

RANDOM CLIPPINGS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS was seventy-seven years old last week.

MILLIONAIRE MACKAY is soon to join his wife in London, where the latter has rented a house.

MR. JOHN LUCAS WALKER has left £10,000 to the National gallery, London, to be spent in buying a picture or pictures, which are to be labeled with the donor's name.

CAPT. CYRUS STURTEVANT, the temperance advocate who was the instrument of Francis Murphy's conversion, will be 66 years old on Sept. 4, and his friends are going to give him a grand reception.

MR. MUSURUS, the Turkish ambassador in London, has occupied that post for over forty years. The late Mr. Van de Weyer was Belgian minister at London for over thirty years, and Baron Brunnow represented Russia there almost as long.

MR. JONAS, the recently appointed consul to Prague, has published a letter to the effect that a cablegram from Vienna, which appeared in a New York paper, concerning his person and his relations to the Austrian government is false in every particular from beginning to end.

BARON REUTER, whose stupidly slow agency for gathering foreign news is at last arousing the ire of the English papers, started on a small scale in Aix-la-Chapelle in 1849. Not only has the agency yielded him millions, but his profits in speculation through his early knowledge of important events have been enormous.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York Morning Journal gives this hint: Should cholera give us a call this summer I beg to repeat the advice given by a medical man to his patients during the cholera year of '48 in Great Britain: Wear a band of red flannel round the abdominal regions and practice temperance in all things, with an occasional nip of whisky and red pepper.

The king of Italy has ordered, at his own expense, eight life-sized marble statues to be placed in the existing niches in the facade of the palace. The personages to be remembered are to be eight kings of Naples, viz: Roger, Frederick II., Charles I. of Anjou, Alfonso of Aragon, Charles V., Charles III. of Bourbon, Joachim Murat, and Victor Emmanuel. The sculptors selected are all Neapolitans.

An electrical tooth-pulling machine, which is quick and almost painless in its operations, is said to pull seven teeth in five seconds. A pair of forceps protrude from a nickel tube which is connected with a wire. The forceps are applied to the tooth, the operator touches a spring, a spiral arrangement within the tube winds up in a wink, draws down the forceps like a flash, and in an instant the tooth is jerked from the jaw and cast on the floor.

JULIANO DE SOUZA, the chief of the semi-royal state of Wydah, who possesses a fully-equipped battalion of women warriors, is a tall, broad-chested man, with a brownish complexion and striking face. He wears at ceremonies a long, shirt like cotton garment reaching to his feet, high European boots, an embroidered smoking cap and a black metal cross on his chest. Souza's son was educated in an English boarding school, and was married by a French priest, although the king is a fetish worshiper. His six hundred amazons are nominally his wives, and they form a bodyguard which is said to be superior to the regular soldiers in courage, discipline, and royalty.

In view of the rumored dissensions in the Gladstone cabinet previous to its fall the following passage from a speech of Sir Charles Dilke, delivered just after that event, is of great significance: "Mr. Gladstone is a man who differs from other men who are growing old, and he differs from them in this—that while other men as they grow old have too often their minds cramped or warped with time and age, his political principles grow and expand with those of the country and the times, until now, when he has become an old man for the great leader of a great party, he has become in more complete sympathy with the more advanced section of the party which he leads than he ever was at any time before."

JOHN R. STALLO, who was last week appointed to the Italian mission, is one of Cincinnati's best-known German citizens. He served a term as judge of the court of common pleas of Hamilton county, and has for a long time stood among the leaders of the Ohio bar. He is a man of studious habits and the most varied acquirements, not only capable but fond of drifting from law into metaphysics, linguistics, or chemistry, and in those departments of learning maintaining himself against all comers. In his younger years he used to write somewhat fiercely against religious creeds, but about three years ago he published a book against what he considered the unwarranted assumption of science, and, as Mr. Dana expressed it at the time, "came out on the Lord's side."

FOUNDER OF MANY PILLS.

A Glimpse of the Drug Clerk Mixing Up Poisons in Little White Pills.

There is little doubt that the youthful mind of Theophilus, John or Dicky is often fired when reaching up after a glass of soda-water, with a wild desire to become a drug clerk. The aspect of the gorgeous person who stands behind the marble-topped counter and ever beams on the army of the heated who besiege him for a draft of the fizzy fluid minds the boy to imagine that a whole summer long with free soda-water constantly within reach would be quite an ideal state of existence. Yet the urechin would find the reality which lurks behind this romantic vision quite a different sort of thing. It may be that some persons can see, as it is claimed, a certain distinction of bearing in the manner of the clerk according to whether he is selling a tooth-brush or wrapping up a chest-protector. But such a fanciful halo transcendent spirituality invests him only in the eyes of a few hero-worshippers. To ordinary people he is only a hard-worked mortal particularly interesting when he is recommending some new patent nostrum, or pounding pills himself in the little shop back of the store. For him, to be sure, quiet measure, yard-stick and rough scales become graduated glasses, horn spoons and spatulas and finely adjusted scales on which a hair is a large quantity. His hours are long, for he appears among his perfumes and his poisons at 7 o'clock, nor does he crawl away from them much before 10 at night. When he does retire to dreams of mixing Epsom salts with castor oil to remove the glands he has a bell within an inch of his elbow and a speaking-tube as near his mouth. By these he is often summoned at the dead of night to dole out medicines.

He is proficient at washing bottles, for when he entered the store as a small boy he was set to doing that, with many a warning not to leave any straw in them. But he remembers his "David Copperfield," and with the knowledge that Charles Dickens was his partner in the trade, cheerfully learns long Latin names for herbs and drugs with their common English equivalents. He is rather an interesting figure when he takes up one of Dr. Plussman's prescriptions, written in that barbarous hand in which the physician always indulges. The patient or the patient's relative who comes in with the important bit of paper usually is very curious to know "what that medicine is for." But the young druggist is an adept at taking a good deal without saying anything and tells his inquisitor something that satisfies the mind without disclosing the doctor's secret. For the physician often does not want the patient to know for what the treatment is being administered, and your keen druggist always keeps on the sunny side of as many doctors as he knows how. But it is especially when he retires into the seclusion of his pill-pounding den to polish up the knob of his pestle against drugs of all sorts that the young man really holds our interest. Here it is that he most nearly approaches the old alchemist with which he is inevitably more or less associated, and with hundreds of poisons, aromatic or malarious herbs all about him with a potion of some sort in a pot at his side he becomes almost uncanny. Titled up for visitors to inspect, the pharmacist's den is a neat and business-like room in appearance, but take it when tinctures, pills, face-wash, bitters or powders are in preparation and the very confusion pleases one as much as a sweet disorder in the dress" did old Robert Herrick.

Behind his table, with glass funnels, graduated glasses, spatulas, scales, jars, a hand-press and a grinding-machine, whose very array promises the brewing of some sanatives, stands the apothecary. Poisons in such quality and number that Medea's eyes would have fairly glistened are about. But the scene is hardly a peaceful one. The modern combination of a witch, herb doctor, and seekers for the philosopher's stone patters briskly about. Now he cuts up these herbs and pressing them in a solution, strains off his desired fluid. He grinds cankers of solid to powder. He grinds cankers of solid to powder. He grinds cankers of solid to powder. Near by hangs his metric weight tables. There is a little mortar for plasters, another for pills and a third for emulsions. He rubs the ingredients rapidly together and then runs in gum arabic to make the mass plastic. Getting it of the required consistency, he places it on a wooden board, on one end of which is a grooved brass plate. Flattening the compound out on this, he takes another board made to fit down on this and with alternate grooves. Pressing this down and rubbing it along on the other, the mass is cut into long, slender pencil-like bodies. The pills are picked off from this and rolled to a spherical form between the palm and the smooth board in the rear. The young druggist is often patronized by several physicians, and inasmuch as they are accustomed to prescribe the same pill for certain diseases, he can make up 300 or more of these at one time. He makes all the syrups for the soda-water fountain. He makes a standard hair-oil, bottle of bitters, common or rare pill regularly and has to keep his stock of bottles filled. Like all men dealing in the dangerous things of life he meets many a cranky customer. He learns that it is well often to inquire into the antecedents of a cat to whom arsenic must be given. He becomes acquainted too with the peculiarities of that frightful habit, morphine eating, and though no words pass between them he comes to learn the secret of victims perhaps that come to him for the drug only too well. When he makes a mistake he receives the universal curse; but for the many helpful doses put up in a long day or when waked from sleep his thanks are as meager as one might expect.—Springfield Republican.

In Cuba, when the government wants to discipline an editor it suspends his paper for forty days. This is great fun for the editor. He gets a rest, goes fishing, has a good time generally, and his subscribers can't recover a cent for the papers they didn't get.—Burlington Free Press.

The way of the wicked—The road to Canada.—Oil City Derrick.

The Ministers of To-Day.

Every year ministers are becoming more liberal, and if they keep on increasing in liberality the time is not far distant when the majority of them will look as pleasant as anybody, and the long faces that people have been accustomed to seeing on their ministers will give place to smiles, and there will be a hearty friendship between pastor and people instead of a coldness. Ministers that are coming out to the stage now seem to be endowed with the same propensities as other healthy men. The colleges where they get their education for the ministry are not the hide-bound affairs they used to be, and when they turn out a preacher, he can not only preach right from the shoulder, but he can do lots of other things that the congregation does not take into account. Nowadays when we see a bright young man in the pulpit, using splendid tactics to bring the sinner to repentance, we know that he can also land a black bass as well as the best of us. When we see his gestures in the pulpit, as he sends the theological blow after blow into the ranks of sinners, we feel that if worse comes to worse he would be no slouch in a boxing match, and that he could knock out a bad man in three rounds. Marquis of Queensbury rules, if such a man attempted to put any scallops around him, and we rejoice that the good man would not be as helpless as the old-fashioned ministers who preached turning the other cheek also, which the new minister does not believe in. When the new minister exhorts his congregation to flee from the wrath to come, we know that if there should be a general fleeing match, the good man could outrun the whole crowd, at a thousand yards, because he has practised fleeing in many a footrace at college. It is not exactly right, perhaps, to think of it in church, but it is human to pride ourselves that the innocent looking man who is telling us of the glories of the beautiful beyond, can kick a foot ball higher than any deacon that is listening to his eloquent words. When he tells the sinner to stop short in his career, and strike home the new resolution to turn from the evil of his ways, one cannot help thinking that as a short stop in a base ball nine the minister has few equals, while he can bat a ball from a cross-eyed, left handed pitcher clear over the fence, make a home run, and bring in three men that are loafing on the bases trying to steal in. When he tells us of the fishermen of Galilee going out in their boats to catch fish we feel that he can cast a fly farther with his five ounce rod, and nearer where the fish is located, than the best fishermen Galilee ever turned out, and that he could take a pair of oars and pull the everlasting socks off of any old-time boatman that we ever read about. The minister of the present day takes an interest in many sports, and is often seen at the base ball matches, and if he can't go on Saturday afternoons, on account of having to write his sermon, he has a neighbor drop in on the way back from the ball match to tell him the result, and he lets up on his sermon for a few minutes to listen to a description of some of the good playing, and resumes the writing of his sermon refreshed by the caller, and the better for the call. If you call upon him at his study or his residence on an evening, and want to talk about religion, he is loaded for bear, and will give you good advice enough to make you a happy Christian if you follow it, but if you want to see his fishing rod and his flies, he will put his rod together and show you how the tip will bend clear to the butt and not break, and he will show you the most killing flies and tell you where he caught the largest trout, and how much his health was improved by his vacation last year. He will tell you that a vacation, to him, means going away to the woods and streams, to commune with nature, and breathe the pure air, instead of exchanging pulpits with some other worn out brother, preaching old hack-number sermons for "rest," to benches made vacant by the congregation taking a vacation and going to the woods. If you casually allude to shooting, in connection with fishing, he will pull an old gun case out from under the lounge and show you an old Parker gun that he has shot ten thousand times, and make the casual remark that it gets there Ell, and he will tell you of an old bob-tailed setter dog that he has shot over for several seasons that has got more sense and is truer and more friendly than many church members he has come in contact with, and you will imagine that he has hopes that there is a small heaven somewhere for good dogs that never make a mistake on a point, and never chase rabbits. The minister of the present day, with rare exceptions, is a thoroughbred, who will sit up nights if necessary, to steer you towards St. Peter's gate, and will give you all the points he knows of about learning the combination, and he will sincerely hope you will make the riddle, but after he has done his duty by you and all men, he is not going around groaning and sighing, and crying for fear you will not catch on, but on the contrary he believes in having a little fun himself as he goes along, and he will smile and act hearty, as though there was nothing eating him. A Wisconsin man was completely broken of swearing, ten years ago, by going out fishing with a young minister, who is one of the best known in this country. The profane man got a bass, and after playing with it for twenty minutes, got it near the boat, when it slipped its tail against the boat, said good bye John, and got away. John looked mad, and he swallowed a good deal of something that seemed to stick in his throat, when the reverend gentleman, was reeling in a four pounder, said, "Spit it out Jehh! I know what you want to say, and it is better out than in you. But hand that landing net this way first." John helped land the bass, and then said, "Myron, swearing is all d—d foolishness, and I will never swear again," he never has, to this day.—Pook's Sun.

Railroad President—"Don't you think that rather exorbitant, Mr. Badger, \$11,000 for the loss of your wife and her diamonds in the accident?" Mr. Badger (indignant)—"Exorbitant! Well, I should say not. I value the diamond at \$10,000 alone.—Daily Graphic.

The Poet and the Noble.

A young poet had written a most scurrilous poem, in which he had described and lauded not only the empress, but also the grand dukes and duchesses. Some one, the censor of the press, went and told the empress. "The man had better be sent off to Siberia at once," he said; "it is not a case of delay." "O no," said the empress; "wait a little, but tell the man I desire to see him at 6 o'clock to-morrow evening. When the poor man was told this, he felt as if the last hour was come, and the emperor (Alexander II.) must intend himself to pronounce a sentence of eternal exile. He went to the palace, and was shown through all the grand staircases, one after another, without seeing anyone, till at last he arrived at a small commonplace room at the end of them all, where there was a single table with a lamp upon it, and here he saw the empress, the emperor, and all the grand dukes and duchesses whom he had mentioned in his poem. "How do you do, sir?" said the emperor. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it aloud to us yourself, and I have invited all the grand dukes and duchesses to come, that they may have the pleasure of hearing you." Then the poor man prostrated himself at the emperor's feet. "Send me to Siberia, sire," he said; "force me to become a soldier, only do not compel me to read that poem." "Oh, sir, you are erud to refuse me the pleasure, but you will not be so ungallant as to refuse the empress the pleasure of hearing your verses, and she will ask you herself." And the empress asked him. When he had finished she said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. He need not go to Siberia just yet."

A nobleman had entered into a conspiracy against the emperor, and was sentenced to Siberia. His eyes were bandaged and he was put into a dark carriage, and for seven days and nights they traveled on and on, only stopping to take food. At last he felt they must have reached Siberia, and in the utmost anguish he perceived that the carriage stopped, and the bandage was taken off his eyes, and he was in his own home! He had been driven round and round St. Petersburg the whole time; but the fright quite cured him.—Studies in Russia.

A Mongolian Legend. These interesting folk-lore may perhaps be glad to read the following legend as to the origin of the Russians found by Col. Prjevalsky to be current among the Mongol inhabitants of Zaidan, and published in the *Russki Izvieski*: "In former times there lived in a cave, far away from all people, a good hermit lama, or priest, who passed his life in praying. A pair of nomads, consisting of an aged mother and her daughter, happened to go that way, and the daughter, while tending cattle, came upon the cave of the holy lama, who was at that time ill. The compassionate maiden offered him some sour milk, but he did not like to taste it. At last he gave way to her entreaties, and took the sour milk every day until he got well. Eventually, out of gratitude for the cure, the lama married the maiden.

As soon as the czar of that country heard of this he sent his troops to kill the priest who had so flagrantly broken his vows and committed the sin of marriage. When the troops approached the lama gathered a bunch of reeds and stuck them in the ground round his tent, and then by force of prayer caused them to be all turned into soldiers, who defeated the troops of the czar. The latter sent a second and a third army, but both were beaten, as the lama continued to pray and turn into more fighting men the reeds broken off by his first created defenders, so that the holy lama soon had a great number of troops. After the defeat of his third army the czar left the lama alone in peace, but the latter did not wish to live any longer on the earth. The lama left his wife to rule the people created from the reeds, and from those arose the Russians. They have white bodies and their hair is stiff red, because the stems of the reeds were of a yellowish color, and the tops somewhat darker."—London Times St. Petersburg Correspondence.

Family Quarrels in Spain. The Madrid correspondent of the *Pitt News* relates a striking instance of the intensity of family quarrels in Spain. About a year ago a gypsy named Moralis was assassinated at Zerza, in the Province of Caceres, by one of his comrades named Silra. The latter was in due course tried and condemned to death, but his execution did not satisfy the vengeance of the victim's family. There had been ill feeling between the two families for three years, but there had been no open quarrel until the murder of Moralis. Soon after the execution of the murderer, which took place last month, the two families met on their return from a fair near the town of Caceres. They had their mules and cattle with them. There were about fifty on each side, including women and children. A regular pitched battle ensued, revolvers, knives and sticks being freely used by the men, while the women employed their nails with considerable effect, and the children threw stones indiscriminately. The result of the struggle was that the heads of the two families were both killed, two of the women and several of the children. There were ten or twelve severely mutilated. If the dead were not interrupted the fight there would have been many more lives lost. Several mules were killed, and the baggage of the two families were strewn about in such disorder that the road for nearly half a mile looked as if a large army had beaten a retreat along it.—London Times.

The only countries upon the globe to which cholera has not been carried are the islands of the south Pacific, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, the islands of the North Atlantic, and the western coast of South America. These countries are all separated from India by a wide expanse of ocean, and have no commercial intercourse with that country.

FACT AND FANCY.

The most elegant summer cottages have exteriors of polished, unpainted woods.

A General Hospital association has been incorporated at Seattle, W. T., with \$50,000 capital.

Happenberger's statue of Garfield will be unveiled in Golden Gate park, San Francisco, July 4.

Monroe H. Corbin, census taker in Webster, Mass., has found one woman, 40 years old, who is the mother of nineteen children.

An Arizona man has stopped taking an agricultural paper. He wrote to the editor asking how to get rid of gnats. The answer came in the next issue of the paper, "Kill them."

A druggist at Quincy, Ill., advertised a kaul-drops to those suffering with colds. Abraham Kaul, a citizen of the town, called on the druggist, and put out his left eye as a reward for being funny.

A large painting representing Custer's last fight with the Indians, the work of a Virginia artist, was the chief work of art contributed by the south to the New Orleans exhibition. It drew well.

In Sinaloa, Mexico, a woman is being exhibited who is seven feet high and weighs five hundred pounds. She is as young as she is charming, being only 26 years of age. She was born in Paqueta.

An experienced educator says that the ideal commencement programme should always contain three features—a production by a member of the class, one by an alumnus, and another by a well-known speaker.

"A curious negro superstition is that a man who has been struck by lightning can not swim," says an exchange. We have noticed the same thing, too, about negroes who have fled from yellow fever.

The cashier of the East Saginaw Savings bank, who recently skipped to Canada with \$350,000, has just sent back a check for 10,000, to be used in enlarging the almshouse at that town. He says that no one shall accuse him of not feeling for the poor depositors.

"John, did you go around and ask how old Mrs. Jones was this morning, as I told you to do last night?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what was the result?" "She said that seeing as how you had the impudence to ask how old she was, she'd no objection to telling you she was 74."

The huge group of sun spots which was seen coming around the eastern edge of the sun several days ago has now nearly advanced to the center of the disk. It is large enough to be seen without telescopic aid by protecting the eye with a dark glass. In the telescope it is a wonderful phenomenon, and a rough measurement shows that its length exceeds a hundred thousand miles, and its breadth thirty thousand.

"I have sold hundreds, I might almost say thousands, of lots to Germans," said a Buffalo real-estate man, "and have noted one significant fact. The moment a German takes to whisky he's gone. He may swallow beer, ale, wine, and elder enough to float a ship, and yet pull through and pay for his lot, but old rye will lay him out. When a whisky-drinking German wants to deal with me I say 'no' with an emphasis that makes his teeth rattle."

"Yo' wan' ter know what first started me fer to preach de gospel, sah?" repeated an old darkey minister. "Yes, Uncle Jake." "I will tell yo' 'zactly 'bout it, sah. One day I war workin' out in de cornfield, an' de sun war berry hot, an' de groun' war stony, an' it's mighty pow'ful work hoein' co'n in de hot sun on stony groun'. boss, an' I war berry tired, an' I leaned back on de hoe an' got ter thinkin', an' all ob a sudden, like, I feel dat de good Lord called 'pon me ter preach de gospel, sah."

Some persons are apt to look upon Mexico as a half-civilized nation. Journalism in that section varies from the sensational work put into some American papers. A murder is briefly announced, with only the leading facts and names, and with no artistic elaboration of details. The taste of the Mexican reader does not incline toward crimes. Still less does he delight in the miseries of unfortunate families. The family circle is the last place the reporter invades. The rattle of the family skeleton is rarely heard, and when it is, truth is rarely lost sight of in an unseemly scramble to be the first to exhibit it.

Why do the revisers of the Old and New Testament, asks *The London Law Times*, insist on using the spelling "judgement" instead of "judgment?" The word being one of special legal use, it says: We should have thought the universal practice of lawyers in modern times, supported as it is by all contemporary English literature, ought to have been followed. We can only answer our own question by supposing that the revisers have gone back to the spelling of 1611; but this is a totally insufficient reason for adopting a mode of spelling which must be an eyecore to every lawyer, not to speak of literary men in general, and which gratuitously adds to the confusion through which every school boy has to struggle his way to a mastery of English orthography.

Buckwheat Cakes in Summer.

While a down-town flour merchant watched an employe load a truck with buckwheat flour, the other day, he said: "You would hardly expect to see such a large sale of buckwheat as that at this time of the year, would you? The fact is, the use of buckwheat is increasing. The restaurants here serve buckwheat cakes the year around, though it strikes a countryman as rather odd to see buckwheat in warm weather. The increased use of this flour is due to the great improvements in its manufacture within the last three or four years. When I was a boy the straw with the grain in the head was piled on the barn floor and pounded with a flail. The straw was then forked off and the grain swept into piles. When the wind was blowing briskly the grain was thrown into the air with shovels, so that the chaff could be blown away, and then the grain was ground between the old-fashioned millstones. The bran was separated from the meal by sifting with a wire-bottomed sieve. The first improvement was made when a silk bolting reel was substituted for a wire-cloth sieve. After a great many years an old York state miller concluded that the meal would have less shuck or bran in it if the shuck could be removed from the berry before it was ground. To do that he ran the grain through a series of corrugated rollers which simply cracked open the shuck and allowed the kernels to drop out. The broken shucks and kernels were separated by screens, and thereafter buckwheat flour was about as white as any other. The demand for it increased rapidly, but it was not quite perfect, because the fine fuzz and dirt adhering to the outside of the berry fell through the screen with the kernels after the shuck had been broken open by the rollers of the shucker. To get rid of this it was necessary to polish each berry of the grain separately before it was shucked. The machine for doing this has just been put on the market. It consists of a cast-iron cylinder, say three feet long and one foot in diameter, which revolves within a jacket made of steel wire-cloth. The cylinder is covered with square knobs a half inch large, which project to within a fraction of an inch of the jacket. The cylinder is set a whirling at the rate of 750 revolutions a minute, and the grain after passing over the screen to get the straw out falls down between the jacket and the cylinder. There it goes around and around, knocking against the knobs and jacket, an upward current of air carrying off the dust until it falls out below as clean as a hound's tooth, then it slides over a magnetized plate to remove any trace of metal before going to the shucker. That makes what we call perfect buckwheat flour. Most millers have had to learn their trade within the last five years on account of the improvements introduced in the process of manufacture, but in no branch of the business has the progress of improvement been more marked than in the handling of buckwheat."—New York Sun.

Service of Premiers. The limit of Mr. Gladstone's present premiership will be the date on which his successor takes office. Calculating merely to the 9th inst., when the ministry determined to tender its resignation, Mr. Gladstone's premiership is sixth in length of service since the accession of the house of Hanover, in 1714. The duke of Newcastle, Viscount Melbourne, Viscount Palmerston, and Mr. Disraeli held the reins of government longer for a single term than has Gladstone in either of his terms. The latter's first premiership lasted 5 years 2 months and 12 days; his second, to June 9, 5 years 1 month and 11 days. Newcastle served 8 years 5 months 8 days, from April 21, 1754, till May 29, 1762. Melbourne's first government in 1834, lasted less than five months, his second, from April 18, 1835, to September 1, 1841, 6 years 4 months 13 days. Palmerston's first premiership lasted 3 years 18 days. His second 6 years, 9 months 18 days. Benjamin Disraeli's first government began and ended in 1868, covering a period of 9 months 12 days; his second extended from Feb. 21, 1874, to April 28, 1880—6 years 2 months 7 days. Mr. Gladstone's two tenures of power aggregated 10 years 3 months 23 days.

Five premiers of the forty-two between 1714 and 1885 have held the reins of government longer than the "grand old man." Robert Walpole, the first cabinet chief under the Hanovers, was in office 2 years and six months, from Oct. 10, 1714, until April 10, 1717, and again from April 20, 1720, until Feb. 11, 1742—a single continuous lease of 21 years 9 months and 21 days, and an aggregate of 24 years 3 months and 21 days. Henry Pelham was premier from July 26, 1743, until April 21, 1754—10 years 8 months and 25 days. Lord North took office Jan. 28, 1770, and held it 12 years 2 months and 2 days. William Pitt's service of 17 years 2 months and 10 days, from Dec. 27, 1783, till March 7, 1801, and of 1 year 7 months and 26 days, from May 12, 1804, till Jan. 8, 1806, ranks second in length—19 years 10 months and 6 days. The fifth long-timer, the third in length of consecutive service, was Lord Liverpool, who took office June 8, 1812, and gave way to Canning April 11, 1827, after 14 years 10 months and 3 days of power. The prime minister whose single lease of power was briefest, since 1714, was the marquis of Rockingham. He succeeded Lord North March 30, 1782, and 3 months and 3 days later gave way to Shelburne. On an earlier occasion—1765—Rockingham was premier for little more than a year. The average duration of the 42 ministers that have conducted the government of Britain since 1714 has been 4 years 25 days. Mr. Gladstone is the only premier of all those whose lease of power each time exceeded this average.—Ulster Herald.

If lightning had struck the office-seekers instead of the Washington Monument it would have shown some sense.

There are said to be twenty-five thousand lawn tennis players within a radius of ten miles of New York.