

LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

He Was the Ablest and Most Courageous of the Emperor's Brothers.

The younger brother had, after the first juvenile heats of radicalism, become a moderate republican, holding his convictions resolutely. Having opposed the hereditary consulate for Napoleon, he withdrew, unmindful of any reward he might have claimed for his services of Brumaire, to lead a life of study and cultivate his inborn literary tastes.

It was with reluctance that he came to Mantua. There are two accounts of what happened there—that which has long been accepted of Napoleon offering and Lucien hotly refusing the crown of Portugal, with the hand of Prince Ferdinand for his daughter Charlotte, and that which makes the first offer to have been in Ettruria.

Before parting there was a half reconciliation, and Napoleon requested that at least his brother's eldest daughter might be sent to Paris for use in his scheme of royal alliances.

HAS STUDIED NEGRO SONGS.

Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy and Her Favorite Pastime.

A drawing-room entertainment is hardly considered complete nowadays unless it includes something by a guitar or banjo performer. Among these few are more popular than Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy of New York, herself a composer of not a few pleasing little songs.

As a child I used to follow this old colored woman about when she was busy just to hear her sing, caring more for the sound of her voice than for the sweetest Northern music.



MRS. JEANNETTE ROBINSON MURPHY.

part of every monosyllabic word, thus giving two musical tones for each word of one syllable, with the same, long-drawn, wailing sound between the tones.

When Economy Economizes. "Will it pay?" should be the first question asked when looking over the old clothes with a view to making over.

Are you afraid, Lily, when you go driving with Mr. Phillips, that the horse will run away?

An Echo of the Truckee Smash-Up

Many Will Recall This Sad Affair Which Happened in 1892.

Mr. H. Watkins, of This City, Who Was Injured in the Wreck Tells of His Terrible Sufferings and Final Cure.

Mr. H. Watkins lives at 3008 Geary street, San Francisco. He is a railway postal clerk, and has been in that business for years. When seen at his home he gladly told his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Occasionally when I tried to rise in the morning the pains would seize me and I had to be caught to prevent my falling. I tried every kind of medicine. The only thing that helped me at all up to a year ago was some fearful stuff an old Mormon gave me when I was taken down in Utah.

About a year ago I went into the "No Percentage Pharmacy," on Market street. While I was there an old man named Cowen, of Vallejo Junction, came in.

When I was down in Los Angeles and called upon a postal clerk, a friend of mine. He told me that his wife was a great sufferer from rheumatism. I sold her to try the Pink Pills, and now there is no one in Los Angeles who thinks more of the pills than Mrs. Carr, that is her name.

I always kept a box of the pills handy just in case I should need them, though my wife will tell you how rarely I use them now.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

He Was Not at Gettysburg.

"People sometimes ask me," said an old soldier, "if I was at Gettysburg, and when I tell them the fact that I was not, do you know that I sort of imagine that some of them think that then I couldn't have been very much of a soldier? I suppose it's natural enough. It is perfectly natural that people should be most impressed by the greatest battles of the war, and natural enough to get an idea that the greater the battle the greater the danger and the greater the call for bravery, but as a matter of fact, a man can be killed just as dead in a little fight as in a big one."

It is now claimed that foods stored in an atmosphere of carbolic acid gas are preserved indefinitely, the freshness and flavor being retained better than by the use of dangerous antiseptics or of ice.

Oxalate of lime is found in the bark of trees. The strange discovery has recently been made by Dr. Kraus, in Germany, showing that there is a steady loss of these crystals during the winter season.

The man who sits down to wait for a golden opportunity to knock at his door will need a thick cushion on his chair.

Over 800,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various parts of the world. Of these, butterflies are among the very rarest, as less than twenty specimens all told, have been found.

THE HURRICANE.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee night; I know thy breath in the burning sky; And I walk with a thrill in every vein, For the coming of the hurricane.

And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales, Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.

Silent and slow, and terribly strong, The mighty shadow is borne along, Like a death sterner to come; While the world below, dismayed and dumb, Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

They darken fast, and the golden base Of the sun is quenched in the lurid haze; And he sends through the shade a funeral ray.

A glare that is neither night nor day, A beam that touches with hues of death. The clouds above and the earth beneath. To its covert glides the silent bird, While the hurricane's voice is heard Uplifted among the mountains round, And the forests bear and answer the sound.

He is come! he is come! do ye not behold His ample robes on the wind unrolled? Giant of air! we bid thee hail! How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale!

How his huge and writhing arms are bent To clasp the cone of the firmament, And fold at length, in their dark embrace, From mountain to mountain the visible space.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear The dust of the plains to the middle air; And hark to the crashing, long and loud, Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!

You may trace its path by the flashes that start From the rapid wheels wher'er they dart, As the fire-bolts leap to the world below, And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks In torrents away from the airy lakes, Heavily poured on the shuddering ground, And shedding a nameless horror round, Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and plains, With the very clouds—ye are lost to my eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space, A whirling ocean that fills the wall Of the crystal heaven and buries all. And I, cut off from the world, remain Alone with the terrible hurricane.—William Cullen Bryant.

SIX CENTS A DOZEN.

She lives on Forquer street—a bright faced, smiling little Italian woman. Her husband is out of work, and she is fighting the wolf from the door, partly by being foster-mother for a baby of six months, and partly by finishing boys' pants for 6 cents a dozen pair.

I could not believe it at first—it seemed impossible that anyone could ask human fingers to toil for so little, but then, flesh and blood is cheap, and we must have bargains!

There is a small cottage—a miserable but it seems to an American eye, in one of the sunnier valleys of Southern Italy. The humble roof shelters five people—the father, a dark-browed, but kindly man not very enlightened, but eminently pious; a daughter, 14 years of age; a son, of 12, and a diminutive old woman—called by courtesy, a child-of-8.

And now the house is tidied. The little basket of fresh eggs is ready. Flowers deck the tiny place, the best holiday attire is put on, and at last in the distance the reverend man of God appears. He enters the humble door, pausing on the threshold to bestow his blessing, and in his new coat of whitewash, the little hat seems worthy to receive it.

Something that no man understands is why a rifle, clapped in an immovable vice, will not put the bullets in the same hole every time, even if the wind does not interfere. A correspondent of Shooting and Fishing tells how he put a rifle of 32 caliber into a vice and fired it ten times, the sights being always aimed at a mark.

COOKING OMPRESSENT.

Is it any wonder the good wife hopes her fortunes will soon be made, so that she may feel the soft air of Italy again?

But some way, the fortune comes slowly. In the summer time, indeed, the father is so fortunate as to secure work on the streets, and his wages of \$1.25 per day seems princely, until he finds with what ready facility money slips away even from an Italian in Chicago.

Then, in the early fall the elder daughter goes into a tailor shop where she sits all day over work that is taking all the youthful vigor and beauty out of her, and worst of all, the poor mother moans, she scoffs and jeers now at the old, simple life in Italy, and manages to pass half the night—she doesn't know where, or with whom. Her wages are not making them rich, either—who said money was easy to get in Chicago—her wages are only \$1.00 a week.

And her son—the curses and drinks and refuses to go to confession. Even her husband, so good and pious in Italy, doesn't seem to care any more for what the priest says, and often comes home drunk. Oh, why did they come to America? And the one room gets dirtier and dirtier, while they become poorer and poorer. Winter comes, and the father is out of work. Then the mother visits the tailor shop and comes home with an armful of boy's pants to finish—for which she gets 6 cents per dozen pair. If she works hard she can make eighteen, possibly twenty-four cents a day. Truly, a fortune is easily made in Chicago!

Morning papers! Times-Herald, Tribune, News! All about the murder and suicide! Paper, sir! And Christians and philanthropists read and shudder—and then dismiss the matter as an every-day occurrence. A poor Italian woman, "in a temporary fit of insanity," has killed her little 6-year-old daughter, stabbing her to the heart with a knife, and then, with the same weapon, she cut her own throat. This reporter says there seemed to be "no special reason for her madness."

And the Recording Angel wrote down the word Murderer—but not after an Italian name; and opposite many thousands of names, respectable and revered on earth, he wrote: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

How Edison Learned to Tell Stories. "It seemed like a waste of time," said a gentleman who passed an evening with Mr. Edison in Newark, Ohio, recently, "to hear Mr. Edison rolling off story after story, and demanding of all his acquaintances to tell him more, when he knew how much information we might have received from him. I finally asked him how he got to be such a story teller. 'Well,' he replied, 'when I was quite a young man I was a telegraph operator during the war. I was stationed at St. Louis, which was a sort of distributing point for a large district, and when we would get our batch of stuff out, and we still had several hours to put in, I used to get pretty tired. Then we would begin to call up the operator at the other end of the line and gossip with him. I always liked stories, and if Chicago had a good one he would write it to me. Then I would read that off to Louisville and New York and Cincinnati, and hear them laugh over it by wiring back. 'Ha, ha, ha,' would be the wire. In this way we would get all the best stories there were going, and we would always write them out for the day men. It got to be a sort of passion after a while, and has stuck to me ever since."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mystery of the Rifle. Something that no man understands is why a rifle, clapped in an immovable vice, will not put the bullets in the same hole every time, even if the wind does not interfere.

Castle Garden! What dreadful noise! And still they can feel the throeb of the great ocean steamer's heart, and they sway on the stable land as if still on deck, but no time must be lost. Chicago, the great hearted city of the West, is to be their home, and again their journeying is resumed. But at last they are here. And what a greeting! The rain is drizzling down into the dirty gutters, already full to overflowing, the streets reek with foul odors, and the room they are to call home is not by itself, and there is no place for a garden. They are the twelfth family under the single roof-families that have only one, two, or at the most, three rooms to call their own—as long as they can pay the rent.

They are one single room tenement in the front one in the basement, and is eighteen feet long, eleven and one-half feet wide, and seven and one-half feet high. And yet some people are so extravagant that they really believe it is necessary to the health, for each individual in a room to have 600 cubic feet of air space for his own particular use! For this one room our friends are to pay \$3.50 per month. Here the five must live, eat, and sleep, with the small attending washing and

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