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The Precious Cloud of April.

BY SHELLEY.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moons with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim; and stars reel and swim
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape
Over a torrent of sea.
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
In the million-colored bow,
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove
While the moist earth was laughing below.

[From the Table.]

A STRANGE DUEL.

The following lines appeared in the Paris Figaro of Dec. 12, 186—, exciting the legitimate curiosity of all the idle, gossipy, *dolce-far-niente* inhabitants by their brevity and mystery:

Last evening, at a private reception given by thec harming and talented actress, Mlle. M. D——, of the 'Bouffes,' the young Count Gaston d'Avray, well known in our highest circles as a most amiable and accomplished gentleman, threw a glass of Moet in the face of Duke Albert de la Rive. No reason was given for this unexpected occurrence. Cards were exchanged between the two parties, and it is rumored that the honor of the fair hostess herself is compromised in this lamentable affair. A bientot les details."

Editors of the Table—GENTLEMEN: Having been present myself at the altercation that arose on that memorable evening, I feel particularly pleased to be able to elucidate a matter which has hitherto remained enigmatical to the Parisian scandal-brewers, and which even the ubiquitous, prying Figaro has ever been incapable of divining.

The morning after the supper, Duke Albert de la Rive's seconds presented themselves at Count Gaston's hotel, and, having been ushered into his private sitting-room, tendered him an unsealed missive, stamped with the Ducal crest, the contents of which ran as follows:

"MONSIEUR LE COMTE: As lover of Marguerite, you have acted in the most despicable manner. Such things should have been concealed. You also insulted me grosely and—stupidly. The satisfaction I desire from you, and which the gentlemen who bring you this are authorized to claim, is that you should place yourself at my disposal this evening at 8 P. M., precisely, to meet me at the Cafe Anglais, where we will sup together in Room No. 7; and as I know, Monsieur le Comte, that you are a fine eater, I demand of you to accept my challenge, to wit: that we shall eat and drink until death ensues to one of us. . . . Good stomachs will tell—*qu en pensez vous?* Foil-thrusts, pistol-balls, and all such barbarous instruments, lacerate the flesh, destroy one's equanimity of mind, and upset one's system, besides hurting atrociously; an excellent repast will be more palatable."

"Gentlemen, you can inform your friend, the Duke, that I will hold myself at his disposition at the hour named, and that Mlle. M. D—— herself will honor our meeting with her presence."

At eight o'clock three persons sat down to table in an elegant and sumptuously furnished "cabinet particulier" of the best boolevard restaurant, five minutes later, three dozen Ostendes, accompanied by two bottles of amber-tinted Chablis vieux, were placed before the guests, and the discreet garcon disappeared, leaving two deadly enemies in the face of each other, and a smiling but bewildered woman between them.

"I am so very glad that everything has ended in such a satisfactory way," observed the young actress. "My Roederer is too strong for you, I think, Gaston," she added, playfully; "hereafter I will tell Jacques only to pour you out two glasses. You had no idea how steady it was. And then Monsieur le Duc acted so very composedly. You are too rash entirely, mon cher."

"Well, I avow," replied Gaston, as he finished his oysters, "I was rather flushed. But the Duke and I are above such trifling peccadilloes. By the way, De la Rive, how do you find these bivalves: Rather copperish, heh? Well, really, I prefer them to the American and English natives, for I confess I find a certain savor to them unequalled by any foreign oyster. Washed down by this royal Chablis, I frankly think I could swallow another dozen. Waiter!"

"By the way, how charming Schneider is in "Barbe Bleue." What a hit that *cher* Offenbach has made. Why, Schneider's impersonation of Boulotte is simply admirable; so artless, yet bold; so broad, without vulgarity. Positively delicious, that woman. I enjoyed my evening wonderfully."

"Yes, indeed, Duke. I met Meilhac the other night in the *coulisses* of the Varieties. Sanguine fellow, he hopes for a two hundred nights' run. Thanks to Dupuis ond Schneider, the piece will last. . . . They say that the Pince of Wales is very—— Ah! here is the fish."

At this moment the garcon entered, bearing a superb *sole au gratin*, while the butler, aproned and ready with the corkscrew, placed a bottle of 1837 Chateau Yquem beside the appetizing dish.

"What were you alluding to, Gaston?" said the actress.

"Oh, nothing; a mere stage *potin;* some behind-scene scandal. Duke, allow me to pour you out some of this golden nectar. Fine aroma. You, as an enologist, will find it exquisite, and appreciate it, too. It was recommended to me by my friend Ernest Hendave. You remember him? Poor fellow, he was killed at Solferino. Splendid artist. Landscape painter of great merit. Curse the Austrian bullets. Here's to you."

So saying, he quaffed off his glass and finished, scrupulously, the generous portion of sole placed before him by his gastronomical adversary.

"This fish," said Marguerite, "is not up to the Cafe Anglais standard; it lacks something, I cannot tell what."

"Lemon, perhaps," said Gaston. "But I assure you it is delicious, and, I will refer to the Duke, whose fondness for fish is provertial at the club. I believe he descended into the Maelstrom with his yacht after a Norwegian salmon, and his treatise on piscatorial matters in general could not have been better, even in the Encyclopaedia."

"No, no, madam, Gaston exagger- "Besides, I would not take upon "merry of criticising your ex- "I really find this dish "you blew attached to "culent and well flav- ored in the extreme; whoever, you know they say *Degustibus non dis.*"

"Come, come, no Latin, Duke. The greatest wrong a man can have towards women, sometimes, is to be in the right. But I will capitulate. But what is this?"

"*Ris de veau a la Jardiniere,*" said a spruce, liveried garcon. "What wine, gentleman?"

"Margeaux."

"Well, what is the news of the week, Duke? continued the fair *comedienne.* "Any new conquests? Is it really true that Cora intends to make her *debut* in "Orphee aux Enfers?" Come drop this taciturnity and tell me all you know. Why, I declare, how you do eat to-night! Are you famished? You don't *eat*, you devour."

"I rode in the *Bois* this morning to try my new mare, Fanny; the ride sharpened my appetite. As to your other questions, Mademoiselle," answered the Duke, tossing off a small glass of claret, instantly replenished, "I must find my breath to reply. Conquests I have few. My Don Juanic days are over. I am a bitter old skeptic now."

"Pooh!" retorted Marguerite. "A man of 35, an artist, a millionaire, turning synical. Ha! ha! you are concealing some '*bonne fortune.*' *Mon cher,* tell me, is she pretty?"

"No, I am serious, Miss. I abjure the fair sex pro tem. I find women to be as perfidious as the waves. An English poet said something to that effect, believe."

"Perfidious as the waves! Well, I agree," laughed Marguerite; "but men are such good swimmers, you know."

"You are facetious, Madamoiselle. But, nevertheless, I no longer believe in women; and in their virtue, less."

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed the actress. "Why?"

"Well, to preserve a precious object, it must be used as little as possible. Is not that so?"

"Certainly."

"Well, apply that aphorism to virtue."

"But, Count, you are not eating. Allow me. Here comes a '*Chateaubriand aux petits pois,*' that looks superbly. Suppose Madamoiselle, that we postpone our pyschological and abstret discussion upon virtue till that of the old Beaune, I have ordered, has been thoroughly investigated."

"As you will, Duke, only I shall make a desperate struggle, I warn you, to sustain the honor of my culminated sex."

"A discomfiture from such a fair adversary would delight me, Mademoselle."

"Louis XV.! Louis XV.! Duke—old school," laughed Gaston, helping himself to a salmis which had just been brought in. "By the way, what has become of Charles Donnay?"

"I can't say, my friend; the last I heard of him was that he worked with Rochefort. Did you see his last *Lanterne?* Admirably sarcastic it was, too—keen and cutting as an Aleppo's blade. The fellow will get in trouble before long. Mark my words. But he yearns for reputation. His talent justifies his ambition. But as a comrade I prefer him to a politician. What a charming, sociable, witty conversationalist! Badinguet will seize on him yet. Troublesome days in store for France."

"Oh, bah! Duke; how do you know? Mere rumors. I defy the most clever statesman to predict the future of France six months ahead."

"Of France, I agree; but not of Paris. Paris and France differ radically. [The waiter here appeared bringing a perdrix aux truffes, a gem of culinary art.] Politics, like religion, are nebulous. Such a discussion would lead us to the morning, besides annoying Madamoiselle; and, as I have a great treat in store for you, we will leave politics aside."

"A treat, you say?"

"Yes, a maccaroni a la Solferino, which will appear in good time."

"Why, is that anything particularly regal?"

"Quite a novelty in Paris, I believe; a delicious dish, and legendary one, too."

"How is it served?"

"Oh, simply enough. Maccaroni cooked with tomatoes scroped Gruyere, onions, and finely-chopped ham."

"What a mixture!" said Marguerite.

"No; it appears that, after the battle of Solferino, the Emperor and his aides-de-camp, with Gen. Fleury, were detained in some old, deserted, bullet-shattered cot near the field of battle, and that they were obliged to find their own dinner. Se Fleury poked about, and after a diligent search, found some maccaroni, a piece of stale cheese, and some onions and tomatoes in the garden; so he made anamalgum of the materials, chopped up everything together, and put it in a pot in the fire, stirring it around with his sword. The *plat* was pronounced excellent, and now it is the rage here, with the very sage addition of truffles."

The dinner now progressed rapidly—entrees after entrees, partridges, chickens, quail, venison, vegetables, roast after roast, laved in the choicest brands of Burgundy and Boardeaux. Salads, entremets, and lesser delicacies, aided the rivals empty bottle upon bottle of Roederer, changing from time to time to redolent Geisenheimer or sweet Tokai. Nesselrode puddings, *gelees au Madere,* creams, meringues, fruits, and sherbats followed each other in vertiginous succession. Grave infractions to the established law of a sociable supper were made; but both ate voraciously, and paid no attention to the remarks of the actress, while Paxarete, Peralta, and Asti were drunk, ad infinitum, over twenty varied deserts. Marguerite, sole witness to this strange display of gormandizing, began to suspect that something was wrong, although the general conversation was of the slightest and most brilliant style, until the adversaries began to show signs of repletion and fatigue. Flushed by wines and rich food, Gaston breathed heavily, but, notwithstanding, finished a large omelette au rhum, which was pronounced so palatable that another larger one was ordered.

"Here's to your good wishes, Duke," said Marguerite, attempting a smile, and sipping lingeringly at a glass of Lunel.

"You compromise yourself, Mademoiselle."

Gaston grinned.

"You are witty, Duke."

"Not at all. Everything witty in the world has been said or written a thousand times, but always appears new, the majority of people only remembering what is stupid. My feeble attempts have but the charm of being *apropos.*"

"I think before our Mocha, Gaston, we could do justice to a *pate de gibier or de foie gras.* What do you say!"

"*Volontiers,*" muttered the young Count, who, crimson and purple in the face, tottered to the window and remained a second breathing the cool morning air.

The viand was brought, and the Count, apparently relieved, began to partake of it. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, after having put the first morsel to his mouth, when he gave a faint, half-stifled cry and fell backwards upon the carpet, dragging with him a half-finished glass of Spanish wine. . . .

What passed subsequently was not narrated by the actress, but two hours later, when the door of the private apartment was broken in by the alarmed restaurateur, the bodies of Duke Albert de la Rive and Count Gaston d'Avray, were found, choked to death, and Mlle. M. D—— stretched upon the sofa, incapable of uttering a syllable, her jeweled hand driven into the wall by a dirk—two inches below the bell-tassel.

The Centennial Buildings Blunder.

The projectors of the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia have, apparently, committed a serious blunder in their plans by putting the different structures at such long distances from each other that nobody but professional pedestrians could make the tour without exhaustion. As most of the visitors will be there but for one day, it is desirable that doing up the exhibition in that time should be made feasible; moreover that the cost of a visit should not be indefinitely increased by carriage hire and car fare. These are vital considerations, and as no possible purposes is subserved by the magnificent distance placed between the buildings by the Commission, this mistake should, by all means, be remedied before it is too late. According to the present arrangement the machinery hall is half a mile from the agricultural building and the latter is nearly a mile from the main exhibition building. The items of shoe leather alone, which the millions of visitors would expend in needless travel, would feed the poor of a city for a generation. The transfer of visitors by steam or horse cars from building to building would be an improvement on walking, but it would be a work attended with prodigious inconvenience and numerous accidents, and would represent an expense of at least half a million dollars, that might be avoided by putting the buildings nearer together.

Caricatures in Luther's Day.

When Luther began the immortal part of his public career in 1517 by nailing to the church door his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences, wood-engraving was an art which had been practiced nearly a century. He found also, as we have seen, a public accustomed to satirical writings illustrated by wood-cuts. The great Holbien illustrated Erasmus's Praise of Folly. Brandit's Ship of Fools, as well as the litter of works which it called forth, was even profusely illustrated. Caricatures as distinct works, though usually accompanied with abundant verbal commentary, were familiar objects. Among the curiosities which Luther himself brought from Rome in 1510, some years before he began his special work, was a caricature suggested by the Ship of Fools, showing how the Pope had "fooled the whole world with his superstitions and idlatories," He showed it to the Prince Elector of Saxony at the time. The picture exhibited a little ship filled with monks, friars, and priests casting lines to people swimming in the sea, while in the stern sat comfortably the Pope with his cardinals and bishops, overshadowed and covered by the Holy Ghost, who was looking up to heaven, and through whose help alone the drowning wretches were saved.

In talking about the picture many years after, Luther said: "These and like fooleries we then believed as articles of faith." He had not reached the point when he could talk at his own table of the cardinals as "peevish milk-sops, effeminate, unlearned blockheads, whom the Pope places in all kingdoms, where they lie lolling in kings' courts among the ladies and women."

Finding this weapon af caricature ready made to his hands, he used it freely as did also his friends and his foes. He was himself a caricaturist. When Pope Clement VII. seemed disposed to meet the reformers half-way, and proposed a council to that end, Luther wrote a pamphlet ridiculing the scheme, and to give more force to his satire he "crushed a picture to be drawn" and placed in the title page. It was not a work describable to the fastidious ears of our century, unless we leave part of the descrytion in Latin. The Pope was seated on a lofty throne surrounded by cardinals having foxes' tails, and seeming "*suresum et deorum repurgare.*" In the Table-Talk we read also of a picture being brought to Luther in which the Pope and Judas were represented hanging to the purse and keys. "'T'will vex the Pope horribly," said Luther, "that he whom emperors and kings have worshiped should now be figured hanging up his own picklecks."—*James Parton; in Harper's Magazine for April.*

The Wooing of Harold and the Fair-Haired.

The beginning of his great adventure was of a romantic character—youthful love for the beautiful Gyda, a then glorious and famous young lady of those regions, whom the young Harold aspired to marry. Gyda answered his embassy and prayer in a distant, lofty manner: "Her it would not beseem to wed any jarl or any poor creature of that kind; let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, Egbert of England, and others had done—subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls around him, and become a king; then, perhaps, she might think of his proposal, till then not." Harold was struck with this proud answer, which rendered Gyda tenfold more desirable to him. He vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done, and the peerless Gyda his own. He proceeded accordingly to conquer, in fierce battle, a jarl or two every year, and, at the end of twelve years, had his unkempt (and almost unimaginable) head of hair clipt off—Jarl Sognwald (Reginald) of More, the most valued and valuable of all his subject-jarls, being promoted to this sublime barber function—after which King Harold, with head thoroughly cleansed, and hair grown or growing again to the luxuriant beauty that had no equal in his day, brought home his Gyda, and made her the brightest queen in all the north. He had after her, in succession, or perhaps even simultaneously in some cases, at least six other wives; and by Gyda herself one daughter and four sons.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

A NEVADA women recently knocked down seven burglars, one after another. Her husband watched from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight-year-old boy out of bed and whaled him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

ALL the tools of workmen or other implements of labor deposited with the pawnbrokers of Paris have been redeemed and handed over to their owners by the Duchess of Magenta with the proceeds of a charity festival placed at her disposal.

WHEN a cat sings, does she not do it on purpus? She simply does it to a-mews herself.

OLD-TIME DUELS.

DeWitt Clinton and John Swartwout—An Editor Kills a Captain.

Mr. John Bigelow concludes his article on DeWitt Clinton in Harper's, for March, and gives this account of the duel between Clinton and Swartwout:

The following letter has reference to a duel in which DeWitt Clinton had been concerned with John Swartwout as long ago as 1802. Swartwout was a devoted friend and admirer of Aaron Burr, then vice president. The friends of Clinton, among whom Cheetham was most conspicuous and most scurrilous, accused Burr of coquetting with the federal party—the gravest offense which in those days could be laid at the door of a Republican. It reached Clinton's ears that Swartwout had accused him of opposing Burr upon personal and selfish grounds. Clinton responded, in his gentle and unimpassioned way, by proclaiming Swartwout 'a liar, a scoundrel and a villain.' This was reported to Swartwout, and, of course, a challenge immediately followed. Colonel Smith, Swartwout's second, has left us the following account of what occurred on the ground at Weehawken, where the combatants respectively sought satisfaction. Clinton was accompanied by Richard Riker, the hero afterwards of Halleck's Recorder:

"'The gentlemen took their stations, were each presented with a pistol, and, by order, faced to the right, and fired, ineffectually. At the request of Mr. Riker I asked Mr. Swartwout, "Are you satisfied sir?" He answered, "I am not." The pistols then being exchanged, and their positions resumed, they by order faced to the right, and fired a shot without effect. At the request of Mr. Riker I again asked Mr. Swartwout, "Are you stisfied, sir?" He answered strongly in the negative. We proceeded, and a third shot was exchanged without injury. At the request of Mr. Ricker I again asked Mr. Swartout, "Are you satisfied sir!" He answered, "I am not, neither shall I be until that apology is made which I have demanded. Until then we must proceed." I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker, containing the apology demanded, for Clinton's signature, observing that we could not spend our time in conversation; that this paper must be signed, or proceed. Mr. Clinton declared that he would not sign any paper on the subject; that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartout; would willingly shake hands and agree to meet on the score of former friendship.

"'Mr. Swartwout insisting on his signature to the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining they stood at their posts and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Clinton's ball struck Mr. Swartwout's left leg, about five inches below the knee. He stood ready and collected. At the request of Mr. Riker I again addressed Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied sir?' He answered that it was useless to repeat the question: 'My determination is fixed, and I beg to proceed.' Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartwout, was sorry for what had passed, proposed to advance, shake hands and bury the circumstance in oblivion. During this conversation Mr. Swartwout's surgeon, kneeling by his side, extracted the ball from the opposite side of his leg. Mr. Swartwout standing erect on his post, and positively declining anything short of an ample apology, they fired the fifth shot, and Mr. Swartwout received the shot in the left leg, about five inches above the ankle, still, however, standing steadily at his post, perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker I again addresed Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied, sir?' 'I am not, sir; proceed.' Mr. Clinton then quit his station, declined the combat, and declared he would fire no more. Mr. Swartwout declared himself surprised that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize nor give him the satisfaction required, and, addressing me, said, 'What shall I do, my friend?' I answered, 'Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required, refuses taking his position, and positively declares he will fight no more; and his second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his principal, there is nothing further left for you now but to have your wounds dressed.' The surgeons attended, dressed Mr. Swartwout's wounds, and the gentlemen in their respective barges returned to the city."

Mr. Bigelow also describes the duel between Coleman, editor of the Evening Post, and Captain Thompson in which Thompson was killed.

"The year after, Clinton was challenged by Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, a warm partisan of Burr. This affair, however, was arranged without a meeting, but the year following Robert Startwout fought with Richard Riker, who had been Clinton's second, and severely wounded him. The same year Coleman, editor of the Evening Post, was provoked by Cheetham, the Thersites of the press in those days, to challenge him. Friends, however, interfered, and the affair was settled upon the understanding that Cheetham would behave more discreetly in the future. Out of this challenge, however, grew another quarrel which was attended with altogether deplorable results. A harbor master of New York, by the name of Thompson—he was called Captain Thompson—gave it out that it was Coleman, not Cheetham, who had shown the white feather on the occasion just referred to. Coleman heard of it and challenged him. They met in what is now Twenty-third street, then called 'Love Lane,' at the edge of a winter's evening. The ground was covered with snow, and it was cold and nearly dark. A shot or two was exchanged without effect. The principals were then brought closer to each other, that they might see one another more distinctly. At the next shot Thompson cried out that he was hit, and fell headlong into the snow, mortally wounded, Coleman and his second hurried away, while the surgeon raised the bleeding man and examined his wound, at the same time suggesting to him the propriety of never mentioning the names of any of the parties to the meeting. Thompson promised he would not, and kept his word." 'He was brought,' says Mr. Bryant, 'mortally wounded, to his sister's house in town; he was laid at the door; the bell was wrung; the family came out and found him bleeding and near his death. He refused to name his antagonist, or give any account of the affair, declaring that everything which had been done was honorably done, and desired that no attempt should be made to seek out or molest his adversary.'"

YESTERDAY was indeed an eventful day in the life of a lady on west Jackson street. During a trip on the street cars to State street and back, she saw the loveliest polonaise pattern she ever saw in her life, the handsomest fellow she ever saw in her life, the handsomest womanshe ever saw in her life, got the worst fright she ever had in her life from the drunkest man she ever saw in her life, never was more insulted in her life as she was by a young man who spoke to her on the car, and finally got home feeling more tired than she ever felt in her life.—*Chicago Tribune.*

WHEN is an egg not oval? When you turn it round.

BRITISH MISCEGENATION

Marriage of a Beautiful English Lady to a Hindoo Prince.

M. D. Conway writes as follows from London to the Cincinnati Commercial: "The Langalibalele affair has once more shown that it is almost impossible for the Anglo-Saxon to live on terms of equality with negroes, or indeed, for that matter, with any race of dark complexion. News arrived here from India this week that a young Oxonian scholar, who, from a highly creditable examination for the civil service, had passed to the prospect of a brilliant career in India, has been shot by his servant and killed. It is Malcom Reade, brother to the distinguished traveler and author, Winwood Reade. The friends of this young man are inconsolable, and they have universal sympathy, and yet the incident which led to this tragedy is significant of the deplorable condition of Anglo-Indian Society. The young man had administered corporeal chastisement to his servant, and while he was asleep the servant killed him. I suppose that Malcom Reade, known to have been amiable and good-tempered, might have resided in England to the age of Methusaleh without the possibility of striking any one of his servants. Not the lowest and coarsest Irishman would ever have received a blow from him. The more amiable we know him to be the more apparent is it that the Englishman instinctively treats the colored man as his slave. This social condition of India has caused a good deal of excitement in relation to a marriage which is to occur here in London within the next few days. An eminent Hindoo is to marry a London beauty. The gentleman in this case is Mutu Coomara, Swamy. Swamy is a title, and literally means "God." As it is not usual to designate mortals with such a high title as that (though his bride would pass pretty fairly as a "goddess") this gentleman is designated by that which Queen Victoria has given him, Sir Mutu Coomara, for he is an eminent member of his majesty's council in Ceylon, and besides this he has written some Oriental books of high value. The lady is a Miss Lily Beeby, a lady distinguished in her circle as an artist, but also as being more beautiful than any picture she ever painted. One wonder is that a beautiful young lady should be found ready to wed a pagan. The Hindoo first met the young lady in a company of English people who have long repudiated Christianity, and he being no adherent of any special eastern sect, they found a basis of religious harmony in simple Theism. But the most serious matter of speculation is the reception which the two will meet with in the east, for which they will soon depart. No case of inter-marriage between a Hindoo and a person of the English race seems to have ever been known before. Old residents of India have informed me that it is absolutely unprecedented, and that if Sir Mulu were to take his bride to any part of India, both of them would be treated by the whites as pariahs. They all agree that in Ceylon the prejudice against "miscegenation" will probably be less, and that the Hindoo's very high rank (he would be king of Ceylon if Queen Victoria should resign the island) and official position would enable them to tide over the first indignation. But the agitation the coming marriage has caused in "Oriental circles" in London, proves that anything like an amalgamation of races in India is not to be contemplated. At the same time Indians are received in the highest society in London on terms of perfect equality; young ladies dance and flirt with them as industriously as with others; and it requires the atmosphere of India to bring about the singular exasperation of caste feeling to which I have referred. The sooner the English people can stop subjugating to the Queen races they are unable to treat as fellow subjects, the more speedily will certain ugly clouds vanish from their horizon.

Restoring Charred Currency.

The process of the restoration of charred currency and other valuables constitutes one of the most interesting features of the service in the Treasury Department at Washington. A correspondent describes the work as it is carried on in one of the sunny rooms of the treasury building, where four ladies are kept constantly employed. It will be remembered that an express car was recently burned near Washington, The government had $5,750,000 in it, and the private property, consisting of diamonds, watches, etc. amounted to half as much more. The jewels and watches only were returned to the express company. The money in the government safes was so charred that at a breath it crumpled, and yet four-fifths of it will be deciphered. Each little shriveled piece is detached with a thin knife and laid on blotting paper. There the ladies examine it with magnifying glasses, and after deciphering as much as possible they paste it on a strip of thin paper; and so, bit by bit, a whole note is pieced out. After her great fire, Chicago sent 200 cases of money, all in cinders, aggregating at owners' valuation, $164,997.98; and out of that sum $126,541.33 was redeemed and returned to the owners. Boston profited in Chicago's experience and packed her burnt money so carefully that of the eighty-three cases, containing $88,812.90, $88,290.80 were returned to her, beside other valuable papers. The most skillful of these ladies once deciphered $485,000 out of $200,000 that had been in the hold of a burned ship for three years, and Adams Express Company, which was responsible for the amount, gave her $500. Another time she and her associates worked faithfully and long over some bonds a crazy cashier threw into the fire. The bank asked $100,000, but the ladies picked out $145,000; whereupon the directors, with reckless extravagance, presented them with four dollars apiece!

Niceties in Navigation.

During voyages, especially across the Atlantic, the wave line of the side of the ship is very often such as to leave an ordinary screw half exposed, when the engine, with only half the work to do, will spirt off at a dangerous rate. To prevent this an Irish inventor has devised a simple method of lowering the screw, enabling the engineer in heavy weather to keep the vessel going much steadier, with very little reduced speed. A large amount of power is thus utilized with a gain of uniform motion, and it is regarded by experts as the most important improvement ever introduced into steam navigation. Observations in voyages have led Mr. Deverill, of England, to devise a ship-moving register, by which he observes that in a two hours' voyage it made over 1,500,000 rolls and about 1,000,000 pitches, the average number of oscillations in both directions per minute being fourteen. Mr. Deverell thinks he has demonstrated that within ocean limits the swell is increasing, and that the movement of an independent body within the ship is unceasing, and proposes to utilize this as an additional propelling power.

A FRENCH STORY.

The Price of Two Potatoes in 1805.

The following anecdote of the first Napoleon was related by an Englishman, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berther, was walking *incognito* through the camp, and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the guard, who was roasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the Emperor to the Marshal; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let me see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the grenadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot," answered the grenadier: "I havn't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself," replied the grenadier; "besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I then?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier: "The Little Corporal, as they all call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier; "but if you would have me come and dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done!" said Napoleon; "on the word of a Little Corporal—on the word of an emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones; the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking——

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterward Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the Palace of the Tuileries, and was just sitting down to dine when word was brought to him that a grenadier was without trying to force the guard at the door saying that he had been invited by the Emperor.

"Let him come in," said His Majesty.

The soldier entered, and presented arms, and said to the Emperor:—

"Do you remember once having supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"O! is that you? Yes I remember," said the Emperor: "and so you have come to dine with me have you? Rustir, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms and said:—

"A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lackeys. Your Majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain—and, trusting your word, I have come hither."

True, true," said the Emperor; "lay a cover near me. Lay aside your arms, *mon ami,* and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and turning to the Emperor presented arms.

"A mere private," said he "ought not to dine at the table of the Emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon. "I name you Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you, heartily," returned the soldier "*Vive l' Empereur!*" he shouted and then withdrew.

Star-Gazing.

Star gazing is in order now. At 8 P. M., in the South, a little to the West, and at an elevation of about 45 degrees, may be seen the constellation of Orion, easily recognized by the four very brilliant stars in the form of a long quadrangle intersected by three lesser stars, arranged at equal distances and in a straight line parallel with the horizon, pointing on the one side to Sirius—the brightest fixed star in the heavens,—and on the other to the Pleiades, 30 degrees to the West. Between the Pleiades and the "bands of Orion" is an upright letter V, known as the V of Taurus, consisting of one very bright star at the left upper end, in the eye of Taurus, and five lesser stars. In the North, a little West and just above the mist of the horizon is Cassiopea's chair in an upright position, consisting of five stars of the third magnitude and one or two smaller ones. Almost directly over head, but still slightly South, is the sickle of Leo, complete in outline, with the curve of the blade toward the Northeast, and Regulus, a star of the first magnitude, in the extremity of the handle. But the brightest object in the firmament these evenings is the planet Jupiter, which becomes clearly visible in the East shortly after eight o'clock, and those who rise as early as half-past four in the morning may see Venus in nearly the same position.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Angelica Has a Ghost.

There is a reported ghost at Laird & Co.'s sawmill at Angelica, Shawano county. This is the mill which was blown up last fall, killing six men. The story runs thus:

"The night watch was sitting in the mill reading, when his attention was called to the dimness of the light in his lantern, and shortly after he says he heard groaning near the place where the men were killed by the explosion; then he heard something thrown against the heater in the packing room. This has been kept up nightly ever since, and although the mill has been surrounded by men at night, and several men stationed inside, the same thing has happened as before. Last Wednesday night, as one of the watchmen went on top of the boilers to turn a stopcock that lets the water into the boilers, he saw a man lying on top of the arch. He immediately drew a navy revolver and shot at him, and he says that he is certain he hit him, but although they searched, they could find nothing of him, but claim they found blood."

How true, as Dr. Johnson says, that "every man endeavors with his utmost care to hide his poverty from others and his idleness from himself."

Early Spring.

A hopeful blue was in the sky,
So dull and blue before,
The wind that whistled shrilly by
Passed softly with a murmuring sigh,
Its revelry was o'er.
More steadfast now the sun's warm gaze,
And all the myriad charms
That waited for his wooing rays,
And lay through all the winter days
Nestling in the earth's brown arms.
Peeped smiling forth, so sweet and shy
From out their hiding place;
Each had turned upward to the sky
When he in kingly pride rode by,
Its tiny, emerald face.
The brooklets locked, with icy keys,
Now joyous dashed along,
And fleecy clouds in azure seas
Went sailing by, while from the trees
We heard the robin's song.
The last pale, wasted snow-drifts in
Tearful upon the ground,
And while they wept themselves away,
With springing green the earth was gay
And glad with tuneful sound.

All Sorts.

OWED TO SPRING—fresh violets.

AGUE without fever is no great shakes.

A HEAVY BUSINESS—importing Elephants.

THE WORTH OF A WOMEN—double you, O man.

GARLIC eaters are now crowded in street cars.

WHAT is the Spiritulists paper? (W)rapping paper.

THEY are harvesting barley now in Southern California.

THERE are now 6,000 bushels of wheat at Duluth awaiting shipment.

A BALTIMORE beggar has retired from business with a fortune $26,000.

THE fourth son of Brote Harte was born at Morristown last Monday. His oldest is about thirteen.

A DOOR step is often the first step of life taken by a little waif.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY—one I or two? z, s or c? able or ible? u in or n out?

CONCERTED movement—The waving of a baton.

A BABY with twenty-eight toes has been born in Stockton, Mo. What a character of corns he will be!

A LITTLE man observed that he had two negative qualities: he never lay long in bed and he never wanted a great coat.

ST. LOUIS has ten thousand dogs. The natives wear a section of stovepipe on each leg during the mad dog season.

WE read a good deal in the papers of stylish turnouts in Washington. Butler's turnout, though not stylish, has been much admired.

IT'S the fashion in Florida to wear gloves worn out at the tips of the fingers, in order better to corral the fleas.

WHEN a Detroiter was asked the other day by a traveller if he had ever been in Brooklyn he hastened to reply: "Do I look like one of that sort of men sir?"

A CHICAGO man thinks that the worst speller ought to get the Dictionary, and the winner should have a "wreath of sorrel," or some other garden sass, like them Greeks."

WHEN a Western man gets a divorce from a crusading and strong-minded wife, the papers say, "Mr. So-and-so has resigned his position as husband for Mrs. So-and-so."

EVERY man who mails a package subject to the new postage rates drops it into the hole with the wish that Senator Hamlin had to sit for two hours on a hot shovel.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE average gorilla of Central Africa, now points to Stanley and his band of explorers, and pathetically reminds his grand children that "it is what they may one day expect to come to."

VEILS have been constructed with nose pockets to allow the veils to be pinned back closely and yet set well on the face. In giving orders for the article the length of the nose is to be stated.

"Don't call on me for three days," is what an Ashland girl posted on the front gate, as she further added: "I'm going to eat some onions this week if I never have another beau."

JENNIE kissed me when we met,
Springing from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who loves to get
Sweets into your list, put that in—
Say I'm ugly, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me
Say I'm growing old, but add
Jennie kissed me. —*Leigh Hunt.*

A BROOKLYN lady, whose husband has an unpleasant habit of railing at her, has hit upon the plan of calling in her servants when he begins to let out his temper, and then turning to him saying sweetly: "Now my dear, please go on with your remarks." He doesn't go on, at least not as he began.

THERE is no end, the sun's last ray
Fades in the golden west—
Fades but to dawn a brighter day
Above some mountains crest.
The light that for us slowly dies,
Gladdens with day some other eyes.

There is no end; the hours that steal
Hope from some loving heart,
New joys to other lives reveal,
And love's bright dreams impart.
The last day for earth's weary child,
On dawning life hath sweetly smiled.

There is no end; the restless tide
Sweeps on forevermore
As singing on the ocean wide,
It breaks upon the shore.
As rolls the tide across the deep,
So love and anguish onward sweep.

AT a recent spiritual seance in East Boston, a policeman succeeded in tying the medium so securely as to completely baffle the spirits, and, in response to a meek appeal, finally unwound the rope.

WHILE a young lady from Nankin township was having her photograph taken, and just at the moment when it was required of her to keep perfectly still, she suddenly threw up her arms and exclaimed: "Oh! Lord sakes, but I forgot to take this quid of gum out of my mouth!"

"WHAT a nuisance!" exclaimed a gentleman at a concert, as a young fop in front of him kept talking in a loud voice to a lady at his side. "Did you refer to me, sir?" threateningly demanded the fop. "Oh, no! I mean the musicians there, who keep up such a noise with their instruments that I can't hear your conversation," was the stinging reply.

THE folly of inflicting French brasses on a country postmaster was demonstrated the other day, when a letter dropped into the Langsport (Ind.) Post directed to a young man *en ville,* was sent by by the intelligent officer in charge to Evansville, and there detained till too late to accomplish its intended purpose.

DURING their forty years wandering in the desert, the clothes of the Israelites did not wear out; and more than one tailor hereabouts thinks that some similar phenomenon can alone account for the dullness of tr