

A WOMAN OF SOCIETY.

The Secret of Lady Blanche Dulcimer's Success in the World.

Lady Blanche Dulcimer was one of the best dressed women in the world. Oddly enough her love of display and tasteful extravagance did not manifest themselves until she became a widow.

"Oh, the Madame Leboeuf, I suppose," he remarked, pleasantly, as he took up his hat. "Yes, the great Madame Leboeuf. She comes to consult me about my dress for the drawing room. I am especially favored, you see, for Leboeuf always calls upon me, whereas other people have to dance attendance upon her."

"Remarkably condescending of her," observed Lord Leytonstone, looking the widow straight in the face. "I've heard she generally gives herself the airs of a wealthy dowager."

"Oh, but it's gratitude, you know," said Lady Blanche, rather quickly, as she turned aside from her lordship's scrutinizing gaze. "She used to be my maid, and those foreigners are always so devoted and warm-hearted."

"My dear, it is Leboeuf who does it all. It is astonishing how little a woman, residing alone, can live upon with the exercise of judicious economy. I am an excellent manager, though, perhaps, I ought not to say so. But I could not make both ends meet if it were not for Leboeuf."

as she passed him in the hall. Her veil is down, but Lord Leytonstone caught a glimpse of a pair of very dark eyes which seemed familiar.

"May I ask you the lady was I met, in the hall as I came in?" inquired his lordship, casually, of Lady Blanche, when he had discharged his mission.

"Yes, that is so," returned Lord Leytonstone, with a shade of embarrassment. "Her—her husband was a friend of mine. To come to the point, I want to know the meaning of the mystery."

"I will not be behind the Leboeuf in paying special homage to Lady Blanche Dulcimer," he said, jocosely, as he bowed himself out of the room.

"I will call and pay my respects to Madame. I begin to suspect that Lady Blanche is even a cleverer woman than I imagined, and, by gad, if my suspicions are correct, I will propose before I'm a day older."

"What favor?" inquired Madame Leboeuf, looking slightly relieved, though she feigned supreme indifference.

"A very trifling one. The fact is, I am very much interested in Lady Blanche Dulcimer," said his lordship.

"Well, there isn't much, because I'm pretty sure I've guessed it; but I want to make quite certain," said his lordship.

"I am a soldier by profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace."

"I don't believe in strategy in the popular understanding of the term. I use it to get up just as close to the enemy as possible. Then, upguards, and at 'em."

"The same evening Lord Leytonstone proposed to Lady Blanche Dulcimer, and they were married three months later. Every one was amazed at so prudent a man choosing a wife with no fortune, and who must have been head over ears in debt to Madame Leboeuf into the bargain; but, then, nobody suspected that Lady Blanche had invested the money she received at her husband's death in starting a fashionable millinery and dressmaking business.

GRANT'S WORDS.

Quotations from His Speeches and Conversations, by Opinions of Generals and Great Events.

In his messages while President, and his speeches also during the eight years he occupied the presidential chair, Gen. Grant gave utterance to scores of expressions now familiar. The volumes in which is recorded his journey around the world, such a journey as no man in this century can hope to parallel, are full of quotable expressions.

"I voted for Buchanan because I knew Fremont.—Interview. I never had time.—To an officer asking if he had ever felt fear on the battlefield."

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"I never held a council of war in my life. I heard what men had to say—the stream of talk at headquarters—but I made up my own mind, and from my written orders my staff got their first knowledge of what was to be done."

"The most troublesome people in public life are those over-righteous people who see no motives in other people's actions but evil motives; who believe all public life is corrupt and nothing is well done unless they do it themselves.—Speaking of advocates of reform."

A CHAT WITH A HIGHWAYMAN.

A Bold Stage-Robber Who Found Ready Victims in Every Coach.

"Talking about brave men," Stage-Robber Marshall said one night in jail, "the idea that it takes a man of great nerve and daring to rob a stage is a great mistake. I can take the softest tenderfoot you ever saw, and after fixing him up in the right style, so the stage will know his profession the minute they set their eyes on him, I'll bet I can scare the life out of the best Concord load you ever see. This notion that we hurt people, or threaten to hurt them, and that we are rough and all that, is all nonsense. We just lay for the stage in a lonely place, and when the leaders leave in sight we level our guns, and maybe fire a shot or two in the air, so make the horses jump and rattle the driver a little. Then, when all hands are looking out of the windows, with their eyes popping out of their sockets, we yell, 'Hands up!' Nine times out of ten that's all we have to say or do. The fellows in the coach get up of their own accord, and we just stand them up in a row, and while one of us holds a pistol, the others go through their pockets and take what little keepsakes they may happen to have."

"The trouble with the people of this country is, they rather like to be robbed, I guess. It's easier falling off a log. Why, a year ago last winter my pard and I was walking along the mountain road, not thinking of anything in particular, when along came a couple of tenderfoots in a carriage. Before we could catch our breath, one of them threw up both hands, knocking the other's hat off, and hollered 'For God's sake, don't shoot.'"

"Well, now, we hadn't any idea of shooting at all, and didn't know those fellers were in those parts, but when they sort of reminded us of our business by commencing to unbuckle their watches and weasels, why, we just took them in charge, of course, and told the tenderfoots never to let us to catch them on that road again, for it was our'n. They thanked us so warmly for sparing their lives that I felt a little uneasy about it. In fact, I was half tempted after we'd let them go to follow them up and kill one or both of them, for somehow they gave me the impression that I hadn't done my full duty."

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Killed by the Sting of a Bee.

From the St. James Gazette.

Mr. W. H. Blanchard, iron monger, of Poole, died July 9 from the effect of the sting of a bee. While walking in his garden a bee stung him in the neck, which commenced swelling shortly afterward; and, notwithstanding that medical advice was called, and several doctors subsequently attended him, he continued to get worse, and died after a great deal of suffering.

Serious disturbance of the system frequently follows the sting of an insect, and deaths from the same cause occasionally happen. The susceptibility of some people to the stings of insects is balanced by the entire immunity from such evils enjoyed by others.

While one person dare not go near a bee hive, another can handle the bees with complete safety. Cases have even been well known where the strongest personal attraction was involuntarily exercised over the bees. In 1766 a Mr. Wildman of Plymouth was famous for his command over these insects. He could by a word make them hive or swarm in the air. On one occasion, says a contemporary record, "he made them go on the table, and took them up by handfuls and tossed them up and down like so many peas."

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John G. Thompson, who has gladly accepted an appointment as special land agent to look up transient entries, will go to Washington Territory.