GLOBE SUPPLEMENT

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 1, 1896.

CLOSE SHAVING.

"The inbound train was two hours late and we were destined to wait out the time at —— Junction. Everyone knows what an elegant prospect that is, more especially as the accommodations at the aforesaid junction do not allow of anything for belated passengers to sit on. A stroll on the platform affords about the only respite under those conditions With this object in view, I sauntered up the platform with a lighted cigar and determined to walk out the intervening two hours before the arrival of the tardy express. After pacing back and forth a number of times I beheld a group of men leaning against a hard spruce fence much discolored by the weather. I stopped and listened, as the talk seemed general, and one big, burly fellow, evidently a "runner," said, "Speaking of close shaving, do you know that down in a section of the country where I did business last fall there was an old lady who, the neighbors said, was too mean for anything. Well, sirs! they told me that she had two pair of scissors, one of which she had sharpened, but continued to use the old pair, which were very dull. Another woman being present, asked her why she always did so, with a sharp pair of scissors in the house. And her reply was that in using the sharp pair that fine, rough edge of steel would wear away, and she did not wish to lose it." This was followed by a general laugh at the old lady's expense, when a middle-aged man, gotten up regardless, and a "professional" to all appearances, broke in and said he knew of a circumstance somewhat similar to the one just related. Upon being pressed for the story, he said: "My profession is that of a doctor, and I once had occasion to call upon a patient suffering from throat trouble. When I came to his house, where I had frequently been in attendance upon his family, I noticed that he breathed heavily with his mouth closely compressed. I had often noticed this peculiarity in the man, but could not account for it. Being curious on the point, after I had made the necessary investigation and prescribed for him, I asked him why he had formed this habit. He said that ten years previous he had gold fillings placed in his front teeth, and he thought that the wear and tear of breathing past the teeth would wear off some of the gold, and he had continued to breathe through his nose from sheer force of habit on that account." "Well, that beats the other yarn," spoke up a large raw-boned, red-whiskered farmer, who stood by listening to the conversation, and picking his teeth with a shingle nail "But I know of a thing that actually did happen. I don't know as it comes up to the doctor's yarn, but I seed it myself, and I thot it 'bout the 'dod blastedest, meanest caper I ever see cut up." "Come friend, let us hear it," responded one of the party. "Well," replied the farmer, "it was down But-nut Ridge way, where I belonged a good many years ago, and an up-river farmer passing that way had to stop and git a nail in his horse's foreshoe. Weel, one of the neighbors went and fetched one, for which the farmer thanked him, and went on his way. Weel, 'bout ten years arter that the farmer happened along our way agin, for his gineral route was by the Forks Bridge at the Narrows. And no sooner did our neighbor who lent him the nail ten years back set eyes on him, when he came up and said, 'Look, hyar, friend, perhaps you don't recollect that horse-shoe nail you got from me one time the spring that Maria Ann's baby took the hoopin' cough and died. Weel, if you do, you know I like to see a man pay his honest debts.' You see, gents, he never forgot about that nail."

A shrill whistle announced our train—so with a good laugh we all scrambled aboard the train, and found the wait at —— Junction not so bad after all. BOOP.

1896.

AUSTRALIAN PARKS AND RECREATION RESERVES.

Australians are keenly alive to the sanitary and social value of open-air spaces in the vicinity of their cities and towns, and there is scarcely a township or village, however small, which has not its public reserve. In New South Wales it has always been the policy of the state to provide the residents of incorporated towns with parks and reserves for public recreation, and the city of Sydney contains within its boundaries an extent of parks, squares and public gardens larger than exist in most of the great cities of the world without regard even to area. They cover altogether 748 acres, or 26 per cent. of the whole of the city proper. In addition to these reserves, the inhabitants of Sydney have the use of 780 acres, formerly reserved for the water supply of the city, but now known as the Centennial Park. This magnificent recreation ground has been cleared and planted, and is laid out with walks and drives, so that it is likely to become a favorite resort with the citizens. The suburban municipalities are also well provided for, as they contain, including Centennial Park, about 2,750 acres of public parks and reserves, dedicated to, or purchased for, the people by the colonial government, or rather more than 3 per cent. of their aggregate area. In addition to these reserves, the colonial government dedicated to the people, in December, 1879, a large area of land, situated within easy distance of the metropolis. This estate, now known as the National Park, with the additions subsequently made in 1880 and 1883, contains a total area of 36,320 acres, surrounding the picturesque bay of Port Hacking, and extending along the southern coast towards the mountainous district of Illawarra. It is covered with magnificent virgin forests; the scenery is charming, and its beauties attract thousands of visitors. In the country districts, reserves, extending often over one million acres, have been proclaimed as temporary commons, whilst considerable areas have been from time to time dedicated as permanent commons attached to inland townships, which are otherwise well provided with parks and reserves within their boundaries. A recreation ground, designated Ku ring gai Chase, and situated on the shores of the Hawkesbury River, was dedicated in December, 1894, for public use. The area of the Chase is 35 300 acres, and comprises some of the most romantic scenery in the colony.

SOME LONDON GOWNS.

Dresses Now Worn by the Leaders in British Society.

[Correspondence Chicago Tribune.]

White is the popular color in London, and the majority of the gowns seen at Ascot were of white or cream color, in every imaginable material.

There were quantities of foulards, muslins, figured and spotted. There were frocks of cambric and chiffon, and there were any number of grass lawn gowns in the fashionable Holland tone, some trimmed with white, some with black, some with vests of pale tinted chiffons, and others lavishly trimmed with Luxeuil lace.

Figured taffetas were popular, and were trimmed with lace and satin. Bolero jackets, cut short and braided with lace have evidently come to stay; there were any number of them worn.

Hats profusely trimmed with flowers prevailed. Some bonnets were worn, but English women as a rule affect hats. Parasols were profusely trimmed with lace, ribbons, flowers and chiffon, and the sticks were marvels of the jeweller's art, richly studded with jewels. In Paris white gloves have no black stitching; here in London the black stitching is popular Dainty ruffles for the neck in chiffon lace and flowers are much in vogue, and were universally worn at the races. Veils of the real white lace also seemed popular. For some reason black veils were not much in evidence.

A few of the handsomest toilets were in black, richly embroidered in gold, and trimmed with bright colors.

Skirts were cut in the Godet style, and are less full than those seen earlier in the season, and the box plait fronts are quite passe.

One of the prettiest gowns seen at the races was of pale blue batiste over silk, the skirt of which was trimmed with tucks, frills and rows of Valenciennes lace. The corsage was a mass of the same lace, and the tops of the sleeves were made to correspond. The vest was of white Brussels net, and the collar and cuffs of pale blue satin. A blue satin belt finished the waist.

Another lovely gown was of white and yellow silk, with sprays of roses scattered through it. Lace and chiffon gracefully arranged were used as trimming. The neckband, collar and cuffs were of plaited yellow satin.

Perfectly plain white canvas duck and cloth suits were worn with sailor hats and white veils, and had a neat, trim look, which to many people is more pleasing than the fancy, fussy-looking gown.

Luxury in dress is the one thing more evident than anything else this season, and was certainly a feature at the Ascot races.

ENGLAND'S GREAT MUSEUM.

Statistics Showing the Use Made of It During the Past Year.

[London Times.]

A blue book is just published containing an account of the income and expenditure of the British Museum (special trust funds) for the year ended March 31, 1896, and a return of the number of persons admitted to visit the museum and the Natural History Museum in each year from 1890 to 1895, together with a statement of the progress made in the arrangement, a description of the collections, and an account of the objects added in 1895. The purchase from the Duke of Bedford of the houses and gardens immediately contiguous to the museum for the sum of £200,000, granted by Parliament, has been completed.

The total number of visitors to the museum in the year 1895 was 542,423, a falling off of more than 36,000 from that of 1894, which, however, was unusually high. The total number of visitors to the reading room during the year was 194,924, being 8,000 fewer than that of 1894. The daily average was 643. The number of volumes supplied to readers was 1,405,866, as against 1,470,191 in 1894. There was generally a reduction in the numbers of visits of students to the several departments, as will be seen by comparing the total number, 232,484, with the 264,861 of the previous year. Indeed, the number for 1895 is smaller than that of any year since 1890. Next to the reading room in popularity come the newspaper room and the department of manuscripts. The number of visitors to the collections in the British Museum (Natural History) in 1895 was 446 737, a larger number than in any year since 1890.

Of the general progress made at the museum, Bloomsbury, during the year it may be mentioned that the collections of antiques, ornaments in gold and silver, and engraved gems have been re-arranged in the new gold ornament room, which has been thrown open to the public A more scientific arrangement of the sculptures from the site of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus has been taken in hand, and the excavations commenced in Cyprus in 1893 have been continued on the ancient site of Curium.

Two purchases of more than ordinary interest were made from funds specially voted by Parliament. The correspondence and papers of Lord Nelson, which were in the possession of Lord Bridport, were secured for £3,000, and the very choice cabinet of drawings by old masters, and of early Italian and German engravings formed by the late Mr. John Malcolm, of Poltalloch, passed into the hands of trustees for £25,000.

The additions to the reading room consist of 34,337 volumes and pamphlets, 70,394 parts of volumes, besides maps and pieces of music, while the number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom and received under the Copyright Act during the past year has been 3,098, comprising 205,646 single numbers.

The most remarkable acquisition made during the year was that of 1,014 editions and translations of the "Imitation of Christ."

THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER

HER REMARKABLE AND MAGNIFICENT REIGN.

Victoria, the World-Wide Empress, the Most Successful Monarch of Modern History.

The London *Spectator* in a recent issue says: There is something in the position of Queen Victoria, as she approaches the confines of late old age, which deeply moves the European imagination. In all history there has been no such reign, so long, so little marked by collisions between sovereign and subjects, so little broken by public calamity or failure of any description. The Queen throughout her reign has lost nothing which was hers when she ascended the throne, except the seven Greek islands, which her people never valued, and, in part, no doubt, from ignorance, do not miss.

New Zealand, in the South Pacific, kingdom after kingdom in Asia, provinces in Africa, whose vastness Englishmen even now do not realize, have been added to the empire, until the Queen, though she calls herself only Empress of India, is practically also Empress of Ava and of the Nile. Under her gentle and tolerant rule population has increased even faster than the area acquired by conquest or settlement, and she probably reigns to day over 120 000,000 more "souls" than obeyed her when, as a girl of 18, she first ascended the throne, the total number of her subjects now amounting to 400,000,000, or nearly one clear fourth of mankind.

TAXATION LIGHTLY LEVIED.

The revenue drawn from this vast multitude is more than twice the sum of which Her Majesty's advisers all over the world disposed of in 1837, yet so lightly does taxation press that there is no division of the empire which is not far richer, while at home the increase of wealth has been so vast that the demand of the royal tax gatherers may be said to be comparatively unfelt.

The Queen has been called upon to suppress one insurrection so widespread and terrible that it threatened for a moment to terminate her power in Asia, but it was never from the first a successful insurrection; so little was it universal that during its course Her Majesty never controlled less than 100 000 soldiers, all volunteers from among the peoples in rebellion; and since its suppression the feeling of loyalty to the crown has widened and deepened through the empire, in the white provinces as well as the brown and black, until it is difficult to write of it without using words which seem to savor either of vain gloriousness or adulation.

THE THRONE NEVER SO SAFE.

The throne, as one of the institutions of the country, was never so safe, and that much of its new popularity, if in part due to an access of imperialistic feeling, is also due in part to the deep personal respect which the lady who now occupies it has inspired. The Queen has slowly accreted to her own personality an affection indistinguishable from reverence, and evidences of this feeling come up at intervals from the most distant corners of the world. There is no country within which her face is on the coin where the news of a real personal misfortune to the Queen—a severe carriage accident, for example—would not be received with a quiver of pain, or where the man who had attempted to assassinate her would not be overwhelmed by the curses of the entire population. There is no corner of earth within her dominion, or one in which the English language is spoken, where the Queen would not be as safe as within the walls of Windsor.

How much of all this can be fairly carried to the credit of the Queen? No one will be able fully to answer that question until, some fifty years hence, the secret memoirs of this reign have begun to pour thick and fast upon the minds, possibly the slightly bewildered minds, of intending historians. It is one proof among many that the Queen has been a good queen that to this day, when she has reigned so nearly sixty years, Her Majesty's personal seclusion has been maintained, and she is still to the mass of her subjects, indeed, probably, to all except three or four close relatives and friends, something of a veiled figure. The veil which shrouds our monarch would not be respected for a week if the monarch were bad either personally or politically.

NEVER A COLLISION.

The Queen, at first through her husband, afterward in her own strength has for the last fifty years exercised a great influence upon affairs, especially upon foreign politics, has accelerated or impeded the choice of ministers, has been the close confidant of every premier, and has on every adequate occasion exerted the full influence which must belong to the person who, being armed with the imprescriptible and self derived charm of the throne, has the right to compel all ministers and servants to explain to your wife, your wife has influence, and the Queen throughout her reign has been at least the wife to the ministry of the day Yet in all that time no one can point to an occasion on which the Queen and her ministry have been in collision, or in which she has done any act over which wise ministers grieved, or in which she has in the slightest degree, we will not say forfeited, but diminished the confidence of her people

Rumor, probably false in detail, has attributed to the Queen many preferences for one premier over another, and it is incredible that she has liked them all equally but she has invariably accepted the premier whom the nation expected her to choose, and the most malignant of tale mongers has never accused the palace of intriguing against the party in power. Rumor again, possibly accurate this time, has attributed to Her Majesty strong prepossessions as to particular measures, but can anyone point to a measure, even in relation to the government of the army—always the sensitive place in every sovereign's mind—which a ministry has definitely recommended, and has not been carried out;

SHE WAS ALWAYS LOYAL.

The Queen, it must not be forgotten, governs by taking counsel, and in insisting that that counsel should be distinct and intelligible, and should be the result of strong conviction in the counsellor, she does but fulfil the function which the constitution, as interpreted during her reign by a succession of strong and thoughtful men entrusted to the throne. It must often, if the Queen is mortal, have been a misery to her to find her view rejected, but whenever the ministry has been of one mind she has postponed her own judgment to theirs, and has loyally supported the plan adopted and hoped for its success.

To have played that part for nearly sixty years in the midst of persons so greatly differing, and events, many of them so intolerably exciting, seems to us proof absolute that the Queen, though neither a "divine" figure nor a woman of genius, has been adequately equipped with sense, perception and nerve for the immense position she has been called upon by Providence to fill; a position, we must add, which would of itself, have turned any but a solid brain.

UNIVERSALLY REVERED.

It seems to us that, wholly apart from the difficult question of the proper limits of loyalty to an individual, there is enough in the known facts to justify all the reverence with which the Queen is regarded, and which extends far beyond the limits of her sceptre wide as that limit has now become. Foreigners occupy in many respects the position of posterity, and among foreigners capable of judging the reverence for the Queen is at least as great as in England, her opinion when known to foreign courts weighing at least as heavily as it does with her own ministers.

That is due, says several of our contemporaries, to the intermarriages which have made Her Majesty the common ancestress in so many courts, in every court, indeed, not strictly Catholic; and, no doubt, the strange position of the Queen in that respect is one reason for the special honor in which she is held abroad; but it is not the principal one. Relatives can hate one another very hard, and the Queen is as greatly respected in Washington or New York as in Berlin or St. Petersburg.

Her Majesty is great because her reign has been great—great in its enterprises great in its successes, great, above all, in that compatibility which, owing mainly to the character of the sovereign it has shown to be possible between a more than a republican freedom and monarchial institutions. The British Empire is the greatest object lesson ever given to show that a state can enlarge its borders without living under tyranny, and without universal military service.

A WORLD-DECISIVE WAR TO COME.

[Prof. Geo. B. Adams in the July Atlantic.]

Many have been tempted to say, in view of the vain rumors of wars of the past few months which have affected four continents, that we have seen the last great war. It might, indeed, be so if all nations were on the same level of civilization. But with the great races of the world, those which will inevitably be the leading actors in the coming drama, still in such different stages of advancement, who will dare to predict that we have yet entered upon a millennium of perpetual peace? The odds are altogether in favor of at least one more great struggle of physical force, compared with which, very likely, the greatest struggles of the past will seem but child's play, before we enter upon the era of the peaceful competition of ideas and institutions and racial types which will introduce the real millennium when it comes. If such a conflict of force should come, there is only one place for us. We must be on the side of our own ideas and institutions and race, and we cannot afford in the meantime to be training ourselves to consider our natural allies our natural enemies, or to weaken the sum of our resources by any civil strife that can be honorably avoided.

"POOR UNCLE NED."

There was an old darkey, whose name was Uncle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago,
He had no wool on the top of his head,
On the spot where the wool ought to grow.
Then lay down the shovel and the hoe;
Hang up the fiddle and the bow;
There's no more work for poor old Ned,
He has gone where the good niggers go.

His fingers were long, like the canes in the brake,
And he had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth for to eat the corn cake,
So he had to let the corn cake be.
Then lay down the shovel and the hoe, etc.

On a cold frosty morning poor Uncle Ned died,
And his master shed tears like the rain,
For he knew very well when he put him in the ground,
He would never see his like again.
Then lay down the shovel and the hoe, etc.

The Merest Trifles.

The long gold chain carries everything from a fan to a hand mirror.

Some extraordinary silks, which look exactly like lizards, are being shown.

Good taste shows itself more in the selection of handkerchiefs than in any other feature of the feminine wardrobe.

FAMOUS NELL GWYN.

ROMANTIC CAREER OF A ROYAL FAVORITE, BEAUTY, ACTRESS AND WIT.

Born in the Slums of London, She Lived Many Years in a Kingly Mansion—Generous and Tender-Hearted, She Was the Idol of Rich and Poor.

There is one sort of shop in London attractive in all seasons. This is the old English book shop, often part stall, and which tempts the passerby from half the old streets in London.

It was in one of the little, quaint shops off the Strand, so writes Mrs. Robert P. Porter in the Cleveland *World*, that on a gloomy afternoon last winter I happened to pick up a small, thin volume, with dust-colored covers sadly warped and with edges worn and partly disclosing the yellow printed leaves within. The title read "Story of Nell Gwyn and Sayings of King Charles the Second," by Peter Cunningham. Re-printed from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1852.

I wanted the book, but the ancient owner of the shop, who was as thin, as musty and as gray as the book itself put the price at £4, or $20, "on account of its being out of print, mum, and this particular number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* not to be had for love or money." Still, I thought the price a fancy one, and only after some inquiry found it just. Strangely enough, no English publisher had been enterprising enough to print a new edition, so I contented myself with that portion of the book which had been taken from it bodily and republished in the *Pall Mall Magazine* of September, 1894, as an original article.

Just as you come across certain people at certain intervals until, from being indifferent to them, they acquire a certain interest for you, so it is with subjects to one who writes at all. In one way or another Nell Gwyn haunted me last year. To begin with, the massive stone house in St. James' Park, which Charles II built for the beautiful orange girl, is now the property of that remarkable man known on both sides of the Atlantic as the 'Cable King'—Sir John Pender. Sir John takes a natural pride in this historic and beautiful mansion, with its mullioned windows, deep embrasures and Gothic doorways, that show even the inner walls to be quite two feet in thickness. The very locks of the antique, carved doors are works of art in brass.

In the house are many rare and valuable paintings, but naturally none as attractive as the full length portrait of Nell Gwyn as Venus, with her son, the little Duke of St. Albans, as Cupid. This work was painted for the King by a Spanish artist, and is one of the most valued of Sir John's possessions.

After going through the picturesque old place, I realized, naturally enough, that Nell Gwyn was not one of the romantic myths of history, but had been in the flesh, and very beautiful flesh, too, when she enchanted the King, coquetted with Pepys and chatted from the terrace wall of St. James' with Evelyn as he strutted through the park.

PICTURES OF NELL GWYN.

Soon after this was held that famous exhibition at Grafton Galleries of "Fair Women," and among the features of Charles the Second's court, owned by Her Majesty and loaned for this exhibition, was the most famous picture of Nell Gwyn, by Sir Peter Lely. It showed her to be a superb looking woman, with languishing eyes, a clear cut and voluptuous mouth, a straight and handsome nose, and sombre, rippling hair. She had a remarkably fine head, and was attired in a regal robe, bordered with ermine. In another department of the same exhibition was a miniature loaned by the present Duke of St. Albans, a lineal descendant of the actress' son, Charles, who first bore the title, representing Nell Gwyn washing sausages; and, strange as it may seem, investing even that occupation with a certain picturesqueness.

In a sense, more interesting than either portrait or miniature, was the dressing case and fittings given by Charles II. to Nell Gwyn on her birthday, and handed down in her family until it came into the possession of its present owner, a Mr. Crisp. As compared with the elaborate toilet appointments of the modern woman, this was a most modest affair, as far as its number of fittings went. The dressing case itself, though small, was exquisitely made, of gold and tooled leather, but the fashionable women who crowded around it were at a loss to identify the use for which half the tiny implements were intended, so entirely has fashion changed in this matter. Beyond a clumsy comb, a bodkin, a small file, a tiny knife, an enameled rouge pot and an inlaid patch box, it would be difficult to say what they were originally intended for.

Within the next week it happened quite by accident that I had my final encounter with the shades of Nell Gwyn through the medium of the oldest bank in England, "Ye Marigold," where she kept her account, and where can be seen a worn autograph cheque, the signature plainly showing what a struggle it was for the fairest woman of her time to write her name, which, by the way, she spelled "Ellen Gwyn." In the bank, too, are documents that show that on her death her executors, all noblemen, sold her table silver for $20 000, a small sum, indeed, considering the beauty of the workmanship it represented.

When you have wandered through the house where a famous beauty queened it right royally, when you have looked at the glowing portrait painted for her lover in purple, and seen her very dressing case, in which reposed the mysterious secrets of her toilet, held in your hand the yellowed paper over which her fair fingers glided so awkwardly, she becomes almost a living presence, and you yearn to know more of her, and just why all of the beautiful bad women that ornamented the court of Charles II, are held in execration save Nell Gwyn; why this exception is made by the strait-laced British public, two centuries away from the glamor of her personal presence. To-day her name invokes only a smile and a kindly word of admiration for her beauty and her generosity.

"STORY OF NELL GWYN."

At any rate, I went back to the dusty little shop for the dusty little book, only to be told by the dusty little man that he had sold it to Beerbohm Tree for £5. This ended the matter, and Nell Gwyn and her associations were promptly packed in a back room in my mind. So much for the "once upon a time." Now for the "it came to pass." A few days ago, among a package of books fresh from the publishers, arrived a large, handsome volume. On the fair, green cover, in a frame of blue forget-me-nots, tied with a true lover's knot, in golden ribbon, was the medallion head of a very beautiful woman, a woman whose turn of the neck and air of the head were full o' grace and character. Her face was the true shape of the egg, and above her long, almond shaped eyes swept dark brows. The mouth was curved, luxuriant and smiling; the nose divine, if a nose can be divine, and the hair clustered and rippled in black brown curls over shoulders and bust of incomparable beauty. Yes, this was a Sir Peter Lely. Turning back the cover I read, "The Story of Nell Gwyn, and Sayings of King Charles the Second, by Peter Cunningham, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, of New York."

Peter Cunningham very aptly begins his biography by referring to the fact that Dr. Thomas Tenison, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, preached the funeral sermon of Nell Gwyn. What so good a man did not think an unfit subject for a sermon ought not to be an unfit subject for a book. If a life has been spent remissly, it may yet convey a moral, like that of Jane Shore, which the wise and virtuous Sir Thomas More treated of so touchingly.

The liking of the English people, he adds, for the beautiful orange girl has always been a peculiar one, and one not conceded to any other woman of her class. This is due to the popular impression that with all her failings she had a generous as well as a tender heart; that when raised from poverty she reserved her wealth for others rather than herself, and the influence she possessed was often exercised for good objects and never abused. Contrasted with others in a superior rank in life and tried by fewer temptations, there is much that removes her from the common herd, and has secured for her a tolerant and kindly regard, which time could do little to erase.

BORN IN THE SLUMS.

The Coal Yard in Drury Lane was a very low alley, which still retains its name and also its fame as the place of Nell Gwyn's birth.

The horoscope of the nativity of Eleanor Gwyn is to be seen among Ashmole's papers at Oxford, and shows she was born Feb. 2, 1650. Of her early history almost nothing is known excepting that she was of Welsh extraction, and that her father is said by some to have been in the army, and by others to be a fruiterer in Covent Garden. Of her mother we learn that she was very fat, very fond of brandy, and as she was sitting by the waterside in Chelsea toppled over into the water and was drowned. She was buried in the churchyard of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, but lived long enough to see her daughter a favorite of the King, and the mother by him of two children.

The Coal Yard, where Nell Gwyn was born, and Lewknor Lane, close to it, supplied the theatres of London with orange girls, chosen solely for their power to attract attention, and bandy wit with the young blades, and it was there after a life of which little can be said, that Nell Gwyn was first seen, holding her basket of golden fruit covered with vine leaves in the pit of the theatre, standing with her back to the stage as she cried, in her full musical tones, "Oranges! Will you have an orange?"

This was a time of common corruption, when dissipation ran into vice and freedom of spirits and language followed the restoration of King Charles At this time also the revival of the English theatres took place largely owing to the encouragement of the King, and for the first time women appeared on the stage.

PEPYS SPEAKS OF NELL.

Our earliest introduction to Nell Gwyn we owe to Pepys who was struck by her beauty and her wit, as she stood in the pit, and refers several times in his diary to "pretty, witty Nell," whom he saw when at the King's House (meaning the theatre), and whose foot he said "was the least of any woman's in England." Through the intervention of Colonel Dungan her transition from orange girl to actress was easily made, and the pert vivacity and ready wit Nell exhibited in later life received plenty of encouragement in the language common to the theatre.

Her first part on the stage, for which she evinced considerable talent, was that of the principal female character in a comedy, "The English Monsieur," and her acting excited Pepys' admiration as well as that of the public, for she was soon called upon to play prominent parts, and Pepys thought it not beneath him to take his wife behind the scenes and introduce her to "Nelly," a "most pretty woman, who acted the part of Celia to-day very fine and did it pretty well. I kissed her, and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is."

Nor was his chronicle of the day concluded without a fresh expression of pleasure of what he had seen, "specially kissing of Nell," which reminds one of Walter Scott's remark, "It is just as well that Mrs. Pepys was present on this occasion." Nell Gwyn's greatest success, however, was in the character of Florimel, which was that of a young gallant, though, indeed, she carried the burden of the piece and danced a jig, which settled her success.

About this time Nell had changed her residence to the fashionable part of Drury Lane, and had lodgings near those of Lacey, the actor, at the top of Maypole Alley. Standing in the doorway you could see the far-famed Maypole in the Strand. This Maypole rose to a great height above the surrounding houses, and was surrounded by a crown and vane, with the royal arms richly gilded It had been set up again immediately after the restoration with great ceremonies, twelve picked seamen superintending the tackle, while the people clapped their hands and shouted, "Golden days begin to appear!"

Pepys, indeed, gives us a picture of Nelly standing at her door watching the milkmaids on May day. He saw "many milkmaids with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddle before them, and pretty Nelly standing at her door in Drury Lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one, a mighty pretty creature."

It was characteristic of Nell Gwyn that from the first to the last she never assumed or affected love of state or show, and entered easily and gracefully into the interests of the humblest of her neighbors At this time the theatre was so corrupt that it was taken for granted that every actress had a friend at court. Indeed, the standing of actors was no better, for it was only owing to the exercise of the great Lord Mansfield's power that Arthur Murphy less than a century ago was allowed to enter his name in the books of Lincoln's Inn. He had been refused by the Benchers of the Middle Temple because he had been an actor, and Brinsley Sheridan was excluded from Brooks' on three occasions because his father had been on the stage. What would Sir Henry Irving say to this?

The one remarkable exception among the actresses was Mrs. Bracegirdle The Earl of Burlington sent her a letter and a present of a handsome set of china. The charming actress retained the letter, but said the china was a mistake, it was meant for Lady Burlington, to whom she sent it When the earl returned home he found his countess all happiness at this unexpected gift from her husband.

THE IDOL OF RICH AND POOR.

That Nell Gwyn must have had great intelligence and a taste not naturally coarse is shown in the fact that she chose her admirers from among the best bred and most learned men. Lord Buckhurst, for example, had distinguished himself as a soldier, poet, satirist and munificent patron of genius, and there is no doubt that his influence upon the actress tended to elevate her.

Strange as it may seem now, at a time when morality was only a word Nell Gwyn won the respect of the citizens of London, the apprentices and the poor and more unfortunate classes. Her successes at the theatre were made matters of almost public rejoicing. Her merry, saucy sayings were repeated, her famous jigs were imitated, and many instances were current of her charity to the poor.

In 1669 Nell Gwyn was installed by the King in a mansion on Pall Mall and left the theatre forever. Not long after she gave birth to the future Duke of St. Albans Once removed from the purlieus of Drury Lane and the contamination of the green room, Nell Gwyn evinced astonishing strength to resist evil as she had known it, and refused to sell the King's interest, as his other fair friends had done, with surprising courage.

At this time King Charles II was at the height of his popularity. In his personal appearance he was remarkable. Nearly six feet in height, and well made, fierce of countenance, and of great voice. His eyes were large and fine, his face swarthy, and his disposition merry and merciful. A deist, he died professedly a Roman Catholic, though he looked upon the clergy as a body of men who compounded with religion for their own advantage. He loved ease and quiet, and was as fond of his many children as he was indifferent to the Queen, whom he generally spoke of as "that bat," on account of her short stature, black eyes and protuberant teeth. He was fond of mathematics, had a passion for music, hated flattery, and, like James I. and James V. of Scotland, his father and his grandfather, he was something of a poet Here is a verse from his most popular composition:

I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone;
O, then, 'tis O, then, that I think there's no hell,
Like loving, like loving too well.

A curious fact in regard to Nell Gwyn at this time is that she was the "idol of the town" She had for a rival the Duchess of Portsmouth. The contrast of position was great. Nell was an English woman, of humble origin, a favorite actress, a beauty and a wit The duchess a foreigner, an aristocrat, beautiful, stupid and, worse still, under the suspicion of being a tool of France. On one occasion when Nell Gwyn was insulted at Oxford by the mob, who thought the carriage was that of her rival, she threw up the window and said, with her inimitable smile: "Pray, good people, be civil; I am the Protestant one." The populace yelled with delight, and she proceeded without molestation.

The famous Mme Sevigne was intensely interested in this rivalry, in which she thought the English woman stood a better chance, especially on account of her readiness of retort. At this time there appeared a small chap book called "Jokes Upon Jokes," which in hobbling phrase gave this instance of the orange girl's aptness of speech:

The Duchess of Portsmouth one time supped
with the King's Majesty;
Two chickens were at the table, when the duchess
would make 'em three.
Nell Gwyn, being by, denied the same; the duchess
speedily
Replied, "Here's one, another two, and one and
two makes three."

"'Tis well said, lady," answered Nell; "O King,
there's one for thee,
Another for myself, sweet Charles, 'cause you I
agree;
The third she may take to herself, because she
found the same."
The King himself laughed heartily, whilst Portsmouth blush'd for shame.

HER CHILDREN.

Nell Gwyn gave the King a second child called James, in compliment to the Duke of York. This son was afterward created Baron of Headington and Earl of Burford, and while very young was betrothed to the heiress of the Veres, the daughter of the twentieth and last Earl of Oxford. Though the lovely orange girl did not live to witness the marriage, she did see in her infant charms the future wife of her son, who afterward became famous as one of the Kneller beauties of Hampton Court.

About this time Nell Gwyn was in the habit of having frequent concerts in her house, and was most generous in the awards she gave to those who took part in them the King and the Duke of York invariably being present. She had also a basset table, at which in one night alone the beautiful Duchess of Mazarine lost 1,400 guineas, or about $25 000. The house of Nell Gwyn at Windsor, a present from the King, in which she spent part of her time, had a magnificent staircase, painted expressly for her by the artist Verrio, who at that time was the fashion She indulged herself in luxurious tastes, as a number of her bills, still in existence, will go to show.

They include, for instance, charges for a French coach and for a great cipher from the chariot painter; for a bedstead liberally ornamented with silver; for great looking-glasses; scarlet satin shoes, covered with silver lace, and expensive sedan chairs The most costly item of all was for the making of a bedstead, the ornaments all of solid silver, such as the King's head, slaves, eagles, crowns, Cupids and Jacob Hall, the famous contortionist of the period, dancing upon a rope of silver wirework. These silver ornaments, says the bill, weighed 2,265 ounces, and cost £906.

In 1682 the Royal Hospital of Chelsea was erected for aged and disabled soldiers, the first stone of which was laid by the King. The idea itself originated with Nell Gwyn, and this benevolent thought and the sympathy which she showed with any form of suffering made her more than ever popular with the people.

For a long time her share in the foundation of this charity was recorded beneath her portrait, which served as the sign of a great public house adjoining the hospital. If it had not been for Chelsea Hospital, thousands of veterans would have starved or been dependent upon the casual bounty of the people and the chance assistance of their comrades.

THE KING'S LAST WISH.

It is unnecessary to recall the last days of Charles II, or to describe the wanton revelry in which his last hours were brought to an end by the King falling insensible and dying a few days later. His last words to his brother and successor were, "Let not poor Nelly starve," and be it said to the honor of James that he carried out the wishes of the dead King to the letter.

This sudden demise deprived Nelly of the peerage which she had been promised, and the title of Countess of Greenwich. Her resources also were very slender, as at that time she had just finished paying "for the great pearl necklace," which cost £4,520, and which she wears in so many of her portraits.

She did not, however, live long after this to worry over her change of fortune, and made her will, it is said, in the most cheerful of spirits, not forgetting in it to mention her servants and other dependents and those friends who were in a worse plight than herself. She was only thirty-eight years old at the time of death from apoplexy, and in the very prime of her beauty. Nevertheless she seemed but little to regret leaving this life, and, it is said by those who were with her, died penitently and most piously."

King James continued the mother's pension to her son his own namesake, who distinguished himself at the siege of Belgrade, and became afterward a Knight of the Garter, and died the father of eight sons by his wife, Lady Diana de Vere. The title of St. Albans still exists, and was conspicuously before the public at one time from the enormous wealth of the late Harriet, Duchess of St Albans, widow of Coutts, the banker, who herself had won fame upon the stage. The tenth and present Duke of St. Albans, who was born in 1840, carries proudly the arms of Charles II., and is the owner of that famous relic of Nell Gwyn, the warming pan, which, like the one in Pickwick, was made to appear significant, for it bears the motto: "Fear God and Serve the King."

THIS WILL DO.

A man entered a down-town restaurant and bade the waiter bring him something nice. Presently that official returned and set before him a dish which, judging by its appearance, contained the discarded relics from the plates of other guests. "What do you call this?" asked the man, as he turned the pieces gingerly over with his fork. "That, sir," said the waiter, who was somewhat of a wag, "is a new dish. It is called compote free trade a la Angleterre." "Young man," said the stranger, with a haughty glance, "you have made a mistake. My grandfather was a Grit, my father was a Grit, and I am a meek and humble follower of the party myself, but I want you to understand right here that I ain't no slaughter market," and with these words he vanished through the door.

THE INTOXICATING BOWL.

Stupefies and besots.—Bismarck.

The devil in solution.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The evil is in the drink.—David Lewis, J. P.

That beverage, the mother of sins.—Southey.

Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—Robert Hall.

I consider all spirits bad spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper.

The dynamite of modern civilization.—Hon. John D. Long.

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.—Benjamin Franklin.

Every crime has its origin more or less in drinking.—Judge Gurney.

Grape juice has killed more than grape shot.—C. H. Spurgeon. D. D.

While you have the drink you have the drunkard.—George W Bain.

Drink is the mother of want and the nurse of crime.—Lord Brougham.

Drink is the greatest obstacle to the diffusion of education.—John Bright.

Drink, the only terrible enemy whom England has to fear.—Prince Leopold.

Nine-tenths of the cases to be tried are caused by drink.—Chief Justice Bovill

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them —Epictetus.

Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are caused by drinking.—Judge Erskine.

EUROPEAN POLITICS.

DOINGS OF THE POWERS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Cretan Question—Prostitution Licenses—Dishonest Employer.

[Correspondence of the GLOBE.]

PARIS, July 18.

Over-heat is worse than over-pressure for the brain, because when the thermometer is in the nineties it is impossible to eat, sleep, back-bite or study. Mortals must, like snipe, then live on suction. No study, hence no mental fatigue. It is just now that all the big gooseberries in the French lyceums and commercial schools are drinking deep in those Pierian springs—their class books—preparatory to examination of outturns for the scholastic year. All that is trying, and the young idea has to shoot under double hot-house forcing. But a fresh infliction awaits the embryonic notorieties of the future. On examination day they have to listen, and unfortunately their friends and relatives also, to torrents of professional and official oratory—a combination of good wishes, paternal benedictions, professional fads and eulogies on the development of Mahatmaism in general. That is the drawback, the "slump" of all these annual educational tournaments, where none of the competitors are mortally wounded, while the invited suffer from the spent missiles and the Black Hole of Calcutta milieu.

FRANCE AND SPAIN.

The Latin are weird sisters; even Spain will not commit alliance with France, unlike Italy. She keeps her heart free, waiting for the Portuguese lover to propose that *mariage d' inclination*—the unity of Iberia. France could offer Spain no *dot*. She would not help by sending a red pantaloon to defend Cuba from the bi or the mono metallists of the United States, still less to demolish Gibraltar and so make it uninhabitable for the British. Respecting Morocco, France there has an axe to grind; so have Italy and Germany. England has pegged off in advance Tangiers as the site for her tent. Why Spain claims to have providential rights on Morocco "no fellow can understand." It is about as valuable a claim as Emile de Girardin set up for the Rhine boundaries of France, that he asserted were created for her by Providence. Egoistical man presses the Creator to His political needs. In pride our error lies: "Men would be angels, angels would be gods."

The English are viewed as "slowing down" in Egypt till they have well faced the Matabele and Mashona music. The latter may endure longer than ordinary, but it is an old score with the English, for the tune has been often played in other parts of the world also. In Chartered Land the natives were rather hastily viewed as a *negligeable quantite*. It will have one good result, that of well-guarding a territory when it is conquered. The darky, like the white man, understands the philosophy of blood being thicker than water. "Friendlies" will never be more friendly than when they are made to feel they are being well watched—a potent agency, "Pat" maintained, to compel fellow creatures to be honest. The lesson of Rhodesia will not be lost on Sirdar Kitchener, that great railway contractor, on the right metals to Omdurman, where some mahdi, under the power of a witch king, resides. If caught by the Sirdar the Egyptian Museum must be the natural home for the medicine man of the dervishes.

FRENCH POLITICS.

The effects of the great heat wave are telling on the deputies. They had already suffered by plethora of budgets, and now taxation proposals are all sixes and sevens. No party in the parliament has a working majority, so only the provisional is permanent. However, the Meline cabinet ought to be allowed the average span of life of a French ministry—six months. It is no joke having to find 3,387,000 000 of francs to carry on the national housekeeping. There are unfortunately too many cooks, and such, says a proverb, spoil the broth. Madagascar continues still to be in the Mahomet's coffin situation. The annexation of the island is not popular. It is a danger as well as a chain ball, and how it can be developed without money or colonists even a German rich in inner consciousness cannot solve. The *entente cordiale* between Portugal and Great Britain with the latter's reversionary right to purchase Delagoa Bay; the opening up by locomotives—those up to date battering rams—of British Oriental and Central Africa will throw Madagascar ever into the shade. France exacted a heavy compensation from England for quitting Zanzibar, where at best she had only academic interests. It is only human nature to expect that England would drive a hard bargain for the sale of her commercial treaty privileges with the Hovas, to say nothing of the stereotyped "prodding" diplomacy ever given to British Egypt.

IN THE CASE OF CRETE

the Porte has been very lucky to have secured the unanimous advice of the six powers, the physicians in ordinary to the Ottoman empire, to try another plaster on the wooden leg. It is not a heal-all, but a temporary save-all. In clubland there is no second opinion that Turkey must decamp from Europe. The situation of Crete has unexpectedly revealed any one good point in the sins of omission and commission of the "shadow" The revenue of the isle does not go to the savings box of the Yildiz Kiosk. One moiety is devoted to meet administrative expenses, and the other to the material development of the country. Cyprus is only held by England till Russia evacuates Batoum and Kars, which, of course, she will never do, but that closes her mouth if ever a fit of virtue should seize her to assist France in demanding the foreign evacuation of Egypt—and Tunisia. Cyprus sends £93,000 annual tribute to the Porte. Not a piastre must be deducted to combat locust plagues. In the case of Egypt the tribute bleeding is nearly £696,000 a year. If that money was directed into its natural channel—expended on the country—what railways Lord Cromer could construct, what canals and irrigating works he could undertake and so infuse confidence into French bondholders who have qualms about the old stocking of the lady of Threadneedle street.

The American-Anglos

CELEBRATED THE FOURTH OF JULY

in the old style, the warmest welcome for conquered friends, and congratulations from the latter on account of being whipped in 1782. The French also forgot the marching orders the Americans gave them to clear out of Mexico. The English and French showed that they were neither occupied with the study of revenge nor immortal hate—all that has been in the bosom of the deep ocean buried. Even making every allowance for the annual opening of the tap, there is too much "orating" on these occasions. It interferes with the work of digestion, the flow of soul between guests And horror of horrors. Imagine a discourse on bi-metallism, on sound money, on the making of fifty cents of pure silver do duty for one hundred in payment of bills! Everyone being on their mettle cheered all metallists whether single or double. I have witnessed larger gatherings, and more girls. The latter are said to alight in London after crossing the herring pool The Bois has terrible rivals in Rotten Row and Battersea Park. The Elysee cannot compete with Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, and the "upper suckles" of Paris do not open their doors to foreigners, no matter how intelligent

The Academy of Medicine is on the eve of dealing with an important subject; the

ABOLITION OF LICENSES FOR PROSTITUTION.

The faculty avows that since some years opinion on this delicate question has profoundly changed. It will examine the question neither on religious, moral nor philosophical grounds, but solely on those of hygiene The official control of prostitution has not safe-guarded public health, and in leading to the belief that it does so, great evil has been caused. It will be a big debate, as the ablest physicians will take part, and if, after the exhaustive discussion, a resolution be voted declaring the police surveillance a danger, a deception and a inutility, the legislators will find it difficult to set aside the pronouncement. In France there does not appear to be any sect or society arrayed against the reform.

In every buss office in Paris there is a register where irate travellers can record on the moment any complaint they have to make against the officials. One gentleman forgot himself in his contributions to this growler's book and indulged in reflections on the character of an inspector. The passenger felt relieved after the scribble. Next day as he was sitting down to dejeuner the servant announced a man desired to have one minute's personal talk with him. It was a bailiff who served him with a writ for defamation of character of a buss inspector. Damages to be fixed by the jury and judge.

Since

GAMBLING ON RACE COURSES

is a government institution the shipwrecks of character never were more numerous. Employes appear to regard trying their luck at the totaliser with their master's cash as the most natural of actions. One pay clerk indulged in picking and stealing till he had defrauded 4,000 francs. When the deficit was discovered he was arrested, and his defence was worthy of the philanthropic days before the fall of man: he had been merely saving up that sum as a gift intended for his master in his old days Another man was cashier in a soft goods establishment since twenty-five years, and his employer vaunted his integrity as synonymous with virtue itself During one of the late thunder storm days the master was in the cashier's office; the employe wished him away, as he was in a hurry to balance his accounts. "I'll assist you," said the master. "Be it so, only let it be in another hour hence, as I have to receive payment of a bill, and we will take up the accounts on my return." The hour and many hours expired, but no cashier turned up. The proprietor was for having the Seine dragged to discover the body of his—as he concluded—assassinated clerk. "First, call in an expert and have his books examined," said the police inspector. Complied with; result: since twenty-five years the good and faithful servant had defrauded the house at the rate of 30,0 0 francs a year.

The show of the plans for the two new palaces to be erected on the projected avenue that will supersede the Palace of Industry, a part of the 1900 exhibition, displays not the ghost of originality, and lean more to the toy side of architecture.

Jouneau, the assassin just executed at Angers, was truly penitent. To show his sorrow for his crime he did not walk, but ran to the guillotine, and must have been relieved at the idea of being decapitated The very unusual honor was paid the remains—that of the chaplain placing a cross on the grave.

A journal apologizes for placing the "Deaths" under the rubric of "Race fixtures."

A SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN WAIF.

How Her Wedding Reception Restored Her to Her Father.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

PORTLAND, Oregon, July 13.

Mrs. Emeline Burr, who up to six months ago lived with her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs B. L. Whitmore, in South Portland, is the heroine of a strange romance. She had been a resident here four years, coming with her foster parents from San Francisco, who fifteen years prior to that arrived in the latter city from Northern California.

Early this year Miss Whitmore, being an invalid with rheumatism, visited wealthy English friends in Santa Barbara, Cal., where a few months later the history of her early life was opened to her. Before leaving here she was engaged to marry a well-to do business man of Deer Lodge, Mon., named Edwin F. Burr, and the two were married July 4 in Santa Barbara. The romance of Mrs. Burr's early life, perhaps, never would have been disclosed but for the wedding.

Mrs. Burr found her real father, whom she always mourned as dead, on her wedding day. Among the guests at the wedding was Abner L. Carrington, an old gentleman who made a great fortune in Southern California fruit lands.

"This elderly gentleman," she says, "made me feel inexpressibly uncomfortable for the matter of an hour after becoming a wife. You remember the lobes of my ears each had the appearance of having had a small piece cut out with a sharp pair of pincers. This oddity amazingly interested Mr. Carrington. Later in the evening he asked a number of questions of Mrs. Whitmore, and before midnight Mr. Carrington identified me as his daughter."

Mrs. Burr continued that in 1872, when she was three years old, her parents, she and two elder sisters left Sydney in the American barque Dana Louden for San Francisco. Three days out from port the vessel foundered, and nearly all hands were lost. This and the subsequent parts of the story, Mrs. Burr writes, she only learned on her wedding night. Her father barely managed to save himself, and up to the night of the 4th believed every member of his family perished in the disaster. After drifting about on a spar twelve hours he was picked up by an Australian-bound steamer and was returned to Sydney But he continued the trip on the next outgoing steamer, as the antipodes had nothing but sad memories for him.

Mrs. Burr continued: "On my wedding night my strangely-recovered father told me that he first was attracted to me by my face, which was the same as my mother's at my age. Then he was startled by my ear lobes, which were birthmarks But what convinced him that I was his child beyond doubt was that he described three other peculiar birthmarks on me. My father stated that my name was Eleanor Bertha Carrington, and that my mother had initialed all my little clothes 'E. B. C.' before leaving home. That seemingly unimportant statement removed every possible doubt as to my being Mr. Carrington's daughter. Mrs. Whitmore stated that the woman who had placed me in her keeping also gave her a little chemisette that I wore when rescued, bearing the initials 'E. B. C.' worked in worsted, and which she still retained"

A passenger aboard the ill-fated barque, whose name is unknown to Mrs. Whitmore, saved the child's life, and both were rescued by a British vessel bound for San Francisco. On the passage the man died, and Mrs. Emeline Cartwright, a Californian, who had taken the ocean trip for her health, adopted the waif, giving her her own name. The Whitmores were neighbors of Mrs. Cartwright on Taylor street, between Pacific and Jackson streets, and when the former died about fourteen years ago, Mrs Cartwright begged them to care for the South Pacific ocean waif. Among other things which Mrs. Cartwright gave them of the child's belongings was that chemisette, the last link positively establishing the identity of Eleanor Bertha Carrington.

In view of the revelation, Mrs. Burr writes, it is possible that, at her father's earnest request, she and her husband may reside in Southern California.

THE ENGLISH OF IT.

It is good form to say one soldier faces
His foes; and armies large their foemen face;
That scores of huntsmen may a sly fox chase,
While a lone sportsman tricky Reynard chases
And as his game the single huntsman traces,
The scores aforesaid theirs may never trace,
For though they after Reynard's heels may pace
The hunter lone may go with fleeter paces.

Before the umpire standing in his place,
And hundreds of spectators in their places,
A base ball bummer sometimes steals a base,
And no one thinks the theft an action base is,
For to the rogue the deed brings no disgrace,
And crowds applaud in tenor tones and bass.

St. John, August, 1896.

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