THE KING'S PICTURE.

[There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection; some one place where (as we may fancy), the veil is thin which hides the divinity behind it.—*Confucian Classics.*]

The King from the council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Hiff, the painter,
And spake to him apart:
"I am sick of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good;
Dowered with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood.
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither, when I retire,
It may fill my soul with its grandeur,
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And it hung in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The King, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And ba ed his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb;
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him:
The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market-place;
But the smile which her curves transfigured
As a rose with a shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then, "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, in every form of the human,
Some hint of the Highest dwells;
How scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the God within."

HOTEL-INCIDENT IN THE RIVIERA.

No one who has sojourned for a while in the Riviera is surprised at the crowds of foreigners that are collected from all parts of Europe into its various nooks and retreats. We English go there to escape mist and fog; the Russians, to avoid extreme cold; the invalid Germans, to put a barrier between themselves and the withering east wind. Some again visit it for other than sanitary reasons. Monaco, with its gambling attractions, entices and detains some, and the mere enjoyment of a climate luxurious even in winter invites many more.

We—that is, my wife and myself—were enjoying a few weeks at one of the large hotels that are so numerously dotted along this coast. It might have been at Hyeres, Cannes, or Nice, at Monaco or Mentone, Bordighera or San Remo, Savona or Pegli; or it might have been at no one of all these.

We had been staying—it is sufficient to say—at the Hotel du Bon Vivant about a week, when there appeared at the table d'hote a very striking personage. As soon as dinner was over, my wife found herself (by accident) near the visitors' book and discovered that the new arrival had entered himself as the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle. We were chiefly English at the hotel, there was no Italian there, and our acquaintance with the national Burke was limited; so we easily accepted the theory that this lengthy appellation was one of the most ancient titles in the land. We were subsequently informed by the Baron that it was Sicilian, which made our ignorance the more excusable.

I don't think it was his title, or, at least, it was not only that, which made us all so charmed with him. It must have been "his noble bearing, his perfect manners, his evident desire to please, his modest evasion of all topics bearing on his own career, and his handsome face. He was apparently about 30 years of age, his black hair was as glossy as a raven's plumage, and his black flashing eyes betrayed a passionate soul; while his thick mustache framed, rather than concealed, a smile that irradiated his intellectual countenance with sweetness and light."

Such, at least, was the description given of him in one of my wife's letters to my mother-in-law: and I am glad I happened to look into that letter, as it has saved me some little trouble in attempting to describe him in words of my own.

The Baron mixed very little with his own countrymen, and, as I ventured to suggest to my wife, seemed rather shy of them. He never went to the public amusements, and declined to subscribe to the Circolo. She explained to me, in reply, that he was the only nobleman in the place, and was, perhaps, a little haughty toward his compatriots of a lower rank. He had also informed her himself that he had selected our hotel for the express purpose of mixing with the English, as he was expecting shortly to receive a governmental appointment, and for the better discharge of his prospective duties, a little knowledge of English was desirable.

I should have mentioned before that I only speak my own language; but my wife can converse in Italian with ease and fluency, and the Baron very naturally talked with her a good deal, and occasionally condescended to speak to me by her interpretation.

Shortly after the arrival of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle, we were further enlivened by another. This time it was a Russian lady, attended by her maid. There were no other Russians at the Hotel du Bon Vivant and she appeared to have come there rather from necessity than by choice, as there were no rooms vacant in the inn usually frequented by those of her nation. She declined to enter her name in the visitors' book, and for the first two or three days dined in her own room, and held aloof from the rest of us. This, added to the effect produced by a stateliness not to say grandeur of deportment, and rich sobriety of dress, prepared us all for the discovery which in a few days oozed out, that she was a Russian Princess, a widow, who wished to remain incognita, and to live quietly in the enjoyment of an unconventional freedom from the obligations of nobility—an enjoyment beyond her command at home.

We never fully understood how this oozed out. Her female attendant could understand nothing, and therefore could divulge nothing. The maitre d'hotel assured his guests that he knew no more than the rest of the world; and, by his mysterious shruggings, his self-contradictions, and, above all, by his manner, impressed us all with the firm belief that there was a secret in his possession. This, of course, confirmed the truth of the report, and it became an established fact that the lady was a Russian Princess.

After a few days of seclusion she vouchsafed to make her appearance at the table d'hote, and retired with the rest of the ladies to the Salle des Dames afterward. Then it was that the Baron exhibited his inborn as well as inherited nobility. He attended to her little wants, placed her an arm-chair by the fragrant wood-fire, and, on receiving her thanks in his mother-tongue,—his parents' pride had no doubt prevented him from learning any other,—he entered into a respectful and courtly conversation with her. There were plenty of other men in the room who could have done it; but the Baron was naturally the fittest person to begin; and I will give him credit for boundless self-possession—not to call it impudence.

The acquaintance thus begun grew with a tropical rapidity. The cold Northern temperament softly but quickly thawed beneath the warm rays of Italian sweetness and light. Fragments of their talk occasionally reached the ears of my wife and others who could understand them, from which it appeared that their main topic was the opera.

"Ah, madame"—he was interpreted to me as saying—"if I could but be honored with your presence in my box at Florence! The music would be angelic then."

"The signor does me a great favor in expressing the wish."

Yes; it was clear that he was hard hit, and that she knew it, and had no desire to dismiss him. And yet she was in no single point guilty of indiscretion, forwardness or coquetry, in my opinion.

"That woman," said my wife, "is abominable! Look how she hunts that poor man down. I suppose she fancies Sicily a nicer country than Siberia, or wherever it is she comes from."

"Well, my dear," I replied, "it seems to me that the hunting is mutual. Really, I don't see why he shouldn't marry her, if they both like it."

"She may be a mere tuft-hunting adventuress, for all we know," said she. "I don't believe in her."

"Well, but perhaps he knows more than we do."

"I don't believe in her a bit. She's hunting him down for his wealth and title, and is as much a Princess as I am!"

The season was now at its height, and every room was occupied, the very last attic in the Hotel du Bon Vivant being secured by a German Count, the Count Sigismund von Borokopek. He put down his name in the visitors' book like a man, and his whole demeanor was frank, open and robust. He was extraordinarily fluent in English, as well as in French and Italian. German, of course, was his mother tongue, a few dialectical peculiarities noticeable in his pronunciation, arising, he explained, from the circumstance of his being partly of Austrian, partly of Hungarian origin, the Borokopek estates being in the vicinity of Tokay.

We now numbered about eighty guests, and began to know one another pretty well; but somehow the Count knew us all better than we knew one another before he had been a week among us. He was a big, burly, fair man, so thoroughly British in appearance and in his general characteristics as to render it difficult, but for his proficiency in other languages, to believe that he was not a Briton born. He had knocked about the world a good deal, he said. Of the forty years he had passed in it, twenty had been spent in traveling, half of which time had been passed in England, and a good deal of the rest in America. Russia, too, he was acquainted with; and on the strength of that he introduced himself to the Princess, and was evidently as much disposed to admire her as the Baron himself.

Indeed, before very long, the attentions paid by Count Sigismund von Borokopek to that lady began seriously to disturb the serenity of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle; and in proportion as their rivalry progressed, so did the interest and amusement of the company progress with it.

"My dear Charles," said my wife, "isn't she abominable *now?* She's a regular flirt; and at her age, too!—40, if she's a day. And after entangling the Baron, to go and egg on the Count, and all in public too! It's bad enough to make love in public at all, but to do it to two men, one after the other——I say she's simply abominable!"

"Well, but, my dear," I expostulated, "they are both making love to her at the same time. You see, the Count's castles are much nearer to Russia than Sicily is; so perhaps she prefers to become Mrs. Count, etc., to the other thing."

Those of us who were not in love with the Princess began to wish the absurd affair at an end. The lady was most unfairly fair to each; for she gave each of them enough encouragement to make them savagely jealous of one another, without going far enough with either to give the other any grounds of complaint. But for her beautiful eyes, I would compare her to a *tableau vivant* of Justice holding the scales. I can, however, safely liken her to Helen; for she was setting by the ears not only the two most interested individuals, but also the whole world about her; and it wanted but a spark to commence a conflagration, certainly an explosion, between the two.

We had an American at the Hotel du Bon Vivant, a quiet, thoughtful man, too much of an invalid to talk much, and very reserved in his manners. We little thought that the dreaded spark would be dropped by him; but so it was.

The Baron was describing to a knot of us, including the Count, as we were lounging in the entrance hall, after luncheon, his Syracusan villa, with its exquisite gardens. The American was listening with his usual air of abstraction, and quietly interposed a question. "Did I understand you to say that the Villa d'Aosta in the Strada di Palermo, belongs to you?"

"Si, signor; the Villa d'Aosta you speak of is the one. It is mine. It has been in my family for several generations."

"You've got a tenant there now who's a friend of mine"—

"No, signor; no; I do not let my villa, nor other of my residences."

"Well, that's queer, I consider," said the American, "I came direct from Sicily last month, and a friend of mine was tenant of that villa for the winter, and I staid a day or two with him in that very house. Guess there's some bunkum somewheres!"

Part of these remarks were made in Italian; some ejaculated in English.

"Bagatelle!" replied the Baron; "you are mistaken, signor! It must have been some other Villa d'Aosta."

"No, it wasn't," returned the American; "and for my part I think you are no more Baron than I'm Julius Cæsar."

He certainly looked offended, though happily the last sentence was in English; in fact, he had been unaccustomed to be contradicted, that it positively confused him. And I could not help noticing that the Count looked excessively tickled, as well as triumphant.

That evening, when the Baron advanced to attend the Princess to the salon, she declined his offer to place the shawl on her shoulders, as he had always done; and in the most perfect manner, without snubbing or putting him down, allowed him to discover for himself that she was utterly indifferent to him. It was just as if the moon were to take the place of the sun, in a quiet and undemonstrative way, with no explanation given.

But, of course, an explanation was to be demanded; and as soon as the dinner was over, the Baron sought, and obtained a tete-a-tete in a corner of the Salles des Dames. We all had the decency to read *Galignani*, or play bezique, or otherwise to throw a veil over our curiosity, as we anxiously watched the development of the plot, and tried to hedge our bets before it was too late.

Suddenly the Baron started to his feet, and uttered a loud execrative exclamation, which I decline to translate. His soul now most clearly betrayed his passionateness, but there was rather more light than sweetness in his eyes as he glared round the room in search of the hapless American.

We all sprang to our feet, too; the ladies near the door rapidly retreated, and the men looked at one another, half-amused, half-angrily.

"If I knew who had poisoned the mind of madame, I would 'dilaniate' him—tear him in pieces," shrieked the Baron. "That viper of an American!"

"It was not the American," answered the Count, coming quietly out of a recess; *I* told madame what he had discovered."

The Baron so far forgot the perfectness of his manners and evident desire to please as with his open palm to slap the Count on the face. But in another second he found himself in that physical checkmate known as chancery—he got his head under his rival's left arm, who was holding it down to a convenient level for the right hand to bob his nose—and there, before the Princess, in the Salle des Dames, was being played a scene from the British ring; chairs and tables going everywhere, as the quadrupedal monster performed its erratic revolutions, amid the screams of women, the shouts of men, the groans of the maitre, and the indescribable cries of astonishment uttered by the whole staff of the hotel, which had been gathered together at the door by the first exclamations of the Baron.

The Anglo-Saxon nationality having, in spite of the principle of non-intervention, separated the Latin and the Teuton, the defeated combatant was assisted to his room, and looked to by an English doctor who happened to be at the hotel, and who reported that, with the exception of a couple of broken teeth, nothing of consequence was to be apprehended beyond a further requisition of his services at a rencontre of a different character, which, however, would not be possible for some little time, owing to a difficulty the patient had in seeing. And the next morning we found that the maitre had given the Baron notice to quit the Bon Vivant forthwith; and so we saw no more of the Baron-Monteggiana-Tavernelle.

In ten days or so, the Count received a letter from him, dated at Florence. In it the Baron demanded satisfaction, and required that the Count should meet him at Florence, or, if more convenient, at Rome. In reply, the latter expressed his readiness for an interview, but positively declined to fatigue himself with on unnecessary journey. The affair could very well be settled in the place where it began. The letter was carefully and fully directed, registered and posted by the Count himself.

In the ordinary course of events, an answer was due in four or five days at the farthest; but a fortnight passed without any, and at length he received the following, dated from Rome:

"SIR: I beg to acknowledge the honor which you have done me by addressing a letter to me at my house in Florence; and must apologize for my inability to understand it. Your name is strange to me; I was never in the place from which you write; I have not been in Florence for several months; and I must conclude there is some mistake. It is possible that my name has been assumed by a rascally valet who robbed me last year of several private papers and a considerable sum of money, but whom I could not conveniently prosecute."

Then followed a description which tallied exactly with the appearance of our Baron. It seems that the letter, being registered, had been sent on to the real Baron, at his residence in Rome, instead of being delivered to the false one at the address given him at Florence.

The Princess was, no doubt, overwhelmed with shame at finding that she had been encouraging a valet instead of his master; for she at once admitted the Count to the privilege of paying her more attentions than ever. I think, too, she really liked him. Anyhow, he had proved himself substantially able to protect her; and the scuffle with his rival had in no degree lessened him in her esteem.

Of course, we were not behind the scenes; and could only judge of the probable course of events by such little evidences as chance might throw in our way; but it was rumored that the marriage was to take place from our hotel before Lent.

"The sooner the better," said my wife; "if another man comes forward with better prospects, she'll throw over the Count, just as she did the Baron."

"But you see he wasn't a Baron, my dear," I remonstrated; "not a real one, I mean, as the children say."

"Well, and perhaps this is not a real Count."

"Dear me! what a joke it would be if he turned out to be somebody's butler! I wish some Yankee would come and ask him a little about his place. We want a little life here just now."

That day we had another fresh face at the table d'hote; this time, an Englishman's. He was very taciturn, but liked to look at the company and to listen to the conversation, and was much struck with the Count. It occurred to me, too, that the Count noticed him a good deal, so much so as to refuse some of the choicest dishes. But no one conversed with the stranger, and after dinner he retired to his room—the Baron's old room—and he saw no more of him till the next day at dinner. There was the same curiosity on the part of the Count, who, by the way, spoke German exclusively now; but the stranger was absorbed in his dinner. Afterwards he strolled into the billiard-room to smoke a cigar.

By-and-by the Count and I went to have a quiet game, and there we found the new arrival comfortably lolling in an ample rocking-chair by the fire.

The Count played badly, missing the easiest strokes. "You're off your play to night, Count," I said; "what's the matter?"

"Don't mind *me*, gentlemen," said the stranger; "I hope my being here don't make the Count nervous"—he put a very remarkable emphasis on the title—"I don't play the continental way myself, though I do see a good many queer games at odd times. Now, was you ever in Scarboro', sir?" addressing the Count. "No! Leeds? No! Hull, where the steamers start for Bremen? No! Manchester, perhaps? No! Not been in Manchester? Then," he had been sidling gradually nearer and nearer the door as he talked, and was now between it and the Count. "Then, suppose you and I go back together, Mister Alexander Jenkinson, on this warrant I've got against you for forgery of a check on Gleeson's Bank at Manchester for £3,500! O yes; it's all right, and it's no good making a row. My name's Inspector Rawlings, of the detective police, and me and my man have had a pretty hunt after you; he and the gens d'armes are waiting for you outside the door."

Poor Princess, with two strings to her bow, and both of them rotten! Still my wife wouldn't pity her yet.

"But, my dear," I expostulated, "the poor thing will have to marry some Russian now, perhaps a Laplander, or one of those fellows that drink train-oil with their dinner. And she such a monstrous fine women, too, to say nothing of her rank."

However, we had but little further call on our sympathy, for the next day she left the hotel.

"So the Princess is off," I said to the maitre the same day, while paying my weekly bill.

"Monsieur said—"

"I said the Princess is off—gone, *allee, sortie, partie*, you know."

"Oui, oui; but then, the Princesse; who does Monsieur wish to say, Princesse?"

"Why, of course, the Princess of—well, the Russian Princess that didn't marry the Baron or the ——"

"Ah, bah! Who would call her a Princesse?"

"Why, you made us believe she was," I indignantly rejoined, "by making-believe she *wasn't*."

"But Monsieur remembers without doubt that I said she was not Princesse?"

"So you did; but there's a way of saying no and looking yes."

"Pardon, Monsieur! The lady desired repose and to be in particular; and I, I assisted that she should so be."

"Well—now she's gone in fact, *what* is she?"

"Monsieur, she is teacher of the dance at Marseilles."—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Wages of Women.

The fact that women have been regarded as dependent upon men for protection and support, has naturally led to the payment of low wages for work performed by females. Where a man and a woman are employed in the same kind of work, the man usually receives double the wages paid to the woman, although she may perform her duties better than the man performs his. Every one has felt the injustice of this discrimination against woman, but it has been justified on the ground that she is only temporarily providing for her wants—she expects to marry and be supported by a husband—while he must make provision for the support of a family and provide against adversity. Thus, the theory of dependence on the part of women has been sustained by common custom in preventing women from achieving their independence.

California has undertaken to break down the old order of things and establish practices more in harmony with justice. A law has been enacted in that State which permits a married woman to make a contract for her own estate, renders women eligible for certain school offices, and compels school boards to pay female teachers the same salaries that are paid to men for similar work. This is simple justice, and cannot fail to meet with general approval. The only reasonable objection ever urged against opening more avenues to female employment, has been the plea that such employment would result in breaking down the prices of labor. By paying women the same as men this objection is removed, and there can be no well grounded opposition to the employment of women in any pursuits in which they can successfully engage.

How She Turned Presbyterian.

Mrs. Magruder will probably leave Mr. Hopkins' church, and go hereafter to the Presbyterian meeting-house. Dr. Hopkins last week had a frightful boil on his leg, and he experienced very severe pain when he tried to walk. While he was sitting in his study on Friday, Mrs. Magruder called and was ushered into the parlor. The servant went up the back stairs to tell the Doctor, and while she was on her way the Doctor started down the front stairs to get a drink of water. It hurt him so much to walk up the steps that he concluded to slide down the banisters on his stomach; and so, looking carefully over the landing to satisfy himself that nobody was about, he mounted the banisters and began to descend. The stairs ran directly past the parlor door, and Mrs. Magruder was amazed to see the clergyman descending with great rapidity in that singular fashion. It seems that the servant had placed a coal-scuttle by the newel-post while she went for the Doctor, and as he descended with the awful velocity he alighted in the scuttle and fell to the floor. Without being aware of the presence of the visitor, he leaped up in a rage, and exclaiming, "Hang that woman!" gave the scuttle a kick, which sent it whirling into the parlor, where it brought up in Mrs. Magruder's lap. Of course she thought the demonstration and ejaculation were intended for her, and after rising to her feet and shaking her umbrella at her pastor, she shouted, "If you kick another coal-scuttle at me I'll punch you with this yer umbrella!" She emerged from the front door with the conviction that Presbyterianism was the only religion for her.—*Boston Globe.*

Russia and Germany.

The Paris *Patrie* publishes the following, which it has reason to believe is reliable. "Russia is convinced that soon, though not immediately—in two or three years about—she will have a terrible struggle with Germany. I point to this time not arbitrarily, but because it is certain that the former country cannot sooner have completed her armament, and more particularly her railways. This prospect is generally taken for granted by the people, and the Court of St. Petersburg is so fully prepared for a conflict that it believes it knows the *casus belli*—a demand by Prince Bismarck, supported, according to the German manner, by the opinions of juris-consults, as complacent as expert, for the German Baltic provinces. Herr von Moltke is prepared for the contingency; he has taken his precautions in consequence. A mass of spies spread over Livonia and Courland, a carefully studied plan of campaign, complete to its smallest details, the Russian language taught the officers, the railway wagons adapted to the Russian lines," etc., etc.

WE can't all be run over by locomotives or killed by boiler-explosions. An Indiana man has just been crushed to death in a corn-grinder.

Current Paragraphs.

EVERY negro in Savannah that owns over $5,000 worth of property is a woman.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—First in war, first in peace, and last in getting a monument.

A BAVARIAN telegrapher has discovered a method of transmitting autographs by electricity.

WHEN the Hoosac tunnel is in running order, it will take a train forty-two minutes to go through it.

THE gold price of silver bullion has again got so low that the fractional United States silver coins are not worth any more in gold than in greenbacks.

NEW ENGLAND papers predict a mild winter because the birds have not yet commenced their flight to the south, and blue-fish still linger in the waters.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON is to write the inscription on the monument to be erected on the spot where the Americans fell at Concord. He will also deliver the address.

THE base ball championship of the United States is decided for another year. The Boston nine carry the streamer for the third term. The Mutual club of New York came in second best.

THE fog was so thick in Troy, early the other morning, that the *Times* solemnly avers one could not distinguish a policeman from a hitching-post across the street, if he didn't know that hitching posts never snore.

THE Rev. "Adirondack" Murray occupies the old homestead on his 300-acre farm at Guilford, Conn. He can look from the ancient roof-tree over his own private race-course, where forty colts and horses are put through their paces.

BOASTFUL Texas sheet: "We know some men who take their pint a day, and some who take their quart, but to find a man whose standard is as high as a gallon is rare. Sherman has a man who boasts of chambering that quantity."

PARIS is said to be a heaven for broken-down and discarded diplomats of all nationalities. They hobnob nicely among themselves, drink considerable coffee at cheap restaurants, and smoke an endless quantity of cigarettes, while they talk regretfully of bygone days.

THE rubicund reporter of the *Eagle* said a good thing to a notorious borrower the other day. "Hold on a minute, Mac," said the latter, "there's a man I owe ten dollars to, and I want to find him." "Yes," said Mac, in his richest brogue, "ye want to find him dead!"—*Brooklyn Sun.*

MRS. GRANT, who lives in Polk county, near King's Valley, California, killed two deer on Tuesday of last week. On the Monday previous she killed a very large fat buck. This lady has now killed eighteen deer since she resided on the Lucklamute, and is one of the most successful shots in that section of the country.

GEN. LESLIE COMBS, of Kentucky, was recently summoned to recognize the handwriting of a Mr. Sudduth, who was a surveyor of sixty years ago. He knew the man and knew the handwriting. The case will probably be decided by his testimony. The case involves some 3,500 acres of land adjacent to the Blue Grass region.

A TALL and stately Piute walked into Paxton & Curtis' bank this forenoon, says the Austin (Nev.) *Reveille* of Oct. 31, and approaching the desk on which the report of the San Francisco Stock Board is kept, and casting a glance at the list, said to George McCormick: "How is it this morning?" "Down," said George. "Down again!" exclaimed the savage, "heap dam!"

SOMETIMES good fortunes come in troops, like their opposites. Here is Mr. William Gaston, of Boston, who woke up the morning after election to find that he had a Governor's message to write, and now a Denver (Col.) dispatch states that some real estate which he bought there in 1864 for $4,000 has recently been sold, and realized the handsome sum of $163,300.

A CURIOUS case of mistaken identity happened at Faneuil Hall, Boston, the other evening, while the Democrats were holding their jollification meeting. The defeat of Gen. Butler had just been announced, when a man who was taken for Butler by everybody walked upon the stage and sat down, smiling, meanwhile, with as much radiance as anybody. The audience were taken aback, and, as soon as they could recover their senses, they began to hiss, but Mr. John S. Holmes immediately stepped forward and shouted, "I am not Ben Butler," and the crowd was satisfied.

FLINT PEASLEE, a prize-candy man, who has been doing a thriving business at Worcester, Mass., retailing packages of candy, some of them containing money, has been compelled to leave that city through the interference of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston. The moralists are rejoicing, and may well do so, as the business is a demoralizing one; but the manner of ousting him is a little questionable. It appears that the opposition to Peaslee came from one Southmayd, of Boston, who belongs to the Association and is a heavy dealer in candies, and Peaslee interfered with his business. From this it would appear that Southmayd was not altogether candid in his efforts to get rid of Peaslee.

The Freight War.

The trunk lines composing the Saratoga compact having failed to induce the Grand Trunk railroad to join them, recently reduced their rates by their "fast freight lines" to the minimum rates of the Grand Trunk. But the latter, having completed its arrangements for an independent line to Portland, at once put its rates down, and the managers say they will continue to compete with the other roads, no matter how low they may put rates. As the direct exports of provisions from Chicago to Europe is likely to be very large during the next three or four months, and the Grand Trunk has arranged to have two steamers per week leave Portland for Liverpool, and propose to issue bills of lading for through freight, deliverable to steamers free of cost, shippers to Europe will not be sorry to have the war between the lines continue through the winter. The present rates of rail freights between the West and seaboard are not more than compensating to roads built at the cost of the New York Central, Erie and Pennsylvania Central. But that is not a question with Western shippers any more than the cost of producing a barrel of flour or hundred pounds of pork is to the consumer; and if the Grand Trunk and Baltimore and Ohio can, as they claim, carry freight and earn dividends at lower rates than the three lines above named, the public will be likely to give them them the preference.—*Chicago Courier.*

Nutritious Bread.

The flour passing through the finest silk cloth is the much-admired "pastry whites," but it must be remarked, observes the *Sanitary Record*, that only certain kinds of wheat yield this to perfection; pastry flour, moreover, is so excessively starchy as to make but inferior bread by the English process, a defect the French and German bakers overcome in their "white bread" by a totally different method, known in Vienna as "*aufrischen.*" A less snow-white flour passing through a slightly coarser silk, is the material for what the baker sells as "best bread," and the darker and rather speckled flour from which this is bolted constitutes the "seconds" of which this "household bread" is baked. The finer and whiter the bread, the more starchy and less flesh-forming it must be, and in even a larger proportion the deficiency of the phosphatic and other salts is inevitable. It is true that many persons prefer the delicate-looking and mild-flavored white bread, and it would be folly to declare that the majority of the better classes perform bodily labor or take so much exercise as to require more nourishment than white bread affords; but the very fact that so many physicians have of late noticed in their writings—namely, the much longer period required for the digestion of fine bread—is a distinct and important objection to its use among the inactive and sedentary.

Ice Signals in the North Atlantic.

A very beautiful and useful system of ice signaling has been recently adopted by one of the Canadian steamship lines, which promises to give great safety and security to passengers crossing the Atlantic. The company has issued to all its commanders an ice chart and tallying ice signals, by the use of which steamers passing each other can learn when and where dangerous bergs and ice fields have been encountered. The ice chart is divided into degrees of longitude and half degrees of latitude, nearly making squares, each of which has a separate literal designation. This in each section of the chart consists of two letters representing flags of the commercial code, and when the corresponding flags are hoisted by a steamer indicate to the passing ship the exact position of the ice met. The ensign hoisted above these means berg ice, and the Union Jack field ice likely to imperil navigation. The flags are, of course, only serviceable in the day time; but at night the ice signals are made by means of Colomb's Chatham lamp. The whole system is one of extreme simplicity, both in the chart and code, and easily enables any steamer, after passing through the ice track near Newfoundland, to communicate to the steamer approaching it the precise place of the peril, and therefore the imminent necessity of extreme caution in nearing that point.

An Adroit Robbery.

The recent robbery of an express car at Delaware station, a little hamlet on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, was an adroit affair. The train stopped at the station for supper, remaining there fifteen minutes. The express messenger being hungry locked the safe, shut the door of the express car, locked it, and bolted off to supper. He forgot the door of his car on the other side of the platform. The robber remembered it, opened it in a few seconds, placed a tie against the car, and by main force slid the safe—a mere iron box weighing 218 pounds—to the track, closed the door, and lugged his ponderous capture away. Coming to a high fence, he pulled down enough of it to admit the safe, and after dragging it fifty yards further pried it open. He made a hurried examination of its contents with a light, and secured $3,000 in cash and jewelry, leaving nearly four times that amount in greenbacks, done up in paper in such a manner that he could not discover what they were. The robbery and examination were completed so rapidly that the train had barely left the station when a resident of the village encountered a man running from the spot. A few minutes later the safe had been discovered before the express messenger had missed it, and reflected upon his ostrich-like stupidity.

Blackboards in Schools.

Blackboards are an experiment as yet, we believe, in most schools; or, at least, they are not recognized as a necessary part of the school machinery. In many cases they can be, and are used with good effect in illustrating the points of a lesson. But there is danger of attempting too much with it, as Rev. Alfred Taylor has so well shown. He fears that a teacher who is skillful with the chalk may suffer his very skillfulness to lead him astray. "He covers his board with a rich assortment of words, with large and beautifully devised initial letters; but forgets that the abundance which he thinks so valuable tends to confuse rather than to instruct, to scatter rather than to bring the lesson to a point. A company of children gaze in bewilderment on a blackboard artistically adorned with hearts, crosses, anchors, lamps, rocks, and a dozen other well-known objects, all except one or two of which ought to have been left out. The leading idea which they catch is that of his wonderful skill with the chalk. The truth which his marvelous work is intended to convey is simply scattered."—*Christian Union.*

THE DEEPEST WELL IN THE WORLD.—At about twenty miles from Berlin is situated the village of Sperenberg, noted for the deepest well that ever has been sunk. Owing to the presence of gypsum in the locality, which is at a moderate distance from the capital, it occurred to the government authorities in charge of the mines to obtain a supply of rock salt. With this end in view, the sinking of a shaft or well sixteen feet in diameter was commenced some five years ago, and, at a depth of two hundred and eighty feet, the salt was reached. The boring was continued to a further depth of nine hundred and sixty feet, the diameter of the bore being reduced to about thirteen inches. The operations were subsequently prosecuted by the aid of steam, until a depth four thousand one hundred and ninety-four feet was attained. At this point the boring was discontinued, the borer being still in the salt deposit, which thus exhibits the enormous thickness of three thousand nine hundred and seven feet.

CAGE-BIRDS.—It is estimated that the canary-bird population of the United States amounts to 900,000. Its numbers are increased only through importation, as the loss by death and other causes about balances the gain by breeding. Three hundred thousand canaries were imported last year. Other cage-birds in the United State are reckoned at 100,000. To feed these little feathered pets, 175,000 bushels of seed are required each year. Two-thirds of this amount is canary-seed, the remainder consisting of hemp-seed, rape-seed, millet, cracked wheat, etc., etc. The cost of the whole is more than $2,000,000.

Our Ministers to England.

Gen. Schenck, the American Minister, roundly abused, of course, like all positive men, wins his way by the double forces of courage and intellect. I lately spent an evening at his home, and met his bright and intelligent daughters. It was so much like home, the welcome was so sincere, the conversation was so pleasant, that I almost felt as if I was visiting one of my friends at Washington. How curious to look back upon the line of American Ministers since the reign of George III., sixteen years before the revolution! What a catalogue of curious and different characters. There were Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina; John Jay, of New York, grandfather of the present American Minister at Vienna; James Monroe, of Virginia (very few know that he was here Minister Plenipotentiary from 1803 to 1807); the Swiss, Albhert Gallatin, associated with Richard Rush, in 1818; young John Quincy Adams and young Henry Clay from 1814 to 1818; Washington Irving, Lewis McLane, Secretary of Legation in 1829, and acting *Charge d'Affaires* in 1831. Then we had Martin Van Buren in 1832; but, having been rejected by the Senate, he had to return home; then Andrew Stevenson, father of the present Senator from Kentucky, from 1836 to 1841; Edward Everett from 1841 to 1845; Geo. Bancroft in 1849, with J. C. Bancroft Davis, the present American Minister at Berlin, as his Secretary of Legation; Abbott Lawrence, of Massachusetts, and James R. Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, from 1852 to 1853; James Buchanan, from the same State, with Daniel E. Sickles and John Appleton as his Secretaries of Legation; then George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, from 1856 to 1861, with the son of Philip H. Dallas, as his Secretary of Legation; then C. F. Adams, of Massachusetts, from 1861 to 1868, with the kind-hearted Charles L. Wilson, of Illinois, as Secretary of Legation; then Reverdy Johnson, from May 1868 to May 1869, a year which he filled with hospitalities, speeches, and visits, everywhere kindly greeted and everywhere still remembered; then John Lathrop Motley, from 1869 to 1870, also of the best memories America ever left at the British capital.—*Letter from Col. Forney in the Washington Republican.*

Border Warfare.

There appears to be no doubt that Mexican rangers are again at the exciting and profitable pastime of raiding over the border. The Galveston (Tex.) *News* gives an account of a raid on Los Almos, about 100 miles from the Rio Grande. Parties of raiders have also been seen crossing the river with bales of calico and other evidences of spoliation on their horses, while bands of robbers have collected cotton, cattle, and horses from various parts of Texas, and and carried off their booty unmolested. Of course when dry goods, cattle, and other commodities are too expensive for purchase, a cheap and practicable means of obtaining them opens up in a raid; but the laws of modern society are singularly barren of encouragement to this free and easy style of obtaining possession. Mexican dollars are just as good as gold, and the good people of Texas would prefer coin to curses in exchange for their products. In fact, unless hemp offers such attractions to the raiders that they have carried off all that is available in the neighborhood, a judicious application of it to the maranders would be advisable. Of course, before cooking a hare it is necessary to catch him; but if the Texans cannot make a proper preparation for a feast of jugged Mexican hare, they do not deserve sympathy.

A Plucky Woman.

This morning a woman, aged between forty-five and fifty years, called on ticket-agent Kimball, of the Union Pacific, and applied for a pass. It appears that she has a husband and a son at North Platte, and she was on her way from Atlanta, Georgia, to meet them. The money they had sent only paid her traveling expenses to St. Joe. On arriving there she pluckily determined to walk to North Platte, a distance of 300 miles. So on Saturday morning last she started, and this morning arrived in Omaha, having walked 140 miles, after suffering considerably on the way. When she reached Omaha she found that the weather had suddenly become so cold that her courage and endurance failed her, as she was thinly clad. Mr. Kimball furnished her a pass to her destination, and she expressed her grateful thanks with tears in her eyes, and as she left the office we heard her utter a "God bless you."—*Omaha Bee.*

A ROMAN CATHOLIC clergyman of Toledo, O., has in process of erection a building after a plan of his own, the purpose of which is to keep the young men of the parish indoors at night. It contains large, brightly-lighted and well-ventilated rooms, comprising a gymnasium, bowling-alley, shooting-gallery and smoking and reading rooms.

REV. E. H. HOPKINS, of Jackson Center, Shelby, county, Ohio, says: "My wife had the consumption for ten years, and had been confined to her bed for some time. I heard of Dr. L. Q. C. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial, and after using four bottles she was able to do the work for her family."

A PROTRUDING toe is not a pretty sight, and is never seen where children wear SILVER-TIPPED Shoes. They will save half your shoe bills. For sale by all dealers.

Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial! Nature's Great Remedy FOR ALL Throat & Lung Diseases.

For Sale by all Druggists and Storekeepers.