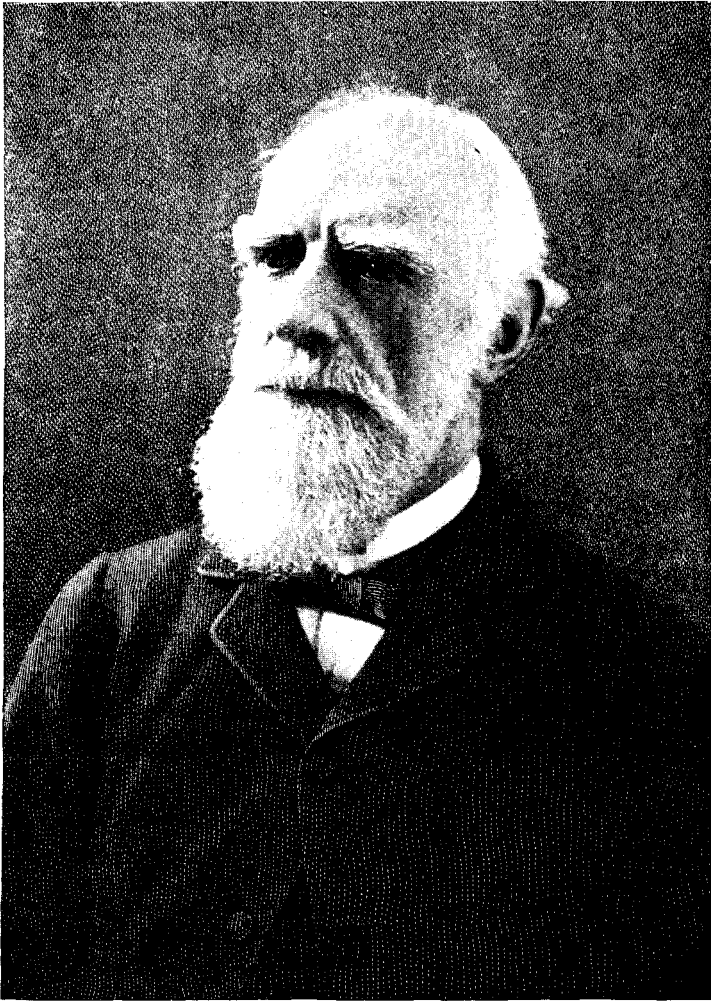


IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A CANADIAN PEER.

The recent elevation of Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, to the British peerage aroused a great deal of comment in

Stephen, formerly Sir George Stephen; but as neither of them has a direct heir, their titles will become extinct at their death.



SIR DONALD SMITH, LORD MOUNT ROYAL.

From a photograph by Notman, Montreal.

Canada. Some of the newspapers protested against "the intrusion of aristocracy into the country"; but in most quarters the personal popularity of the new baron prevented any expression of criticism. The Dominion has now two peers, the other being Lord Mount

Lord Mount Royal is generally rated as the richest man in Canada. He made his way to the front in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, and has been one of the great railway makers of the Dominion. He has been prominent in public life for nearly thirty years, and is now



CARTER H. HARRISON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

From a photograph by Miss Beatrice Tonnesen, Chicago.

Canada's high commissioner in London, besides being governor of the Hudson Bay Company, president of the Bank of Montreal, and a director of the Canadian Pacific and other railroad systems. He is widely known as a philanthropist, and has given great sums to the Royal Victoria Hospital at Montreal, of which he and Lord Mount Stephen were the founders, and to McGill College, of which he is chancellor. He is also an LL.D. of Yale.

Lord Mount Royal's London residence is in Cadogan Square, in Chelsea, but much of his time is spent in Scotland, his native country, where he has bought an estate at Glencoe. He has three estab-

lishments in Canada—one in Montreal, one at Silver Heights, Winnipeg, and one at Pictou, Nova Scotia. His last visit to this side of the Atlantic was at the time of the meeting of the British Medical Association, in Montreal, some months ago, when he held open house in the Canadian metropolis on a scale of lavish hospitality.

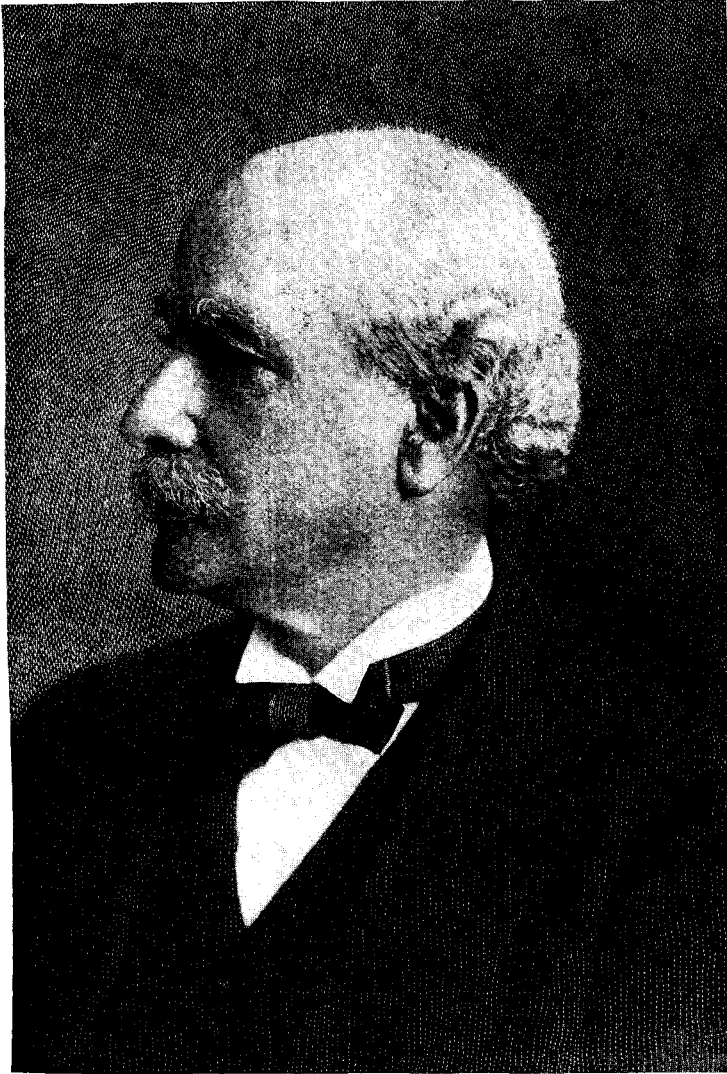
THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

The elements of chance which enter into any electoral contest are hardly less potent in the determination of results than the human elements of plotting and scheming. The particular element of

chance in the case of Mayor Harrison was the accident of his name. His father had been mayor of Chicago, and the name of Harrison was honorably associated with the office. It was this that

it accident that gave dignity and force to his public speeches, made him master of the situation, and put him into the mayor's chair.

Mr. Harrison's life, previous to his



ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA.

From a photograph by Rösch, St. Louis.

brought Carter H. Harrison out of a newspaper office and made him a central figure in the West.

But the element of chance stops where the elements of inherent force and ability begin. It was not by chance that Carter Harrison conducted a clean municipal canvass, and kept himself from the stigma of bribes and promises; nor was

candidacy for the mayoralty, was not especially eventful. He studied for several years in Germany, and later at a college in Chicago. He also took the course in law at Yale, where he graduated in '83. He then began the practice of his profession in the Lake City. Eight years later he took the management of the *Chicago Times*, of which his father



PRINCE HENRI D'ORLEANS.

From a photograph by Dornac, Paris.

was the principal owner, and from the editorial room of that paper he went to his present office.

Mayor Harrison has never stood for the extreme of municipal puritanism, but he seems determined to maintain a standard of cleanliness and efficiency in the management of Chicago's household affairs. He is a man who may have a political future.

OUR FIRST AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA.

It is only fitting that the man who represents America at the court of a great

foreign power should be a representative American; and that rather overworked term may certainly be applied to Ethan Allen Hitchcock, whom President McKinley selected for the St. Petersburg mission. Descended from a historic New England stock, Mr. Hitchcock is a Southerner by birth, and a Westerner by long residence, while years of cosmopolitan experience have fitted him for the diplomatic service. He was named after his great grandfather, the famous "Green Mountain Boy," who demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "by the

authority of Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The Revolutionary hero's daughter married Samuel Hitchcock, of Massachusetts, and their son, Henry Hitchcock, removed to Mobile, and be-

salary being those at London, Paris, Berlin, and Mexico; but the \$17,500 that Congress allows to the heads of these important legations is scarcely proportionate to their necessary expenses. Fortunately



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL SERAFINO VANUTELLI, WHO MAY BE THE NEXT POPE.

came chief justice of Alabama. His son, the present minister to Russia, settled in St. Louis as a young man, and went into business there. The Missouri city has been Mr. Hitchcock's home for more than forty years, though he has traveled a great deal, and made long sojourns abroad.

The Russian mission is one of the five best paid posts in the diplomatic service, the other four that command the same

for Mr. Hitchcock, who is our first representative at St. Petersburg with the full title of ambassador—the question of making both ends meet is not likely to trouble him, as he is reputed to be a very wealthy man.

A BOURBON PRINCE.

Prince Henri d'Orleans is a young man of thirty with a record that is unfortu-

nately characteristic of the fallen royal house to which he belongs. He seems to possess one princely quality—ambition—combined with an ample assortment of the vices and failings that have disgraced the long annals of the Bourbons.

He first attracted the attention of the world at large some three years ago, when he disappeared from view for some

been sent out by the government of France, and the result was a quarrel which must have been very confusing to the African monarch, as well as amusing to the rest of the world.

His visit to Abyssinia led directly to the prince's latest and mostly widely advertised exploit—his duel with the Count of Turin. In his letters from



FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

months, to return to France with tremendous tales of discoveries and adventures in the wilds of central Asia. Unkind people hinted that his disappearance was due to the fact that the young prince had reached the limit of dissipation and debt, and that his stories of his achievements were, to say the least of it, grossly exaggerated. The ladies of Parisian society, however, espoused his cause warmly, and the controversy was at its height when Henri started upon a second journey—to Abyssinia, where he promised to do great things to promote French commerce and advance French prestige. At Menelek's capital he encountered another expedition which had

Djibouti, which duly appeared in the Paris newspapers, he indulged in some vehement criticism of the Italian prisoners whom Menelek had captured a year before. A howl of rage arose from Italy, and Henri's blood was eagerly demanded. General Albertone, the senior officer, who had suffered captivity in Africa, declared that the French prince was "neither a nobleman nor a decent human being," and demanded a duel. He yielded his precedence, however, to King Umberto's nephew, who met Henri near Paris in August, and broke the traditions of French dueling by wounding him.

As a son of the Duc de Chartres, and

cousin of the Duc d'Orleans, who claims to be the rightful possessor of the crown his ancestors lost, Prince Henri may be regarded as a personage of political importance by the dwindling band of fol-

eage, they rank with princes, according to the diplomatic usage of Europe, and are entitled to address kings as "cousin."

Italians are a majority in the college of cardinals, probably one half of the whole



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

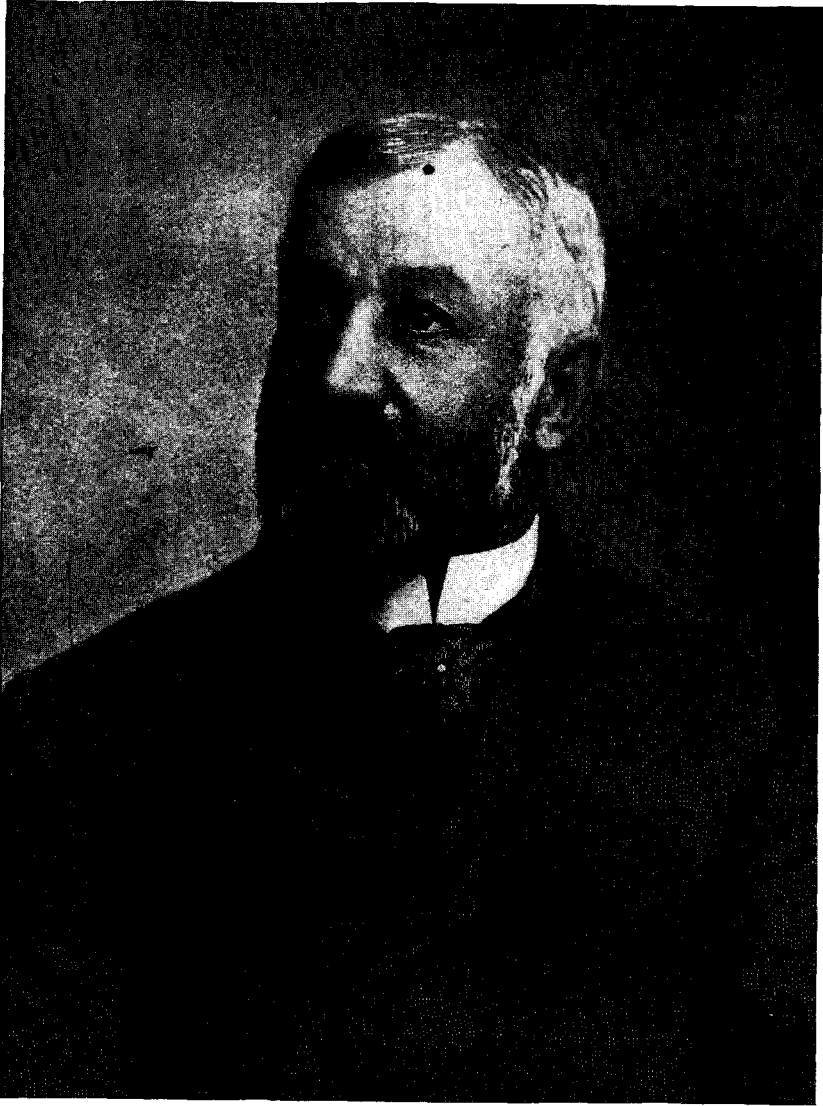
lowers of the Bourbon cause; but no one else looks upon him in that light.

CARDINAL SERAFINO VANUTELLI.

It is not often that two members of the same family enjoy the honor of wearing the Roman purple in that exclusive and remarkable body of men officially known as the Sacred College of Cardinals. When it happens at all, it is quite certain that the fortunate wearers of the red hat will be Italians; and from that moment, whether of peasant birth or princely lin-

number. Their preponderance has been steadily objected to by Catholic nations like France, Austria, and Spain, and is meeting with still keener opposition from the thirty millions of Catholics now speaking the English tongue. But until an English speaking cardinal is elected pope there can be little chance of destroying the Italian majority in the sacred college.

In the mean time, it is possible for such an event to happen as that which gave the Vanutelli family two cardinals



RICHARD CROKER.

From his latest photograph—Copyright, 1897, by G. G. Rockwood, New York.

in the brothers Serafino and Vincenzo. Serafino is the elder by two years, and celebrated his sixty third birthday last November. As can be seen from his portrait, he is a man of distinguished appearance, tall and well fashioned. He is known also as a lover of open air sports, a devoted bishop of the see of Frascati, and perhaps the cleverest diplomat of his day. His brother and he began their career almost at the same time.

Both Serafino and Vincenzo are *papabili*—a term which means that they are regarded as possible successors to Leo

XIII on the papal throne. Cardinal Serafino has slightly the advantage over his brother. He belongs to the more liberal school of thought and action, and is more generous in his dealings with frail human kind. He is an optimist, a believer in expediency, though as nuncio to European courts he might well have seen enough to make him despair of the human race. Nevertheless, his brother presses him closely in the general esteem, and if the two are alive when the conclave assembles to choose the next pontiff, an interesting rivalry may be

witnessed between these two brothers, who have lived in the closest intimacy and affection for sixty years, have chosen the same career and risen to the same eminence, and are now candidates for the last great honor.

A MODERN VIKING.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's visit to America has introduced to us one of the most interesting personalities of the day. The great explorer seems like a veritable reincarnation of the old vikings. He is a blond giant, more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a powerful frame. His head is massive, his face bespeaks both frankness and determination. Skeptical inquiries as to the practical value of arctic travel have sometimes been answered by cynical suggestions of self interest on the part of the travelers; but it is difficult to look into Nansen's blue eyes and believe that he is either mercenary or fond of notoriety.

Dr. Nansen—he is a D. C. L. of Oxford, besides his Norwegian doctorate—is first of all a scientist. It was his enthusiasm for the study of physical problems that led him into the unknown regions of the north. His geographical discoveries have been chiefly negative. His last voyage practically disproved the existence of either an arctic continent or an open polar sea, and left the map of the far north more blank than ever; yet his contributions to scientific knowledge have been neither small nor valueless. As an incidental accomplishment, he is quite a remarkable linguist. He converses fluently in English, French and German, and when he received his honorary degree at Oxford he returned thanks in Latin.

Dr. Nansen asks us to correct a statement which recently appeared in this department, on the authority of a European informant—that he had sold the clothes he wore on the day of his meeting with Mr. Jackson, in Franz Josef Land, to a well known waxwork exhibition in London. It seems that the story was—in common, alas, with many other current anecdotes about celebrities—untrue.

THE BRITISH PREMIER.

The outline of Lord Salisbury's public career is well known, and his present

position in politics is before the eyes of the world; but there have been some interesting passages in his life that are less familiar. It is almost forgotten, nowadays, that this inheritor of the titles and honors of the proud house of Cecil, who is the official head of the government of Britain's vast empire, was once a hard working young journalist in London, with scanty resources and unpromising prospects; and that Lady Salisbury's first establishment of her own was in dingy lodgings in a street off the Strand.

Lord Robert Cecil, as he was then, was a typical "younger son," who had seen some rough life in the colonies, and had come back to England to sit for a country constituency in the House of Commons. After the manner of younger sons, and some elder ones, he proceeded to fall in love in a quarter not approved by parental wisdom. The lady in the case was Georgiana Alderson, daughter of Justice Alderson, the judge who conducted the famous trial of the Chartist agitators, and whom the prisoners, after their conviction and sentence, thanked for the fairness with which he had presided over the court. The Alderson family had neither wealth nor distinction to match that of the Cecils, and Lord Robert's father ordered him to hold no communication with Miss Alderson for twelve months. The young man obeyed, but at the end of the year he informed his father that he had not changed his mind, and that he intended to marry with or without the approval of the head of the house.

The result was a stoppage of allowances, but Lord Robert married, and to support his bride sought and found work with his pen. For eight years he was a constant contributor to the *Times*, the *Quarterly Review*, the *Saturday Review*, and other newspapers and periodicals. While he was making his mark in journalism he was also winning his spurs in Parliament, and in 1865, when the death of his brother left him heir to the marquissate, he became entirely reconciled with his father.

But Lord Salisbury, it is said, will never be buried in the mausoleum at Hatfield where the other Cecils rest. The son who was born to him during his days of struggle, and who died in infancy, was

refused admission to the family vault, and buried outside in the village churchyard; and it is understood that when death comes to the present marquis and his wife they will be laid beside the little grave of their first born.

THE GREATER CROKER.

"They talk about my being a boss! Every man at the head of a business is a boss. He'd fail if he wasn't!"

Possibly Mr. Richard Croker did not realize, when he defended himself by these vigorous words, that many readers would smile at the aptness of the comparison. From all accounts, Tammany Hall is a very successful business, and no doubt Mr. Croker knows whereof he speaks.

The Tammany boss denies most emphatically that he has sought personal preferment in any manner, claiming, to borrow the words of a famous statesman, that he came to the front through the logic of events and the imperious necessities of the situation. Mr. Croker's own words offer the same idea more picturesquely couched. He says: "Shut a thousand men into a room to do something, and they would stay there till doomsday unless some one man with broad knowledge came to the front." This is at once a definition of bossism, and in some measure a justification of it. Whether the justification is upheld by the record of Tammany Hall is a problem too large to be settled here.

Mr. Croker takes himself very seriously, and, moreover, he is thoroughly convinced that the institution he controls is a model of integrity and a paragon of all the political virtues. Startling as such a statement is, we admit that the discussion of it may well be waived until the Tammany tiger, rejuvenated by his triumph of last November, shall have had time to test his old propensities against his new resolutions.

When Rudyard Kipling, in a recent ode, apostrophized Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows," he excited the ire of some enthusiastic Canadian patriots, who rose to protest that the Dominion possesses the balmy climate of the banana belt. A renewed clamor may be caused by a poem

which Mr. Kipling is understood to have contributed to *Wee Willie Winkie*, an ambitious periodical managed by Lady Marjorie Gordon, the youthful daughter of Lord Aberdeen. This latest libel upon the thermometers of Canada runs:

There was once a small boy in Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck;
When they said: "Are you friz?"
He replied: "Yes, I is,
But we don't call this cold in Quebec!"

* * * *

The young Queen of Holland is one of the most interesting sovereigns in Europe, and one of the most popular with her people. An important element in her popularity is her intense patriotism. Like other small nationalities—the Welsh, for instance, and the Czechs of Bohemia—the Hollanders are greatly attached to their own language, and thoroughly determined that it shall not be supplanted by any other tongue. While Queen Wilhelmina was in London, last summer, a Dutch lady who resides in England called to pay her respects to her sovereign. Hearing that her visitor had four daughters, the queen expressed a desire to see them, adding that she supposed, as a matter of course, that they could speak Dutch. The mother confessed that as they had been educated in England they had never learned their parents' language. Wilhelmina thereupon replied that she would not receive them then, but would be glad to do so at a future time—when ever they could talk with her in Dutch.

* * * *

A newspaper statistician—just how he secured his measurements we do not know—announces that the queens of Europe weigh from 91 to 196 pounds. The former figures are those of the Empress of Austria, the lightest of the royal sisterhood; the latter are those of the portly Isabella II, the dethroned ruler of Spain. The Empress of Germany, with 181 pounds, is near the head of the list of regal avoirdupois, and not far below her comes Queen Victoria, who, though slightly under five feet in height, weighs 167 pounds. The Czarina is close to the other end, for she scales but 116—if we can believe an authority who so disregards the divinity supposed to hedge the person of royalty.

CORLEONE.*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

XXXVI.

TEBALDO would have given half his life and all his soul to undo the work of the past twenty four hours. But it was now absolutely impossible for him to draw back. His only chance of future safety lay in serving the government, though he did not like to think what his fate might be if he should fall into the hands of any friend of the outlaws after betraying them. Yet, short of joining them outright, he could not possibly escape arrest if he did not carry out the conditions of his agreement with the lieutenant; and, if once arrested, the latter would only need to tell exactly what had happened in order to convict him of complicity with brigands and send him to penal servitude. He was literally caught in a vise and could not move without ruining himself.

It was early in the afternoon when he set out to ride to the Maniace woods again. In spite of everything, he had been to Basili's house and had seen Aliandra again. Though what he was going to do was not noble, it was dangerous, and the sight of the woman he loved cheered him in his need. He looked ill, and said that he had a touch of the fever, and Aliandra believed him, and was very kind and gentle with him. He was really too naturally courageous, with all his hideous faults, not to enjoy the passing moment to the full. His marriage with Miss Slayback looked less and less

possible, as Aliandra's influence gained the ascendant, and he formally bound himself to marry the Sicilian girl.

It was like a pleasant dream between two spells of torture, and as he rode up towards the woods it faded again into an improbability, and the ugly present truth rose in its place. Even to him, the idea of such a deliberate betrayal as he contemplated was revolting. He was far too much a Sicilian to think otherwise. Apart from any apprehension for his own subsequent safety, he honestly detested the thought of leading men who trusted him to certain destruction, no matter how bad they might be. Even the fact that they had forced him to be their guide, against his will, had little weight. He knew instinctively that if there were any worldly honor concerned in so dishonorable a matter, it should have bidden him either refuse to serve the law and let the law do its worst against him, or turn outlaw and warn the band that they were in danger. Ten days earlier he might have had the boldness to do either the one or the other, but he lacked it now. His character was momentarily and perhaps permanently broken, and though he still had the physical courage to face violent danger, he grasped at any means of returning to a peaceful existence, like the veriest coward.

All through the long ride in the desolate lands and the lonely forest, and throughout the evening that followed, his mind labored painfully against the

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