A STRANGE LOVE.

BY H. C. DODGE. I clasped her, struggling, to my broad; I whispered love unknown; One kiss upon her lips I pressed— And she was all my own.

I loved ner with a love profound, E'en Death could ne'er destroy— And yet I must confess I found My bliss had some a loy.

One eve I saw her, unawares, Upon a feilow's lap, He claiming kisses ripe and rare— I did not like the chap.

She had some faults (as we have all), And one I hoped to throttli— She had, alas, what I must call A weakness for the bottle.

One morn I met her ere was made Her tollet, and beneath An old straw hat her laugh betrayed My darling had no teeth.

Unconscious of my presence she With artiess antics rare, Tore off her hat and -Gracious me! -Her head was minus hair.

But love is founded on a rock and mighty in its might, For I could learn, without a thock, She could not read nor write. She could not dance por sing a tone. And scarcely could converse; But what cared i—she was ny own For cetter or for worse.

O! how I love her-I confessed Devotion and you, may te, Would do the same if you possessed Another such a Baby.

The Handkerchief and Fan.

A dainty handkerchief and a Japanese fan, the handkerchief, carelessly thrust through the fan's sticks, were lying on chair.

"Well," said the handkerchief, "how do you like this? We have had enough sea air at any rate, left out all night on this damp piazza. It is outrageous. I look like an old rag."

"It is careless of her" answered the fan. "I feel very rheunatic, and I am sure my sticks are spoiled."

"Spoiled! I should think so!" snapped the handkerchief; "all the varnish is coming off on me. I shall never be fit to be seen again, and I hate rag-bags." "It is better than ash-leaps," said the

fan, drearily: "that is where I will be thrown at last. It is awful! Such dirty people pick one up."
"Well, it is nicer to be picked up by

pleasant person," said the handkerchief. That Mr. Cartright, now. He always picks me up so carefully when our lady lets me fall. I like him.

'Yes, I know," said tie fan, but why does she let me fall so often? I wonder if ladies always jump up without looking at what they have? It seems so. Up they get, down rolls dozens of things, and off go the gentlemen to pick them up. They swear over it too sometimes, they roll so far. So a ball of worsted told me.

"O! ladies never think. It isn't ex pected," said the handkerchief shortly.
"They are supposed to look pretty, that's all! Dress does a great deal toward position. Our lady was very careful about her toilettes for coming here. She has handkerchiefs to match every dress. She came to get into society you know.'

"Did she?" said the fan curiously, "What does that mean?"

"Well, really," answered the handkerchief, contemptuously, know very little of the world; but I suppose quite simple-minded people live in Japan. "Japan," laughed the fan; "I never

saw the place. Most of us are made in America and perfumed. It does just as well. But never mind that-tell me about society. What must one do to get there? Is it a place?" "A place!" laughed the handkerchief

in her turn, "I should think not, indeed. Society is people, not everybody, but

the people. "What sort are they?" asked the fan,

—"handsome?" "Well, not always; sometimes." "Clever?"

"No. not always; sometimes." "Good people, perhaps?" I am afraid not always."

"Rich?" "Often, but not always; our lady is

rich enough, you know; her father made it in the glue factory. "Well, what sort of people is society

then?" said the fan. "Oh! people of family. The Walling fords and the Shushans and the Gottards in our town. They are society. Blood,

you know.' "I don't know anything of the kind, answered the fan, sturdily, "I have heard that Mr. Wallingford's grandfather kept a grog shop, and that Mr. Gottard's mother made flowers for a living before she was married. Is that all society is?"
"You don't understand," said the

handkerchief, crossly; "are rather stupid. You can tell society people in a minute; they have an air. They come into a room as if they owned everything in it, of the stationary duel. It really seems and so they do. Plenty of people bow down to them."

"Ah! now you begin to talk," said the "I am not so stupid; you did not tell me properly before. I see now. I see now. It is push which makes society; smiling and bending, but pushing along all the same; never minding snubs, and sliding into place after all. I have seen people get through crowds that way; it is the same sort of thing. A smile and by-your-leave here, and a gruff push there, and a stiff beg pardon, another time, but always getting through. Before people know it sometimes, there you are in front of them. They almost wonder how you got there. Push, smile, push, and on you go; all..."

"Dear me," interrupted the handker chief, "there comes our lady-and with Mr. Gottard, for all the world! How did

she get to know him?" "Why," said the fan, slyly, " he talked to her all last evening, very close, in this very spot-were you asleep?-why didn't you tell me he was society?"

"It was so dark." murmured the handkerchief, rather ashamed. "One can't tell society people in the dark."
"Oh! here it is," said a bright, fresh

young voice. "I'm so glad. Dear old fan; I would not lose it for the world; "Nor would I have you," answered Mr

Gottard, very softly, "it reminds me of one of the pleasantest evenings I even "Oh! oh!" whispered the fan to the handkerchief, "she is in society."—Philadelphia Press.

American Honey on Victoira's Table.

It is a curious commercial fact that whereas a year ago no American honey in the comb was imported to England, not less than half a million pounds will be sent in the next twelve months. The trouble was honey could not be sent strained and canned, for the reason that it would eandy, American honey is by far the best in the world as regards flavor and purity of appearance. Knowing that, a New York firm hired Mr. Hodge, a well-known honey expert, to try to introduce it in England. Over the water went Hodge, with a big lot of the sweet stuff in the comb. It required skill to pack it and to load and unload, but it arrived all right, not a cell being burst? The English dealers in honey gave him the cold shoulder. They had the editors of the British Bee Journal give him a raking down, and they themselves added all the mean things

they could say.

Mr. Hodge made little headway. was about to give it up for a bad job when a brilliant thought struck him. He must get the honey on the Queen's table. How was he to do this? While picking his teeth after dinner and ruminating on the subject, his eye alighted on a picklejar. It bore the name of a man who had been high steward in Windsor castle. 'He's my man," said Mr. Hodge to him self, and away he went for the pickle-Did he rush up to him and blurt man: "I want to put American honey on out. the Queen's table?" Not a bit of it. He began to talk pickles with the manasked a thousand questions about how they were made, ate a score or more of them, and ended by proposing that the pickle-man furnish pickles to the American house that he represented.

The pickle man was delighted. The New York man gave him an order. They had a bottle of wine together, and the American said: "Now, I have helped you, you must help me. Can't you put American honey on the Queen's table?" Of course I can," was the reply, and in no time the arrangements were made. A case of honey was given to the pickle man, and another was sent to the high steward, and in a short time some of it was before the royal family. The young folks liked it so well that Victoria gave orders that it be kept in the castle.

That was enough. American honey was from that moment in demand, and Mr. Hodge has just sent orders for the shipment of 500,000 pounds of this year's The British Bee Journal flopped over to the other side and was loud in praising the American article. Every fashionable table must have American honey .- Corr. Cincinnati Enquirer

According to the French Code.

The duties of seconds occupy much space in Counte de St. Thomas's dispensible volume. As a rule, of course, they must prevent their principals from meeting and making it up. But if one of the duelists is of no skill with his weapons, while the other is a master of the foil and pistols, we gather that the seconds may try to arrange matters even on the ground. They should not allow either party more than a minute aim, but a wounded man is allowed two minutes, after which he is out of the game. A quarter of an hour's delay on the ground is quite g race enough to give punctual duelist. In a fight with saber or rapier, no one should be permitted to parry with his hand; it is as illegal as the coup de botte or "leg before wicket" in England. The old school of fence permitted the use of a dagger in the left hand, for parrying. In a sword duel the force their decisions. In fighting with pistols the distance between the parties should be 15 paces. M. Gambetta fights 30 or 40 paces, it is more statesmanlike. The pistols should be equally strange to both parties. The length of the barrel must be the same in both weapons. When once on the ground the ground the principals bow politely; that is all they have to do till the seconds have completed their arrangements. The seconds must feel the bodies of the men to see that they carry nothing which might break the course of a bullet. Some one fought a banker once, and hit him in the waistcoat, without satisfactory results. The banker had been struck in a portmonnaie full of gold, and his adversary congratulated him on 'skillful investment of his money.' After both parties have promised to comply with the articles of battle, the second says, "I warn you that at the word armez you must cock your pistols, and that honor bids you not to fire, before I say tirez." The men are then placed, the word armez is given, and after a few seconds, tirez. The combatants fire in succession; the first have a minute in which to aim, and the second a minute after the other pistol has gone off-two minutes, if he is hit. This is the manner as if the combatants must generally be rather nervous, for it might be thought next to impossible to miss an object the size of a man 15 paces with a minute allowed for aiming. The duel an signal we recommend to peaceful souls averse to bloodshed. From 25 to 85 paces separates the opponents. The signal to fire is given by one of the seconds clapping his hands twice in half a minute. In this duel the principals fire simultaneously, and it is rather a snap shot at best. To fire too soon or too late is to commit a felony. If one man fires and the other reserves his fire, the seconds

parties.-The Saturday Review. HUMOROUS.

duty this for disinterested friends of the

A pleasing

must run between them.

Political principles change, kingdoms are overthrown and religious alter, but four aces hold an undisturbed pre-eminence in their own peculiar line.

It is hard to decide which is the more pestilential-the young bore who is foreyer bragging what he is going to do, or the old bore who is forever bragging what he has done.

A son of the Green Isle stood on the highway looking on a comrade who was lying helpless through drink. The day was hot, and, as the Irishman wiped his forehead, he said, sadly: "Ah, my boy I wish I had half of your disease.

A poem commences: "Under the willows he's lying." He must be a tramp. They lie under all sorts of trees. One was discovered lying under an axle tree the other morning. The owner of the wagon made him wheel-wright around mers down to \$75,000, which is to be

Characteristics of Lord Ferby

Lord Derby, till his marriage, was the reverse of your quiet, domestic man, who is typically supposed to shine at tea parties. He was so rarely under the paternal roof, that when he turned up one day at Knowsley: "Hullo, Edward!" Or are you going to be married? Or what is it?" His sire very often urged him to get married, and he as often refused, preferring a roving life. He has been twice in India, and, curiously enough, was first returned to Parliament during his stay in that country, and first appointed to office during his second. The electors of King's Lynn recalled him on first the occasion (he was then 22); his father on the other, having named him Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. This was in 1862, or four years later. His maiden speech, by the way, was on sugar. It was not belivered till some 15 months after he had become a member of the House, and was a moderate suc-

He has labored with but faint success to oppose the vain custom of wearing dress clothes at bachelors' dinner parties. It may well be imagined that such a man would not generally care to bedizen himself with stars and ribbons. the Garter was offered him, on his retirement from office, he unhesitately refused it, quoting, with approval, an anecdote of the late Lord Fitzwilliam, to whom the same honor was tendered. 'How much will it cost me?" he asked. "About £1000," was the answer. "I think I can find a better use for the

"He has all the minor vices," which must be a merit in the eyes of Lord Beaconsfield; smokes, and although not quite up to the Bismarckian level of strength in quaffing tumblers of champagne and porter mixed, yet he does not fall much below it; for he can take champagne, and porter immediately afterward on the top of it. He had never been a sportsman, and can scarcely

As to beliefs, they are delicate subjects to touch upon. But I hope the squaretoed will not be scandalized by the following confession of faith on the Episcopacy. A serious person asked him: "Do you think, my Lord, that Liverpool requires a bishop?" "Not quite as much as London," replied Lord Derby, but not in a tone that left grave doubts as to whether the speaker was sufficiently alive to the utility of Bishops in general.

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG GIBL.-In 1879 a young man named William Freeman rented a farm near Wellsville, Alleghany county, New York. He employed an elderly woman as housekeeper, and her nephew assisted in the farm work. During the summer of 1877 several burglaries were committed in the neighborhood, and stolen goods having been found secreted in Freeman's barn, he was arrested. He protested innocence, and it was expected that he would be acquitted, but on boing brought to trial he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. An application was made for his pardon, and the physician of the prison in his visit ascertained that the prisoner was a woman. She was removed to the female department, and she told the history of her life. Her parents were German emigrants, and she was born on the ocean. Losing her father by death, her mother married again, and at eleven years of age she left them and worked as a servant in a farm house. After that she disguised herself as a boy, and seconds are armed with big sticks to endid did farm work in a dist nt part of the country, and worked one season on the Erie Canal. After two years she returned to the vicinity of her former home, and no one recognized her. ten years, under the name of William Freeman, she worked without any suspicion that she was not a man. gard to the crime to which she pleaded guilty, and she took that course under threats of her housekeeper's nephew, who was the real burgiar. She was pardoned, assumed her rightful dress, and as Mary Ann Shafer returned to her mother's house. After that she obtained employment in a shoe store, and has since married the merchant from whose store the goods were stolen, and is now located at Limestone, Cattaraugus county, New York. The real burglar fled the State on his guilt becoming

> pondent writes: In a conversation with the Rev. Dr. Thompson, the author of "The Land and the Book," and for more than forty years a missionary in Syria, we had revived an interest in that extraordinary woman, Lady Hester Stanhope, known in the East as Princess Djoun; the Syrian Sibyl, etc. It was she who, in a half-ruined convent a few miles from Beirut, with her soldiers and slaves, stabbed a mystical white mare with a hollow back, a miraculous saddle in which the prophetess believed she was one day to ride forth and meet the celestial bridegroom. She defied Ibrahim Pasha, annihilated a village for disobedience, burned a chalet with all its inhabitants for the murder of a traveler, and was addressed as "cousin" in a letter from the Sultan. But she died miserably. Dr. Thompson and the English Consul were sent for in her last illnees. They arrived too late. She lay there in her fortress, deserted by her Albanian troopers, her retinue of servants and her parasites. A traveler thus writes of the event: "A profound silence was all over the place-no one went there—they lighted their own lamps in the outer court, and passed unquestioned through court and gallery, till they came to where she lay; a corpse was the only inhabitant of Dijoun, and the isolation from her kind, which she so long sought, was indeed completed. That morning thirty-seven servants had watched every motion of her eye; that spell once darkened by death every one fled with the plunder; not a single thing was left in the room where she lay dead, except upon her person-no one had attempted to touch that-and even in death, she seemed able to protect berself At midnight the missionary and the Consul carried her out to a favorite resort of hers in the garden, and there buried her." So ended the reign of the 'Queen of the Desert."

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.-A corres-

divided among seven heirs.

Female Claimants.

With the return of Congress came many of the little army of persons who have claims which are pending in Congress, where, too, many of them have been hanging on for, lo! these many years. Among this army of claimants are several who are so remarkable in exclaimed his father, "is Dizzy dead? their general appearance of manners that He was known to the scolling stage-door they are known to all those whose business brings them to the Capital. Of cause of the heavy coachman's coat he these, Mother Brown, as she is called, is the most famous. She is not a bad- snow two feet deep upon the ground. He looking woman, of about sixty years of was allowed the chance at last. But one age, and is always particular in having rehearsal was thought necessary; this her snow-white hair nicely fixed up in was in the morning of the memorable curls, which hang on both sides of her January 26, 1814, the day fixed for his Mother Brown is attired in a first performance. He repeated his "nothing-to-wear" manner, and has all speeches with some intimation of the manner of garments on her, with ribbons | manner he proposed to adopt in deliverof all hues hanging from every place she ing them before the footlights. His can pin them. If her hair was black, her make-up would be that of a splendidlooking gypsy. In colors and ribbons tions of the provincial actor. "If I am she runs to bright reds and yellows. wrong the public will see me right," said Mother Brown, notwithstanding all these the tragedian of the Theater Royal, good points, is generally regarded as an Exeter. The stage manager shrugged annovance or a nuisance. Her life is, his shoulders. The actor dined liberally devoted to one continual worry of the for the first time in many days upon members of Congress, and especially of steaks and porter; then walked through the members of the Committee of Claims. the snow from his lodging in Cecil street Her claim results from some kind of ser- to the theater, carrying his properties, vice rendered during the war, and does an old pair of black silk stockings, a colnot amount to anything. There has lar and a black wig-for contrary to all never been a favorable report made on it precedent his "Shylock" wore a black yet, which is a pretty good evidence that there is nothing in it. On this imaginary thrust into the pocket of the great coat claim she has been hanging around the halls of the Capital, to my personal knowledge, for sixteen years. She comes as regularly as the session, and departs as Kean rendered them they were "like money," replied Lord Fitzwilliam the day the adjournment takes place. It a chapter of Genesis," Douglas Jerrold is generally agreed that she is not as sound in the head as some others who andience, stirred to extraordinary enare almost as much about the Capitol, thusiasm afterward when the time came though she can hardly be called insane. for the actor's superb outbursts of pas-How she lives no one knows, though sion. Oxberry was surprised that so there is a belief that she has a small income from some source which about pays her living expenses. She travels to and from the city on her muscle-refusing to pay a cent until Congress has passed her claim. Mother Brown is of the opinion that there never have been but two good and Charley, my boy," and he lifted men in Congress since the war; one of the three-year-old baby from his cot, them was Andrew Jackson, the ex- "you shall go to Eton!" On the actor's President and Senator from Tennessee, second night the receipts were just and Blue Jeans Williams, formerly a double those of the first—that is to say, Representative of Indiana, and afterward the house was half full. The committee Governor of the State. Mr. Johnson of management began to doubt whether was the only Senator that would listen to Mother Brown as long as she wanted to they had suffered so much from quasitalk. Patterson who was a Senator from Tennessee when Johnson was President, was also a good listener to her, but he would laugh at her the moment she left. She caught him at it several times, and from that moment swore vengeance towards him. Old Blue Jeans, however, would listen to her and advise with her on the claim. He had a way of getting rid of her by introducing some other member, and, while they were talking, of

slipping away. Another remarkable case is that of the Lady of the Lake—the name another and wears corkskrew curls. Her back is as straight as an arrow. Her claim, also, largely of an imaginary character. She has been a regular attendant for at rown is talking almost all the time. From this fact some know the lady by the name of the man with the Iron Jaw. They are great characters in their way, and help to make up the scenes that make the inside of legislation so interesting to many. There are two woodenlegged women, one of whom uses erutches; who can frequently be seen about the building, but these will not put in an appearance until after the Christmas holidays, as there is a general understanding that nothing will be done

in the way of legislation until after them. Dr. Mary Walker, who is probably better known or more written about than any other lady in this country, is also quite a famous claimant. She has two good ones that will yield some day. Her big claim is for services as a surgeon during the war. Under some hitch in the law, although she rendered the service, being a woman she could not legally draw the salary. It is for this that she makes her visits to Washington. Her claim is for \$5000, and it has been passed by one or the other of the houses several times, but never by both during the same session. Her great friend has always been General Butler, and it has been by his efforts that she has almost got her money on several occasions. Sam Cox is also a strong supporter of the little doctor. When Butler and Cox favor of a claim there are betting chances in favor of its getting through. Although there may be a tremendous opposition to it, Ben Butler wipes away opposition with precedent, law and appeals for money, while Cox laughs it out of existence at the expense of those who are opposing him.

A True Dog Story.

I have received great pleasure and instruction from reading the many good stories of canine sagacity, so think it only fair to add my mite to the fund. I can personally vouch for the truth of the following incident, which can also be corroborated by the Rev. S. Alsop of Merced. and H. Buckley of the same place. I owned two beautiful springer spaniels that were very much attached to each other. They were kept in a yard back of my house, which is surrounded by a brick wall six feet high. A short time since Bill, the dog, was taken out by my little boy, who lost him in the city. after his loss, I was looking out of the parlor window, when my notice was attracted to Bill, who was making frantic efforts to jump over the wall. His cries finally attracted the attention of Fan, who ran around the yard as if seeking for some means to admit Bill. Being desirous of seeing what the dogs would do, I ordered everyone in the house to keep quiet, when imagine my surprise on seeing Fan mount a ladder and get on top of the wall. Bill immediately eame right under where she stood, and the pair engaged in canine conversation for a few moments. Then Fan squated down on the wall, letting her tail hang outside. Bill jumped up and caught her tail in his teeth, and Fan, straightening herself, drew him up to where she stood. From there they jumped down into the yard, when they frisked around in a way that showed their consciousness of having done a clever trick, HENRY CARLISLE.

Necessity is the mother of Thomas Ed. son - Express.

Edmund Kean.

The theater was in great straits; the managers were as sinking men clutching at straws; otherwise they would not have ventured upon the desperate expedient of suffering Mr. Kean to appear. For weeks he had hung about the theater, almost begging that he might have a trial. keepers as "the man with the capes," bewore-it was bitter wintry weather, the play-fellows predicted failure; the stage manager, boldly denounced the innovawig-tied up in a handkerchief, and with the capes. The house was only a quarter full. The play began drearily enough. Yet Shylock's early speecheswas wont to say-greatly impressed the great a row!" The success of Edmund Kean's "Shylock" could no longer be questioned. The triumphant actor hurried home, crying exultingly to his wife: 'Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, a genuine success had been achieved: successes; they even contemplated the removal of Kean's name from the bills, and the trial of another candidate. Lord Byron sensibly expostulated: "You have got a great genius among you and you don't know it. But he will fall through like many others unless we lift him, and force the town to come and see him. There is enough in Kean to bear out any extent of panegyric, and it will not do to trust an opportunity like this to the mere routine of the ordinary chances. We must go in a body, call upon the proprietors and editors of the leading papers, and ask them to attend woman claimant goes by. She is an leading papers, and ask them to attend Eastern woman, old maidish in looks in person and write the articles them selves." This advice was followed with the happiest results for Kean's fame and fortune. He appeared as "Shylock" fifteen times during his first season at least ten years. The Lady of the Lake Drury Lane, and the part remained to repertory .- All the Year Round. Astrological Theology.

IT IS NOT EASY TO SEE THAT THE SUN HAS SO MUCH THE BETTER OF US.

Professor Proctor's lay sermon Sanday night was full of aspiring thought, and liberally sprinkled with quotations mostly from the Old Testament. He took his audience on a cheap excursion among the stars and planets, and pointed out many facts which must have been new to those who were not previously familiar with them. It seems to us, however, that the preacher made a little too much fuss over he sun. His excessive laudation of that body sounded as though he had been by some speculator from there 'seen" which, if true, is a serious thing in a lay minister. All that should be left to the regular incumbents who know how to do it delicately and without offense. Besides, the sun, as we have said before, is nothing to brag about. He is no farther from us than we are from him, and so far a concerns his being more than a million times as powerful as the earth is, the force of such a statement depends upon what is meant by power. We have yet to learn that the sun contains a system of elevated railroads or a well-regulated stock exchange, or that it can produce a man like Sammy Tilden in politics, or W H. Vanderbilt in mathematics. Professor Proctor is old enough to have found out that power does not go by weight and mere size in this reconstructed universe. We shouldn't wonder a bit that in case of a collision between the sun and the earth. our planet would go squarely through the big heavenly bully and come out on the other side without scorching a hairjust like the three young Hebrews in the

fiery furnace we have all read about.
Professor Proctor's idea that with sufficiently powerful spectacles any old gentleman could see 50,000,000 suns, don't seem to us to be of any consequence. There is only one apiece of them, after all, and probably not a sun of a gun of them all possess an illustrated daily journal that begins to equal the Graphic. It is about time this business of flinging mere bigness and abstract numerosity in our faces was put a stop to. The earth may not measure as much around the waist as some of the luminous ash heaps that are kicking around the sky, but when you come to the question of enterprise and genius, there isn't a single revolver among them quoting, with approval, an anecdote of that can hold a tallow dip for it to pull the late Lord Fitzwilliam, to whom the on its boots by.

"He took two drops of thought, and beat them into a bushel of bubbles," was the description given of a speaker whose rhetoric ran ahead of his logic.

Can anybody explain why enormously fat women always like to decorate their outer garments with finfly bands of longhaired fur? Do they fancy themselves Bernhardts, or do they mean to exaggerate a defect until it becomes a grace.

There is still living in Fulton county, Ga., an old man named Gregg, who enjoys the distinction of having guarded the Great Napoleon during his captivity on board the Bellerophon previous to his departure for St. Helena. Mr. Gregg, who is now eighty-five years of age, was one of the British marines on the Bellerophon, and it was his duty to guard the cabin door of the illustrious prisoner and prevent intrusion. the Great Napoleon during his captivity prevent intrusion.

PERSONALS.

Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, is sixty. General Grant is not observably gray. Senator Bryard is very fond of home. Tennyson's new play is in blank

When the moon gets full it keeps late hours.

The wind always finds something to

Mr. Gladstone likes to say women instend of lacties. Prof. Proctor, the English scientist, is

in Washington. Bishop Gilbert Haven is not expected

Darwin should look through the Zco

for the missing lynx. Mormonism has gained 400 converts in

Georgia and Alabama this year. Senator David Davis wears number

11% congress gaiters. The wife of the Prince of Wales, Alex-

andria, is thirty-five. Gov. Robinson and his daughter will

spend January in New York.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart pays a tax on \$500,-000 personal property.

Stanley is ascending the Congo, bound for the heart of Africa. Thurlow Tweed saw the first steamboat

and rode on the first railway car. Calcraft, for forty-six years hangman of London, died recently.

Chief Justice Waite's portrait has been presented to Ohio by his daughter.

Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party will be victorious, thanks to Lord Rose-

President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, controlls 3000 miles of railway.

Christina's bridal trosseaux filled five railway vans, as they journeyed to Mad-

Of the 686 soldiers sent out by Baltimore to the Mexican War but thirteen

"There's no excuse for swearing," says Beecher, and lets of people don't want any. Bismarck's daughter is a handsome

brunette, with abundant hair, and large, black eyes. A fugitive murderer in Kentucky was

oursued, captured and taken to jail by his own father. M. De Lesseps, being the younger of Count Theodore de Lesseps, is called

Viscount de Lesseps. Stealing a ten-dollar horse cost a Colorado man his fife, although he had been tried and acquitted five different times for murder.

Ex-Secretary Bristow, having succeeded in building up a fine legal practice in New York, has decided to settle there permanently.

When the Czar arose in the theater at St. Petersburg and said: "I have never been so happy in all my life," no one dared to say, "What! n-r?" Felicia was gliding down Tremont

street in Boston the other afternoon, with a Derby hat on and carrying her hands seldom speaks to any one, while Mother the last one of the most admired in his in the pockets of her long ulster, when a small boy ran up and said: "Say if yer had a eigar now, you'd be all right, woulnd't you?"

A new memoir of Lord Beaconsfield, just out in England, bears this motto from Artemus Ward: "He asked what was my prinserpuls; 'I ain't got enny,' I said; not a prinserpul-I'm in the show bizi ness.

Mr. Hendricks, of Indiana, is now sixty years old, a medium-sized man with a contradictory countenance, since his jaw is described as pugnacious, and his eyes as large, pacific and blue. Hendricks' wife firmly believes that sooner or later she will reign in the White House.

Mrs. Martha Washington was a plump, pretty, springy little woman in her youth, but settled down into a plain, domestic wife, who looked sharply after the servants. She was far from an educated woman, and though she kept her own accounts, was a very poor

Personal Characteristics of Lord Derby.

Lord Derby, till his marriage, was the very reverse of your quiet, domestic man, who is typically supposed to shine at tea He was so rarely under the paternsl roof that when he turned up one day at Knowsley: "Hullo, Edward!" ex-claimed his father; "is Dizzy dead? Or are you going to get married? Or what His sire very often urged him to get married, and he as often refused, preferring a roving life. He has been twice in India, and curiously enough, was first returned to Parliament during his first stay in that country, and first appointed to office during his second. The electors of King's Lynn recalled him on the one occasion (he was then 22), his father on the other, having named him under secretary for foreign affairs. This was in 1852, or four years later. His maiden speech, by the way, was on sugar. It was not delivered till some fifteen months after he had become a member of the House, and was a moderate success.

He has labored, with but faint success, to oppose the vain custom of wearing dress clothes at bachelor dinner parties It may well be imagined that such a man would not generally care to bedizen himself with stars and ribbons. When the Garter was offered him on his retirement from office, he unhesitatingly refused it, same honor was tendered. "How muy will it cost me?" he asked. £1000," was the answer. "I think Id find a better use for the money," ry Lord Fitzwilliam, calmly.

He has all the minor vices, wh be a merit in the eyes of Lord to the field, and although not quite quaffing Bismarckian level of strength the does champagne and porter mixed can take not fall much below it; for lately after champagne and porter imever on the top of it. He had ride. ver been a

sportsman, and can scar licate subjects As to beliefs, they are the square-to touch upon. But fized by the fol-toed will not be scatth on the Episco-toed will not be scatth on the Episco-