they that their doors and windows are never fastened at night, and they sleep in happy ignorance of the murders and robberies committed in the most enlightened quarters of the globe. They are like one large family, all living in the only village on the island. Their cottages are alike as so many peas in a pod, all built of stone, roofed with thatch or tile with mother earth for flooring and neither chimneys nor glass windows. They are placed in tiers, one above the other up the side of the hill, with lanes between them, too narrow, steep, and stony to be called streets.

The health officer's boat was speedily followed by three or four others to take us ashore at Flores. These island boats are queer enough to merit description. They were evidently constructed for rough weather and are as big and heavy that they look like the dismantled hulls of schooners. All are painted black or dingy red, and no two of the four oars are from fifteen to twenty feet long, and it requires two or three men to pull them. The handles are constructed of the crooked limbs of trees,

in several places fastened together with a marine, and turning on the gunwale by a broad plank, through which the oar pin passes. As they crawl clumsily along in the distance, they look like huge water beetles struggling in the billows.—Fannie B. Ward.

Broken Hearts in France.

In no instance does the profound difference of national character in England and France appear more striking (says our Paris correspondent) than in the views held on both sides of the channel regarding breach of promise. Of course engagements are broken off in France as well as in England, but it is only in England that heavier damages are awarded for a broken heart than for a broken leg. The offense is all but unknown in French law courts—whether it is that Frenchmen are less inclined to it, or that the French girl dislikes bringing her sentimental troubles into court. To show English readers how incredibly prejudiced French persons of both sexes are upon this subject, it is enough to say that a young lady who attempted to turn her wounded feeling into cash would be regarded as only a degree less mean than the faithless man.

A very small number of suits for breach of promise have always been supported by a plea that the lady was put to expense, and there must be besides evidence of an intent to deceive. Damages in any case are very small besides the royal amounts awarded by English juries. On Saturday, however, an action for breach of promise of marriage was brought into the Third Paris Police Court. The lady and her father, as nearest friend, produced a bill showing that they were £50 out of pocket for the broken engagement. They might have had this but, badly advised, they put on another item of £350 for the moral prejudice. The French judge did not understand this, and he dismissed the case.—London Daily News.

Good for the Mayor.

The following incident took place a few years ago in a city of Tennessee.

A poor little girl was peddling apples in a railway station. A train was about starting, and almost at the last moment a tall, raffianly passenger stepped off the cars and called for 15 cents' worth of the apples. The girl counted them out, the man took them, and then, as he moved toward the car, began feeling in his pocket as if for the money. The change was not forthcoming, he was on the steps, the train began to move, the girl ran eagerly after it, and there stood the man on the platform, laughing at her.

By good luck the mayor of the city happened to be among the bystanders—a war veteran, with a tender heart and a contempt for all meanness. He ran at once to the superintendent's office, and said:

"I'll give you a hundred dollars to stop that train and have backed into the station."

The offer was promptly accepted, a telegram was despatched, and very soon the player of the joke found himself in the hands of the police. He paid the girl her 15 cents, of course, and offered to pay her a good deal more; but the officers were inexorable, and to the gratification of the lookers-on he was marched off to jail.—Youth's Companion.

Female Missionaries in India.

Seven hundred and eleven female missionaries are at work in India. During the last two years these visited 40,513 heathen families, and instructed 62,414 heathen girls in the different schools.