

My Little Flower Girl.

Among a group of peasant children playing on the Schlossberg, one, a little girl of perhaps seven years, impressed me particularly. Her face was one of the sweetest I had ever seen, with soft, dark-brown eyes shining under a mist of tangled golden hair, which lay on her shoulders in loose curls, like yellow silk. Her little brown feet were almost hidden in dainty wooden shoes, and an occasional rent in the coarse petticoat she wore showed glimpses of delicate white skin.

Her blue apron, full of grass, afforded a tempting meal to one of the red-saddled donkeys that bear visitors up to Heidelberg Castle.

She glanced at me as I passed, and at that instant looked at my ideal of the little flower girl I wished to plant.

She was called Lotchen, and her mother lived where the cactus was blooming at the window, higher up the hill.

It was soon arranged; Lotchen's over-worked mother was too glad of the few pence so easily earned, and I retraced my steps to my studio to wait my little model.

In half an hour she came; but what a change had come over the little sprite I had seen on the hill.

Her picturesque dress was replaced by a gaudy, figured stuff, apparently belonging to an older sister; a string of hideous beads marred her pretty neck, and, worst of all, her silken hair, the wild disorder of which I had so admired, was oiled and matted into two stiff plaits.

I could see that Lotchen was grieved and astonished that her brilliant costume did not meet with my approval; but when I told her to go home and put on her old dress, she went without a word.

While she was away I tried to think over my picture, but my thoughts refused to dwell on the little flower girl.

They wandered back—far back—to a time when I was happy with youth's first glimpse of hope and love.

What was it about that child's face that had brought back again the romance of my life?

My eye wandered to the most tasteful book in my studio; a kind of shrine to a picture whose face was turned to the wall.

I never could work with that face looking at me; I set my thoughts astray. I was poor and struggling, and could ill afford to lose time in idle reveries; but today I was reckless.

I turned the picture and gazed, till I forgot everything else, on a fair face, with deep, dark eyes looking at me over one white shoulder.

"Clara, my one darling!" rose to my lips for the thousandth time, and died there.

It was such folly to cherish still the memory of one who had been for years the wife of another.

Perhaps her father was right in forbidding the union of his beautiful daughter with an enthusiastic young artist, whose name and fortune were all in the future, and who were in the future still, while I, Friedrich Hartmann, was drifting on toward middle age.

How the wrinkles were beginning to show in my forehead! I could see them even in the mirror across the room; and there always such a melancholy look in my eyes? Some one called them bright and roguish once. My hair was more unkempt-looking than that of most men, and I had fallen asleep, with her head resting on her folded arms, and her basket of flowers overturned at her feet.

This attitude suggested a pendant, and I contemplated long after, to the picture which strangely turned my fortunes into a happier channel.

At last my work was finished; there were two Lotchens now within a stone's throw of the castle.

I dismissed the living one with much regret, and the one on canvas soon after went to try its fortune in a larger city.

For a long time I had no word of my little picture, and I began to think it was another added to my long list of disappointments, when one day I heard a messenger had bought my flower girl, giving me for it a sum which seemed to me fabulous.

The letter stated further that this lady desired particularly anxious to know the fate of the picture, in order to ask a question about the name of my benefactor.

Behind my window, this was all I discovered many weeks, although I sent my name in several addresses.

Considerably encouraged by the sale of my picture, I began a new picture—a picture of a woman in my studio-window, the tower of the castle showing boldly against the summer sky, with a bit of the sea, spanned by its quaint old bridge, and a landscape peacefully below.

I was working vigorously one afternoon when almost like my old cheerful self, a card was handed to me.

A lady, Mrs. Mainwaring, was waiting in my modest little reception-room. The name was very familiar, as my purchases were so few.

A tall, graceful figure in deep mourning came to greet me as I entered the room.

"Have you forgotten an old friend, Mr. Hartmann?" she asked, raising her white hair.

"Good heavens! it was Clara. But oh, how pale and sad she looked!"

Her mournful expression helped me to control my feelings more than anything she could have done.

All she said that afternoon hearing my name was that she felt a new interest in coming to Heidelberg to inquire about my picture, but she had fallen ill on the way.

Then, with faltering voice, she told me her husband had died two years before, leaving her a fortune, and a charming little girl, who became almost her sole companion. This idolized child died only a short half-year before my second meeting with Clara.

A few months after her bereavement Clara was wandering through a picture-gallery, when she saw my picture, and was transfixed with astonishment. The little flower girl was so overwhelmingly her lost darling that she was tortured with anxiety till she could call the picture her own, as, by an unfortunate chance,

she had no likeness of her child.

Her next wish was to know the little girl who had served as model for the painting. She seemed eager, as if she expected to see her own child again. I took her to see Lotchen the same afternoon.

Happier days dawned for my little model, and the care of the donkeys was given into other hands. Clara showered blessings on her in the form of a higher education and happier home, though she never cared to call the peasant child her own.

Gradually our talks together drifted back to the past, and one calm summer evening I was emboldened to tell her my love-tale, interrupted so many years before.

She heard it through to the end, and this time her answer was a promise which has made the happiness of my whole life. We were married quietly soon after.

Perhaps it is unpardonable vanity, but the picture I prize most in all the world is My Little Flower Girl.

Curious Aversions.

The secretary of Francis I. used to stop up his nostrils with bread if he saw a dish of apples, to prevent an otherwise inevitable bleeding at the nose. A Polish king had an antipathy to both the smell and sight of this wholesome fruit, and a family of Aquitaine had a hereditary hatred of it. A Flemish dame was sadly troubled by an uncomfortable aversion to the smell of bread. Cheese, mutton, musk and ambergris have been so repugnant to some nasal organs as to send their owners into convulsions.

Gretry, the composer could not endure the scent of the rose, neither could Anna of Austria. The mere sight of the queen of flowers was too much for Lady Henneage, bedchamber woman to Queen Elizabeth; indeed, Kenelm Digby records that her cheek became blistered when she once laid a white rose upon it as she slept. Her ladyship's antipathy was almost as strong as that of the dame who fainted when her lover approached her, wearing an artificial rose in his button-hole. A violet was a thing of horror to the eyes of the Princess de Lambelle, tansy and abominable to the Earl of Barrymore. Scaliger grew pale before the water-glass, and a soldier who would have scorned to turn his back on a foe fled without shape from a sprig of rue.

A poor Neapolitan was always seized with a fit upon attempting to swallow a morsel of flesh meat of any kind, and nature thus condemned him to vegetarianism, a sorer infliction than that which suffered by Guianensis, whose heart palpitated violently if he indulged in a pork dinner, or by the lady who could not taste udder of beer without her lips swelling to uncomfortable dimensions. Dr. Prout had a patient who declared honest mutton was as bad as poison to him. Thinking this was all fancy, the doctor administered the obnoxious meal under various disguises, but every experiment ended in a severe vomiting fit.

Another unlucky individual always had a fit of the gout a few hours after eating fish, and a Count d'Armsadt never failed to go off in a faint if he knowingly or unknowingly partook of any dish containing the slightest modicum of olive oil. A still worse penalty attached to lobster salad in case of a lady, for if she ventured to taste at a dancing party, her neck, before she returned to the ball-room, would be covered with ugly blotches, and her peace of mind destroyed for that evening.

According to Burton, a melancholy duke of Muscovy fell instantly ill if he but looked upon a woman, and another authority was seized with a cold palsy under similar provocation. Weinrich tells of a nobleman who drew the line at old ladies, which could not prevent him from losing his life in consequence of his strange prejudice; for, being called from the supper table by some mischievous friends to speak to an old woman, he fell down directly behind her, and died then and there. What an old woman did for this old hero, an eclipse did for Charles d'Escart, Bishop of Langres. It was his inconvenient custom to faint at the commencement of a lunar eclipse, and remain insensible as long as it lasted. When he was very old and very infirm, an eclipse took place, the good old bishop went as of usual, and never came to again. Old John Langer, who settled in Ireland in 1651, cherished an antipathy quite as obstinate, but had no idea of dying of it. By his last will and testament he ordered his corpse to be waked by fifty Irishmen, forech of whom two quarts of aqua vite were to be provided in the hope that, getting drunk, they would take to killing one another, and do something toward lessening the breed.

Man's Age.

Few men die of old age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. Passion kills men sometimes, even suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little expression in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life; weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong men use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body so it is with the mind and body. The strong are apt to break, or like a candle, run out. The inferior animals which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, have generally their prescribed number of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the rabbit eight; the guinea pig six or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow its full size.

But man, of the animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years according to his physiological law, as five times twenty are one hundred; but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times, and the rabbit eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard working of all animals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fires of his own secret reflections.

Passion linings are sometimes of gay Scotch plaids or bandana goods.

Stage Frights.

Without going back to the days of Garrick or Macready, and a host of tragedians who always kept in bed nearly the whole of the day to calm their nerves before acting a new part, I can just call to mind one or two cases confined even to one theater, The Old Adelphi. On the first night of a new piece, the Keeleys were always very ill from fright. Leigh Murray suffered as much from it as a cockney does in the "chops of the Channel." Celeste used to dash on in sheer desperation from it, saying to himself, "Well, boy, cannot keel me for it." Alfred Wigan, one of the letter perfect actors, was a martyr to fright, so much that he occasionally forgot the words; as for his accomplished wife, he was obliged to divert her attention during the day, lest the dread of a first night should overpower her, and at night she, on one occasion, had to throw herself on the ground to subdue the beating of her heart from fright.

"Feel my hand," said Charles Keane to me, when he was playing "Cardinal Wolsey" for the I don't know how many hundredth time in the Provinces. It trembled as if he had the ague. Mrs. Sterling would never venture on the stage without the manuscript of her part in her pocket, as a charm to keep the words in her head. Mr. Irving's nervousness is simply indescribable; even Mr. Toole will not be seen by his most intimate friends on the first night; while Mrs. Kendal complains that her "stage fright" increases every year, and with Mr. John Parry, everyone knows that it amounts to a positive disease. The malady is too universal for stage managers not to provide against it by no means. The worst thing for any actor to do is to hang around the wings till his "call" comes to try and gain courage. "Keep in the green room, sir," says the prompter to the novice. When the "call" comes, the novice is somewhat hustled on to the stage, and, like a dog thrown for the first time into the water, he sometimes struggles out of his difficulty.—*The Theater.*

The "Ogresse des Lilas."

There has been for months in a Paris prison, awaiting the result of a protracted criminal "instruction," a horrible woman, to whom has been given the nickname of "Ogresse des Lilas." This woman was in the habit of laying in wait for young mothers who had infants in their arms. The ogress would enter into conversation with the mothers, and, on some cunning pretext or another, obtain possession of the infants, with whom she incessantly disappeared. What did she do with them? We will let the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph explain: "I see it gravely stated in a Parisian some time ago, that the Ogresse des Lilas had entered into a formal contract to supply an 'Agence Anglaise' with so many babies a year. The 'English Agency' was, according to your French contemporary, engaged in the 'substitution' business, the 'law of primogeniture existing in England rendering it imperatively necessary that certain families should be avoided, *patric que colle* with a due number of heirs male. When Lucina was unpropitious, substitution remedied the short-comings." This is almost as ingenious as Mr. Gilbert's fantastic notion of the pauper's baby 'substituting' himself for the millionaire baby, by a judicious change of cradles.

Coffee vs. Rum.

The idea of reforming the temperate by setting up cheap coffee-houses in the neighborhood of the rum-shops has been tried with much success in England, so great, in fact, that they have, in many cases, compelled the rum-dealers near by to close their shops for want of custom, which the coffee resorts had drawn away from them. In Bristol, the rum-dealers hearing of the proposed trial of the plan there, hired every available location in their quarter; and at first it seemed that the reformers were thwarted because of their inability to secure available rooms, it being considered necessary to have the coffee-houses in the vicinity of the places where the laboring people were wont to resort for their morning and evening drinks. The coffee men, however, out-generated the rummies by sending out a wagon every morning and evening, and peddling the hot coffee and tea for a penny a mug. The success was so great that a number of benevolent individuals have started coffee wagons, and have all they can do to supply the demands of the thirsty throngs which morning and evening besiege the wagons.

He Had Been to Pinafore.

[Sydney Sunday Times.]
He came away up from below, singing:
"For I'm little Buttercup,
Dear little Gutter Pup!"

When the justice gently asked him if he would stop his noise.
"Can't do it, sire—'I'll lose it—I'll lose it—I'll lose it—"
"Lose what—that have you got to lose?"
"Lose the tune, man. Went't the opera last night—see little Gutter—"
"And where did you go after the opera was over?" asked the court.
"Went straight to the hotel—straight. P'leceman showed me the way. What's my bill? Where's the feller 't keeps this hotel—I'm a little gutter pup—"
"Yes, you're evidently a little gutter pup," said the justice, sadly—"your hotel bill will be five dollars, with the understanding that you follow the company out of town, and play the character of gutter pup somewhere else."

Jim Bennett.

[Baltimore Gazette.]
The London World announces that Mr. James Gordon Bennett has just broken up his establishment at Melton Mowbray, and sent his twenty-five hunters to Tattersall's, and also that next winter he proposes to try his hand at tiger-hunting in India, his first essay at the big game. Mr. Bennett has made it warm on several occasions for the "tiger" in New York city, but his natural ambition to keep up with the Prince of Wales makes him feel as though he owed it to himself to beat up the beast in his native jungle.

Grace (whispering): "What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (ditto): "Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."

A Desperado.

There has just been sentenced to a long term of imprisonment at Vevey, in Switzerland, a malefactor of the name of Uhlmann. He has committed robberies in various parts of the country, made several daring escapes from prison, and for many years evaded all the attempts of the police to capture him. The sentence recorded against him in divers cantons amount in the whole to forty-five years. While he was in prison at Vevey, he contrived to break his bed to pieces and barricaded himself in his cell, where, armed with an extemporized weapon, he defied the gendarmes to take him before the Judges. As it was not considered desirable to shoot the man, and the Court declined to wait until he could be starved into surrender, the expedient was adopted of throwing ether into the cell, and as soon as Uhlmann was sufficiently stupefied the gendarmes rushed in and bound him. When the Judges would have examined Uhlmann he flouted them and refused to plead. "What is the good of asking me questions?" he said. "You can do nothing, capital punishment is abolished, and I am already condemned to more years of prison than I shall live to serve." He gave the following account of himself: "I am Uhlmann," he said, "who lately escaped from a prison in Soleure, where I was known as Meyer. My father was an escaped convict, as I am. He was taken into France in 1842 to be made a soldier of, but he killed the man who was conducting him and got away. He died at Berne, our native place. One of my brothers was shot at Cayenne, whither he had been transported for life; another died in the *Bagne* at Toulon, and a third, Daniel, died in a jail at Berne. My sister died in a prison at Hagenue. Every member of my family has been lost like that."

Intelligence in a Bullock.

An Australian paper relates the following striking instance of brute intelligence, which occurred not long ago in Nairne township, South Australia: A very large bullock injured his eye, when unyoked from the dray, by a chain, the hook of which lacerated his eye. After a few days had passed, the eye became seriously inflamed, and it was thought advisable to get him into the stock-yard and east him for the purpose of dressing the wound. This was done by ropes being attached to his legs, but it was found of no avail, from the strength of the animal, for as soon as they attempted to throw him he lifted his leg and pulled the men to the ground. As a last resort they put his head in a ball, a contrivance frequently used in that country for securing animals, by getting their necks between two upright bars of wood, one of which is moveable at pleasure. Having thus succeeded in securing him, they dressed his eye with blinestone. The men then unballed the bullock and immediately rushed out of the stock-yard, thinking the animal would be infuriated with pain, and expecting to be attacked, instead of which the poor sufferer walked off quietly to the shade of a large gum tree, and on the following morning, much to the astonishment of its owner and all who witnessed it, the bullock walked up to the stock-yard of his own accord, and placed his head in the ball to have his eye dressed; and this he repeated every day until his eye was quite restored.

Bidding for the Site.

Now that New York has decided to hold an International Fair in 1883, there is some spirited bidding as to the spot on which it shall be located. This is a question of some importance to New York. Brooklyn believes it is highly important to her interests, also, and makes a proposition to secure the site. Brooklyn says the situation she offers is healthy and thoroughly drained. It is easily accessible now, and will be more so in 1883. It adjoins Prospect Park. The plot contains 117 acres, and more available land lies adjacent. It belongs to the Park Commissioners, who have a fund of \$200,000 for its improvement. It is fanned by salt breezes. To get to the place from New York, the great bridge, which will be finished by that time, would have to be crossed. That would undoubtedly, it is claimed, be of great interest to many persons. It is claimed by New Yorkers that a better site is to be found on Washington Heights. The plot suggested extends from One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street to One Hundred and Forty-fifth street, between Tenth and Nicholas avenues. It has an area of nearly one hundred acres. On the northern part of the lot stands the Alexander Hamilton mansion. The place is easily accessible by railroads and steamboats. Other localities have been mentioned, but as it is desirable the site of the Fair should be as near the heart of the city as possible, that consideration will have great influence in controlling the site.

A Smart Judge.

[From the Virginia Chronicle.]
A tough-looking citizen walked into one of the Justice's Court recently, very much intoxicated, and requested that he be allowed to swear off drinking for a year. His Honor obligingly put him through the solemn motions, and the convert with a confused ramble of well meant but profanely-expressed resolutions, stumbled out of the court room.

"Bet he don't keep it for an hour," said one of the grinning lawyers.

"Bet he sticks to it for a week, anyhow," observed the Court with confidence.

"Nonsense!" cried everybody.

"What'll you bet?" asked the Judge.

"Twenty to ten," exclaimed an eager attorney, producing the money.

"Done!" cried his Honor, and the stakes were turned over to a reporter.

"Constable," said the Court quietly "go out and fetch that man back."

In a few minutes the reformed one was dragged in, and the Judge accented his rap, for order and looked severe.

"Charged with being drunk," said the Court, "what's your plea?"

"Guess I'm full," admitted the prisoner with an idiotic smile.

"Ten days in the County Jail. Constable, lock up your prisoner. Mr. Reporter, hand this Court that wealth. Court's adjourned. Boys, let's go and flog our lower levels."

On Monday last Officer Minto, of Salem, brought Joe Johnson to this city, charged with selling liquor to Indians. Yesterday he was brought before Judge Deady and fined \$25 with the privilege of going to prison.

Taking a Tumble.

IT WAS THE ICE THAT DID IT.
[By the Danbury News Man.]
There was a bit of very smooth ice under a thin sprinkling of snow on the walk at the corner of Main and Munson streets, one morning last winter. Mr. Merrill's grocery is on the corner, and the place has facilities, when the sun shines brightly, for the standing of a number of the populace who admire sleighing, bright faces, or anything not suggestive of steady, oppressive toil. This bit of ice, like a trembling blossom hid in the cleft of a rock, or a bright shell embedded in the sands of a desolate coast, had its lesson to teach to humanity. And a deeply impressive lesson it was too.

There were a number of people who walked over this bit of ice without knowing of its existence, just as there are numbers who tread upon fragrant woodland blossoms or by exquisite scenes, or over finer feelings, without knowing at all of their existence. They were hurrying, careless people, bent on the things of this world.

Once in a while there would come along an appreciative party, one whose soul was alive to little things.

The first of these was an elderly lady of stocky form. She sat down right in a heap, and her lips formed in the shape of the letter O.

She simply ejaculated:
"Oh, my! this is dreadful!"

The next was a man gifted in the way of legs. He was walking swiftly. The right foot touched this bit of ice. The right foot then shot off on that side, the left foot left its mooring and flew around in the same direction. This completely reversed the position of the man, he was coming down on his hands and knees and looking up the other way of the street. He turned very scarlet in the face, but said nothing.

He who followed him was also a slim man. It was the beloved pastor of the Third Church. The shock threw him forward at first, but he recovered himself in time to go down on his back at once. A pail full of molasses which he held in his right hand added to the general interest. He simply said—
"Mercy on us!" which evidently included the molasses.

The fourth person was a stocky built party, muffled up to the nose, and trotting along lightly under the inspiration of an agreeable thought. Both of his chubby feet gave way almost simultaneously, and in the effort to save himself, his feet smote the ice seven times in rapid succession, and then he went down on his side, very red in the face and very low and vulgar in his conversation.

Fifteen minutes later a boy came along on a dead run. His left foot struck the deceptive surface, and he curled up in a heap like a post, without saying anything. He got up and hit a boy in the neck, who had laughed at him, and then passed peacefully on.

The next man to fall sat down squarely on the walk, with both legs spread out, and a lower set of teeth laying on the hard snow between them. He hastily shoved the teeth in his pocket, jumped up, and hurried away, looking very much embarrassed.

Following him was a man who was evidently a teamster, judging from his rough exterior, and wore a devil-may-care look on his face. The shock turned him completely over, and dropped him on his face, leaving him merely time to say, "O. L."

Mr. Merrill, seeing the series of casualties, told his clerk to pour ashes on the treacherous spot. While that party was getting them, a red-faced man, full of life and vigor, stepped on the place, threw both legs wildly into the air, and came down on the back of his head with a dreadful thud, madly clutching a barrel of brooms in his descent. On getting him to his feet it was discovered that he had split his coat the length of his back, seriously damaged one of his undergarments, and had said, "Great gaud!"

"The White Lady."

"The White Lady" it is said, appeared at the palace in Berlin previous to the death of the late Prince Waldemar. It is always seen, or said to be, by somebody previous to a death in the Hohenzollern family. "The White Lady" is Countess Agnes d'Ormalunde, who holds in her arms two children whom she killed for the sake of marrying her lover. On the 2d of April last a Berlin soldier quitted his post in the corridors of the palace and came running pale and trembling, to tell his comrades that he had seen the White Lady. He was arrested for abandoning his post. When Frederick the Great lost one of his nephews, a sentinel saw the White Lady and took flight. He did not return to duty till the next day. Frederick sent for him.

"So you've seen the White Lady?"
"Yes, sire."
"So have I. As she has been the cause of your desertion I shall have her arrested and probably order her head off."
The soldier turned pale.

"You tremble," said Frederick. "Very well, I will pardon her if you will be candid."
Then the soldier told the King that he had taken advantage of the story of the White Lady to go off and pay a visit to his "girl" with whom he had an appointment. During the rest of Frederick's reign the "White Lady" was a doubtful sort of a person.

A New Klunk in School-Management.

A Massachusetts teacher writes to the *National Journal of Education* describing an experiment in the school-room which seems to be successful. Instead of facing the pupils his desk behind them to great advantage. The naughty little ones, not knowing when his eye is upon them, dare not whisper and play. "They have," he says, "so often come to grief in attempting to calculate chances, that they have concluded to make a virtue of necessity, and give up play in the school-room as unprofitable, costing more than it comes to. Another decided advantage of it is that it completely isolates classes recitation from the rest of the school; the recitation benches being in front of the teacher's desk, between him and the school, and the backs of the pupils being toward each other, communication by look or sign is out of the question. The only special rule made is that the pupils should not look around."

How to put away jellies so that they will not get mouldy?—Why, leave the pantry door open, and if there are any children in the house, they'll solve that problem for you in five minutes.

Titled American Belles.

As I look out upon the gay Boulevard des Capucines and note some fair faces in the stylish carriages passing, and recollect that they once were the admiration of a broad and also a very narrow American circle "at home," and when I recall their native names, now lost under foreign titles, I am amazed at what the cockney landlady in the play calls the "hups and downs." It is a source of much inward wormwood and gall to some of us to behold these fair ones lost to American citizenship and lolling under French coronets. But love is sometimes blind and sometimes very much wide awake, and when the latter, not even a dual or a baronial title will cause the most independent American Republican girl to blink.

Look at the list, even in my momentary memory of our "Republican court" belles: The Duchess de Prasin Choi-seul is a charming, stately lady, well known in Baltimore society; the Countess Charette is one of a family whose name is a household word in Tennessee, and identified with the polished period of a Presidency of the United States when "grand and gracious manners marked men of court." No higher links of royal alliances can there be found in France than those of Mme. Charette by her French marriage, even if you look down the avenue of great personages as far as you will and back again to the venerable Duchess of St. James, the grandmother of Mme. Charette's stepchildren. Yet those who can recall the person of our simple Democrat, President Polk, little dream that on the banks of the Seine dwells his favorite niece, surrounded by the royalists of the Bourbon and Legitimist schools, and she the most charming of them all, crowned with womanly virtues the true pride of an American lady. And from the "Crescent City" came a belle of rare qualities and womanly beauties, whose name, as the lovely Mme. de Danbier, few of us will forget when refined taste and exquisite surroundings are the topics of our talk. I might say something of the Marchioness d'Urseul, of New York, and that old group of the Livingston-Power society, but for the present I remain silent. I might also say something of another sister who became the Princess Lanti and made a mark in society at Rome, but then I should hate to speak of another sister who became the Marchioness Garotti and the adopted daughter-in-law of the late Pope Pius Nono, and as I am not disposed to dwell on details, I simply allude to these names formally to show the attraction of our belles to the gallants abroad and point to the failures of our beaux at home. Here I might also say something of a lovely niece of the foregoing three ladies, who became the Countess Sala and graced the salons of Paris and Turin as well as of Naples and Rome, but space forbids the pleasure. How much in the way of challenging our home-gallants can be said when the names of the Countess de Damas and her sister, who married an Italian Prince, are alluded to. Both in Baltimore and New York the family pedigree and pious family examples of these fair and fortunate ones is gratefully known. So, too, that of the Countess Montaban, and now that Miss Hungerford, of California, is added to the list of foreign-titled American belles as I mentioned in my last letter, it is a source of some laudable and anxious curiosity to know who comes next? "Why," I say to my "Monumental City" fair companion, "do not some of our American men come over here and marry a Princess or two, just by way of revenge?" "She: Do you see that little maiden with a big Normandy cap, dark blue stockings, bright colored kerchief, and with her violet blue eyes and sweet, artless smile—even she would not marry other than a Frenchman!" Why have our girls not the same patriotism?

The Pope's Paper.

The Pope is about to go into the newspaper business. He wants an organ, and none of the existing Catholic journals are to his mind. If he has got something to say, which he thinks the world ought to know, and which differs from anything that has hitherto been told it, no one can object to the Pope running a newspaper for the purpose of telling it. There is, indeed, a positive advantage in knowing what the first ecclesiastical power considers authoritative. It can be approved, if true, and criticised, if doubtful. Be that as it may, it is certain that the report which has been afloat of the issue of an authoritative Vatican newspaper is about to be verified. The genuine *Papal Gazette*, which is soon to displace, or, at least, to regulate such organs as the *Univers*, *Voce della Verita*, *Tablet* and *Germania*, will be a gigantic affair. It will be printed in not less than five languages—Italian, French, German, Spanish and English. The character of the journal is to be immediately official, which is proved by the announcement that in it all the Papal briefs and allocutions will be published at first hand, and in their original text. The printing machines are said to have been ordered from Manchester. The difficulties involved in the polyglot character of its contents will be surmounted by entrusting the supervision of its linguistic composition to a select committee of scholars belonging to the Propaganda. It is expected that about ten thousand copies will be sold in the streets of Rome. The editorship in chief is as yet undecided; the important chair is said to be contended for by two rival candidates. One is the Pope's own brother; the other is M. Constable, hitherto editor of the *Monde* of Paris. It is well known that Leo XIII. has long been vexed at the provocative tone of the so-called Catholic press—the "good press," of which Pius IX. always spoke with such eager laudation. Even while Leo was a simple Cardinal he used to speak of founding a new Catholic journal. The two local Clericalist newspapers, the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Voce della Verita*, which thrived under the late Pope, do not disguise their uncomfortable sensations at the prospect of the appearance of this formidable rival.

Kill the Fatted calf.

Rev. Moy Jin Kee, Chinese pastor of a Christian missionary church in New York, has been arrested on a charge of stealing drygoods, and the plunder was found upon his person. He has returned to his first love, the "old Adam" being too strong for his Christian varnish.