

OTHERWISE AND PERSONAL.

SECRETARY ENDICOTT is a voracious novel-dealer.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is singing in concert with Esther Jacobs, the contralto, in the interior of New York.

MR. CHARLES LODER, England's largest personal taxpayer, is assessed on property that description at \$15,000,000.

THOMAS GARFIELD, a brother of the late president, is enjoying life on a Michigan farm. He has not appeared in public since the late president's funeral.

MARSHAL MACMABON is engaged in writing his memoirs, from the small beginnings of his military career to his retirement from the presidency of the French republic.

FRIENDS of Samuel J. Tilden say that the Gramercy park sage has developed a great love for canaries recently. Another thing that is dear to the great man's heart is rhubarb pie.

THE wedding gift of the clansmen of Sutherland to Lord Stafford is a silver gift centerpiece, eighteen inches high, forty-eight inches long and weighing nearly five hundred ounces.

Mlle. BLAISE DE BURY is the plain "Jane Brown" who has written such an excellent series of studies upon Shakespeare that the University of France has authorized the use of her work as a text-book in the Paris schools.

MR. JEREMIAH MILLBANK is building a \$1,000,000 house at Greenwich, Conn., on "Put's Hill," down which, till the story of the affair is rehabilitated, Gen. Putnam is alleged to have ridden at breakneck pace to escape a volley of British bullets.

ALL the Katherines in England are contributing to a fund to place a memorial of brass on Queen Katherine's tomb in Peterborough cathedral, that poor old lady, though immortalized by William Shakespeare, never having had a suitable monument.

JOAQUIN MILLER boasts that "the latchstring is always out" at his log cabin, just outside of Washington, but, though he does not tell it, he sometimes locks his outer gate, so that visitors can not get beyond that to pull open his cabin door by the latch-string.

Mrs. FREDERICK DOUGLASS, who is quite white, while Frederick is only approachably so, has considerable literary culture, and will accompany her husband abroad, note-book in hand, to record their mutual impressions, with a view to a future book of travels.

THE diary of Lieut. Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, is being transcribed by an expert lady stenographer in Philadelphia. He wrote his journal entirely in shorthand. His account of the life in the Arctic region is thought to be an interesting story. The transcription is almost completed.

THE relations between the grand duke of Hesse and the German emperor continue as strained as ever—in fact, none exist. Only the other day the emperor refused to receive the hereditary grand duke on his recent appointment to a sub-lieutenancy in the Hessian guards. The grand duke keeps up considerable correspondence with the crown prince, in hopes of being able, through his intercession, to soften the old emperor's heart.

THE house of sobbing wren is a bird peculiar to southwestern Texas. Its melancholy note is described as very impressive. It begins in a high, clear key, like the tinkling of silver bells, and descending gradually from one chime to another, it suddenly falters, breaks off, and sobs like a child—the song dying away in a gasp. The song is heard only in the opening light of dawn, and is repeated but a few times. The singer is rarely seen through the day.

PAUL DE CASSAGNAC, equally noted as journalist, politician, and duelist, says his skill with the sword is not due to assiduous practice in youth. "I never was a good fencer," he says, "and never cared to be. I fenced only to amuse myself. All that is said about my studied tricks is pure invention. The whole secret is this: I am pretty strong and very quick of hand and eye. Then, I don't mind getting hurt. If I am proud of anything it is of being a good shot. I modestly consider myself one of the best in France."

THE dispute concerning the will of the late duke of Brunswick has been amicably settled, says London Truth; the duke of Cumberland will get about £800,000, and the king of Saxony about £250,000. The dowager duchess of Hamilton (Princess Marie, of Baden) gets £50,000, and the same amount goes to the Prince Alexander, of Hesse (father of the princess of Battenberg), to whom it will be an opportune windfall, as he has been in poor circumstances since the death of his sister, the late empress of Russia, who gave him a large annual allowance during the last twenty-five years of her life. Two members of the royal family of Bavaria get \$25,000 each.

THOMAS F. MARSHALL.

Anecdotes of the Most Brilliant Orator Kentucky Has Produced—The Crushing Defeat He Administered to a Rival Many Years Ago.

I have alluded to John Quincy Adams, writes a correspondent to The Louisville Courier-Journal. His name recalls that of Thomas F. Marshall, the most brilliant man that even Kentucky has produced. In an evil hour Marshall had a discussion with the "old man eloquent" upon a matter of fact, and as a result was badly worsted, as Henry Clay himself was worsted, by an appeal to Adams' inevitable diary, which the ex-president invoked on all such occasions. Marshall was the most eloquent man of his day. His speech had the dulcet sweetness of the harp of Orpheus, and was as persuasive as the plea of Phryne before the hostile court. It would have softened the marble bosom of Rhadamanthus and planted the germ of mercy in his tiny heart. Marshall was a singular genius, as erratic as Peterboro and as gifted as Aquilario Crichton, though a slave to his passions and without individuality of character sufficient to resist temptation or reform a broken life. Like Sir William Yonge, "nothing but such a character could drag down such parts, and nothing but such parts could sustain such a character."

Until he was elected to congress Marshall's convivial habits had not obtained the mastery over him. He once went to Philadelphia to deliver a lecture, the subject of which was the "Life and Character of Napoleon the Great." There was much curiosity to hear him, for his fame as an orator was national, and the lecture had remarkable excellencies in a literary, historical and critical point of view. The hall was filled with the beauty, grace, and culture of the Quaker city. When the lecturer appeared before his audience he was "pretty far south," that is,

and he began to repeat his lecture after first interpolating the following: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have not a doubt that Napoleon Bonaparte was a direct lineal descendant and heir-at-law of a woods colt of Julius Caesar begotten while that hero was sowing his crop of wild oats on the banks of the Adriatic or in one of the isles of the Mediterranean." The thought was well received, and he delivered his lecture with his accustomed eloquence. He was a great lover of Shakespeare, and knew the best plays from stem to stern. He possessed a brilliant, luxuriant, gorgeous imagination, which gave a hue to everything that emanated from him, while there was a happy originality exemplified in all his utterances. He illustrated Cable's sentence: "You may dwarf a man till he be the mere stump of what he should be and he will yet put forth green leaves."

He defended Matt Ward for the murder of Prof. Butler in Louisville about thirty years ago. It was indeed a celebrated case. Communities all over the state were divided. His guilt or innocence became a political issue. The interest was great beyond the limits of the state. George D. Prentice, the life long friend of the father of the accused, championed the son of his friend in the columns of The Louisville Journal and narrowly escaped mob vengeance. His office was sacked and gutted. A change of venue was had and an array of counsel, such as has rarely been equaled, appeared for the defense. Besides Marshall there were Crittenden, Helm, Wolfe, Wood, and others, but it was universally conceded that Marshall's speech surpassed all others. An eye-witness says that one sentence in his speech cleared the accused. With an attitude Garrick would have studied and a tone Talma would have envied, and at the close of a climax, he exclaimed: "Will you tear him from his girl wife?" There was not a dry eye in the room, and the judge upon the bench sobbed like a child. He was once one of a party of hunters in the mountains of Kentucky. They had been encamped for more than a week, and were composed of the flower of Lexington, cultured gentlemen, young and old. When night overtook them, and the evening meal prepared and eaten, the party gathered around the camp-fire and discussed every subject that offered food for the contemplative mind. At that hour Marshall was the leader. No other member of the party was so daring in speculation or illustrated his theories with such splendor and copiousness of imagery. Till long past midnight he held his audience of more than a score of cultured and learned gentlemen entranced. He was more eloquent than when on the stump, and often his listeners were still enchained when dawn appeared in the east. One night it was proposed that he preach a sermon from any text that he might select. He chose the passage: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has not where to lay his head." For a long time he commented on the life and character of the Savior. He presented the theology of the Nazarene in a novel and attractive light. He discoursed of love and preached all of humanity, all of human longing for peace and security. He brought a tear to every eye, and sent a thrill through every heart in that company, more than one of whom had been skeptical until that day, but were so no more forever.

When Henry Clay died, Marshall delivered an eulogy upon his life and character that has become a classic. Longfellow declaimed that it surpassed anything ever uttered by the lips of man, and Daniel S. Dickinson said that he had rather have been the author of it than to have written "Hamlet."

With one or two anecdotes I will close this sketch of this most gifted man. Marshall went into the town of Versailles one day when John J. Crittenden had an appointment to make a stump-speech. Marshall asked and received a division of time, and the "wool-pulling" began. Many ladies were present, and to show their displeasure with Marshall's course, as well as to compliment Crittenden, they covered the latter gentleman with flowers and waved their handkerchiefs

in approval. Crittenden acknowledged the compliment in a graceful and happy manner, and Marshall rose to reply. He was more than usually eloquent, and made a splendid speech. At its close he turned to the ladies and said:

"No bouquets for me! Ladies, I was born at that early day in Kentucky when the aesthetic had not supplanted the utilitarian, when girls, instead of cultivating the useless graces that attract the frivolous, practiced those habits of usefulness that fitted them to be wives of brave men and mothers of sturdy children. In that primitive day the maiden had no bower where Flora held her court, but, on the contrary, they planted and nourished ample beds of mint and tansy. In the early morn the patriarch of the household took down his 'stirrup' cup and brewed a beverage whose basis was 'old Bourbon,' such as Bacchus never offered to Olympian deity, and all the family, from eldest to youngest, partook of it in copious draughts, and, ladies, you never heard of a child dying of worms in that day. If Falstooch had lived then he would have starved to death."

Shouts of laughter greeted the conceits, and the ladies precipitately fled. One more anecdote: There lived in Kentucky, thirty or forty years ago, a man named Pilcher. It would require the pen of Fielding and the license that permitted the portraiture of 'Squire Weston to properly sketch his character. He was a rude, uncultured, sapient man, with great natural abilities; a scorpion tongue, laden with the poison of asps. He was as dissolute as John Wilks, and his temper is fittingly described by O'Connell's epithet, "ram-cot." He was a sort of political Dalgety, and, with the vulgar herd, a considerable force. He had vanquished every opponent who would consent to meet him—even Ben Harbin, whom John Randolph said was a "kitchen-knife whetted on a brickbat." But in invective, his most powerful weapon, he found his master in Pilcher.

Such was the man who was pitted against Marshall. They met at Louisville on Corn Island, a lively spot near the Kentucky shore in Ohio. The crowd assembled just at nightfall, and was composed of the beauty, wealth, and worth of the city. It was in the early days of Marshall's career, when his budding genius gave promise of the richest fruition. The crowd was with Marshall, though Pilcher had friends in the throng.

Marshall delivered the greatest speech even he ever made. The audience was with him, and he revelled in an ecstasy of eloquence. He seemed inspired with more than mortal power, and swayed strong men and beautiful women as the storm the ripening harvest. In closing, he pictured the scene before him, and made it as vivid to his hearers as to his own prodigy of imagination. La Belle Riviere, the silvery moon and its soft light and balmy air laden with the delicate and delicious perfume of a season's fruition, the vaulted skies; studded with countless sparkling gems, all passed in review and received the impress of his matchless fancy. His audience hung breathless on his sentences. In the midst of a burst of descriptive eloquence he turned to where Pilcher sat, a few feet off. Pointing his expressive finger and throwing into his classic and mobile features a look of unutterable horror, he exclaimed: "But, O God, there is Pilcher!" It was the devil in Eden. The audience broke all bounds and cheered, laughed and wept. The orator sat down and Pilcher, conquered once, declined to speak. He said afterward that at the moment the look came upon Marshall's features and his voice uttered those words, he felt himself to be the vilest of created beings.

He Evened It Up.

They have a fighting dog in a saloon on Michigan avenue. They not only keep him to fight any dog in the State for spot cash, but he furnishes a leap of fun to hangers on by the way he picks up such canines as happen to drop inside at the heels of their masters. It is a poor week when he doesn't cripple three or four, and he has killed several outright. The other day a roughly dressed man, carrying a whip in his hand and looking like a callous-handed son of toil, entered the place and called for beer. He was followed by a broken-hearted dog of respectable size, and as soon as the loaters caught sight of the canine there was much winking and chuckling.

"Better send that dog out," suggested one. "Is it agin the rules of the house?" "No, but he'll get chewed up." "I don't see anything likely to do it, though he ain't no fighter." "There's a dog in the back room which can snake him out in ten ticks of the clock," said the bartender. "Wall, I dunno. Praps he might and praps he might not. William Henry allus kinder manages to squeak along somehow."

"Would you have any objections to my bringing in my purp?" "No, I guess not, though I never encourage dog-fighting." The saloon fighter from the head water of fighting creek was untied and ushered in. William Henry was half asleep in the center of the room, and the first thing he knew he was rolled over and over, and something had hold of him by the throat. It was a fleet grip, however. The fighting dog seemed to get hold of something to discourage him and he let go and began sneezing and coughing. Then it was William Henry's turn and he sailed in. In three minutes' time he had run the fighter out doors and across the street and pedestrians had killed him in the gutter if would have killed him if he had not been so quick.

"Say, stranger, how was it done?" asked the bartender as he picked up the remains to carry them in.

"Well, William Henry hain't no great fighter, as I told you before, and to kinder help him out I used a pound of snuff around the vital parts. It's awful good for fleas and it sorter even up a put-up thing!"—Detroit Free Press.

DOMESTIC HINTS.

GOLDEN PUDDING. Bread crumbs, marmalade, brown sugar and suet, of each, one quarter of a pound. Beat two eggs and mix the ingredients well together. Steam in a basin for two hours and a half.

PUDDING WITHOUT MILK. Two cups of cake, cracker or bread, crumbs two cups warm water, two eggs, half cup of sugar, half cup of raisins, fresh or canned fruit, a pinch of salt and a little nutmeg. Serve with sauce.

PUFFY PUDDINGS. Beat six eggs; add six tablespoonfuls of milk, six of flour, one cup of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; pour into cups; bake quickly turn them out and serve with a sauce made of butter, sugar, water and nutmeg.

BANANA CREAM. After peeling the bananas mash them with an iron or wooden spoon; allow equal quantities of bananas and sweet cream; to one quart of the mixture allow one quarter of a pound of sugar. Beat them all together until the cream is light.

DRINK FOR AN INVALID. Beat well the yolk of one egg, place in a glass, add white sugar and lemon or vanilla to taste, fill up the glass with milk. Take the white of the egg and beat to a stiff froth, and add sugar and flavoring. Place on the top of the glass. This is excellent for invalids.

HOT POTATO SALAD. Slice thin eight boiled potatoes; cut up a white onion and mix with the potatoes; cut up some bacon into small bits, sufficient to fill a teaspoon, and fry it brown; remove the meat and into the grease stir three tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Pour over the potatoes and serve hot.

SPANISH BUN. Beat the yolks of four eggs with two cups of coffee sugar; add three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of flour, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one dessert spoonful of cinnamon, one of cloves and a half nutmeg, grated. Make a frosting with the whites of the eggs.

CHICKEN PIE. Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter, and pepper and salt. Have made and bake a pair of short-cakes, made as for pie crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish and the gravy poured over while both are hot.

CREAM CAKE. Beat up the yolks of three eggs with one cup of white sugar; add three tablespoonfuls of water and a cup and a half of flour in which you have mixed two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Then stir in the whites of ten eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour into four shallow tins and bake in a hot oven. Cream: Beat one egg with three cups of white sugar. Stir in half a pint of milk with a tablespoonful of corn-starch and one-half cup of butter. Heat till boiling and spread between the cool layers of the cake.

BOILED SWEETBREADS. Sweetbreads boiled and served with canned peas, and with a white sauce, or a cup of cream poured over, make an excellent dish. Sweetbreads and mushrooms are also nice; the sweetbreads should be parboiled; about eight to one can of mushrooms is the proper proportion; after parboiling, cut them into small pieces and stew them in a little water, add the mushrooms after slicing them, and let them simmer gently for an hour; add a coffee-cup of cream, a lump of butter the size of a butternut, and pepper and salt to your taste.

Caleb Cushing.

When Caleb Cushing was nominated a minister to Spain, and afterward as chief justice of the United States, he hailed from Virginia, by virtue of his proprietorship of the Globe, a small farm about seven miles from Washington, where he used to pass Sundays.

Mr. Cushing's temperament was like that of all men who work doggedly—intense and preoccupied, and prone to go to all lengths. He had it in his power in Pierce's cabinet to revise his character or the historical estimate of it, and serve that administration as well as his own fame. He did nothing of the kind. The southern influence in the cabinet used him, as a northern man, to do all the disagreeable work, such as suppressing newspapers in the mails, anticipating controvertible decisions by opinions, etc. He worked for that part of the union which he did not live in, and got even more opprobrium than before in that part where he must stay. As a consequence his application for a commission in the northern army was repulsed, and as early as 1863 he shook the dust of Massachusetts from his feet and chose a home at the age of threescore and three in the midst of the fortifications on the Virginia shore. He now attended wholly to the law and increased his very very respectable widower's fortune.

But a tough constitution and tenacious faculties doomed our old attorney to a third wrestle with public life, in which, as usual, he was beaten again. His acquaintance with Sidney Webster, son-in-law of Secretary Fish, and also ex-secretary to Frank Pierce, threw him into intimate relations with the state department, the head whereof, Mr. Fish, was a senator when Cushing was attorney general. Here he performed a great deal of hard work, none of it very superior in quality, but dogged and passable, and he had reached a very good position with the press and public when the president did him the despite to name him for chief justice.

The consequence was almost startling. His record was unrolled. Fair speaking turned to bitter upbraiding. Now the man who had spent so many years of his life suspended between two parties was probably glad to escape from both to his old retirement and private occupation. There was no lesson in this life nor its episodes. It was, perhaps, a strong illustration of the adage: "The more haste the less speed."—Boston Budget.

Legal Tender.

The Niagara Falls hackman contends that he belongs to the natural scenery and shouldn't be removed.

Frieten matches are now made at the rate of 24,000 per minute, and the children can have plenty to play with.

Dio Lewis has lived so high while recommending everybody else to starve that he doesn't feel very well himself.

The people who rent houses in New York city have made no demand for rents to come down. All they ask is for the walls to stand up.

It takes two weeks to recover from the effects of pepper thrown into the eyes. Be satisfied to take these figures instead of the pepper.

Recent events prove that Riel had more blab than fight in his composition. He probably expected to be bought off instead of attacked.

Nicolini not only played billiards when he should have been singing for Mapleson, but he played such a poor game that everybody stuck him.

A wildcat, which escaped from the Cincinnati "Zoo" three months ago, has been the means of keeping 10,000 boys home o' nights ever since.

A New York State woman pointed an old pistol at a tramp and it blazed away and killed a \$35 calf. She ought to have pointed it at the calf.

The Rev. Tom Beecher has made a request in his will that his body be cremated and that his widow avoid wearing black. Nothing captious about him.

What on earth the army wants of a \$10,000 balloon is a mystery, but the Ordnance Board has ordered one made. Perhaps it is to give the officers an airing.

The building inspectors of Chicago have held an inquest on a structure which tumbled down, and come to the conclusion that "it probably was not substantially erected."

They took three ounces of brains away from a Pennsylvania man without injuring his smartness in the least. There is a great deal of waste material about the human body.

A horse at Charleston tipped over a couple of bee-hives to see if they contained oats or bees. It pained him considerably to discover that oats weren't left lying around in that shape.

One reason why England shouldn't allow Russia to seize Herat is because she intends to give it a new name in case of possession. It will be called Popofkoskovich or some such thing.

The son of Barrios, who is in school at West Point, wants to go to Guatemala and avenge the death of his father, but his landlady has forbidden him to leave the house until his board bill is received.

The newspapers in Liberia have formed a ring, and run the price of advertising a lost cow or a cook wanted up to twenty-five cents. The excitement is intense, and indignant crowds are holding public meetings.

A New Yorker wants a divorce on the grounds that his wife, who was a widow when he married her, said nothing about her children, but had five whom she suddenly rushed in on him before the honeymoon had waned.

The Lowell Citizen has learned that a melon growing upon a shrub is the latest fruit novelty in California. When this new style becomes generally adopted melon stealing will not be near so hard on a fellow's back as it is now.

James Fenton took a walk in Chicago. A female at a window smiled on him. He rang the bell, was knocked down by a man, and finally recovered sense enough to understand that the smile was intended for a poodle dog on the street.

If you have a country-seat fashion demands that you must name it after the maples or beeches. If you don't happen to have one, and can hardly pay your rent in town, fashion will permit you to call the old shanty "Idlewild," "Eim Hall," or something of that sort.—Detroit Free Press.

A War Editorial.

The editor sat sadly at his desk. His mouth was puckered with the expression a man assumes when he tries to cut a tough piece of meat with a silver pie-knife. His cheeks were distended on one side by a chew of tobacco, on the other by a mouthful of Asiatic words.

"A-f-af-gan-gan-no, g-ah-n-hang-it-g-h-n-n Afghanistan, James!" "Yessir."

"Run up to the house and tell my wife to send Tommy down with his geography the minute he gets home from school."

"All right, sir."

"Let me see. How had I best advise Gladstone? I wonder whether Murga is a man or a place. But it's getting late, so here goes."

To the thoughtful student of international politics the recent action of Gladstone cannot but appear weak in the extreme. If he had ordered the troops to attack Rawil-Pisode instead of waiting for Gen. Kusk on the banks of the Komaroff a great advantage to England would certainly have followed, and Sarakhs, as far as Kohn-Ditain was concerned, would—

"William!" "Yessir."

"Bring me a fresh dictionary and an ice-water bandage for my head."—Detroit Free Press.

Ruskin on Labor and Intellect.

It is a no less fatal error to despise labor, when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother, and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made happy; and the professional should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment and more in excellence of achievement.

Our Spectacles.

BY REV. DE WITT TALMAGE. A man never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face; who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room, would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical, that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed we have known men who had kept their parishes quiet by this spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticised, or Mrs. Gower gossiped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentrate all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? Blue spectacles, my dear.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk-pocket-handkerchiefs for twelve cents, and diamonds at a dollar store. He takes a greenback with an X on it, as a sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing that there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentelman. He goes to see the lions not knowing that any of them will bite. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buck-wheat fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a rough "Good-night."

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? Green goggles, my dear.

J. Wilkes Booth's Personal Appearance. Ben Perley Poore. John Wilkes Booth was, when he committed his great crime, 27 years of age. He had played stock parts at Washington and other southern and western cities, where he had given unmistakable evidence of genuine dramatic talent. He had, added to his native genius, the advantage of a voice musically full and rich; a face almost classic in outline; features highly intellectual; a piercing black eye, capable of expressing the fiercest and the tenderest passion and emotion, and a commanding figure and impressive stage address. In his transitions from the quiet and reflective passages of a part to fierce and violent outbreaks of passion, his sudden and impetuous manner had in it something of that electrical force and power which made the elder Booth so celebrated, and called up afresh to the memory of men of the last generation the presence, voice and manner of his father. Convivial in his habits, sprightly and genial in his conversation, John Wilkes made many friends among the young men of his own age, and he was a favorite among the young ladies at the National Hotel, where he boarded.

His features in repose had rather a somber and melancholy cast; yet, under agreeable influences or emotions, the expression was very animated and glowing. His hair, jet black and glossy, curled slightly, and set off in fine relief, a high, intellectual forehead and a face full of intelligence. Both chin and nose were markedly prominent, and the firm-set lips, and lines about the mouth, indicated firmness of will, decision and resolution. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, and selected his habits with a rare perception of what was becoming to his figure and complexion. He would pass anywhere for a neatly but not over dressed man of fashion.

Building a Railroad at Night.

Philadelphia Times. If the Suakin-Berber railroad should be built, which now seems doubtful, the contractors are prepared to use electricity to overcome the obstacles of climate. European engineers and laborers would find it difficult to do heavy work under the blaze of the tropical sun, so the contractors have provided portable electric light apparatus. A car truck carries a steam engine, boiler and dynamo, which runs an arc light or a series of arc lights mounted upon light iron tripods. By the illumination thus obtained the road can be built entirely at night, and the men can rest during the heat of the day.

There are 639,309,179 acres of land cultivated by the farmers of the United States, which is valued at \$10,197,096,776.