

A KING OF PICKPOCKETS.

Fred, the king of European pickpockets, who recently died, as a king surely deserves an obituary notice. At the start a grave difficulty confronts us. Thousands in every European capital knew Fred, but no one seems to have known aught as to his parentage or as to the events of his earlier years. He was known simply as 'Fred,' and no one ever thought of questioning him as to his antecedents. An ordinary pickpocket may have to undergo many a crucial cross examination; a king of pickpockets is rarely subjected to such an ordeal. Fred first appeared in Paris early in the eighties, and in a short time he was one of the most conspicuous figures on the race courses and at all other fashionable pleasure resorts near the capital. He was considered an expert judge of horses, and he thought nothing of betting 500 louis d'or on a single race. His advice was eagerly sought by racegoers, and his 'tips' were regarded as of considerable value. As a rule, he was successful in betting, and after a good day he squandered his money like a lord. An elegant gentleman he seemed, and no one had the slightest suspicion that he was a thief. Tall, dark and slim, with black eyes, and a carefully trimmed moustache, he looked every inch the idle, wealthy man about town. He dressed in the latest fashion, with a gardenia in his buttonhole, and he invariably wore spotless pearl grey gloves. These gloves never left him, not even when he thrust his hands into some one's pocket. He possessed, indeed, the skill of a prestidigitateur. The pearl grey gloves did not hinder him in the slightest degree; on the contrary, they helped him, for no one would think of making a charge against an elegant gentleman who habitually wore such faultless gloves.

Fred's life in Paris was that of a dandy. His home was in a hotel near the St. Lazare station, and from it he would issue in the morning and drive or stroll slowly to the station. There, he would mingle with the crowd after the train had come in, and in nine cases out of ten he managed to pilfer two or three well-filled pocketbooks from the passengers. With these he would return to his hotel, and then, after carefully attiring himself, he would spend the rest of the forenoon in visiting his friends, among whom were some of the best known men and women in Paris. The afternoon would be spent at the racecourse, and there this fine dandy obtained his best plunder, hardly a day passing that he did not relieve some one of his purse. In the evening he usually went to some theatre or cafe chantant, and after the performance his rule was to invite a few friends of both sexes to a champagne supper. Royally he lived while his reign lasted. His evil days began during the Exposition of 1889. It happened that Storr, one of the richest jockeys in England, went to Paris to ride a race, and he took with him a small bag, containing nothing but a change of clothing and his jockey cap. Fred saw this bag and, assuming that it contained some of the jockey's bank notes, he appropriated it. Storr made a great fuss over his loss, and the detectives, who had been suspecting Fred for some time, seriously thought of arresting him. Fred, however, anticipated them. Before the race began Storr received from an unknown hand his cherished bag, underclothes, cap and all.

Some weeks later Fred fell, for the first time, into the hands of the police. It was at the Vincennes race track. He had stolen a large sum of money from an officer, and, unfortunately for him, a lady had seen the theft. Fred knew that her eyes were upon him as he thrust his hand into the officer's pocket, and, hoping to save himself, he stepped up to the officer, and, handing him his purse, said, most politely:—'Here, sir, you have lost some money.' The officer stammered his thanks, but the lady raised an alarm, and Fred was arrested and taken off to jail. For this offence he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This closed his career in Paris, and for the next few years he confined his operations to Nice, Monte Carlo, and other fashionable pleasure resorts. He continued to pick pockets as of old, and he was several times arrested and imprisoned. Finally he left France and settled down in London. There, the story goes, he once robbed the

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Prince of Wales, the incident occurring at Epsom while His Royal Highness was intently watching a race. The story may not be true, but it is certainly characteristic of Fred's sang froid and skill. We are also told that he tried to rob the late Baron Hirsch on one of the English racecourses, but that the Baron, who had known him in Paris, whispered, with a smile, 'My dear Fred, you have come too late. I have just lost all my money on the favourite. I was sure it would win, whereas it came in last. Come some other day—before the race begins.' 'All right,' replied Fred, coolly, lifting his hat with all his old time politeness and again mingling with the crowd. Fred's last days were very mournful, and he was poverty-stricken when death came to him at last in a miserable London garret. The joyous days of his early manhood, when he lived like a king in Paris, were ever present to him, and to the last he never forgot that he had once been the boon companion of gentlemen and ladies.

ROYALTIES WITHOUT THRONES.

In a recent issue we gave an account of a few royalties without thrones, taken from 'Les Rois en Exil,' by the well-known French romancer, Alphonse Daudet. We now give further extracts from the same publication.

The pretender of the Spanish crown, Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, styled King Carlos VII. by his followers, is only a pseudo king. He lives mostly in the Loredan palace at Venice. He was married in his first wedlock to the much older and very ugly Margherita, daughter of the Count of Chambord, who during his life was styled King Henry V. by the Bourbonists of France. From this marriage came a daughter, Donna Elvira of Bourbon, whose elopement with a painter named Philip Folehi recently scandalised all monarchical Europe. Don Carlos took as his second wife the beautiful Princess Maria Bertha of Rohan.

A genuine flower of the exile is the 'roi' of the French monarchists, Philippe XIII, born as eldest son of the deceased Count of Paris in Twickenham, England. The boy 'raised Cain' to such an extent and in such a truly royal fashion that his father kept him mostly on the move. He served for a short time in the Anglo-Indian army, then engaged in tiger hunting, and finally went to Paris, where he demanded to be enrolled in the French army as a private soldier. He was thrown into prison for a while to cool off, and then was expressed back to his father. More recently the young Duke Philippe of Orleans raised quite a stir by following Mme. Melba around on her operatic tours.

A queen without land is the very old Marie of Hanover, nee Princess of Saxe-Altenburg, widow of King George V., and mother of Duke August of Cumberland, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, who is married to the Princess Tyra of Denmark and lives in Gmund, in Austria.

One of the jolliest kings in exile was Milan of Serbia, who abdicated March 6th, 1889, in favour of King Alexander I., his son, who still sticks to his throne. Milan, under the title of Count of Takowa, of all the rakes in rakish Paris led the jolliest life—while his money lasted. If Daudet had not written his book before Milan arrived at Paris one would feel tempted to think that the Servian spendthrift served as model for the King Christian of the French romancer, who pawned his crown after he has lost his last cent at the gambling table. After Milan had succeeded in patching up a peace with Queen Natalie, his divorced wife, he was made again a full-fledged member of the Servian royal family by ukase of April 29th, 1894.

Here in America we have our own Queen 'Lili' of Hawaii, whose occupation was gone when the republic was proclaimed in the islands four years ago. It is within recent memory how she attempted to make a counter revolution in 1895, and how she was taken prisoner and sentenced to five years' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine. She is now in Washington with her pretty niece, Victoria Kaiulani.

Another exotic queen is Ranavalona of Madagascar, who was very impolitely 'bounced' by the French, and was sent into exile to the Island La Reunion.

Third among the exotic exiles is ex King Behanid of Dahomey, who was sent to the Island of Marguerite by the authorities of the third French republic, the same Island where once dwelt the mysterious 'Man With the Iron Mask,' and in more recent times Marshal Bazaine, he of the inglorious memory of Metz. There the black potentate dwells, with four wives, a nest full of little pickaninies and a horde of slaves.

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