

DAVIDSON, J. H. 1910. The life history of the black fly, *Simulium vittatum* (Linn.), with special reference to its habits as a pest of man and animals. *Transactions of the American Microscopical Society*, 31: 1-10.

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ВЕРДОЛ ЯНО

eth of Spain.

A splendid court festival was given at the royal palace in Madrid, on the 19th of March 1672.

From an early hour in the evening the gorgeous apartments of the magnificent building were crowded with gayly dressed courtiers and army officers in their embroidered uniforms.

King Charles II. of Spain had been absent from the capital several months, and this festival was given in honor of his return to Madrid.

As he sat on his throne chair by the side of his consort, Donna Elizabeth of Parma, it was plainly to be seen that his Castilian majesty was greatly bored by what was going to be a grand ball.

“Now, now,” and then he yawned, without so much as an effort to conceal his breach of good manners.

Occasionally the queen—a cold, haughty beauty, whose flashing eyes, however, indicated that she was a woman of violent passions, and who could be aroused to bursts of terrible and royal humes addressed a remark to her royal husband, who rarely even vouchsafed a reply to her.—“At last the queen said to him,—

“Your majesty, let us rise and promenade among the guests.”

He sprang to his feet, and hurried to the daughter of the Duke of Orléans, a beautiful girl, to whom he offered his arm.

The queen, for a moment, seemed well-nigh stunned by this fresh insult.

She heaved a profound sigh, and pressed her small, gloved hand against her tumultuously beating heart, and then she perceived that the guests of the courtiers standing close to her, who had evidently watched the unpleasant scene, were smiling rather superciliously. At once she recovered her presence of mind. Drawing herself to her full height, she passed unobtrusively through the throng, and walked into the ball-room, which at that time was the finest in the Old World.

The air was impregnated with the sweet odors of the choicest exotics brought from the Spanish colonies in the tropics.

The truly fairy-like scene which this magnificent winter-garden presented.

The queen went to one of its deepest recesses. There, completely hidden from view by the large leaves of a gigantic Brazilian palm-giant plant, she threw herself upon a easy chair, and sank into a profound and sombre reverie.

A few minutes afterward she was startled by the laughter of two gentlemen, who, without suspecting her presence, had seated themselves on a cushioned bench in front of the Margate tree.

“Well,” said one of them, “I must still laugh when I think of the madman in which our gracious king just treated his haughty consort. He is a rascal, and if she knew what he was doing, my dear Marquis de Salcedo, she would open her magnificent eyes very wide indeed.”

“And what is the king doing, Señor da Costa?”

“Why, he has more mistresses than the queen has precious pearls in her large necklace.”

“If I have heard of him, my dear Marquis, I have heard of his love life.”

“Well, I know all about the love affairs of this miserable monarch, who is a veritable disgrace to Spain. This royal rake is on illicit terms, to begin with, with the two ladies of honor of the queen, the Countesses Castro and the Viscountess Bella Pablo. Among his *concubines* are six young peasant girls.”

“Peasant girls, Señor da Costa?”

“Yes, peasant girls, marquises. You ought to know that, as far as women are concerned, Charles the Second is by no means fastidious. He has had twenty-one of his palace scullions here, two years ago, struck his fancy. She gave birth to a son; now lives in grand style at Segovia; the king having granted her a liberal pension.”

The queen had not lost a word of this startling conversation.

“If I have heard of the Marquis de Salcedo and Señor de Cuervo went to another part of the conservatory, she hurried to a side door and ascended a staircase leading to her apartments.”

She opened the door of her bed-chamber, where one of her ladies of honor, the beautiful Countess de Castro, was waiting for her.

The queen nodded her head coldly to her. Then she unlocked a small ebony writing desk, from which she took a poniard with a short, pointed blade.

Turning to the countess, the queen bent a terrible and angry look at her, and then she began to tremble violently.

“Senorita,” said the queen to her, “I have been told that you are my royal husband’s mistress!”

The countess turned livid.

She endeavored to speak, but her tongue refused to serve her.

“Oh, you, you, guilty, then!” cried the queen, “Die then!”

And she plunged her poniard into the breast of her lady of honor.

With a loud groan the countess sank

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