

Artist Wainwright.
The Adventures Abroad of a
Painter from America.

BY SIDNEY LUSKA.

CHAPTER I.
The cause of the uproar proved to be
simple enough. Emerging into the
Bischofplatz from the side street that I
found a great crowd gathered before the
Marmorhof, shouting "Death to Conrad!"
and "Where is Ma hidden?" with all the
force of its collective lungs. The Mar-

with a thin, dark face, bright brown
eyes, and a voice so soft that if I had
heard without seeing him, I should al-
most have supposed the speaker to be a
woman.
"We too had better be off," he said.
"And prove ourselves also chicken-



I GAZED UPON THIS DEEP-VOICED TITONIC
MOB.

CHAPTER II.
We were marching
across the town, through its narrow
streets, and into the courtyard of the
Castle of St. Michael. By the time we
got there and the heavy oaken gates
were shut behind us it was nearly dark.

convenient doorstep, I gazed upon this
deep-voiced titonic mob with a good
deal of curiosity. It must have num-
bered upward of a thousand individuals,
compact in its center and near the per-

CHAPTER III.
My own station was at the very out-
skirts of the assemblage, the station of
a casual spectator. Sharing my friendly
doorstep with me, there were a couple
of sharp-faced priests, two or three
prettish young girls—broad-headed,

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The sight sent a shiver down
my spine. It was certainly most un-
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nothing positive to charge against her.
Only I don't think she is made of the
proper stuff for a reigning monarch.
She is too frail, too light-headed, a sort
of mad-cap hoyden. She thinks of this
kind of dignity. Court ceremonial is
infinitely tedious to her; and the slow,
dead life of X— she fairly hates.

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NEW AND DAINTY.

SOME TASTEFUL GARMENTS FOR
YOUTHFUL FEMINITY.

A Long Coat of Fur-Trimmed
Beaver Cloth for Misses—
Child's Brownie Cap
and Mitt.

THE original imported model of
the stylish garment depicted
in the first large engraving,
and described by May Min-
ton, was made of brown beaver cloth
trimmed with stone marten fur. The

are worn with a dressy little coat. The
bonnet, coat and muff are made of
forest-green silk heavily corded with
trimmings of velvet in a darker shade,
and narrow bands of beaver. The
bonnet, rising in a high point, has a
beam which extends from the point to
the front edge and is smooth-fitting at
the sides with the additional material
at the back laid in close overlapping
panels. A circular curtain or ruffe is
joined to the bottom, and the front
edges have pointed revers that are
widest at the top, graduating at the
lower edge, where a wide ribbon pro-
tably serves as fastening. The
lining is arranged over a close-fitting
hood that has a soft ruche of lace en-



ENGLISH LONG COAT FOR MISSES.

circling the face of the little wearer
with becoming effect. The deep ruffe
that outlines the free edges of the
collar, is here represented as made
of silk, but may be also fashioned of
wide ribbon either gathered or quilted.
The dainty little muff is adorned
with a full bow of ribbon. The deep
ruffles at each end are circular in
shape, causing them to drape stylishly.
Cloth, silk, velvet, plush and corduroy
are commendable for making, in
conjunction with lace, ribbon and
fur.

To make the hood and muff for a
child of four years will take one-half
yard of ten-inch-wide wide material
for the hood and one-half yard
extra for the lining; and for the muff
three-fourths of a yard of the same
width goods.



CHILD'S BROWNIE CAP AND MITT.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR IN-
TEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Ju-
venile Members of Every Household—
Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings
of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Sweet Monopoly.
Oh, all the world was candy,
And all the stars were candy,
If, wouldn't it be dandy
Our daily choice to take?

They Forsook the Cat.
Two lads, who, to the world to see,
Went forth one day a-braim with plect
Said Number One to Number Two:
"We're clever youngsters, me and you,
And just to prove that this is true
We'll learn all traps and mice do."

The Mouse and the Rabbit.
A mouse endeavored to convince a
rabbit of the advantage of wearing a
long tail.

After the Peach is Gone.
What do you suppose becomes of all
the peaches that are discarded by the
hundreds of thousands in the great
peach-canning factories, to say nothing
of the many that are left from the
peaches we are all eating every day
while the delicious fruit lasts? Have
you ever thought anything about them,
except that they were not good to eat?

It Grew in the Garden.
Last week one of your friends
brought in an odd little bust, the head
of a laughing boy. It was beautifully
carved and colored a rich brown.

Who Discovered America?
"O, Elso, do you know Mr. Marshall
doesn't know anything, hardly? He's
just as ignorant!" said Paul to his
cousin.

The Bull Before Waterloo.
Wellington's conduct is a riddle
about the middle of the afternoon he
was informed, through the Prince of
Orange, as to his enemy's movements.
With perfect calm, he commanded
that his troops should be ready in their
quartiers, and to fire the usual orders
for the divisions to march with a view
to concentration at Nivelles, the most
convenient point that he intended to
occupy at ten. Just as he was setting
out for the Duchess of Richmond's ball,
he gave definite instructions for the con-
centration to begin. About twenty
minutes after the Prince of Orange had
quitted the ballroom Wellington sent
him a quicky away, and then, summon-
ing the Duke of Richmond, who was
to have command of the reserve when
formed, he asked for a map. The
well-known closed the door, and said,
with an oath, Napoleon has humbugged
me! He then explained that he had
misread his army to concentrate at
Quatre Bras, adding, "But we shall
not stop him there; and if so, I must
fight him here," marking Waterloo
with his thumb-nail on the map as he
spoke.—Southall.

know that!" said Elsie. "Queen Is-
abella sold all her jewels to build him
three ships, and when he got here he
was so happy he kissed the ground."
"Did he find any one here before
him?" asked the minister.
"O, yes," said Paul, "Indians—lots of
'em."

Well, then it looks as if America
had been discovered before Columbus
arrived," said the minister. "Then there
were those other strange people who
lived, perhaps, hundreds of years be-
fore and left high mounds and fortifi-
cations, beautiful vases, ornaments and
weapons. They died and left no his-
tory. I have thought sometimes that
they may have discovered America.
I've puzzled over it a good deal, so I'm
glad to know."

Did Not Know It's Daughter.
A few days ago I was waiting in the
Grand Central station when I was un-
wittingly made a witness of quite a
romantic meeting. As the passengers
from the train came filing along the
platform I spied among them General
Sickles, who was returning home from
a special-making tour. As he neared
the waiting room a young girl of Span-
ish type, of beautiful form and figure,
brownish-black hair and deep black
eyes, fringed with long, curly eyelashes,
stepped forward and exclaimed in a
sweet, well-modulated voice: "Is this
my General Sickles?" He bowed and
answered, "It is." Thereupon the
young woman, looking him straight in
the eyes, exclaimed with a merry laugh,
which revealed two rows of perfect
teeth: "Don't you know me?" The
general, again bowing and this time
also smiling, said: "Fardon, but I must
confess I do not know you, but I must
admit also that you are not quite so
distinguished."

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We wish girls were politicians; poli-
ticians always squeeze a man's hand.