

A SCULPTOR'S LOVE STORY.

The capital of Anjou is preparing to do honor to one of its most illustrious children. The sculptor David is to be commemorated by a statue, the work of an M. Noel, who obtained the first prize in the competition organized by the town of Angers. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire has been deputed to represent the Government at the inaugural ceremony, and the occasion will probably be seized to put forward a species of ministerial programme. The life of David of Angers forms a fitting subject for republican panegyric, as he suffered persecution and banishment for the good cause. Posthumous reward has come at last, and on the spot where the embryo artist solicited the charity of passers-by to take home a few sous to his mother, the features of the powerful genius as he developed in after years will serve to remind future generations of Angerins that the path of glory, if it leads but to the grave, does not always close there.

The Bewildered Traveler.

During the rage of the Continental war in Europe, occasion—no matter what—called an honest Yorkshire squire to take a journey to Warsaw. Untraveled and unknowing, he provided himself with no passport; his business concerned himself alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him. His route lay through the States of neutral and contending powers. He landed in Holland and passed the usual examination; but insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was imprisoned, and questioned, and sitted; and, appearing to be incapable of design, was at length permitted to resume his journey. To the officer of the guard which conducted him to the frontier he made frequent complaints of his treatment, and of the loss he should sustain by the delay; he swore it was uncivil, and unfriendly, and ungenerous; 500 Dutchmen might have traveled through Great Britain without a question; they never questioned any strangers in Great Britain, nor stopped them, nor guarded them. Roused from his native phlegm by these reflections on the policy of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke therefrom—"Myneer," said he, "when you first set your foot on the land of the seven United Provinces, you should have declared that you came thither on affairs of commerce;" and, replacing his pipe, relapsed into immovable taciturnity.

Lacked the Conveniences.

"My dear sir," began a cheerful looking gentleman, not particularly well dressed or smelling very pleasant, as he broke into the Eagle's sanctum yesterday and grasped the city editor's hand. "My dear sir, do you not recognize me?" "No, I don't," responded the city editor, gruffly. "What's your racket?" "Don't recognize me? Why, my dear sir, don't you recognize—did you ever see Dr. Carver, the famous rifle shot?" "No, I didn't," replied the city editor. "Oh, well, that accounts for it," said the visitor, breathing easier. "Are you Doctor Carver?" asked the city editor, suspiciously. "The same," responded the seedy man. "I've dropped in to ask a bit of a favor. Coming across on the boat from New York I made a match with a man who is waiting down stairs for me. We are to shoot right away, and I have called in to borrow your gun until I beat him."

A Cautious Witness.

There was a little personal difficulty on Livingston street the other day between two citizens, to which a Brooklyn clergyman was the only eye witness. The principals were reticent about the affair, and the divine was solicited to make a statement. "Your information is correct, sir. Yes, sir, your information is correct," he said to an Eagle reporter. "I was standing on the adjacent curbstone, and I think I may safely say I saw it all. An unfortunate affair, sir, very." "What was said to start it?" "There was some remarks not at all indicative of humility of spirit, and some language which you would not expect me to remember." "Did one of them insult the other?" "Different men put different constructions upon the words. I would not like to say that any affront was intended. I will say, though, that the language was not scriptural." "Were any blows struck?" "It seems to me that there was smiting involved in the controversy." "Which one struck first?" "I don't think I am prepared to say who inaugurated the assault. It may have been one, and it may have been the other." "Did the assaulted man strike back?" "He may have done so. I will take the responsibility of saying very likely he did. Men—under the influence of carnal anger are prone to smite when smitten."

Watermelon Pickle.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson, Jackie, to read it for her. Jackie took the paper, like a dutiful child, and holding it upside down, commenced: "Take a green watermelon—" "Why, Jackie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe." "Oh, what's the matter with yew? Yew ever see a watermelon that wasn't green?" "Cut the watermelon up into four halves—" "But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don't believe you are reading that, Jackie." "Well, I don't have to, anyhow that's what the roset says. Then soak it in a pint cup—" "Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?" "Well, I ain't here to tell the where-ance and howfore. I'm just readin' the facts and you can put in the flosfofe to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put it in a skillet and fry it fur about five days."

A Very Odd Custom.

In the fall of 1879, D. and N. G. Miller of Bridgeport, Conn., placed \$450,000 in the hands of E. A. Kent & Co., brokers of Broad street, with instructions to use it in speculating in corn and wheat and lard. A year ago they were told that their money was all gone and that they owed the brokers \$10,000. The Millers began suit for accounting. In granting a motion Monday, to make a second answer, Judge Barrett said: "The defendants present a most extraordinary answer and affidavit. They acknowledge the receipt of enormous sums of money from the plaintiffs, declare that those sums have been absorbed and subsequently assert that they can furnish no comprehensible particulars as to the processes of absorption. This, they say, is in accordance with the customs of the Produce Exchange, of which they are members, the plaintiffs' money forming a part of a common fund, the transactions being mostly what are called options. They cannot assign any particular option to the plaintiffs, and after the transfer of options they cannot trace them upon their books so as to determine by whom the sums lost thereby were actually paid. All this is simply a meaningless jargon, and the defendants may as well understand, once for all, that the law will not tolerate such trifling. They had better act fairly in the matter and make a clean breast of it; either frankly confess the plaintiffs' claim or give them data sufficient in law to justify the absorption of their money and privity. If the difficulty arises from the existence of a common fund, let them give full particulars with regard thereto and show how plaintiffs' connection therewith caused the absorption of their part of the margin."—[N. Y. paper.

The Hero and the Dog.

A dozen men were watering their throats in a Monroe avenue saloon yesterday, when two strangers entered, and one of them raised his voice and called out: "Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to Captain Green, of Chicago, the hero who was locked up in a room with a dog for two long hours, armed only with a piece of lath." Several persons at once stepped forward and shook hands and invited Captain Green to drink. He had imbibed three glasses of beer and got two cigars in his pocket, when one of the men queried: "You must have felt purty skeary?" "Yes."

A Boy's Joke.

While a man was dashing with all his might and main down street to catch a train, a gamin rushed to him and shouted: "Hey, mister, have you got a pin?" "I have," responded the man, coming to a sudden halt, and feeling under the lapel of his vest. "Well, then," yelled the boy, as he jumped out of the way, "you had better fasten your ears together behind your head, so as you won't mash any swingin' signs with 'em." The pedestrian passed on unheeding of the advice given him.

A New Story About Lincoln.

It was during the fiercest stages of the great war of the rebellion that several of our ministers called on President Lincoln on an important errand. Mr. Lincoln received them with great courtesy, and gave them a good audience. When the brethren rose to leave the room, one of them, Dr. L. Davis, said: "Mr. Lincoln, you have been very kind and painstaking to answer our questions. We have yet one which our people are deeply interested in, and which we wish to put before you for an answer. 'What do you here at Washington intend to do with slavery?'"

The Ladies Wanted Some Breakfast.

A few years ago a steamer drew into the Bay of Naples with a lot of passengers, among whom were a small party of Americans. The night had been rough, and the ship was behind time. It was 10 o'clock already, and no breakfast. The stinky captain had resolved to economize. A stout, quiet man, with a stout hickory stick, went to the captain, and begged for a little coffee, at least for his ladies. The captain turned his back, fluttered his coat-tails in the face of the stout, quiet man, who followed, and still respectfully begged for something for the ladies, who were faint with hunger. Then the captain turned and threatened to put him in irons, at the same time calling the officers around him. The stout man with the stout stick very quietly proceeded to thrash the Captain. He thrashed him till he could not stand, and then thrashed every officer that dared to show his face, as well as half the crew. Then he went down and made the cook get breakfast. This was an old Californian, "Dave Colton," as we used to call him up in Yreka. Of course, an act like that was punishable with death. "Piracy on the high seas," and all that sort of offense was charged; and I know not how much gold it cost to heal the wounded head and dignity of the Captain of the ship. But this Californian neither knew the law nor cared for the law. He had a little party of ladies with him, and he would not see them go hungry. He would have that coffee if it cost him his head. Dear Dave Colton! I hear he is dead now. We first got acquainted one night in Yreka while shooting at each other.—[Joaquin Miller, in The Californian.

Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces which is honored wherever it is presented.

Those that have tried it say that kissing is like a sewing machine, because it seems good.

That the house had no concerge and that