- Tiring of games and idle jests,
  As swept the hours along,
  They called to on who mused at art,
  "Come, friend, give us a song."
- "I fear I cannot please," he said;
  "The only songs I know
  Are those my mother used to sing
  For me long years ago."
- "Sing one of those," a rough voice oried.
  "There's none but true men here;
  To every mother's son of us.
  A mother's song are dear."
- Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
  Amid unwonted calm.
  "Am I a soldier of the cross,
  A follower of the lamb?"
- "And shall I fear to own His cause-" The very s'ream was sillied, and I easts that never throubed with fear With tender thoughts were filled.
- Ended the song, the singer said, as to his feet he rose. "The mix to you all, my friends, good night. God grant us sweet repose."
- "Sing us on ce more." the captain begged.
  The soldier bent his head
  Then gluncing 'round, with smiling lips,
  "You'll join with me." he said.
- "We'll sing this old familiar air, Swe stas the bugle call." "All hall the power of Jesus' naure, Let angel's prostrate fall."
- And wondrous was the old tune's spell As on the singer sang; Mon after man fell into time. And loud the voices rang.
- The songs are done, the camp is still,
  Faught but the stream is heard;
  But at! the depths of every soul
  En those old hymns are stirred.
- and up from many a bearded lip, in wnispers soft and low, has the prayer them ther taught
- he boy leng year sgo. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

#### BYWAYS AND BYGONES.

One hurried view, caught as I drove along the highway of an old, haunted-looking house, half hidden amongst trees and hanging above a deep ravine, begat within me a determination to add its picturesque aspect to the many like souvenirs contained in my sketch book. But time slipped fast away; one day being too wet for my purpose, another too waim; one too dusty, another too fitful in sunlight and cloud, to say nothing of a multitude of intervening pleas ures which well nigh effaced all remembrance of my resolves. But a second drive, during which I again came, unexpectedly, upon the place, awoke not only my former desire, but a fixed determination to arise betimes, on the following morning, array myself in walking boots and comfortable flannel suit, breakfast alone, and while the family still slept, fold my tent, Arab-like, and steal away; or, in other words, fold my shawl and sketching materials into my shawl strap and betake myself over the hills; or, plainer still, turn tramp for one midsummer day; a'l of which I duly

The day was breezy, and, for mid-August, decidedly cool, and the air moist, but clear, thus making more palpable every latent atom of perfumes in Nature's labratory. Up to my knees reached tall grasses of every tint of green and silver, every shade of brown, caressing my down-reaching fingers with their feathery bloom or russet spires. Each corner of the old rail fence, shutting off the fields beyond held a fresh delight to my eyes; here a minature forest of Helirathus, there a crowd of Saponaria grant and lovely in their gowns of delicate pink; while peeping through the rails and over them, in stately decorum of attitude and purple array, at these their rollicking vis a vas, stood the prim Vervains, apart, exclusive and retiring. But not so the mauve tassels of Balm which nodded coquettishly and caressing each other, impelled thereto by every passing zephyr, nor yet the stardy Wild Thyme, nor the Sinarias, so lovely in their gypsy hats of pale straw, orange bedecked, and their pale green silver shaded robes; all of which latter, bloomed and rioted, in mob-like confusion, in the grassy ditch betwirt me and the road—the road which Thoreau (who, we are told, abhorred the sound of his own footsteps)
Proclaimed to "belong to horses and men of business;" wherefore, being only a tramp myself, pro tem, as well as an admirer of the sayings of the Concord naturalist, I hugged the hedges and fences, or, occasionally, as boundary lines changed ownership, an irregular stone wall, across the breast of which the wild grape or blackberry had flung itself with graceful abandon, while its trailing festoons swept even across my pathway. And wherever the careless husbandman had allowed a gap to in-tervene in these his landmarks, thrifty nature had supplied a thicket of Sumach already decked out with patches of the brilliant scarlet tint of its autumnal garb, which fluttered amidst it deep green like the gay ribbons of some rustic coquette.

Presently, weary with climbing, for I found that my walk had thus far been for the most part, up hill, I seated my-self upon a low stone wall, both to rest awhile and to take a leisurely look at the old farm house beyond it, standing amidst a far-reaching orchard knee-deep with red clover. The building was old and unacquainted with blinds, poarchos, paint, or adornments of any kind, and the doorways and paths leading thereto were unkempt. Tall bunches of regal looking Tiger-lilies and mo-notonous domes of red and white Phlox struggled hopelessly against the lusty weeds, the Burdock and rank grass, to maintain the pathway, once entrusted to their demarcation, leading from the front doorway down to the now unhinged wide-open gate. Ranged along benches placed against the east side of the house, glittering and reflecting the bright sunlight, where stacks of bright pans and pairs, while through the trees, I caught glimpses of the kine which said shining array indicated were to be found thereabouts. Pompous gobblers strutted amidst the orehard grass, and troops of hens on the outskirts thereof clucked to each other their discontent at the scarcity of insects and bugs in general, but specially of the phenome-nal dearth of flies on Shadow farm that current August. And while I looked, lo! the whole flock, headed by the clumsiest of Shanghai cocks, rushed in greedy haste, pell-mell, towards some point of common interest. Probably some poor, luckless worm, ignorant of the universal fact that the the universal fact that the weaker is ever

which my ear translated : "Uncommonly fine fat worm, my dears! Sorry there wasn't enough for a bite all around. Ate it all myself to save trouble in the family, don't you know?".

But while thus taking an outward sur-

vey of this wayside home, I discovered that I was being quite as curiously scanned myself, from an apper window of the house; whereupon I again faced about toward the road, still retaining my position upon the wall, where a most comfortable seat had been made by the displacement of a few of the stones, and found myself confronting, through a gap in the heavy shade of the trees scross the way, a view which alone would have repaid me for all my wear-isome climbing. A stretch of level fields in the immediate foreground rolled backward and gradually upward, forming in the distant a line of low foothills crowned by dark green forests which took on hazy blue and purple tints as they stretched afar on either hand. On the brow of the hill directly fronting me the forest line was broken, and through this opening, as though a celestial gateway, one looked afar into the blue depths of infinitude. And there, heavenward lifted, lay the sacred spot we call "God's Acre." Groups of dark pine defined themselves against the blue beyond, like tall cathedral spires, which alone gave to the spot an air of consecrated ground, unaided by the emblems of polished marble gleaming against their sombre hue. But most beautiful,

ripened harvested sheaves bound and awaiting their ingathering. On the right, a rustling sea of vigorous corn, on the left, a luxuriant growth of clover, rich in bloom and far-reaching fragrance, stretched away up the hill to the edge of the dark woods beyond, embracing on either side the golden field of sheaves and its terminus, the field of garnered human life. All this without line of demarcation, save that of vivid color, harmoniously contrasted and blended. But the morning hours were fast slip-ping away, and, reluctantly, I dropped down from my niche in the wall, after

harmonious and emblematic was the har-

vested field which, like the carpet of ruddy gold, unrolled itself from this

human garner downward, in one un-broken sweep, to the very roadside, bear-

ing on its surface in seriate ranks its

making a few hurried outlines, and trudged onward, first creeping through a gap between the wall and adjoining fence into a field of blossomed buckwheat; whose honeylike perfumes I had all this time been drawnig in with each breath. There I gathered a large mass of the delicate pink and white bloom, in which, from time to time as I continued my wayfaring, I buried my face, thus carrying with me the delicious senseintoxicating odor to the end of my pil-

A little farther on occurred a sudden dip in the ground, and, over a foot plank, I crossed a skurrying little brook, with a sigh for the days when, with shoes and stockings in hand, I should have made a far less conventional and decorous crossing. Was there no temptation to repeat past experiences? Frankly, yes; but, just before me, a boy, trundling a wheelbarrow load of newly cut bay, had come to a sudden and Golden rod, of radiant Coreopsis or of unaccountable hait, faced about and seated himself on his barrows, and, with or "Bouncing Bets," ragged, but fra- elbows planted on his knees and chin on his hands, was fixedly watching me. Did the saucy little yeoman suspect my gipsy-like impulse—born within me, perchance, of a sight, as he had sturdily plodded on ahead, of his own bare, brown limbs and feet glistening with wet from his recent splashing ford? However this may be, if ever a boy's face and attitude seemed to say: "I dare you! Come, now, will you take a dare?" Such was the interpretation of that urchin's. Meanwhile, I was beginning to have some misgivings as to whether had not gone astray, or chosen the wrong path leading out from the village, so much farther had I come than seemed to me reasonable before feaching my destination. Wherefore, by way o solving my doubts, as I neared the little knight of the barrow, before me, I addressed a few inquiries to him. "Dunno, 'thout it's the old Slawson rookery you're looking for. That ain't far from here; you'll see it when you get to the top of that rise of ground just ahead. I'm going most there myself." And the little knight proceeded to again trundle his load on before until the ascent was made, when, nodding towards the right he said: "In the hollow, just over yonder, this road joins another one, and there, at the fork you'll come across the old place I reckon you're hunting for.' Thes, with a sudden, dexterous turn, he trundled his barrow through an opening by the way into an adjoining field, where he left his burden, and made his way towards a little cottage at the far side, whistling and disporting himself as mer-

rily as a grig. On arriving at the fork of the hollow my eye was instantly caught by an old well beside the way with a bright tip dipper hanging from a projecting corner of its carb. Though not conscious of thirst before, I immediately felt an imperative call to drink of the waters of that wayside spring; so dropping my traps upon the grass, I proceeded to lower the old iron-bound bucket, the moss covered bucket which hung in that well," at the same time hoping that it might also be a leaky bucket, which was soon proven to be the case by the splashing sounds that greeted my ear as it swung against the stony walls within, and, at last, came to the surface drip-

ping and overflowing with clear, cold And just this point I found, after a slight survey, to be my best view of the old house and its surroundings. Accordingly I spread my shawl upon the shaded side of the little grassy knoll surrounding the well, and, seating myself thereon, leaned back against the old curb for a quiet rest and outlook, quite sheltered from the street and the sun. The face of the spot was somewhat changed since my first glimpse of it two months previous. The great trees had multiplied their foliage and deepened their tints, casting broader and heavier shadows around and over the old gray house, encircling it closer with their great wavering arms; now tossed upward by a swift breeze, letting a flood of sunshine in spon its time and weather-worn frame; again, drooping law, and softly sweep-

most from view in the all-embracing shadow and leafy luxuriance of their vigorous life. The southern bank of the hollow, over which hung the eastern gable of the honse, was a mass of golden and purple bloom and trailing vines; and the little rill that stole noiselessly along its base was completely hidden by over-lapping grasses, save here and there a gleam like a bit of entangled silver rib-

Scarcely was I settled at my work when I became conscious that two pairs when I became conscious that two pairs of very bright eyes were regarding me from betwixt the rails of the fence by the road; and soon two barefooted little children, a girl and a boy, crept through the bars and shyly and cautiously stole along under cover of the fence to a point where their curiosity as to my proceedings might be gratifled; and there they crouched down, silent as two hares, turning curious looks upon me, followed by looks at each other equally full of wonderment. I dured not speak lest they take flight, which, indeed, they did, after taking a drink from the rapidly di-minishing contents of the bucket in the well, the water from which still kept up a musical drip, drip, as it escaped from effluvia.

Later on, when I had made consider able progress with my sketch, and be-came quite absorbed therewith, the sound of a human voice close at my ear from an unknown, an unseen source, sent my pencil in a ruinous, zig zag course across the entire face of it, as, with a nervous start, I turned around and saw a woman's face peering, not only around the corner of the well, but over my shoulder, and even under the wide brim of my hat, which I had drawn low over my eyes to shade both them and the

page over which I was bending.
"Oh, sketching, be you? Well, now,
ms and I didn't think of that. We allowed you must hev turned your ankle on that ther hill, it's so rough, and that you couldn't go no furder. You kept so quiet and sat so long that ma said she reckoned I'd better fetch the pail along to the well and find out about you. Of late years, so many transients come up here to tue lake and go straggling about the country all summer, that we don't, ss a rule, pay much attention to their doin's. I s'pose you're one of 'em—one of the resorters, ain't you?"

The face was so irresistibly fresh and pretty, the lips so full and red, the smile so frank and sweet which showed the beautiful and white teeth, that I instantly forgot my first angry sense of annoyance, and, smiling in return, handed up my sketch book for inspec-

"La! how nat'ral them old trees do look! I wouldn't hev thought they'd make such a pretty pic'ter. Reckon you must love trees-I do myself." Then, handing back the book with an apology for the defacement she had caused by her unconventional introduction of herself, she proceeded to draw her pail of water. I, meantime, remarking: "Folks water, I, meantime, remarking: around here seem to have a fashion of springing into view like rabbits, from all manner of unexpected places; the fence corners, the bushes and even the well curbs, all seem peopled-and, see, there comes someone, now, from around the corner of the old house, yender!— the spirit of the place, I should judge from his gray locks, his withered little figure and the scythe he carries."

"Oh, that's old farmer Slawsoncurious, I s'pose, like the rest of us, bout you-but that so, the is only just

"Like your water pail," I suggested. "Just so," she returned, with a pleasant laugh. "But I never know'd Farmer Slawson to mow down the weeds on that ledge and side-hill afore in my time.

However true this assertion may have been-and certainly the general appearance of things attested its truthfarmer industriously plied his scythe, the maiden departed, and I resumed my work; and thus another half hour speed away, during which time the farmer had gradually worked his way along the opposite edge of the ravine to a point of speaking range; then, abruptly and withont even the premonitory ahem, came across the challenge: "What are you doin' thar, I'd like to know? Blessed if I

can make it out for myself!"
"Getting a picture of that old described house and its surroundings," I replied. "A picter of my old housel why! why! why!" And, with a face and mien full of wonderment and incredulity, he turned upon it a prolonged speculative look, followed by an amused chuckle and the exclamation: "Heavens and Betsey! you must be possessed to think of pictering that old thing! But 'taint deserted by no means; as I said afore, it's my haouse, and I live ther myself;" then, half apologetically, "I hain't never fixed it up none sense I fust built it, nigh onto 40 years ago-'taint never had so much as a coat of paint on't, and, for the very life of me, I can't see whar you find any beauty bout it with making a picter on't." And again he turned an inquisitive look towards the old rook.

People, gen'lly, round here, take me to task for letting the old place go to rack and ruin this ere way, but I reckon haouses gen'lly does whar ther aint no wimmen folks around as takes an interst in 'em. I hain't never had no wife and children 'bout here to care how things went nor to help keep 'em in shape—not but what I lotted on having both when I built my haonse thar, the best haouse in the country them times; but wimmen are resky cattle-and-and-well, I don't mind tellin' on't, now, though at fust I was mighty sore over it,—the gal I had set my heart on run off with a durned Yankee tin-peddlar who hadn't nary recommend but a red cart, a span of breakneck ho'sses and a palavering tongue. Gals was scuree in these parts them days; the market was as lively for homely faces as for preity ones; but hard work was plenty, and I had as purty a lay of land waiting for the plow and harrer as any man ever saw, and at it I went, and by degrees sorter worked off my disappointment. And now, perhaps, you can understand why tis I hain't never tuk no pride in that ther haouse, and can't see no beauty in it, and never wanted to fix it up none, but just to let it last cout my time

"But this 'fixing up' of which you speak," I remarked, interrupting his "would have made quite an uninteresting object of it to me, and the bare thought of the pruning knife at work upon those magnificent trees, or those gnarled old oaks, makes me shiver. They owe their glory to your neglect,

lecting 'em. I s'pose some folks they'd call it spite, but I don't believe you would. No, I thought you wouldn't. But I don't go in for beauty nor fashion, nohow—healthiness is my prime hold. Healthy hereabouts did you ask? Lord sakes, yes; tain't the doctors whose getting rich, round here. 'Twan't long so, though. Years ago, when the country was new, 'twas fever-and-ague the year round. That was sech a slew of water and grass everywhars, you couldn't skip the shakes, nohow. And when folks fust begun to settle pretty numerous round here, the typhoid fever came and made mighty nigh a clean sweep of em all. Some said twas long of turning up so much new soil as pizened the sir—but ag'in I've heard them as said the smell of fresh airth

was healthy."
"Perhaps," I suggested, "there is a difference in that respect between freshly turned soil that has been long tilled, and virgin soil, which is always more or less full of noxious vegetable

"Mebbe so-I never thought on't afore-but I reckon you're right, for I don't believe you can find any healthfuller spot of country anywhars than right here in Jufferson county, as it is

"It certainly is the most romantic and picturesque farming country I ever beheld," I replied, "and, apparently, one of the most prosperous. And I am told that years ago when it was in a wild state its face was covered with beautiful oak openings, rich with pasturage, over the roadless surface of which you might drive miles and miles at will, all unimpeded by dense undergrowth, while these same forests crowned the hills, and sometimes their slopes, even as at present."

"'All true as preachin.' What! you ain't packing up your traps to go, be ye? Now, I am sorry. P'raps you'll be

coming ag in?"
"Yes, I shall come once more to get a front view of the old house-that fence is irresistible. But, now, if you tell me whether this road to the left leads back to the village, and if it be as shady and quiet as the other by which I came, I shall be obliged to you."

"Well, if you must go, I reckon you'll find the left hand road quite as shady as t'other one and mebbe a leetle leveler walking-they both lead to town.' "Thanks, Good morning!"

"Good morning, ma'am, and may all your roads be to your liking!"

Which ejaculation, coming from so prosaic a personage, caused me to again turn about for another look at the speak er, who had swung his scythe over his shoulder and turned his steps in the direction whence he had come into view, leaving his swarth unfinished; and thus it still remained, when, two weeks thereafter, I again passed the place.

But space fails me wherein to detail the many pleasures which awaited me on that homeward walk; the bosky places into which I penetrated to ex amme and gather the flora, and amidst the seeluded shaded depths of which I found a moss-bedecked, rocky tablet whereon I set forth the luncheon which Nora had deftly packed and insisted upon my bringing with me; and which I then and there ate with a relish and hunger such as I had not known for many a day; the enchanted slumber which afterwards stole over me, as, with the help of my soft shawl, I turned my stony table into a most comfortable pillow and lay listening to the wild bird music of happy song and busy twitter and call, and to the myriad of lesser sounds with which nature seemed to be unusually rife on that day. Nor can I, now, more than hint at the halfmile stretch of old maples, through the dense foliage of which not a sunbeam reached me, as I walked beneath over turf as soft to the footfall as Royal Wilton itself, or leaned against the old rail fence and listened to the sea-like murmurings of the wind-swept field of corn beyond. Also to the serio-comic narrative of an antiquated darkey at work therein, whom I accosted, and drew from bim a willing recital of his escape from bondage, together with his wife, during the early days of the war, and of the many shifts by which they at last reached this place, where, by kind and sympathetic hearts, they were cared for and helped to become self-supporting, until at last they had come to own a few acres of land-not of the best, else could they not have become possessed of itbut such as sufficed to grow a fair but small crop of tobacco, and likewise of corn, on the proceeds of which they lived comfortably, self respecting and respected by others—self helpful, happy and contented.

Suffice it to say, in conclusion, that at the close of the day, though I drew the home latch-string wearily, it was also with a sigh that, despite the day's many golden hours, there remained not yet another wherein I might conquer yet one more hill, explore yet one more fragrant hedge row.

# Burnside's Early Love.

In my last letter I had something to say about the author of "A Modern Hagar." She is Mrs. Clark, not Miss, as the printer got it. She married a southern lawyer before the war. He has since died, and she has come into a small patrimony recently by the death of an eccentric relative in New Orleans. She was once engaged to be married to General Burnside, and actually appeared be-fore the altar with him. The thought struck her, as she says, before she uttered the irrevocable words, that she was making a mistake. So in a few words she made known her conclusions to the expectant groom and the waiting minister, and retired from the scene as gracefully as possible.

They only met once after that. It was

during the war. Mrs. Clark was commissioned to carry important dispatches to Jefferson Davis. To do this she had to pass the Union lines. She baked a panful of raised biscuits, and hid the dispatches in them.

While traveling south she was arrested on suspicion. Learning that General Burnside had command of the nearest division of the northern forces, she demanded to be brought before him. He recognized her. She said she was going to Mobile, and asked for a pass and a discharge. He only hesitated a moment and then wrote out one in silence and

the prey of the rapacious strong, had wriggled himself into sight—but what ever the delectable tid-bit, the lord of the roost ungallantly gobbled it up himself, and strutted off with a chuckle opened the basket displaying the biscuit.
"Will you try one, general? They are pretty hard." The general refused to taste the proffered dainty, and ordered a good dinner to be served for her, and then put her on the cars himself.

The dispatches were so important that she received the thanks of the confederacy for her service, and lionized through the south, where she served in southern hospitals for a long time afterward .- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

#### The English Free-Lunchers.

"Deadheads and free lunchers," says a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. "are the names by which the British guests of the Northern Pacific Railroad are beginning to be designated in the American press, in allusion, we may sup pose, to the inexpensive nature of their autumnal tour. It not this a sign that the proverbial patience of the American shareholder is giving way? President Villard, whom you picturesquely style 'the sumptuous Maccenas of the American rail, is sumptions, be it remem-bered, not with hi, own money, but with that of others. The objects of his bounty, moreover, are not entirely journalists, though, to judge by the pages of your contemporaries, a good many of them are turning an honest penny by describing their experiences and puff-ing their host. It was well known in town at the end of last season that anybody who was either a peer, a member of parliament, a government official, or connected with the press, could have an invi-tation for the asking. About fifty seem to have gone, a good many of whom were neither journalists, officials, nor members of either house or parliament. The tour, according to the twelfth and final letter of the "Free Luncher" of the Times, covered 6000 miles and occapied a month. Their 'personal conductor' was a certain Mr. Rufus Hatch. 'Unele Rufus,' as his 'cousins from across the sea' affectionately called him, who is described in the Times as a northwestern 'boomer' of great earnestness, equally at home, in Wall street or among the Yellowstone geysers. The 'Free Luncher' of the Times candidly admits that some of Uncle Rufus' boom 'may have got to some extent into this correspond: ence.' Of this there is no doubt? Still, if a president of a railroad spends £240 of his shareholders' money in giving one a free autumn tour, one is morally bound to 'boom' a little in his honor. The more interesting moral question is how far those who have not 'boomed' are justified in accepting that sum of money from shareholders who are evidently not unanimous in the desire to give it to them."

### Why Chilvers Didn't.

As the three of us rode out of Waterproof, La., on horseback, we overtook a citizen joggling along as if at peace with all the world. No introductions were needed, and presently we were chatting away on the most familiar terms. After a while, and when about six miles from the town, we wet a man on, horseback who had a shotgun lying across his lap and a revolver on his hip.

"Morning, gents," he said, as he drew rein. "How far is it to town?"

"Six miles," answered our stranger. And mought you be acquainted in

Waterproof?" "Mought you know a chap as is named | it as exorbitant.

Chilvers-Judge Chilvers?' "Wal, I've seen bim around." "Likely to be thar now?" "I should say so."

"That's all-good by."
We watched him out of sight, and then ne of the men said to the stranger: "That chap had a wicked look

"Oh, he's on the shoot, he is." "Is he going to shoot Chilvers?"
"He thinks he is, but he won't." "Why?"

"Bacause I'm Chilvers myself. Pernit me to introduce myself. "And why didn't you tell him who you

was and see what he wanted?" "That would have brought on the shooting and some of you would have been hit," he answered. "I rather think he's a chap from up the country about thirty miles, whose brother I shot in a little fracas last year. If it's the man he's a terrible poor shot, and if one of them ar' hosses of your'n should get hit you'd have to pay all damages."

"But won't he waylay you on your way back?"
"No, sir. I shall waylay him."

That evening, an hour after our re-turn, the judge led his limping horse into town, and when asked what the trouble was, he replied: "It's enough to disgust every decent

man! That fellow had five square shots at me, and yet he must go and put a bullet into an animal worth \$200. How the other party came out we didn't inquire. The judge didn't act tives of the West Indian islands. In like a man who would answer leading

questious until he knew whether the horse could be saved.—[Detroit Free

# Words of Wisdom.

Iron chain or silken cord, both are

To know how to wait is the great secret of success. Those who can command themselves

can command others. Honesty provides the most sertain con-

ditions for safety. Sadness is a disease; the best remedy for it is occupation.

The poor are kept poor to supply the demands of paradise. It is better that we are not informed than to be misinformed.

Patience is the panacea; but where does it grow, or who can swallow is? Time once passed over never returns: the moment which is lost is lost forever.

A man may talk continually and not be eloquent; sound and substance are not twins. Neglected columny soon expires; show

appearance of truth. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated; there-fore live every day as if it would be the

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Austria has 30,000 flour and grist

Brazil has 1,500,000 slaves, about one fifth of whom are Indians. French ladies who lead the fashings

now order their dresses of English tail. Tea drinking at afternoon fashionable

"teas" is objected to by several London physicians. The wealth of Great Britain has in-creased from £127 per head in 1812 to \$249 per head in 1882.

Ivan Tourgenieff's will bequeathing his entire fortune of \$80,000 to Mme. Pauline Viardot is to be contested.

The National mose show of 1884 is to be held at Salisbury—probably in the charming grounds of the bishop's palace. The mayor of Marseilles has signed a

document accepting the Pharo residence as a gift to the city from the Empress Eugenie. Prince Louis of Bavaria, and Count Bardi, Chambord's heir, will soon start on a tour around the world in Count Bardi's yacht.

Canon Wilberforce has quite broken down his health by his prolonged "Blue Ribbon" stumpings, and has been or-dered to take a complete rest for saveral

The monomania has certainly reached the height of absurdity in London when ladies adorn their note paper and corres-ponding cards with portraits of their pet

The rumor that Monsignor Capel's debts are to be paid by a peer of England gives color to the suspicion that his principal object in coming to America was, after all, only to make money.

A movement is on foot in London to introduce long trains again among the ladies, but the mischievous persons engaged in it have not yet succeeded in converting the public to their own views, and the sensible short costume remains in favor.

According to the London Daily News, the Princess of Wales has won two mil-linery victories this year both on the side of common sense. She has banished the crinoline in spite of Paris. She has retained the small bonnet in fashion still in spite of Paris.

### PERSONAL.

The late Charles C. Hazewell, of the Boston Traveler, left a library of 10,000

People about to be married in church are racking their brains to introduce some "new features." Mrs. Langtry says again that she does

not care for social recognition here. Per-haps it is just as well. Monsignor Capel says there is more immorality in the columns of the daily

newspapers than anywhere else. Mr. Wilkie Collins has attack of gout of the eye about once a year. His last attack laid him up four weeks ago.

W. H. Vanderbilt has 200 pictures which New Yorkers have not yet seen, but they will ere long have an oppor-tunity "by card."

Wedding cards are growing larger, and it is hard to distinguish them from invitations to "openings" at the fashionable milliners.

Mrs. Augusta Tabor, the divorced wife of ex-Senator Tabor, has been sued by her lawyers for their fee of \$5000, which she has refused to pay, regarding

The Louisville Courier-Journal is authority for the statement that David Davis never haggled with the pie woman while in Washington. He probably haggled with the pic.

Lord Carrington, who achieved some notoriety by horsewhipping the late Grenville Murray for libeling the prince of Wales, is in New York.

Statisticians have pronounced the United States to be not only potentially, but actually, richer than the United Kingdom. Counting the houses, furniture, manufactures, railways, shipping, bullion, lands, eattle, crops, investments' and roads, it is estimated that there is a grand total in the United States of \$49,-770,000,000: Great Britain is credited with something less than \$40,000,000,000 or nearly \$10,000,000,000 less than the United States. The wealth per inhabi tant in Great Britain is estimated at \$1,-160, and in the United States at \$995. With regard to the remuneration of labor, assuming the produce of labor to be 100, in Great Britain 56 parts go to the laborer, 21 to capital and 23 to gov-ernment. In France 41 parts go to labor, 36 to capital and 23 to government. . In the United States 72 parts go to labor, 23 to capital and 5 to government .-London Times.

THE COCCANUT AT HOME. - The green cocoanut is also in great demand by natropical countries this fruit is eaten only in its green condition. From a green cocoanut a resident of Havana can extract a great amount of comfort. On. every bar there are huge piles of them, and when a Cuban politician wants to "set 'em up for the crowd" in good style, he leads the way to the bar and orders coccanut cocktails for all. The bartender cuts the top from a cocoanut, pours the milk into a glass, adds ice and the neces-sary "stick" of whatever desired, dusts a little nutmeg over it, and assesses, the politician twenty-five cents spiceo for each drink, although there may be a degen trees within ten yards of the door filled with the fruit. -N. Y. Post.

ANIMAL JEALOUSY.-The children of a family in town back a little dog of which they are very food, and until within a few days it has absorbed much of their attention. The other day, however, a rival put in an appearance in the shape of a diminative kitten toward which their fondling was for the time being directed. What then was the ing directed. horror of the children, when one morning they discovered the dog lugging off the kitten in its mouth. It carried the feline to a dusty place in the street, where it buried it and came trotting back with a satisfied expression on its that you are hurt, and you give it the countenance showing a belief that its rival was out of the way, and that its former position had been secovered. San Bernardino Times,