TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

Oh, many a vision I've cherished, To brighten the days of my life, Of a home amid roses embowered, Of some one to greet me as wife, But to have such a home as you offer, To have such a lover as you. With a heart so devoted and tender,

Seems almost too good to be true. I remember the times in my girlhood I felt it my pride and my joy To have your attendance at parties. For you were the favorite boy. And though there were handsomer maid-

And others much richer than I, There was none of the group so heart broken, When you left without saying goodby.

I heard of you then in the city, And knew you were making a name, Each day by the efforts of genius Securing a permanent tame. And I fancied you must have forgotten

The poor little girl you once knew, And to have you come back as a suitor Seems almost too good to be true. I hoped to have cards to your wedding, To the church and reception beside,

Where I might with tearful emotion Congratulate you-no, the bride, But to stand by your side at the altar . To be solemnly married to you-It seems, when I think it all over, As if 'twere too good to be true. -Josephine Pollard in New York Ledger.

AN AWKWARD FIX.

"Do you think two girls ought to be born so exactly alike?" said Charlie Dacre, ruefully twisting up a cigarette. The other man laughed.

"Are you talking of those two Dennison girls? They're not exactly alike." "It's all very well for you, but I haven't your long sight, and I declare to you if I see either of them at a little distance or in a bad light I can't tell which is which. I am going to a party tonight given by the respected parents of my Dennison, and I positively dread

"Perhaps they play tricks on you," said Ballantyne. "One of them is rather skittish."

Charlie got himself up that night with extraordinary care, and as he was a good looking fellow he presented a rather striking appearance as he entered Mrs. Dennison's drawing rooms. He had been detained, so that most of the guests had arrived when he came, and his inamorata was nowhere to be seen. dress. But shortly after he had paid his respects to the host and hostess the daughfor a dance—two dances.

"I'm so sorry," said she, "but I've nothing vacant till the lancers. You're a little late, Mr. Dacre, you see," with a slight accent of reproach as she gave him her card. Charlie apologized in the humblest terms, and the girl bestowed a smile on him as she was led

Dacre went to seek her in good time for his lancers. She sat on an ottoman a distant part of the room, where the drooping folds of a curtain formed a shade from the glare of the lights. The blue and white of her filmy gown stood out against the dark background. Dacre hastened across the room to her.

"Miss Dennison-my dance," he said eagerly. "May I?"

She turned her pretty face and arched

her eyebrows in surprise. "Yes," said Charlie, "the lancersyou promised-oh, I beg your pardon. You're your cousin-I mean, the other Miss Dennison-and, of course, I haven't

seen you before." Then, secovering from his confusion before the young lady could speak, he added:

"I hope I'm not too late to get a dance, Miss Dennison?"

Having secured this, he sought the other Isabel.

"Why in the fiend's name do they dress alike?" he muttered in nervous fear of another mistake. He might be continually coming across the one he didn't want, like a recurring decimal. Several times he bore down on a fair girl in blue and white, but turned away, deciding that he had only come on an Isabel in another place. The lancers had begun. It was in full swing before he came suddenly on a sofa where sat the Isabel.

"Miss Dennison," he stammered, "I'm so sorry"-

"Pray don't apelogize," said she coldly. "I assure you the delay is not of the slightest moment." "Indeed, it was quite unintentional,"

said the unfortunate Charlie in despair. "I have been looking for you"-"I have been sitting here the last

ten minutes, and you passed me just now."

"I saw a blue and white dress," acknowledged Charlie, "but some people came between it and me. Won't you forgive me and dance this? It isn't too

"I think my mother wants me," said Isabel, rising with dignity. "May I take you to her?"

"No, thank you." Charlie only got pardoned when everybody was going. He was mad with himself, but could not bring himself to acknowledge the real reason of his apparent neglect. He was sensitive about these constant mistakes. They went on happening, of course, the one Isabel laughing at him, which he dreaded, the other turning haughty and offended. He offered some flowers to a Dennison girl one day and she said demurely, "Are you sure they were meant for

for?" said Charlie sentimentally.

"My consin, perhaps-she's over there," said the girl merrily. Dacre flushed in unutterable confusion and took back the flowers, scarcely knowing what he did. And when he turned away he met the scornful eyes of a girl who must be the Isabel he wanted because the girl he had left wasn't she. It was quite impossible to present the flowers, and he made a crestfallen es-

can as soon as he could. "Hang it, I'll end all this!" he said angrily one day. "But I shall have to be careful, if I am happily successful,

that I marry the right girl. It would be awfully awkward if I didn't."

His opportunity seemed thrown into his hands, for he was invited to spend a week at a country house where the Isabel was also going with her mother. He sat next her at dinner, and to his great delight saw no other Isabel.

"We shall be a larger party tomorrow," said the young lady. "My cousins are coming."

"The-the Dennisons?" Charlie almost gasped. "Not all of them-only Isabel and

Lucy." This was comforting. And both Isabels had such an odious habit of dressing in the same colors! Why didn't they wear different colored ribbons, like French twins?

He got along fairly well, with great care and cantion. One evening he saw Isabel Dennison entering the library. He knew it was his one because she had on a gray dress, whereas her cousin had worn a green one during the day. It was too dark to see her features. He followed her into the room.

"The nicest time for a chat," he said, and she made a movement as if to leave the room, flitting toward a farther door.

"Yes, but I'm afraid I can't stay," she said. "I only came to fetch some thing I left here.

"Well-but don't go-stay a minute," said Dacre entreatingly. He had no doubt at all about his accuracy as to identity. Her desire to escape from him was a sure proof, let alone others, for it was precisely the desire she had shown in the last few days, and which he took as a favorable sign. "Miss Dennison-Isabel-am I mistaken in thinking-in hoping-you know-you surely most know that I love you!"

The girl had stood still for a second. while Charlie rushed on with his declaration, but she interrupted him hastily: "Indeed, Mr. Dacre, I'm afraid"-

"Don't say that," said Charlie, going nearer. "All those weeks in towndown here, when we have been thrown so much together-I surely have not misunderstood?"

A stifled sound came from the dim figure before him, whether laugh or what he could not tell, but he suddenly started back, and in so doing came face to face with another Isabel in a gray

If the earth had opened and swallowed him, Charlie would have been ter of the house, prettily dressed in thankful. This was the crowning disaswhite and blue, came up. Dacre begged ter. Neither Isabel stirred. Which, in heaven's name, was which? To whom had he proposed? How should he ever know he had got the right Isabel?

> He recognized after the first wild movement that he must save the situation. He approached the newcomer, who eyed him disdainfully. "Miss Dennison-Isabel," he began.

"Which Miss Dennison do you intend to address, Mr. Dacre?" she demande. "How the deuce should I know? It is

nearly dark, and you both evade me."

"You had better pursue your conversation with the lady you seem to recognize best, and I will retire."

The other Isabel sprang forward. "Den't be a goose, cousin," said she, half laughing, "and you, Mr. Dacre, wait a minute. You know very well, Isabel, it's all a mistake, and I'd have interrupted Mr. Dacre before only he was so impetuous I had no time. He didn't mean me at all''-

"Mr. Dacre doesn't seem to know whom he means," said the offended Is-

"I know very well when I can sec them," murmured Charlie, nearly crushed. "Here goes for a light."

But when a blaze of light illumined the room only one Isabel remained. Dacre took her hand.

"You are the one," he said. "Are you quite sure?" she asked "Ah, that's cruel! Of course I am.

What will you say to me, Isabel-fergive me and"-

"Love you," whispered Isabel.

"I hope it's the right one," said Ballantyne when the marriage ceremony was over, "but upon my word he was almost taking the bridesmaid's hand instead of the bride's."-London Star.

How He Became a Cynic.

Some lovable traits of character in Prosper Merimee, the famous French novelist, who has left to posterity the reputation of a misanthrope and a cynic, are revealed in the pages of Augustus Filon's "Merimee and His Friends."

M. Filon tells us how this celebrated author devoted 100 louis of his salary as senator toward pensioning an old prefect of Louis Philippe who had been ruined by the revolution of 1848, and how for 20 years he assisted and protected a humble sculptor in whom he had become interested.

M. Filon relates an incident of Merimee's childhood that shows how susceptible his nature was to strong impressions, and how responsible older people, and particularly parents, are for the development of certain traits in children.

When the future novelist was 5 years of age, he was once punished by his mother for some naughtiness of which he was guilty. Mme. Merimee, who was an artist, and who was at the time engaged at her easel, put the culprit out of the room and closed the door upon him.

The little Prosper, already penitent, "Whom else could they be meant anxiously besought forgiveness through the closed door, expressing great contrition and promising good behavior, but the door remained inexorably shut. Finally, after much effort, he opened it and dragged himself upon his knees toward his mother. His piteous supplications and his pathetic attitude so amused Mme. Merimee that she began to laugh.

Instantly rising from his lowly posture he exclaimed indignantly, "Since you mock me I will never ask pardou again." He kept his word. Thus was sown the seed of a certain cynical phil coppy that tainted his after life.

SCIENCE OF CRAPS.

LIKEWISE THE LINGO OF THE POP. ULAR SOUTHERN GAME.

Now You Know "What's Going On" When You See a Lot of Fellows Grouped on the Sidewalk - The Darky's Favorite Method of Gambling.

"Come seven-eleven!"

"Fade you!"

"Cut his throat, seven!"

"Jimmy Hicks, take my gal to Memphis!"

"Big Dick is mine!"

"Come, Little Joe!" These expressions are a part of the vocabulary which accompanies any well arranged sitting of the southern darky's

great game of craps. Throughout the entire south the game is now probably played, although it has been in existence only about 20 years. But just how the name originated is not known. It is used in only one part of the game, on the very first throw, when the thrower is said to "crap out."

.The rules under which the remarkable game is played are interesting. From one of the king crap players of Atlanta I have been initiated into the mysteries of the game, and I have given all the rules here as faithfully as if I was transcribing the new rules in whist.

Any number of persons can shoot craps. I say shoot advisedly, for no crap player ever uses the word play. The game is played with two dice. The first player places them in the hollow of his right hand (unless he is left handed), and, shaking them about a bit. throws them upon the floor or the ground, generally the ground. Before he throws he states how much he is throwing for, usually a nickel. Some one among the other players cries out:

"I fade you!" That means the thrower's money is covered. There then can be as many side bets as the other players wish to make. If on the first throw the player makes 7 or 11, he wins. If he throws 2, 3 or 12 on the first throw, he loses, or craps out. If he throws 4, 5, 6, 8, 9 or 10, that is called his point, and he throws again until he either makes his point once more or makes 7. If he makes his point before he makes 7, he wins, but if 7 comes first he loses. The thrower can hold the dice as long as he continues to win, but when he loses he surrenders

them to the next player. Any person in the game has the right to pick up the dice quickly when a player makes the first throw. He does this to see that no loaded dice have been smuggled into the game. The usual way of doing this is for a player to reach out as the dice fall and say:

"My dice." He examines them, blows on them and, tossing them back to the thrower,

"Your dice; shoot." If this is attempted at any other stage of the game except on the first throw, a legitimate show down of white handled razors is in order. The person who offers to cover the thrower's money is called the "fader." Most of the betting in the game is done by those who are

standing around. Nearly all the points on the dice are named. Four is called "little Joe," 5 is called "Phœbe" or "fever, "6 is known as "Jimmy Hicks," 9 is "Liz" and 10 is "big Dick," sometimes also called

"big Tom." When a game has been arranged, these who have the cash sit or stand around, and the first thrower tosses up his coin and gets ready to shoot. He blows upon the dice, makes an exclamation that sounds like a deep, aspirated "h!" throws the dice upon the ground

and as they fall snaps his fingers sharply. This may seem like some special trimmings, but the maneuvers are as much a part of the game as putting up the money. When he has been faded, the outside betting begins, the thrower acting slowly to give time for all the gamblers to get their money up. The man who bets with the thrower is said to "like him."

As the game progresses you can hear the thrower as he first tosses the dice exclaim, "Come seven-eleven!"

If he fails either to win or crap out, he will then cry as he tries to make his

"Come to see me, Little Joe," or Big Dick or Liz, or whatever his point is. The man who has faded him or who is betting against him on the outside

"Cut him off, seven!" "Cut his throat, seven!" "Come under him, sev-

When Liz-that is nine-is first thrown, the player always exclaims, "Liz is the gal for me."

The words which accompany Jimmy Hicks, a throw of six, are, "Big Six, take my gal to Memphis."

A smooth place on the ground is always preferable to the floor of a room. A table is entirely out of the question. Many times a gang of negro gamblers will play on the sidewalk under the glare of an electric light, and boys are stationed in the middle of each block to keep a watch for the approach of a policeman and to give a signal if one is seen coming.

The game is played by the old and the young, in the country and in the cities, by railroad hands and deckhands sort of gambling. The steamboat hands play night and day, and they have been known to return after a long trip with every cent of their earnings gone into

the pockets of the lucky players. Here in Atlanta there are all sorts of crap shooters, including the big gamblers and the small boys, who will shoot for anything of value, often the clothes on their backs. Hardly a week passes without some place, usually an alley, being raided and a lot of the "crap shooters" arrested. But the gambling cannot be broken up .- Atlanta Consti-

Soft as a cloud is you blue ridge—the mere Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear. And motioniess, and to the gazer's eye, Deeper than ocean, in the immensity Of its vague mountains and unreal sky! But, from the process in that still retreat, Turn to minuter changes at our feet; Observe how dewy twilight has withdrawn The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn, And has restored to view its tender green. That, while the sun rode high, was lost be

neath their dazzling sheen. An emblem this of what the sober hour Can do for minds disposed to feel its power! Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away The pretty pleasures of the garish day, Meek eve shuts up the whole usurping host (Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post). And leaves the disincumbered spirit free To reassume a staid simplicity.

'Tis well. But what are helps of time and place When wisdom stands in need of nature's grace Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, de

Like angels from their bowers, our virtues If yet tomorrow, unbelieved, may say,

'I come to open out, for fresh display, The elastic vanities of yesterday?" -Wordsworth's "Evening Voluntaries."

HUMORS OF HERALDRY.

Pitfalls For the Unwary Dabblers In the

Ancient Science. To most ordinary folk the language of heraldry is as uninteresting and as meaningless as the jargon of astrology and of alchemy. Griffins and harpies, lions, eagles, unicorns, dolphins and other possible and impossible birds, sejant or couchant or statant, convey absolutely no meaning to any one unversed in the mysteries of heraldic lere. Such a one is apt to scoff, like the Earl of Chesterfield, at the whole science and practice of heraldry as a foolish business. When a herald on a visitation stated the object of his visit, his lordcivilly, "Begone, you foolish fellow; you don't understand your own foolish business." This saying has been credited to that past master of sharp and cutting sarcasms Lord Westbury, but Horace Walpole tells the original story. Harry Hotspur, according to Shakespeare, was of much the same mind as his lordship of Chesterfield. He talked with contempt of

A dragon and a finless fish. A clip winged griffin and a molten raven, A couching lion and a rampant cat, And such a deal of skimble skamble stuff As puts me from my faith.

It is so easy for the unskilled dabbler to go astray. A year or two ago a revenue officer, giving evidence in one of the law courts, described a heraldic device on some chairs as "a rampant lion standing on its hind legs." Thereupon a daily newspaper poured contempt upon the official evidence and declared that a lion rampant, whether "gardant," "regardant" or "passant," rested his body on only one leg, but "sejant" he rested on two. Next some one wrote to the learned weekly known as The Antiquary's Newspaper, holding this dictum up to scorn. "Imagine," he cried, "a lion 'rampant sejant' on two legs." Lastly came another correspondent of the same paper, who roundly declared that the daily journalist was correct, and that the miserable lion "sejant" did find accommodation on both

What outsider dare have an opinion on so momentous a subject when learned doctors disagreed? Heraldry, however, whether it be now getting out of date or not, has played a useful part in personal and family as in national history, and is still studied with delight by many amateurs as well as by professed antiquaries and lovers of the days that are gone. It is not proposed here to touch further upon the serious side of heraldry. It will be more interesting possibly to glance at some of its more

amusing aspects. The zoology and ornithology of heraldry are richly mediæval in flavor. Coats of arms abound with monsters more or less of a hybrid character, whose existence was once firmly believed in, but which have long been relegated to the region of myth. There is the "gryphon" who figures appropriately enough in "Alice in Wonderland," and under the name of "griffin" or "griffon" is one of the commonest of heraldic beasts. It was usually represented as part eagle and part lion and is really a very formidable looking monster. Our forefathers seem to have believed in its actual existence. An ancient herald wrote of the griffin, "I think they are of great bugeness, for I have a claw of one of their paws which should show them to be as big as two lions." One would like to have seen that wonderful and unique claw. Then there is the harpy, taken from the Greek mythology and represented heraldically as a vulture with the head and breast of

Other fabulous adornments of coats of arms are the basilisk, the unicorn, the wyvern and dragons innumerable. The wyvern was of the dragon tribe. but stood on two legs and feet borrowed from the eagle. Our ancestors may have had their doubts about the existence of the wyvern, but in the unicorn and the basilisk they had full belief. Our older writers have frequent allusions to both, especially to the basilisk, which was supposed to be able to kill even by a look or by its breath. - Fireside.

A Japanese Fable.

The following fable from the Japanese is a neat hit at woman's capacity on the river steamboats. Negroes in the for overdoing pretty much everything large cities know scarcely any other that she undertakes: Once upon a time a man discovered the nuntain of youth. Thanks to its magic, returned young, the land from strong and hearty which but a short the before he had departed an old and feeble man. The first person he met after his return was an old woman, and he told her about the fountain. The woman knew a good thing when she heard it, and she at once set off to seek rejuvenation upon her own account. The next day when the man again repaired to the fountain he found by its side a few days' old babe. It was the woman. She had overdone it.

DECLINED THE JAM.

REASONS WHY M'WILLIAMS DECIDED TO FOREGO THE DAINTY.

It Was the Special Feature of a Banquet Got Up to Entertain Lis Guests, but He Could See the Eitchen From a Window of His Room.

When a man has enthusiastically planned a hunting trip in the Rockies, inviting friends from London and Paris, and a slight mishap at the beginning threatens to spoil everything, be may be excused for adopting desperate measures. That was the position of McWilliams from New York. A-mountain freshet had delayed his party at a balf way house among the footbills of the Rockies. Lord So-and-so, considering himself a great bunter of the grizzly, seemed to think the elements bad conspired against his own august personage. The German count fumed and fussed. The Frenchman, by asking questions that took all edge from the German's stories of prowess in the chase, increased the general irritation. Mutterings about "colonial savagery" came from the British member of parliament. The Indian guides hung about in disconsolate groups, while the valets bore the brunt of all ill humor. Unexpectedly taxed, the little half way beasts and fishes, whether rampant or house was in an uproar of confusion finding room and food for the unusual number of guests. McWilliams was not accountable for the irresponsible mountain stream, but he began to feel very uneasy about the outcome of his plans. When the other men chafed at the delay and grumbled over the accommodatour called on Lord Chesterfield and had | tion and talked of turning back, he was in desperation. He appealed to the ship said peremptorily and none too French Canadian and the half breed wife who kept the house.

"See here, Joe!" And McWilliams displayed a roll of bills. "You're to lay such a spread for the next few days as hungry men never before set eyes on."

"Oui, monsieur!" grunted the frontiersman, promising a feast that very night which was to include fresh salmon and prairie chicken and venison, with a rare French Canadian jam made only on the occasion of a birth or a marriage. This promise the Frenchman confirmed with a stout English oath and a kick

at the Newfoundland pup. Greatly relieved, McWilliams told his friends of the banquet in preparation, mentioning especially the jam. The announcement caused a perceptible clearing of glum expressions, and Mac withdrew to have a smoke over the dilemma. A savory smell that verified Joe's pledges steamed up to his room overlocking the back kitchen, and by and by the Frenchman and his dusky spouse carried out a huge iron pot between them. From the spicy odor rising McWilliams concluded the pot must contain the promised jam, and, if the smell were any index, very good jam too. It stood in the yard cooling, and when the clumsy pup wabbled near Mac gave a hiss that sent the dog floundering off.

The dinner bell rang, and the sponsor for the party heard the others hurrying to the long, unplastered hall that did duty as dining room. Knecking the ashes from his pipe, he was about to join those below when a doleful chorus of repentant howls sounded from the back yard. After the manner of its kind that pup was bent on investigating the contents of the forbidden pot. Having shambled and sniffed closer and closer, the Newfoundland firally got his forepaws on the edge and leaned over. Then a long neck stretched down farther and farther toward the jam, till the wagging end of that dcg's anatomy was overbalanced, and with a dull splash he tumbled in bodily. The squaw was on the scene in a second. If it had not been so serious, McWilliams would have laughed, but the mishap was now no laughing matter to him. The woman grabbed the squirming intruder by the scruff of the neck. Dripping with preserves, the howling animal was lifted out and held aloof. The dangling legs pawed the air, but the squaw relentlessly held on and carefully scraped every precious morsel of trickling jam down the scaked fur into the pot. Then, with an expletive that was neither Cree nor French, she plumped that pup on the strong instep of her moccasined foot and hoisted him high through parabolic space to a remote corner of the yard.

"Don't you dare serve" - reared Mc-Williams, but the squaw had darted back to the kitchen.

Now, as a man of henor, what was the proper course for McWilliams? Each discontented sportsman had been consoled by the thought of that treat. The mere prospect of the banquet had allayed irritation. They were heaping curses enough on the food and accommodation of the half way house without this additional mishap becoming known. What should be do? He hesitated, and in besitating, like many before him, was lost, for as he was going down stairs with the purpose to do an indefinite something the jam was being served. The squaw had been in too great a hurry to place the delicacy before the guests, and every man of the crowd already had a lavish helping, and was relishing the dainty along with venison.

"By Jove, McWilliams," exclaimed Lord So-and-so, "late to a feast with jam like this?" "Bon!" pronounced the Frenchman

between mouthfuls. 'Tres bon." "Gut!" echoed the German, for once agreeing with his adversary. Truly thought the host, harmony is restored. "Here's to Joseph's health for the treat and to success for the trip," said

"Amen!" responded Mc Williams fervently. "There's nothing like that jam under the sun, but I'm afraid it's a little too rich for me." "Zay," afterward inquired one valet

the British M. P., raising his glass.

of Lord So-and-so's man, "Meester Veelam not take no zham?" "Those blawsted Yankees," answered

when they see it."-New York Sun.

THE CAFES OF VIENNA.

The Part They Play In the Life of the

Gay Austrian Capital. Cafes are for the Vienness a second home, and they all have two kinds of clients-the "stammgaeste" or habitues, and the "laufande." or transients. The habitues, commonly called "wirtnausbruder" (cofe brothers), have tables reserved for them, and wee betide the man who ventures to take possession of this sacred property. There are many Viennese who in the past 30 or 40 years have sat at the same table in the same corner day after day, drinking the same brew of beer or brand of wine and smoking the same sort of tobacco in the same old pipes. A stammgaest generally spends from three to four hours every day at his cafe, the natural result being a great loss of time and money. But the Viernese are not miserly. The maxim they follow is found in the German proverb which seems to have been writ ten on purpose for them, "Leben und leben lassen" ("Live and let live").

Besides these cafes there are a number of "restaurant cellars" in Vienna. similar to the cellars of Leipsic, Hamburg and Bremen, where people go to drink wine and partake of delicatessen, pates, oysters, caviar, smoked fish, Westphalian sausages and other eatables of the same general sort. There are certain cellars, like the old Felsenkeller, which are arranged like grottoes. The Felsenkeller has been visited by many European celebrities, and on its walls are scratched the autographs of Victor Hugo, Meyerbeer, Wagner, Brahms, Alexandre Dumas, father and son, and many others.

The most picturesque of these cellars is the Esterhazy keller, open every day from 11 a. m. until 1:30 the following morning. In this subterranean resort there are no tables, chairs or gaslights. A few old benches against the walls and some wretched candles are the only furnishings. The demimonde, petit monde and the quart de monde frequent this cellar to a great extent. A perfect babel of languages prevail-German, Polish, Czech, Russian, French, Hungarian, Slavonian, Italian, Servian, Bulgarian, Roumanian and Greek may all be heard spoken in the space of a few minutes, giving a splendid idea of Vienna's cosmopolitan nature and a striking proof that the imperial capital of the Hapsburgs is not a German city. but a town which is neither European nor oriental, and possessing a cachet of its own, which partakes both of the east and the west. Notwithstanding the Bohemian aspect of this Esterhazy keller and the poor quality of the food provided the two kinds of wine served are worthy of a royal table.

Excellent wine is to be found at all Vienna cafes, much of which is native. Austria and Hungary together grow some 15 different wines. Emperor Charles IV transplanted in 1343 vines from Burgundy to Melnik and Czernosek. In lower Austria vineyards are found 6,000 feet above the sea level. The wines of Gumpoldskirchen, Voeslau and Klosterneubourg can vie with Burgundy and certain Rhine wines.

In southern Tyrol, in Styria, Carinthia, Moravia, Illyria, Dalmatia, Hungary and Croatia first class wine is made and forms in the Slav provinces the habitual drink of rich and poor alike. The consequence is that the Slav races of Austria are far more energetic and of finer physique than the German Austrians, who become bloated by excessive

beer drinking. It is not easy to find good food at the Vienna cafes and restaurants, however. The Viennese manner of cooking is as international as are the Viennese themselves. The best is found in the hotels, all of which have three different classes of restaurants-one underground for the "petits employes" and coachmen, one on the ground floor for the Viennese upper and middle classes and finally one on the first floor for foreigners. For 50 cents of American money a Viennese gets a portion of meat, a vegetable and a sweet dish, which is certainly not cheap when compared with other continental capitals. The usual time for dinner is from 1 to 3 p. m., and supper is taken at any time between 7 and 11. As the theaters are over by 10, supper is taken afterward. At that time of night every cafe in Vienna is crowded. A Viennese who has gone to the theater with his wife and children would fracture all conventions if he did not take his family to sup at a cafe. - Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Royalty Danced In Balles.

Many of the members of the English royal family are known to take a keen interest in the drama, some of them even delighting to take part in the theatrical performances. As far as is known, however, they have never indulged in ballet dancing on their own account. It was different, however, in the days of Henry VIII, for that jovial monarch of the many wives actually encouraged his daughter, the Princess Mary, to appear before the court as the principal dancer in several ballets and pantomimes. When the princess first appeared in one of these ballets, she wore a black crape mask in the character of an Ethiopian princess, but she soon became emboldened and freely took her part as a dancer in the court balls and pageants.

Princess Mary appeared before the French embassadors at Greenwich palace in the spring of 1527 with five of her ladies in waiting, disguised in Icelandic dresses, and the contemporary chronicles inform us that, with six lords in the costume of the same country, sne "danced lustily about the hall." At another banquet and masque, before the same embassadors, the Princess Mary issued from a cave with her seven women all appareled after the Roman fashion in rich cloth of gold and crimson tinsel. Their hair was wrapped in cauls. of gold, with bonnets of crimson velvet. tet full of pearls and precious stones. Mary and her ladies then danced a balblase buttons, "don't know a good thing let with eight lords. - New York Trib-