## NINA.

Victor Blumenthal was sauntering through the public garden, thinking about the picture he was painting, how the light among the trees suggested certain strains of music to him, when his eye fell upon a young girl feeding swans, and lingered there. "If I could only carry that face home in my mind's eye and reflect it upon my canvas!" he thought. "She is the very image of Undine himself." Just then the child beside her reached across the brim of the basin to toss a crumb into the water, and lost her balance. Quick as thought Victor sprang to the rescue, brought the child up dripping, and confronted Undine, out of whose face all the rose had faded, all the sunshine had fled. "Oh, how shall I thank you! what shall I do for you?" she cried. "If you had not saved her, how could I have lived? She is my little neighbor, and I promised to be so careful of her. Oh, though you are a stranger, I feel as if you were my best friend!"

"Then oblige me by meeting me here again, and telling me how your little friend bears her drenching," he returned, as he put them into a carriage. Then he went to his studio and tried to limn the face of Undine, and threw down his brush in despair. And the next day, happening into the public garden again, there she was before him, smiling and blushing, with the child beside her.

"I thought perhaps we should meet you here," he confessed. "Jenny brings her mother's thanks. How can we repay you but with our prayers?"

"If you could sit to me—"

"I? You mean Jenny?"

"I mean yourself. If you could come to my studio and let me paint you—"

"Oh, you are laughing at me!"

"I was never more serious in my life."

"Let us go then," she said.

"Your picture is long in finishing," she remarked one day, after innumerable sittings; for Victor had every night wiped out what he had laboriously painted in during the day, so difficult was it to imprison the shadow of his model within the canvas, to lend to Undine the soul that sat and smiled in Nina's eyes, to endow her with the spirit that informed the face, flushed in the oval cheek, or trembled about the mobile mouth.

"You are tired of coming to me. I tax you too long."

"No," she replied, "I was only thinking that if I made my flowers so slowly, I should starve."

Victor laughed softly. "Fame is better than money."

"And then Victor threw down his brush. "The sun is setting," he said; "let us go out upon the bay for inspiration."

And Nina following, nothing loath. How cool and sweet the hour was out there, with sails blowing out like wings of white gulls in the offing, and pleasure boats loitering or speeding by? How gayly the sun smote the city's spires, and changed the windows of dingy warehouses on the wharves into precious stones like those of Aladdin's palace! How much pleasanter all this was than sitting at home, in a dark alley, over her artificial flowers, trying to embody her fancies in velvet and satin!

Victor walked to the dark alley in the dusk with Nina, and thought of the white lilies that grew in perfect beauty and sweetness, though rooted in mold and slime.

So the friendship grew between Victor and Nina—Nina, the poor little flower-maker, the last of her race, and Victor Blumenthal, the artist and millionaire—and the picture grew apace. Somehow he dared not finish it, lest Nina should feel her debt paid, and escape him.

"Oh, what is that beautiful thing?" she asked one day, as he trilled a familiar air while spreading his pallet. "Did you make it up yourself?"—her face all aglow.

"It is an air from an opera," laughed Victor, "Trovatore. The honor of 'making it up' belongs to one Verdi. Have you never heard an opera?"

"Never."

"Then you shall hear one to-night. Hold! Trovatore is on the bill for this blessed night. What a coincidence!" And so, when the city lamps were trying to outshine the stars, Victor drew Nina's trembling hand within his arm, and they became part of the fashionable world within a theater. And what a world it was with all the glitter of lights and beautiful faces, the shimmer of silks and diamonds, the odor of musk and sandal-wood, and the kind, handsome face of Victor Blumenthal shining upon her. How the tenor sang out, sweet as sylables of love. How the soprana soared! what depths the bass explored! what pathos, what sorrow, what delight swelled and ebbed with the chords! Did people really love and suffer, and despair and triumph like this? Had she lived through it all herself, somewhere, somehow, that it seemed an echo of her own experience, or was it but a shadow of things to come? When the curtain fell, Victor discovered tears in her eyes. Other people were laughing around her; one tall gentleman almost stooped to look under her hat as he passed, bowed to her companion, and would have joined them had Blumenthal been less frigid.

"I have seen that gentleman before," said Nina; "he came with a lady who was in a hurry for some flowers, I had promised. He called her Stella."

"It was his cousin, Stella Grandelaw," said Victor.

One day Victor, who could no longer find a pretext to continue the sittings, put his picture on exhibition. All the town was talking of it before night. "Such flesh tints, such expression! such beauty!"

"Yet it does not equal the original," said Grandelaw.

"No," returned Victor, "pigment is a poor make-shift for fire and spirit."

At about this time he received news that his only sister was seriously ill in London. He was obliged to drop his pencil and fly to her without so much as bidding Nina good-by; but he would write and explain, he promised himself. In the meantime Grandelaw found occasion to make friends with Nina. She had happened into a shop to purchase materials for her work; she laid her pocket-book down for an instant, and not till she had nearly reached the door did she discover that she had taken up not her own, but another's plethoric purse. At the same moment a strange hand detained her, and she was accused of the theft.

"This lady is a friend of mine," said Grandelaw, stepping forward to her rescue, having followed her into the shop—"She is a friend of mine;" and the accuser begged a thousand pardons, and subsequently bowed himself out of sight.

After this, what could Nina do but accept him at his own valuation? How could she avoid meeting him in her walks, and allowing him to accompany her? how refuse admittance to one who had befriended her? And he knocked often, and watched her at her pretty toil, and the intimacy progressed. Sometimes she opened her door and showed a beaming face, but the smile would fade soon. At other times he observed that she started when a footstep passed outside; she expected some one, answered absently, listened to his flatteries with a far-away look in her soft eyes. One day Grandelaw determined to probe the wound.

"Did you not sit to Victor Blumenthal for his Undine?" he asked. "It was a picture worth painting; he must have had a thousand sittings."

"Not nearly so many," sighed Nina.

"I should have been jealous, if I had been Mrs. Blumenthal."

'Jealous!' repeated Nina—"Mrs. Blumenthal! His mother?"

"His wife—Victor's wife."

"His wife—Victor Blumenthal's wife!"

"Oh, then, perhaps you did not know he was married?"

"He never spoke of it."

"Because everybody knew it. Come, Miss Nina, don't look at me as if I was to blame. Victor Blumenthal was married more than two years ago to his cousin Theodora. If you doubt it I will find you the notice of his marriage among my file of the *Tribune*. But of course you have no interest in it. What is is to you or me?"

"Mothing, nothing," she answered. "I do not doubt it." But she had grown very white, and her eyes shone like wandering stars, and the needle trembled in her hand. "Of course he is married," she added, in a lighter tone, "only the idea never occured to me before—it took me unawares."

What had Victor Blumenthal meant, she asked herself, "by those words a thought too tender," by glances that made love plainer than speech? Why had he held her hand until she blushed, and kissed the pink finger-tips? Why had he sought her out only to break her heart? Did he not love his cousin Theodora? And then she hid her face in her pillow, remembering how her heart had gone out to a married man. Another woman's lover, and she had mistaken him for her own! Doubtless this was why she had neither seen nor heard from him for so long; he had divined her heart, and conscience had made a coward of him. But it should never be said of her that she wore her heart on her sleeve. And when Victor returned with the sister whom he had just succeeded in snatching from the valley of shadows, having written to Nina, but in his anxiety mailed the letter without an address, she had been engaged to Mr. Grandelaw for a month already, and had gone to visit his mother in a neighboring town till the wedding should take place, without leaving any trace behind her. Grandelaw had, in fact, persecuted her into consent. A thousand things had conspired in his favor. She had fallen ill and into debt, and work had failed, and Grandelaw had sent his own physician to her, with fruits and flowers and wines, had taken her out in his carriage when air was prescribed, and had ended by proposing to take care of her all her life, by winning a reluctant consent to endow her with all his worldly goods. Victor had deceived her, or rather she had taken too much for granted, and had deceived herself, and what better could she do than reward the devotion of Grandelaw, who assured her that he had love enough for them both.

Everybody was very kind at Laurel Lodge; everything was fine enough to win a mercenary heart, if Nina had owned one. Nobody hinted that Grandelaw was making an unequal marriage. One day when Nina returned from a gallop across the hills with Grandelaw, there was a tall, gracious woman waiting for them on the veranda, who allowed Grandelaw to kiss her hand, and made Nina a stately bow.

"Have the skies fallen, that we catch larks?" asked Nina's lover.

"I see that you have already caught one," laughed his cousin Stella.

"Stella has come to look at her rival," said Mrs. Grandelaw when Nina bade her good-night. "We feared that my son would marry Stella some day. She thought so herself, but I disapprove of cousins marrying."

"Did she love him?" gasped Nina.

"I dare say she loved him well enough; but she one survives these things."

"Oh, how she must hate me!" cried Nina.

But if Cousin Stella hated or loved, she knew how to disguise her feelings; nobody could be graver or sunnier than she during those days. She sparkled with repartee and anecdote, and shook her listeners with gales of laughter. Perhaps she was showing Grandelaw what a heiress he had made to choose this sad, shadowy woman instead of herself.

"I have been sitting for my portrait," she said one evening. Nina's heart gave a little stir; had she not sat for her picture once? The moon was shining in through the long windows of the drawing room; there was no other light in the room, except the fitful blaze behind the fender. Grandelaw had been called out of town on business for a night or two.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Grandelaw. "Is it not a tedious affair?"

"It would be, perhaps, if any one but Victor Blumenthal were painting it."

Nina started and dropped her fan. Had she come to Laurel Lodge to hear of Victor?

"And who is Victor Blumenthal?" asked Stella's aunt—"another flame of yours?"

"I have seen no symptoms of that kind," laughed Stella. "I wish I might. He would make an ideal lover."

"But he is married," spoke Nina out of the shadow, and there was the sound of tears in her voice, if any one had had ears to hear. "He is married, Stella."

"Then Grandelaw has told you about him? Yes: it was so romantic—and sad."

"Didn't the marriage turn out well?" asked Mrs. Grandelaw, to whom romance meant nonsense.

"That depends," returned Stella. "He married his cousin Theodora—"

"I have no patience with cousins marrying."

"No? There was no great need of patience in this case. Blumenthal's grandfather had left all the money to Theodora and her mother. Victor was as poor as became an artist to be. I suppose Theodora had always loved him, but she insisted upon his being married to him on her death-bed, that he might inherit her portion of the fortune. She died an hour afterward."

Nina sat like one stunned by an earthquake shock; all Grandelaw's perfidy stood out like the handwriting on the wall. Victor had loved her after all! His kiss had not been treachery. She would go to him. She would leave this prison forever and ever. Who could say she ever dreamed of loving Grandelaw some day?

"You have been very kind to me," Nina said, when she kissed Mrs. Grandelaw good-night. "I shall always bless you for it; but—Stella would make Grandelaw a better wife and you a wiser daughter."

"My son and I think differently," replied his mother; but she remembered afterward that Nina had lingered and hesitated—"just as if she wished to ask pardon for something," Mrs. Grandelaw explained; and when Grandelaw himself returned to Laurel Lodge, there was a little three-cornered note on his library table, in Nina's hand, which read:

"If I should marry you, Mr. Anson Grandelaw, some day, in looking over your file of old *Tribunes*, I should happen upon one containing the marriage of Victor Blumenthal to his cousin Theodora, and the notice of her death on the same day, and your deceit would kill whatever love I had learned to bear you.

"So good-by, and make Stella happy.

NINA.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

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## A Wonderful Clock.

For the last seventeen years a gentleman of this city has been engaged in the construction of a curious clock, which he expects to have completed by the first of next January. A representative of this paper accidentally came across it the other day, and was kindly given the following description of it by the inventor, who exacted a promise that his name should not be given to the public at the present time.

It consists of sixty-five automatic figures and workmen. The base represents a hill of stone upon which is a large structure. To the left is a beer garden with beer on draught, which one figure occasionally draws and passes to another near by.

Two more figures, a lady and a gentleman, are seated beneath a tree in the attitude of lovers. The lady is reading, and at intervals turns her head toward her companion as if for his approval.

The next representation is of an old-fashioned linseed oil mill. Here are workmen engaged in various parts of the business. One carries a large vessel and empties it into the hoppers to be pressed by the stampers. On the outside is a carpenter, hatchet in hand, who ascends a ladder in a perfectly natural manner, stopping when half way up, as if to look over the mill to see that all is right.

Adjoining this is a blacksmith shop, in the background of which are workmen heating iron, who changes the piece after allowing it to heat. A man is also engaged in shoeing a horse, and strikes his first blow gently; he gradually increases them until the last one is a strong one, calculated to drive the nail home. Another is at the anvil, and occasionally rests when his wife brings him some refreshment.

A fountain plays near by and in a small summer house, where a professor is reading, and when he becomes excited over some passage, raises his hand and brings it down upon the page in an excited and emphatic manner. Below is a workman engaged in splitting stone. He strikes repeated blows upon a wedge until the stone cracks, falls away and then replaces itself. Above the blacksmith shop is a sawmill, where a log is being sawed. When the end is reached the boards are taken away and the flume replaced.

Still above this is a shoe factory, where a half a dozen men and women are engaged in the different duties requisite for the manufacture of shoes. One is waxing, another is cutting out, another is pegging, another sewing, and still another beveling.

Over the linseed mill is the grist mill. In front is a miller dressing a stone; another comes out in the room and empties a large vessel into the hoppor. As the flour is ground and the bags accumulate a man carries them away. A large elevator-bucket carries up the wheat and dumps it into a bin, making but one ascent to the before-mentioned man's two. To the left is a dwelling house; in the kitchen a servant is at work, who passes about inside and out to attend to her duties. Upon the top is the residence of the owner of the respective mills. Here visitors occasionally call, with whom the mistress shakes hands and talks about her neighbors. The clock proper crowns the whole structure. It is in all about five feet in length and four feet high. Each figure has a different motion, and some have two motions, requiring very complex machinery to run the whole. Two buckets of water furnish an unending supply of power, as it is used over and over again. The saw and grist mill are run by this water falling on an over-shot wheel. Thence the water falls on another wheel, which runs the linseed mill. The water and all is kept in motion by an eighty-nine and a half pound weight. It is truly a work of art, and over seventeen years were occupied in its construction.—*Altoona (Pa.) Call.*

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"Sarah, this going out incessantly I cannot have, next Sunday you must stay at home all day." "But, ma'am, I have promised my aunt to spend the afternoon with her." Sonny (interceding): "Do let her go, mamma; her aunt has been made a sergeant, and has got a new coat with stripes on it, and a great, long sword."

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"Have you made much?" asked an inquisitive merchant of his neighbor. "Made much?" said the enthusiastic auditor. "I should say I had. I have made a transfer of all my property, an assignment, and made my indorsers settle my bills, What more can you reasonably ask of one man?"

## The Heavens in March.

Mars is the evening star, and holds the place of honor as the most interesting member of the planetary brotherhood during the month, for he plays an important part in the beautiful celestial phenomenon that occurs in the early evening of the 17th. An occultation will commence about half-past 6 o'clock and the planet will be hidden for more than an hour. Mars will be about an hour past the meridian, and at an altitude above the horizon that will insure a good view, while the moon will be within a day of her first quarter. If the weather is propitious, there will be no drawback to the perfection of the show. At forty-four minutes after 6 Mars will disappear behind the dark side of the moon; this is called the time of immersion. At thirty-four seconds after 8 he will appear on the western edge of the moon; this is called the time of emersion. The duration of the occulation will be an hour and sixteen minutes. A good telescope will increase the interest and grandeur of the phenomenon. The eastern or unlightened portion of the moon will first pass between us and the planet. The instant Mars touches the visible outline of the lunar disk, he will apparently be blotted out of the sky. After an hour and sixteen minutes have passed, the ruddy star will suddenly start from his hiding place, trembling a second on the moon's western verge, charmingly illustrating the contrast in color between the red light of Mars and the silvery hue of the moon; then the show will be over, and satellite and planet will roll on in their respective paths. The position of Mars should be thoroughly fixed by those who would witness the occultation. He has passed the Pleiades, and is now almost directly north of Aldebaran. His size and brightness are slowly diminishing as he travels from us and toward the sun. Mars now sets shortly after 1 o'clock in the morning; at the close of the month, about half an hour after midnight.

Jupiter is an evening star for a part of the month, and merits attention for the occurrence of an epoch in his history. He comes into conjunction of the sun on the 15th he will reappear on the western side of the sun and commence his role as morning star. Bright eyes may pick him up in the west, soon after sunset, and at the end of the month brighter eyes will be required to catch a glimpse of him before sunsise. He sets now at half-past 6; at the end of the month he rises at twenty-six minutes after 5. Every one who has watched his movements in the evening sky will mourn the departure of one of its most brilliant adornments.

Mercury is the evening star for almost the whole month, reaching his greatest eastern elongation or most distant point from the sun on the 20. He is in inferior conjunction with the sun on the 28th, when passing between us and the sun, he becomes the morning star. Mercury, about the 10th, will be one of the three most favorable positions for being seen by the naked eye that occur during the year. He must be looked for soon after sunset, a little north of the point where the sun disappeared. He sets now about 7, a little east of Jupiter. At the close of the month he rises about half-past 5 in the morning.

Saturn is evening star, presenting nothing noteworthy in his record for the month. He looks a little brighter now that his rival Jupiter is out of the way, but he takes on his palest aspect as slowly sinking to the west in the early evening he travels toward his conjunction with the sun, in whose bright rays he will soon be eclipsed. He sets now at 8:30; at the close of the month at 7.

Venus is morning star, the sole planet to be seen in the morning dawn throughout the month. She is slowly advancing toward the sun, and growing less brilliant as her distance from the earth increases, But even in her least beautiful rays she will not fail to attract attention from all who watch the eastern sky before the sun puts out the lesser lights. She rises not a few minutes after 5; at the end of the month a few minutes before 5, less than an hour before sunrise.

The March moon fulls on the 26th, and holds the honor of determining the time for Easter, preceding the festival by only two days. The old moon pays her respects to Venus on the 8th, two days before her change, the near approach of the slender waning crescent and the beaming star forming a brilliant picture on the celestial canvas of which the observer never tires. The new moon of the 10th will be in conjunction with Jupiter on the 11th, and with Mercury and Saturn on the 12th, the moon and the two planets being visible in the early twilight. On the 24th, the moon will be near Uranus.

A charming phenomenon will therefore add special interest to the planetary annals of March. The occulation of Mars by the moon is something to be remembered for a lifetime, for the moon does not often deign to put out the light of a planet. The last occurrence of a similar phenomenon was the occulation of Saturn by the moon, which took place twice in successive months, the first occurring on the 6th of August, and the second on the 3d of September, 1876. The dazzling beauty of the grand show dwarfs those of minor importance. But there are other interesting studies beside that of the Martian occulation. Uranus continues in his most favorable position for observation, Jupiter and Mercury will join the morning stars before the month closes, leaving the sun with three planets on his western side and three on his eastern. The waning moon and Venus may be seen on the morning of the 8th, and the waning moon with Mercury and Saturn will form a trio of stars on the evening of the 12th.—*Providence Journal.*

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A Cincinnati physician, who discovered a burglar in his room, jumped out of bed, grabbed the firetongs, picked up a red-hot coal from the grate and started for him. The burglar started for the window and escaped through it, his movements being accelerated by a vigorous application of coal to his back. The police are searching for a man with a big hole burned in his coat.

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A somewhat foolhardy act has been performed at Calais by an actress, who entered the lion's cage at the menagerie, and there recited Victor Hugo's "Caravane." Her musical voice evidently had the traditional effect of "soothing the savage breast" as the lions never attempted to interrupt her performance.

## "Painfully Modest."

There is much diversity of opinion as to whether young ladies can properly indulge in the sport of coasting, or, as the boys of the last generation used to call it, sliding down hill. In some communities, the youth of both sexes coast in the winter evenings without scandal, though for some unscrutable reason it is held that the amusement must not be indulged in by daylight, or even on moonlight nights. In other communities, coasting is regarded by all well-conducted young ladies as a gross impropriety, and is even publicly preached against by Talmagian ministers as one of the sports that kill. This latter opinion prevails in West Meredith, N. H., and the recent tragedy which occurred at that place is by some people believed to have been the direct result of the local condemnation of feminine coasting. It is only fair to say that quite another interpretation may be given to it, and it may be argued that had public sentiment in West Meredith been in favor of feminine coasting, the tragedy would not have happened. In fact, it is difficult to say where the responsibility for it really rests, and there are those who insist that it was entirely owing to the fact that Mr. Hopkins was to an unprecedented extent a conscientious and good young man.

The blameless Mr. Hopkins was a model for all the local young men, inasmuch as he was absolutely without the faintest trace of an objectionable habit. Curiously enough, the young men declined to model themselves upon him, and the young women, in spite of the fact that his respect for woman in the abstract and the concrete was simply unparalleled, did not look upon him with favor. Miss Brown was an exception to this rule, and she tolerated Mr. Hopkins to such an extent that he fell modestly in love with her. The two were not positively on the footing of lovers, since the young man's respect for her was so great that he never ventured to make a formal proposal, but it was generally understood that he would ultimately brace himself up to that point.

One evening, or, to be exact, last Wednesday evening, Miss Brown asked Mr. Hopkins to take her to the top of Latham's hill, and let her slide down it just once. The proposal shocked the young man's finer instincts, but the young lady persisted, and finally asked him if he was so lacking in respect for her as to believe that she could propose anything that was not strictly proper. Of course, after this there was nothing to be said, and Mr. Hopkins, surreptitiously borrowing Master Charles Brown's sled, escorted the rash young lady by the back road to the top of Latham's hill.

The hill was a long and steep one, and, as it was nearly 9 o'clock, not a soul was visible in the clear moon. Mr. Hopkins sat down on the forward part of the sled and Miss Brown kneeled behind him, steadying herself by placing her hands lightly on his shoulders. Everything being ready, Mr. Hopkins started the sled and in a few seconds they were flying down the hill at a speed of about fifty miles an hour.

Near the bottom of the hill Mr. Hopkins perceived a board which had apparently fallen from a wagon, and lay directly across the road. To strike it would insure a disaster, and Mr. Hopkins turned the sled out of the direct course to avoid it. The result was a frightful one. The sled struck a stone, and Miss Brown was shot with fearful velocity over her conductor's head, and landed head downward in a huge snow-bank.

When the young man came to himself and disentangled himself from the wrecked runners of the sled he saw an appalling spectacle. From the surface of a snow-bank what to his astonished eyes seemed to be two beautifully-colored barber's poles projected, each surmounted with a delicate feminine boot. He called loudly on the name of the adored Miss Brown, but no one answered, and he began to fear that some accident had happened to her.

Mr. Hopkins sat down in the snow and asked himself what was the duty of the hour. To pull Miss Brown out was not to be thought of without a shudder. It was clear to his mind that he must rescue her in such a way that she need never know that the moonlight shone upon her—in short, that she should never know anything about it. After some moments of reflection, he decided to go to a neighbor's to borrow a shovel, and to reach the head and shoulders of Miss Brown by driving a tunnel through the lower part of the snow-bank, by means of which he could extricate her without putting her to any inconvenience.

It took some time for Mr. Hopkins to obtain a shovel, but his search was finally successful, and he began to dig his tunnel. The bank was an enormous one, and he foresaw that he would have to work a long time before he could strike Miss Brown in paying quantities. He worked on steadily and silently. Not a sound came from the imprisoned young lady, though he repeatedly begged her to make herself comfortable and to rely upon his devotion and shovel. Fully twenty minutes from the time the accident occurred when young Smedly, from the post-office, approached the scene, on his way home. To his questions, Mr. Hopkins replied by explaining in the most delicate way the difficulty under which Miss Brown labored, and the means by which he was trying to extricate her. Young Smedly heard him through, and then, with a totally irrelevant remark, expressing an inexplicable confidence that in the future he would be personally and completely "darned," he climbed the snow-bank, seized—that is to say, took hold of—in fact, pulled Miss Brown suddenly and violently from her snowy tomb.

The young lady, as every one knows, recovered consciousness in the course of the evening—thanks to Dr. Sabin's prompt and skillful treatment. Strange to say, however, she conceived an unaccountable hatred for Mr. Hopkins, and carried it to such an extent that she is now understood to be engaged to marry young Smedley. The most painful feature of the affair is this curious incapability of the young lady to appreciate the delicacy and respect with which Mr. Hopkins treated her. He would have dug her out in the course of an hour and released her without subjecting her feelings to the slightest wound, but she actually preferred the rough and brutal treatment to which young Smedley subjected her. Can it be that Mr. Goodwin Smith is right, and that we are on the verge of a moral interregnum ?—*N. Y. Times.*

## Thurlow Weed's Autobiography.

The house of Thurlow Weed is pleasantly situated in West Twelfth street, near Fifth avenue. The visitor is usually ushered directly into the library, where the venerable journalist is found sitting in a comfortable arm-chair—the chair, if it be winter, drawn up before a blazing soft-coal fire. Portraits of John Quincy Adams and Governor Clinton hang side by side on the wall. Pictures of Lincoln and his Cabinet, and of Horace Greeley are found at one end of the room. A fine engraving of Charles Dickens writing in his study, occupies a prominent place. Portraits of Henry C. Carey, Gerrit Smith, Sir Henry Holland, Lafayette, Washington, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Governor Marcy, Robt. Minturn and Matthew Vassar also look down from various positions on the wall. In an obscure corner hangs a picture of Lafayette's chateau in France, which was presented to Mr. Weed by the French General's granddaughter.

"Yes, I am writing an autobiography," said Mr. Weed recently in conversation with a *Tribune* reporter. "I began the first pages while spending a winter at Santa Cruz in the West Indies, in 1845. Before proceeding very far I felt it would not be of sufficient public interest, and abandoned the undertaking. While writing a series of letters from Europe I received a letter from General Winfield Scott—who at that time was writing his own autobiography—urging me to take it up.

Turning over a large number of letters from persons of distinction, bound in a portfolio, General Scott's letter was produced. It bore the date of April 21, 1865. A peculiar feature of it to modern eyes is that the word ending the line at the bottom of a page is repeated on the next. It concludes: "I can't hope to live long enough to read the work, but you can give it the power of exciting thousands of smart boys to conquer difficulties in the career of distinguished usefulness."

"I then concluded," resumed Mr. Weed, "to take the work up again and have continued it at intervals ever since. So far, about half the period of my life has been covered—from the date of my birth, 1797, down to the year 1841. But as yet what has been written is so indefinite in form that a correct idea of the plan of the work cannot be given. It will, however, be largely a political history of the times since my first acquaintance with men in public positions, coming down through the successive administrations of the Presidents. As everything is related as personally observed the narrative will not be a repetition of American history, but supplementary to it. For a great many years I have been extremely fortunate in knowing and enjoying the confidence of a large number of statesmen, although never holding any official position to speak of, myself. The first President whom I knew personally, was Monroe. Since his time I have known every President, with one or two exceptions, and every Governor of New York, from General Clinton down to the present day."

An interesting chapter of the autobiography is devoted to scenes and incidents in the session of Congress under President Tyler's administration. A graphic description is given in this chapter of a Republican caucus held at Washington, for the purpose of discussing what could be done to prevent a breach in the party should President Tyler veto the proposed Tariff bill. While the caucus was in session, Daniel Webster, who was then Secretary of State, made his appearance at the head of the table. He was dressed in a blue coat with brass buttons and a buff waistcoat—a style of dress he invariably adopted when he had a speech to make. There was instantly the hush of expectancy. Mr. Webster began at first in a mild, conversational tone, but as he proceeded he poured forth his arguments with the glow of overpowering eloquence. The appearance of the great orator on the scene was most opportune, and the meeting broke up amid the greatest enthusiasm. He had pointed out a way to modify the Tariff bill so that it would be acceptable to the President.

"That was one of the best speeches Webster ever made," said Mr. Weed, after the account of which the foregoing is a brief outline, had been read from the manuscript. "I have often thought that if it had been printed it would rank among his most brilliant efforts. Yes, Webster was a great orator and advocate. One thing is peculiar about his career; he seldom originated a political measure himself. He let others originate and do the preliminary work; but when a question of public interest became a subject for discussion he became the champion of one side or the other. I suppose this feature of his public career—his being the advocate of good and great measures—was largely due to the fact that his time was to a large extent occupied with the duties of his profession."

"There is an interesting fact in the history of Edward Everett also recorded that is not generally known. When he was nominated by President Harrison as Minister to England, there was an agreement made among the majority of the Senators not to confirm the nomination. This opposition was caused by the discovery of a letter he had written containing a strong expression of his anti-slavery sentiments. The opposition was finally overruled, however, by a decided public sentiment in favor of Mr. Everett, and the Senate confirmed the nomination."

A number of paragraphs are devoted to Mr. Weed's foster daughter, Mary, an orphan child of a dissipated musician who died from drink. A portion of the description was read; but before the reader had proceeded very far Mr. Weed with his tears in his eyes stopped him. "That is enough," he said, "I can't stand any more of it. She would have been past thirty years old now if she had lived; but I can only think of her as a sweet child of seventeen." He then pointed out a portrait of the young girl hanging upon the wall; and taking out his watch showed an enamelled miniature copy of it on the inside of the case. He often speaks of her as the "Little Nell" of his household, and says she was the embodiment of the picture drawn by Dickens.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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Gambetta has been ordered to give up smoking for fear of losing his voice. The Czar has given it up for fear the Nihilists would poison his tobacco.