A CHERISHED NOTION.

Do you know I cherished the notion, Were I rich as I'd like to be, With my own little yacht on the ocean, And a cotinge somewhere by the sea, With a brown stone front in the city. And cultured friends in the linb, And the chairman of some committee, In a thoroughly high-toned ciub;

Do you know I've a notion, my daisy, If this blissful condition were mine, That, somehow, I shouldn't go crasy Over any old vintage of wine. Nor collect earthenware from the potters, Nor presume to set the world right, Nor keep a whole stable of troiters, Nor grapple the "tiger" at night;

Nor marry, as some do, an heiress For beauty or fams or blood, Nor follow the crowd to Faris (If New York were swept of its mud). No, none of these things would answer My dream of earthly blas, For I bold, my little entrancer, To a fancy somewhat like this:

That with all the wealth of Golconda That with all the weath of Goldonia I never could hope to buy. Though over the world I should wander, One glance from a lovelit eye: For love is a subtle treasure, Which cam not be bought or sold— Which comes at its own sweet pleasure, And is held by no chains of gold.

I could buy, with my fancied riches, All grosser or tangible things: The valgar display which bewitches The rabble, who feel not its stings; I could buy, on my gold relying. All products of fabor and art— But where is the market for buying A true and loving heart?

And this is the notion I cherish: However rich I may be, If love were to wither and perish I should die in my poverty. And though to have millions were pleasant, If having them parted us two, Then I'd choose to be but a peasant— A peasant with love and you!

ESTHER VALE.

BY J. WILL. GRAHAM.

From the Portland Telegram. Esther Vale was but a little more than

a child in years, but a woman's sour looked out from her clear gray cyes, and every line of her proud, sweet face expressed character and refinement; her forehead was broad and low, and was shaded by a mass of golden hair; her complexion was "delicately fair;" her form was lithe and slender; her step was like that of a young queen, and the proud lift of her head and her graceful movements greatly enhanced her beauty. Her home was in the little village of

Princeton, on the banks of the Sacramento river; but beautiful as was the scenery around her cottage home, the place had grown distasteful to her. Her father had died in her infancy, and her mother had soon after married againthis time making an unfortunate connection, Mr. Winters being as selfish and obstinate as Mr. Vale had been generous and affectionate; two children had re sulted from this marriage, and left Esther but small room in her mother's heart. The girl had been carefully educated, however, from the money left by her father, her mother deciding that Esther must go for herself at as early an age as possible, and that teaching would be a very "genteel" occupation. And so, when Esther Vale was seven-

teen, the time in which our story opens, the had finished her education-had surpassed in knowled the teachers of the seminary in the neighboring town, and was ready to enter upon the task of supporting herself. The village of Prince-ton boasted of but one school, and that was taught by an old pedagogue who had imparted to Esther the rudiments of her own education, and it would almost have been deemed sacrilige to displace him, to give place to a young girl, so there was no situation for Esther Vale in her native place. One evening in May, Esther put on her little white sun bonnet and strolled along the shore of the river, evidently absorbed in the discussion of some important question. The gray shadows were softly falling, the river rolled by with a musical song, and the spring air was laden with the perfume of the peach and apple blossoms. The trees in the orchard a little way back from the river, looked like spectres in the twilight, as they stood draped in pink and white. It was a scene that aroused all the desola-tion of her young soul. She was suddenly startled by a footfall behind her, and the next moment she was joined by a young man, evidently a farmers son, with a frank, boyish face, which looked even handsome in the deepening twilight. 'I've been at your house, Esther," he said, drawing her hand through his arm, "and your mother said you were walking along by the river; so you see I have overtaken you. What were you so busy thinking about that you did not hear me? "I was thinking of my future," replied ather, in a slow sad tone; "I have Esther, in a slow sad tone; made up my mind what I shall do. You to that of principal, and had no lack of know a great deal of our family affairs, Richard Verny, living as you do so very near us, and being so often at our house, and will under-stand what I am going to say. I am in the way here." And her tone grew pas-"I am one too many at home. sionate. My stepfather feels that I am a burden upon him, and that I take what right-fully belongs to John and Lucy. Mother is wrapt up in her other children, and leaves me, her first-born child, to feel lonely and desolate. I am going away, to be gone a long time, Richard. I am going to San Francisco!" Her tone grew firm and quiet as she announced her decision. "You don't know what you Esther," said the young man, frankly "what can have put such an insane freak into your head? Think of yourself, so young, so innocent, and so beautiful, exposed to all the dangers of a great city! Your mother would not allow you to go and 1, Esther, I couldn't let you go." The young man's voice trembled, and he held the girl's hand tightly as he continued: "I love you, Esther. Will you be my wife?

orly. in such a marriage."

The young man pleaded in vain. For a long time he drew such pictures of what her life might be as mistress of the Verney farm and his own loved and honored wife, that the poor girl was tempted to accept the calm and peaceful life thus offered to her, and trust to time to awaken feelings of wifely love and devotion. But the temptation soon vanished. Her own truthfulness and honesty of charac-

ter triumphed and she finally said : "I do not love you enough Richard, and cannot marry you. Do not ask me again, in pity to yourself and me."

"Tell me why you you don't love me, Eather," said Richard, in a husky voice. "What kind of a man could you love, Esther?" Esther hesitated a moment before re

plying. "I will tell you," she said at length.

"I have not thought much of these things Richard ! but every girl expects at some period of her life to marry, and, of course, forms some idea of the man to whom she is willing to entrust her own happiness. I could not be happy in the hum drum life of a farmer's wife, and witness only a round of milking, churning and dairy work from my marriage until my death. I have no wish to disparage a farmer's life, Richard, for they are the men who make the nation, they are the foundation of all other business, but I am unfitted for it. My life has been so hard, so full of hard realities, so unloved and unloving, that I have dreamed too much-made myself an ideal world and lived therein.' "And you would cast away my true

and honest love for fashionable society, Esther?" exclaimed Verney; "You reject me in the hope of becoming a woman of the world.'

"You mistake me, Richard. I have no taste for fashionable society. But I would marry a man whom I could feel was my superior, whether he be farmer or blacksmith, one who makes his mark in the world, is honored and respected for his talents and the use he makes of them. The man I marry must have the power to make me love him as I can love-deeply, strongly, with my whole being: I want a refined atmosphere around my married life. . My husband must have a cultivated taste for books and pictures, for I love them and I believe in a unity of taste between married

people. They had been walking up and down the river bank, while Esther had told her lover how different her ideal was from himself, and they now paused while Richard replied:

"I understand you, Esther, and do not blame you for rejecting an awkward country boy who has been to full of sports to improve his opportunities of learning. It is not too late yet, I am only twenty now, and if you are not married to some one else before I can claim you, you shall yet be my wife. Remember, Esther, I shall claim you vet!

He pressed her to his heart, kissed her passionately, and then with a choking sob he turned and walked away through the gloom.

Esther returned to her home and went about her usual duties. The next day she heard that Richard Verney had gone to college.

your love for me was other than broth- some man regarding her with a puzzled We could neither of us be happy | expression. His face was bronzed and bearded, a graceful mustache and imperial lent dignity to his massive chin. His form was commanding, and altogether he was distinguished in appearance. His eyes were those same truth-ful eyes that she so well remembered,

their last meeting on the bank of the famed river quickly passed before her mental vision. "Miss Vale," he said, bowing. Esther bowed.

"I have brought my ward to you to be educated," he said, all unconscious that his voice and words set Esther's heart to throbbing loudly. "She has been sadly neglected, and if you will take charge of her, and make as good a scholar as most of your pupils are, you will confer a great favor. Her name is Minnie Lake. Her father was one of my dearest friends, and I am the guardian of his child."

It was plain to Esther from his manner that he did not suspect her identity with the Esther he had known and loved in the long ago.

As soon as she remembered that it was years since her mother had died and that her step-father had soon after removed from Princeton, she readily understood the cause of his ignorance. She gracefully advanced and received her new pupil, soon placed her at her ease, learned that Mr. Verney had been recommended to her by the parents of one of her pupils, and finally led the girl to the apartments she was to occupy and intro-duced her to the group of girls. She then returned to the parlor with a heavy heart, for the interest manifested by Mr. Verney in his ward caused her to think that he was educating her for his own wife.

On entering the parlor she found that her guest had turned on the gas and was contemplating the pictures that graced her walls. He turned abruptly at her entrance and regarded her in silence. She stood full in the light of the chandalier, her loose curls thrown back from her beautiful face, the color coming and going in her red cheeks, and her grav eyes lustrous with the excitement his coming had caused, and as he looked at her he gave a quick gasp, and exclaimed as he opened his arms:

"Esther!" Esther sprang to his embrace and he

rained kisses and tears on her upturned face "Found at last!" he said; "I have

looked for you a long time, Esther, have you waited for me?" "I am Esther Vale still!" she whis-

pered.

Eather Vale found in her old lover the ideal she had once pictured to him, and the following Christmas she closed her school, bade adieu to her attached pupils and became the wife of the Hon, Richard Verney. And in the long, golden years that followed they had reason to look back with thankfulness upon the truly fortunate day that again brought them together. And their love was none the less because they waited so long for each other.

The Jablochkoff Electric Light.

The London Metropolitan Board of Works has recently renewed a contract for one year for lighting the Victoria Embankment and Waterloo Bridge with the Jablochkoff electric light. The Jablochkoff system has been in successful operation on the Thames Embankment since the 13th of December, 1878, when twenty lights were started between Westminister and Waterloo Bridges. Twenty lights, extending the work to Blackfriars Bridge, were added in May, 1879, and ten more were put on Waterloo Bridge in October last; ten lights have also been put in the Victoria Railway station. All of the lights on the embankment have been kept in operation regularly for six hours each night since they were first started-a fact that is worthy of consideration when it is borne in mind that the machinery was originally arranged for twenty lights only, with no thought that the system was to be extended, and that the changes rendered necessary by each of the two extensions have had to be made without interfering with the daily efficiency of the apparatus. The price paid by the Board of Works was, at first 6d. per light per hour; it was reduced to 5d. in the first, and 3d. on the second extension, and has again been reduced on the renewal of the contract to 21d. per light per hour. The Jablochkoff system of electric lighting is now in use under almost every possible condition and in every variety of establishmentin streets, on bridges, in railway stations, theaters, circuses, engineering and industrial works, docks, basins, on board steam vessels, in hotels and in private residences. They are also in use in Burmah, Persia, Portugal and Spain, and are rapidly being introduced in nearly all quarters of the globe.

DERNHARDT.

A correspondent of the New York Herald seems to have a particularly suc-cessful interview with the great "Sara," and the following extracts from her letter are of sufficient interest to war-rant bringing this much talked-of artiste again to notice: There is perhaps, no woman in the world so much written and talked about as Sara Bernhardt. I was curiously mystified to-day as she put on a pair of strange-looking, huge, buttonlegs gloves, which incased her arms nearly to the shoulder, and when asked, "What sort of gloves are these?" Her answer was characteristic : "C'est mon invention, c'est le gant Sara Bernhardt. I never was more agreeably disappointed in the appearance of a person than when Sara smilingly and merrily tripped-I would almost have said dancedinto the room, which, by the way, was so littered up with gigantic ships and crowns of flowers, that it was quite a puzzle to know where

to sit down without crushing them. She looked infinitely fresher, brighter and prettier than I had ever seen her on the stage. Her photographs are perfect caricatures-every one of them. They give no idea of those wonderfully clear, translucent, great blue eyes, with their now soft and melting, and now keen and penetrating glance; of her fresh and fair complexion, which on the stage is hidden under a horrid mask of thick paint; of her beautiful light blonde hair, which lacks just a shade of being golden, and is curled in the most graceful and artistic fashion; of her tender and sensitive mouth, the slightest motion of which is full of character and expression. I had never considered her pretty. I now, after a more careful and painstaking inspection decidedly thought her so,

She was charmingly dressed, too, and her thinness of person which is so gener-ally remarked, but which she ridicules herself, was most artistically disguised. The waves of lace and ruffle which lay about her neck appeared to hide a bust worthy of Diana herself. "You have known many Americans, madam?"

"Yes, in Paris, a great many, and have found them always so kind, 80 re spectful, so adorable, (she repeated the word). You know Americans seem to have so much more respect and consideration for women than they have in France. What villainous things they say about me in the French papers, abominable falsehoods, which no American editor, I am sure, be it only to the respect he owes the sex, would ever print. Americans are often brosque, perhaps even a little rough, but behind this there is a fine delicacy, a tender regard for the feelings of women, which makes them to me a most lovable people.

And now she turned round, and relapsing into her old self, said, with that arch, lively, coquetry, which seems to become her so well: "Let me interview you now. I am very anxious to know all about America. Do the people know French ?"

"The majority of the educated people 'I replied. do,'

"Will they understand me?" she asked again, still pulling away at those big gloves.

"O, yes; but will you allow me to give you a little advice?"

"Delighted to receive it," she said. cious smile, and a striking wa

I lose my identity utterly, and for the time being I am no longer Sara-I am only the helpless woman I represent. My

tears are not simulated, they are real, hot, burning tears that scald my cheeks!" And she folded her hands and lifted them up to me with an intense earnest ness which was most appealing in its effect. It was almost as fine a piece of dramatic representation as I had ever seen her enact on the stage. But, as I looked at that delicate, thin woman, I could not but marvel how she could possibly retain sufficient health and strength for her intense labor while passing through such successive shocks to her entire nervous system.

Bili Nye.

To-day I got shaved at a barber shop, where I begged the operator to kill me

and put me out of my misery. I have been accustomed to gentle care and thoughtfulness at home, and my barber at Laramie handels me with the ntmost tenderness: I was, therefore, poorly prepared to meet the man who this morning filled my soul with woe.

I know that I have not deserved this, for, while others have berated the poor barber, and sworn about his bad breath and never-ending clatter and his general heartlessness, I have never said any-thing that was not filled with child-like trust and hearty good will toward him. I have called the attention of the pub-

lie to the fact that customers sometimes had bad breath, and were restless and mean while being operated upon, and then, when they are all fixed up nicely, they put their hats on and light a cigar and hold up their finger to the weary barber and tell him that they will see him more subsequently. Now, however, I feel differently.

The barber no doubt had never heard

of me. He no doubt thought I was an ordinary plug who didn't know anything about luxury.

I shall mark a copy of this paper and send it to him. Then, while he is read-ing it, I will steal up behind him with a pick handle and kill him. I want him to be reading this when I kill him, because side the house, for one of the men to it will assist the Coroner in arriving at the immediate cause of his death.

He had the Jim James in an advanced stage. Now, I don't object to being shaved by a barber who is socially drunk, but when the mad glitter of the

maniae is in his eye, and I can see that he is debating the question of whether he will cut my head off and let it drop over the back of the chair or choke me to death with a lather brush, it makes me nervous and fidgety.

This man made up his mind three times that he would kill me, and some

one came in just in time to save me. His chair was near the window, and there was a hole in the blind, so that when he was shaving the off side of my face he would turn my head over in such a position that I could look up into the middle of the sun. My attention had never before been called to the appearance of the sun as it looks to the naked eye, and I was a good deal surprised. The more I looked into the very cen-

feet at least for health. ter of the great orb of day the more I Considering the roof I need not spe in particular, as there are several kinds was filled with wonder at the might and power that could create it. I began to of material to construct it of in a ne pine for death immediately, so that I country, such as "scoops," bark, handmade shingles, etc.,

out-buildings can be raised by three mer

How to Build a Log House,

A correspondence of the Canada Farmer writes: Select straight trees, say one foot diameter at the butt, trim limb one foot diameter at the butt, trim limbs and knots closely; cut the logs sixtes and twenty-six feet long, or eighteen and thirty feet long. Buildings of these di-mensions can be divided to better advan-tage than the usual 18x24 house. Divids when building, and then it will be don -with logs, if sawed lumber cannot be obtained, for a partition. Let the bel-room occupy about one-third of the house; no hall, but a stairway in one corner of the largest room, a landing a corner of the largest room, a landing a the bottom, say two feet wide, and one a two steps high. If two steps, one must be placed sideways to the landing. The stairs should be close to the end of the house to economize space, and slass across towards, or beyond, the middle of the chamber floor. Place a post or rail, ing at the head of the stars is nothing more than If it

two or three saplings or poles. Choose a building spot where there is a

little rise of ground (not a hill or small mountain to travel up and down "forty times" a day) where there is, if possible, another elevation some six or eight feet higher than where the house is to stand about twenty feet distant. If there is no such elevation then build "Skid-way" and draw your logs to it. If then is not a rock foundation, dig down to solid ground and place the most durable timber at the bottom, or place postalor large stones under the walls; for because it is only a log house little or no atteation is often paid to the underpining consequently much inconvenience an trouble is experienced by settling, deranging doors, breaking windows, etc. Roll your logs upon a couple of skids, or long polls, until the walls are too high to do so. Then attach a strong rope about an inch thick, in the middle of the building, next the top log, and bring the other end over the top log, and after rolling another log on the poles, give the stand upon; then let him "pull away" while the other men, one at each end of The first whiff I took of this man's the log, assists with light "bulls" (these breath, I knew that he was rum's maniac. are made by withes or strong bark tied

across near the end of a forked pole) un-til the log touches the building, when by simultaneous effort the log can be roll. ed on.

If too heavy, the men must ascend each with a light hand pry, one of them at each end pry up, when it will roll on easily; another should then be rolled up in a similar manner, or if it is end logs, roll three (one for partition) before conmencing to "notch down;" while this is being done the third man can be gettin other logs ready, etc. Thoroughly "don-tail" or "saddle" notch the corners, paticularly the top logs, or plates upon which the rafters and roof rest. Only the top log of the partition need be dontailed to prevent it from springing ou ward on account of weight of roof res ing thereon. The wall should be twelt feet high, for one and a half stories between lower and upper floor, eigh

Esther did not reply. Her manner sufficiently expressed her astonishment and surprise, but she did not find voice

to speak. "Oh, Esther! can it be that you do no love me? Ever since I first saw you when you were but a wee child, I have loved you, and for years I have looked forward to the time when I might call you my wife! I can offer you a pleasant home, and a love that time nor events

The summer were spent by Esther in fruitless attempts to procure a situation as teacher, and in studying. Every day her stepfather made her feel more and more that she was a burden to them, and her weak, inefficient mother often anxiously inquired if she had heard of no situation yet that would do. Early in September, however, one of the teachers of the seminary, where Esther had been educated, obtained a situation in a Frisco school for herself, and a position as junior teacher for Esther.

The young girl immediately entered apon her duties, and in the active life to which she now accustomed herself, she strove to forget the past.

But in the evening hours, when she was alone in her own room for the night, she would remember with a keen pang. the frank, boyish face of Richard Verney and the strong enduring love he bore her, and she wondered how he succeeded in his college life. She had not seen him in the summer, as he preferred to spend his vacation in the vicinity of the college and devote his time to study, for which he had suddenly shown great taste.

The years went on and Esther Vale had matured into a glorious women. Time had smiled favorably on her, and had but increased her bright beauty and given her additional graces. She had risen from the position of junior teacher suitors. But not one among them all came up to her ideal. And so she gradually relinquished all idea of ever marrying. She had heard of Richard Verney, that he had graduated with the highest honors from Yale College, and had thereafter watched his onward and upward course with a proud feeling of satisfaction. In the girlish days of long ago, she had never dreamed that her aukward country lover possessed genius and the gift of eloquence; but her rejection of him had roused those dormant qualities and made a man worthy of the admiration dealt out to him on every hand.

It was ten years from the evening of their parting on the banks of the Sacramento, and Esther Vale, attired as become her queenly beanty, was seated in the well lighted parlor of her residence. Her under teachers and pupils were in their own part of the house, and the mis-tress was alone. She had just been reading in one of the daily papers a speech recently delivered by the Hon. Richard Verney, and now she was looking into the grate with a thoughtful face. The door bell suddenly rung, and a moment after a servant brought to Miss Vale a card bearing the name of Richard Verney. Esther's cheek flushed and paled as

she read the name, and her voice faltered as she commanded the servant to admit the gentleman. To conceal her agitation she turned down the gas to a twilight, and awaited his entrance. The servant speedily ushered the visitor into the room, but, to Esther's surprise, a fairy-like being hung to his arm.

Esther had never contemplated the possibility of her old lover's marrying, will not change; don't tell me that in all these years I have loved in vain." "It may not be Richard," said Esther adly. "I have always loved you with a sisterly affection. I never thought that but now a keen pang shot through her heart as she thought he had come to

KISSING THE BIBLE .- A Philadelphia judge recently observed that it was not an uncommon thing in swearing a witness, to see him kiss his own hand instead of the book. Possibly that might make the oath a little less binding with some people, but here is another view of it in the Pall Mall Gazette. A grand juryman recounts his experience: We shout 'here,' and the clerk of assize counts us up. One is missing; it does not matter, there are enough of us. Then comes the swearing. Our foreman first takes the oath, and then the oath is administerad to the rest of us in batches. We are handed a number of greasy little black testaments; we hold each one in our right hand, and then solemnly kiss the binding. It is not a tempting operation; who knows how many lying and perjured lips have kissed that book before-how many greedy and unctuous mouths have been pressed where mine is now to follow? On the whole, I prefer opening the book at random, and kissing it anywhere inside—"Philemon" will do very well. It is not likely that many had kissed that particular page.

Charity is the first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

-quite her own, and holding open her lips and showing a wonderfully perfect row of brilliantly white teeth; "what is it?"

"Many Americans who understand the language theoretically, but speak it imperfectly, would comprehend you better if you could speak just a little more

slowly." "Ah," she replied, "that is a very hard task.' I know I speak very fast. I have often told you so, even in Paris. But you know the drama and the situation would lose terribly by such a change My words would lose their point, their force, their effect, if I were to utter them with perceptible and painful slowness and distinctness. It would be sacrificing my art to greater chances of popular success, and that I must never do. J must interpret the author as God and my art have put it into my heart to do, and the rest must take itself." And moving up almost to my very face, she fixed those blue eyes scrutinizingly at me and said, "Tell me, am I not right?"

I assented and explained: "I did not mean that you should speak more slowly in your great dramatic moments or your outbursts of passions-only in the gen eral dialogue, where a little slowness and distinctness of speech will not mar the effect."

"Speaking of andiences, do you not find great differences in them and in their degrees of appreciation ?"

Her eyes sparkled. I had evidently tumbled upon a point which especially interested her.

"You have referred to an experience of my artistic life," she replied, "than which none can be more varied. Audiences are like individuals-they seem to have an individual character and taste. What this one sees, the other passes by unnoticed; what this one admires, leaves the other quite unmoved. Not that I have anything to complain of as regards any of my audiences. I am but too kindly and indulgently received everywhere. But it is strange to notice how the applause shifts to different points on different nights. Here for instance, is an audience thoroughly appreciative, but yet there are some fine points which are too subtle for it, and yet the audience to morrow night will sieze upon these very points, and applaud them most enthusiastically, while the evening be-fore they passed by apparently unnoticed

"Which audiences are apt to be the most appreciative?"

"Those consisting of young people," the actress replied, her whole face beam ing with pleasure, as she dilated upon a subject very near her heart.

'Do you take any nourishment between the scenes, madam?

"None, except big lumps of fin morcean de glace, which cool my mouth fevered with the excitement of the

play." "How do you feel after a scene like that, for itstance, of the death of Adrienne Lecouvreur? Do you easily recover from the painful illusion, madame?

"The illusion! Ah, with me it is re ality at the time, I am always ill after that death scene, and generally have to to recover \$500 for the Dor be assisted from the stage. In playing from a grocer in that city.

the heavenly could be far away amon "shanty roof." Build a peaked roofbodies, and in a land where no barber and a pretty sharp one too. This kin with the delirium triangles can ever affords good chamber reom (which is enter. lost by a sharty covering), and looks a much better. Do not build on a low flat surface, if you don't wish to live in a mud hole. Small log barns and other

The barber held my head down so that the sun could shine into my darkened understanding, until I felt that my brain had melted and was floating around and swashing about in my skull like melted butter. His hand was very unsteady, too.

lost faith in him on the start when he cut off a mole under my chin and threw it into the spittoon. I did not care particularly, but at the same time I had not decided to take it off at that time. In fact I had worn it so long that I had become attached to it. It had also become attached to me.

That is why I could not restrain my tears when the barber cut it off and then stepped back to the other end of the room to see how I looked without it.

Fighting It Out in the Newspapers.

The fact which recently came out through a cable dispatch that the Emperor of Russia had tound it necessary to vindicate himself in the columns of a journal published in Republican France, affords a signal illustration of the moral and ethical others. An acquaintance told me th power of the modern newspaper. he was once riding in a Broadwa The Czar has done a highly proper and becoming thing in thus tacitly acknowledging that the printed page of current history has become the common bar of the world's opinion, become and the second the stopped the coach, and requested war to get out. Upon this Ward became to get out. Upon this ward became before which kings and emperors must appear and justify their acts. It appears that some months ago the fare. "But I have," he said, "I new fare. "But I have," he said, "I new emperor's brother, the Grand Duke said I hadn't ten cents. I only asked It appears that some months ago the Nicholas, wrote and published a you could change five dollars.

series of articles in the Nouvelle Revue, in which he declared that the war with Turkey was meditated, desired, prepared for and decided on by the Russian government in 1876, two years before the declaration of hostilities; and further, that the true object of the war was the possession of Constantinople, while the relief of the Bulgarian Christians served row, and provident that he may make merely as a pretext. The result was that the Grand Duke Nicholas was stripped of his command and exiled to Paris in disgrace; while the ablest pens in the Russian war office were authorized to prepare an elaborate defense, which now appears in the journal in which the Grand Duke arraigned the government of his brother. Fighting it out in the columns of the newspaper is certainly a vast improvement upon the old Rus.

the imperial family.

THE bequest of Mrs. Dorsey to Jefferson Davis is bringing him many law suits, the latest just brought by law suits, the latest just brought by Davis himself at Kansas City, Mo., to recover \$500 for the Dorsey estate they generally use low language.

Moss, taken from standing trees, ther oughly forced, into the cracks and crev ices, is an excellent substitute when mortar for plastering can not be obtained Artemus Ward. Mr. Toole, who was one of Artemu Ward's most intimate friends in London says that he told him the following stor He went to a lecture at a remote place where his face was not known. He was little late; the audience became imp tient, and began to stamp with their feet and whistle. By and by War came out and began to move about the platform, dusting the chairs an

desk. The people took him for "supe," and became still more impa-tient. Presently he turned around dropped the dust cloth, and said: "Nor having dusted the chairs, I will begin my lecture." Many of the jokes made were not so good as this, but, I doubt, served to amuse himself at omnibus when Browne got in, and, being asked for his fare, inquired the driver if he could change five do Why should he g

A good story is told of the learned an witty Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, wh is so widely, known as the writer charming essays for the New Io Ledger. It is said that on one occasion very fashionably "swell" from New Yo was paying a visit at the Bishop's hol in Providence. When the host h escorted his young guest to his bedchs ber, the exquisite, mindful of the m appearance at breakfast all fresh a neat, said, most naively, "Bishop, I su pose I will put my boots ontside door?" "Oh! by all means, if you wish said the Bishop. "They will be perfect safe there; nobody will touch them."

The Archbishop of Canterbury memoir of his wife and son containst good sayings of Dean Milman. At Fulliam garden-party, an emu turned into one of the meadows. T cows gave chase, wherenpon the I exclaimed, "Hello! there goes Colse sian method of settling differences in the imperial family. and the very Low-Church Bishop Villerfor and the very Low-Church Bishop Villerfor

> WORDS AND LANGUAGE.-It is traordinary fact that when people to what is commonly called high w