

UP IN A BALLOON.

An Aeronaut's Account of His Voyage Across the English Channel.

"We started from Hastings," says Mr. Simmons, "under somewhat unfavorable auspices, the wind being north-easterly at the time. A crowd of some 40,000 persons had gathered to witness our departure, and as we ascended they gave us a tremendous cheer. My fellow passenger, Mr. Small, a photographer, was so lost in admiration of the magnificent panorama of Hastings lying below us that I had to warn him that he must be quick if he wished to obtain a photograph, and we just got the apparatus ready as we passed over the beach, the balloon being at that moment (3:25) at an altitude of 3,000 feet. At 3:30 we had a long range of coast line, Eastbourne pier being exceedingly distinct. I thought we were a trifle too near Beachy Head ever to make any point of land on this side of the Atlantic, but when we attained an altitude of 7,500 feet we southed a trifle more. Appearances were, however, much against our ever reaching land, and I must acknowledge that I was sorely tempted to come down off Beachy Head and get picked up. But this would have been rather too ignominious, and I decided to keep on our course. We had the satisfaction, a few minutes later, to find Beach Head receding north of us, and we quickly settled our minds to make a night of it if necessary.

"At 4:30 we were over a magnificent cloud sea; here and there patches of the coast line could be discerned far away to the west, while at a vast distance there was a gap through which we got a patch of sea, with three or four ships very distinct. A moment later and the great curtain of clouds had shut out our last land-mark. Mr. Small got his apparatus ready to secure a cloud effect, but his shutter missed fire two or three times, and this suggested some little improvements for such experiments in future. From 4:30 to nearly sunset (to the people on earth) our altitude ranged between 8,000 and 9,000 feet. During this interval we got peeps at the sea many times, but no land was seen. We could see the sun's rays two hours after he had withdrawn from earth and sea. The shadow of the balloon on a cloud looked very much like a shuttlecock, the car forming the butt end, and the balloon and cords forming the feathers. The transition from day to night was very slow and gradual, and as daylight departed the moon's rays from dead gold gradually changed to bright silver. Mr. Small said, 'Did you see that shooting star?' I said, 'Wait a minute, and I will show you another.' The balloon had commenced to revolve, and this motion made it appear as though a bright star was darting through the air. It was, of course, an optical illusion.

"A remarkable appearance was caused by the reflection of the balloon in the focusing screen of the camera. When we surrounded with a black cloth the frame round the glass we could see the sky, sun, moon and stars inverted, and the balloon cleaving its headlong downward course through illimitable space, the effect being more extraordinary. Soon after 7 o'clock we began to get cold, and set to work to don our flannels, etc. Our large wrapper got tightly jammed in the rigging, but the hard pulling necessary to get it loose soon made us feel warm, and, having once got up a good circulation, we did not during the entire voyage again feel cold. The cork jackets, which were supplied by Mr. Cornish, contributed greatly to warmth. During the night, for more than an hour our altitude did not vary twenty feet. This was exceedingly encouraging, for upon our power of poising so nicely depended our chance of floating aloft all night. When the balloon did take a slight downward turn I carefully noted how much ballast it would take to stop her. The temperature of the air was very regular, and I found that seven pounds or eight pounds was sufficient.

"At 10:15 we saw a vessel almost under us, and came down low enough to hail her. This we did as lustily as we could, but at first got no response, only a remarkably distinct echo from our own voices. 'At last a voice was heard on deck. 'Voila, balloon, balloon!' 'Are you English?' No reply. 'Parlez vous Francaise?' 'Oui, oui,' we replied, but with all our French we could not ascertain our whereabouts, and whether we were over the English channel or the Atlantic.

"At 10:25 something slightly darker than the normal horizon could be faintly discerned. We kept ourselves absolutely motionless, and, listening intently, we seemed to hear in the same direction a sound as of a far-distant rolling surf. I looked long and eagerly, until I exclaimed, 'It's nothing but a mist, for it seemed to change its form, and at last to vanish into thin air.' I passed nearly another hour intently watching for lights until a similar dark portion of horizon was brought under our view. We could not possibly bring ourselves to believe it was land, because no lights could be seen up to this time, but at last there was an unmistakable flicker in the exact direction where I was gazing. 'Look along my finger as a telescope. What do you call that?' 'A lighthouse,' exclaimed Mr. Small. I said, 'I believe that dark strip before us is land, with sea just beyond it again. If it turns out to be so, be prompt in doing everything I tell you, for it will be sharp work to land on that strip.'

"The sound of surf was now unmistakable, and in about the same time as I am taking to tell this, the line of coast was presented distinctly to our view, every minute getting more distinct. The sea now began to ripple up sharply. Ten minutes and we were passing the coast line, and sharply darting toward the other sea beyond. 'What sort of ground are we coming down on?' said Mr. Small. 'Rugged rocks and stone walls, I believe,' I said. 'Hold on firm. Out goes the grappling iron.' At first it would not hold, but soon it got wedged into a crevice in the rocks, giving us just tether enough to pass over the precipice and down on to the beach. There was just room for us between the receding tide and the rocks, and none

to spare. Had we gone ten yards further and half a second longer we should have been in the sea.

"We heard whispering near us. In a few moments a man and a woman appeared, but would not at first approach us, fearing, I suppose, we were some monsters. By and by they gained confidence, and then they told us we were on Cap de la Hogue, the extreme northwest point of France. We then found that our informants were M. Auguste Laven, of Canton de Beaumont, Arrondissement Manche and his wife. They most kindly helped us to empty the balloon of its contents, and gave us supper and shelter for the night. Next morning, at 7 o'clock, we went to view the scene of our descent, and Mr. Small photographed it. We afterward proceeded to Cherbourg, and thence home."

Some Facts in the Fur Trade.

"I know a sporting man that bought a coat, the ornamental skin of which came from Maine. He wanted something striking and cheap, and what do you suppose he got? Give it up? Well, he calls it and thinks it Australian mink, but it is good, honest American skunk—a good fur, too, and sells well, only the name would kill it if we retained it. Over 350,000 skunk skins are handled by the trade every year. New York and Ohio furnish the majority. They bring from the trapper 50 cents to a \$1. They are decorated by a new and satisfactory process, and are very popular under fancy names.

"What we call fur in the trade," said the expert, taking up a skin, "is this. You see, by spreading open the hair of this seal there are two kinds of hair; one, the fur that is short and lies close to the skin, and another the overhair that is long and what we see at a first glance of the animal. The difference between the two is very great, the fur being soft, downy, silky, and sometimes curly, while the overhair is coarse and rigid. Each has a peculiar value for many purposes, but particularly in felting; the fine, upon treatment to hot water, readily joins in a solid mass, while the long hair can be woven and spun. When the animal is alive the uses of the two hairs are seen. The fine underhair keeps out water and cold, while the overhair prevents felting and entangling. In some cases one is extremely valuable alone, and in others the combination is equally so.

"The house cat is one of the most valuable of the fur-bearing animals, and when they mysteriously disappear from the back fence they often find their way to the furrier. It is an actual fact that in 1882 over 1,200,000 house cats were used in the fur trade. Black, white, Maltese, and tortoiseshell skins are most in demand. They are made into linings, and used in philosophical apparatus.

Mormon Wives.

The Mormon priests tell the Mormon woman that plural marriage is the ordinance of God! That all it brings her of anguish is necessary self-denial to win God's love, and that to submit to it is her duty. A ghastly burial ceremony that is practiced by the Mormons rivets the hold polygamy has on the superstition of these creatures. Every wife that is buried has a black cloth laid on her face, and the Mormon women are taught to believe that on the resurrection day, when the righteous are called into the joys of their Lord, no hand but that of a husband can remove the cloth, and that unless the cloth is lifted by his hand she must remain in outer darkness forever. A woman who believes that—and the Mormon women believe it—can't help behaving herself, no matter how many wives her husband takes. She has to keep on the right side of the only man who can take off that cloth.

Heart-Broken but Level-Headed.

A lawyer for a husband who is being sued for divorce had a visit yesterday from the client. The client is madly in love with his wife and believes that she wishes to be rid of him only to be free to marry another. "I can't live without her," he said to his legal adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me. I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol and said: "I am going to her with this and say: 'Here, shoot me down; I don't care to live any more.'"

"You had better not," said the cautious legal man; "she might pull the trigger."

"I don't care for that," replied the heart-broken husband. "I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

A Special Vessel for Stanley.

A vessel of special and ingenious design is being prepared for Stanley's use in Africa. It will be propelled by a stern paddle-wheel, and the hull will be arranged in such a manner that it can be readily subdivided into a number of sections, each being floatable and provided with fittings for receiving four large wheels. These wheels can be attached to each section while afloat, so that it can be drawn out of the water for transport overland without difficulty. Each of the subdivision of the hull forms, when fitted with the wheels, a complete wagon of itself, capable of carrying the machinery of the steamer, merchandise, stores, etc. It is to be completed by the end of this year, and will be tested aloft under steam on the Thames.

The Climate for Good Voices.

An English newspaper says American singers have made a much greater mark in Great Britain than American actors, notwithstanding the conspicuous absence in America of long-established academies and colleges of music. "The climate," it adds, "clear and dry as it is, will scarcely account for the number of good voices produced in America, for one effect of the American climate is apparently to pinch the throat and cause the high-pitched tones and the usual twang by which the enunciation of so many Americans is marked."

WHAT BROKERS DRINK.

Financiers Who Find Forty Whiskies a Day an Easy Load.

One of our reporters has been interviewing saloon-keepers on the subject of what brokers drink. "How many drinks do brokers take in a day?" replied a well-known New street saloon man. "Let me see. Well, I should say they will average up fifteen apiece between 10 in the morning and 3 or half-past 3 in the afternoon."

"What do they most drink?"
"Straight whisky; almost entirely; generally a little seltzer with it. A drink called 'whisky daisy' was introduced down here a few years ago, and became quite popular. Somehow it fell out of sight; but this summer it was revived and has become very popular again. It is made something like a whisky-sour, with the addition of seltzer. But plain whisky is the handiest for brokers. When they do come out for a drink they only have a minute to spare, and few care to wait to have a fancy drink made up."

"Do they drink just the same whether business is good or bad?"

"Well, I think they drink more when they are not doing their best. The work and excitement, you see, is just the same in unprofitable times, sometimes more, and then there is the additional want of something to cheer the drooping spirit. Brokers are not drinkers in the sense of drunkards. You will, in fact, never see them under the influence, or very rarely. They require above all things a level head, and when they get down in the morning you will find them as clear as a bell. I know several brokers who take during business hours in Wall street twenty and twenty-five drinks of whisky, and there are some who can and do drink as much as forty drinks, and are never what is commonly called 'full.'"

"What is the size of a broker's drink?"

"Well, that has a great deal to do with it; they take what I should call small drinks, not a finger deep—with the glass held side ways alongside the finger, mind you."

It is well known to all who are observers of Wall street that it is seldom one is found under the influence of liquor. When the stock exchange closes there is a rush for home, and by half-past 3 few brokers can be found in the vicinity of Wall street. They are great home people and are much devoted to their families. They live in such a whirl that the quiet of the fire-side is a great boon to them. They differ as much in their choice of brand in whisky as they do in their opinions on the workings of the market, and certain brokers go to this resort and none other because their peculiar flavor is there, and others to that for the same reason. One reason why brokers are given to the occasional stimulant is that they seldom find time to lunch, and the drink is made to answer.

English Opinion of the "Hab."

It is obvious that what Americans in modern times have learned to call, and sometimes to sneer at as "Boston culture," was based on the most rigorous puritanism; and it may be that a good deal of puritanical gall and wormwood entered into the concrete of their foundation of learning. The sages who, in the midst of a half-cleared wilderness, were so sternly resolved that their young men should "forthwith enter upon the study of Aristotle and Thucydides, of Horace and Tacitus, and the Hebrew bible," used their own intellectual gifts and their own scholastic attainments in a certainly eccentric and not altogether beneficent fashion. They were very earnest and very conscientious, but the Spanish inquisition was not fuller of intolerance and of the rage for persecution than were these exiles for conscience sake. The mind of Boston culture was very harsh, but the fruit within, when it ripened—and it took a long time to ripen—proved very sweet and of a most excellent savor.

The Boston of the present day is as joyous a city as any other in the United States. Opera and drama, concerts and lectures, flourish there abundantly. Fine art is extensively and appreciatively patronized, and, for science, an average Bostonian young lady possibly knows much more about organic remains, the old red sandstone, and vertebrate fossils in blue limestone than a dozen average English girls fresh from a finishing school. A great many more publishing firms, with their books, and magazines, and reviews, must migrate from a city full of agreeable places of meeting and refined society ere Boston ceases to be "the hub of the universe"—from the Bostonian point of view.

A Thirty-Three Years' Sleep.

In the very heart of the Adirondack wilderness is located what is known as "the deserted village." Fifty years ago 90,000 acres of land were purchased by a man named Henderson, and other capitalists, a St. Francis Indian having disclosed to the party that the region was rich in ore. A blast furnace, a forge, a saw mill, tenement houses, a store, a school-house and a bank were erected, and hundreds of thousands of dollars expended in cutting roads and other improvements. Operations were carried on twenty years. In 1849 Henderson was accidentally shot dead, and five years later business was suddenly suspended. The ponderous water-wheel and machinery are just where they stood thirty-three years ago. Wheelbarrows and tools lie around as though operations had been discontinued only yesterday. The village is now the headquarters of a New York sporting club, and the greater part of the year Myron Burtles, agent of the club, and his family, are the only inhabitants of this once busy spot.

Ready to wear Any Way.

A Chinaman had to give his evidence, and was asked how he would be sworn. His reply was: "Me no care; creak 'im sancer, kill 'im cock, blow 'im matches, smell 'im book, all same." He was allowed to "smell 'im book."

French Writer: Do you complain that the roses have thorns? Let us rejoice that the thorns have roses.

Bookkeeping and Rag-Picking Compared.

Something light and genteel is what most of the young women who have to work want. I don't blame them—for it, but as a rule it don't pay. Ninety-nine in 100 would rather be "salesladies" at \$5 or \$6 a week than take hold of a trade that would give them \$8 or \$10. (Speaking of salesladies, you may have heard that the superlative idiot who invented that word died lately of softening of the brain, but I am sorry to say it is not true; he didn't have enough brain to soften.) A great many young women now take to bookkeeping. They would do much better, by taking to millinery or dress-making, but these look more like real work than bookkeeping. The bookkeeping ranks are terribly overcrowded already.

An item now going the rounds says a New York business man who lately advertised for a bookkeeper at \$10 a week, received 700 applications for the place, and that there are 500 bookkeepers out of work in this city. It seems to be the same old item that has done service the same way any number of years, but though an exaggeration, it contains enough truth for a moral anyway. New York certainly has an enormous number of bookkeepers and miscellaneous clerks out of work. The kind of work they have to sell is not in demand—at least, there is an immense deal more of it than the demand calls for. All the Italian rag-pickers can find plenty to do. The Chinese washee washee men are busy all the year round. Most men who know how to sweep the streets can find employment. Nintenths of the hod-carriers are always at work. Blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, cabinet makers and so on, who know their trade, need not be pinched except in very bad times.

But the bookkeepers and miscellaneous clerks are all the time walking the streets looking for something to do. A great many of the poor fellows may be found every night in the cheap lodging houses along the Bowery and Chatham square. The rag-pickers, street-sweepers, hod-carriers, etc., don't have to go to those wretched places. I don't mean to say that it is better to be a rag-picker, street-sweeper, or hod-carrier than a bookkeeper, but what I do say about plenty of work for the former and very little for the latter is a fact. Some bookkeepers in New York are paid as high as \$10,000 a year, and many get from \$3,000 to \$5,000; but two-thirds of the whole number regularly employed are glad to get \$10 to \$15 a week. I have myself had men offer themselves at \$7 and \$8 a week.

Spain's "Dark-Glancing" Maidens.

We in America are apt to judge of the Spaniard by the Mexican and the Cuban. Nothing can be more different. Whatever their faults or virtues, the Hispano-Americans seem to have taken nothing but the language from what of the conquerer's blood they may have. All else has come from the native. Unbroken in pride, undebauched by evil habits, self-respecting, sober in speech as in food, the Iberian needs only a leader to again take his rightful place in the family of nations. And the woman? Is she beautiful? I hardly know; but she is the most bewitching, bewitching, fascinating of all Eve's daughters. There is a magic in her step, a poise of foot, a grace of rhythmic motion, a proud tenderness in her dark eye; a something voluptuous which is yet chaste; a magic in her smile, such as no other race or clime can show. Beautiful? A man whose blood runs red within his veins may feel beyond elsewhere, but he has never felt the perfect charm of woman's womanliness until he has met love looking from the melting brightness of those matchless orbs which none but Spain's "dark-glancing" maidens bear. There is no neglect here. The dress may not be rich, but there is not a fold ill placed. To her is paid the reverence of passionate devotion. Still is Spain the land of romance and of song, because her men are brave, her women worthy to be loved.

A Chinese Restaurant in France.

While the French are marching into China, a Chinese restaurant has invaded Paris. Among the delicacies of its bill of fare are desiccated eggs. Fresh duck eggs are covered with a mixture of eiders, lye soda, powdered hickories, lie in oil and are left for several months until their yolks become first green and finally black. The darker the yolk the greater the delicacy. The birds' nests from which the far-famed soup is made are built by a species of swallow which abounds on the coasts of Java, Ceylon and Borneo, and practically consists of a gelatinous substance obtained from marine plants. The nests are boiled either in chicken broth or in milk with almonds. The result very much resembles vermicelli soup, but is more costly. The Chinese restaurant also offers his customers smoked sharks' fins, dried cattle and salted rats.

Utilizing the Water Power of Falls.

It is proposed to utilize the water power at the falls of the Potomac, a few miles above Washington, for the purpose of lighting that city by electricity. The plan is to put a cluster of powerful lights upon the top of the Washington monument, which is 400 feet high, and this will give the city a experiment of perpetual moonlight. The experiment will be interesting and valuable, and ought to be encouraged. The idea of supplying motive power for all New York by wire from Niagara falls has often been talked about, and the Potomac scheme, if successful, will demonstrate its practicability.

Stopped the Foolishness.

A Willimantic factory girl wrote her name and address and a desire to be married in a nice little note, which she placed inside the band of the hat she had just finished. Her father bought the hat. On his way home that evening he paused at a house which they were plastering and obtained a slender and supple lath. The girl will hereafter make hats plain.

THE POOR CONGRESSMAN.

How He Must Economize to Save Money While Living in Washington.

[Judge Ramsdell in Philadelphia Press.]
I ran across a congressman the other day, who was looking for quarters for himself and family for the coming session. He is a poor man, who is obliged to live on his salary, and who is, therefore, compelled to count the cost of everything and cut his cloth close. A congressman's salary is \$5,000 a year and mileage, and an allowance of \$100, I believe, for postage. I cannot mention the name of the one I allude to, but he has a wife and three children. His mileage amounts to about \$200 or \$300 a year; so his whole income is less than \$5,500 a year. Out of this sum he must pay three or four or a half dozen country newspapers for printing tickets (a mere nominal service for a good deal of money); he must pay for banners, transparencies, flags, brass bands, hand-bills and I don't know how many other things, to say nothing of his own expenses in the campaign. Added to all this, ten chances to one he has to pay pretty dearly for his nomination—not, perhaps, in buying delegates, though that is often done, I am told, but in paying car fares, hotel bills, etc. So you see that when a congressman comes to Washington he does not have \$5,000 a year to his credit.

My friend, as I have said, is a poor man, although he is one of the ablest men in the house. He never made a dollar improperly, and does not know how to be dishonest. He stands as high as any member of the house. Said he, "I don't know what to do. I have lived in every way. When I first came to Washington I went to a hotel, with my wife, leaving my children at home and at school. I kept up my house at home, and my expenses there were little less than if I had been there. My hotel expenses, including washing and the outrageous extras one always finds on his bills, were never less than \$300 a month. My expenses at home were about half as much; so, you see, I could not stand that. The next winter I went to a boarding-house and left my family at home. Of course I had to have a parlor and bed-room. I paid \$100 a month at the boarding-house. But I did not live; it was simply a miserable existence. A boarding-house table may give good, well-cooked food, but you are obliged to meet and be polite to people whom you do not care for, whom you detest, in fact. Then I was deprived of my wife's company, which, strange as it may seem, I still appreciate. Well, that year, by close economy and many deprivations, I came out about even. The next year I hired rooms and had my meals sent in from a neighboring restaurant. But this life was very unsatisfactory. I had to take my breakfast at a certain hour, whether I wanted to or not, and my dinners were served at the same time every day, and they were nearly always cold when brought. But a member of congress cannot always be at his dinner at the exact minute. The house may sit late, or there may be a caucus or a committee meeting, or you may be detained by constituents, or a dozen things may happen to detain you. Well, last winter, as you know, I took a furnished house and brought my entire family here. I shut up my house at home, but Great Cesar! my expenses drove me wild, though I tried to live very quietly and cheaply. What I shall do this winter heaven only knows. I suppose I must go back to the boarding-house. A congressman's life is but a dog's life, after all."

Amsterdam and Rotterdam.

Amsterdam and Rotterdam look like no other cities in the world. They have hydrocephalus. Like Venice—oceans of water everywhere. Amsterdam is built on eighty islands, connected by 300 bridges across the muddy ditches they call canals. The buildings mainly are of unpainted brick, with gable-ends to the streets, and they are erected, like those of Venice, on millions of piles driven into the mud. But this alluvial deposit is not so firm as the sandy sediment in the Adriatic lagoons, and so it happens that almost all of the houses here and in Rotterdam are out of plumb. You cross a bridge and instinctively hesitate to advance, for it seems as if the buildings ahead were about to tumble down and crush you. On both sides of the street they bend forward toward each other, so that their cornices are two or three feet nearer than their bases. You gather courage and proceed, and further on you see other houses bowing. Here is a tall, toppling chimney, and around it in a circle are various houses gravely saluting it. None of the buildings seem to fall down—at least I did not detect any in the act—but they rise and engage in their bricky salutations at almost every angle from the perpendicular, and in utter disregard of the feelings of way-farers. Crazy little steamboats traverse the dirty little canals; great brick warehouses boldly bend over and look down into their turbid mirrors; merchantmen from Java seek their yards up through the branches of sycamore trees upon the banks; here and there ships climb up the ladder-locks; here and there windmills churn the air and pour the water out into the sea. This is a queer old town. But I should think the Hollanders would wash their canals.

Ireland's Reformatories.

Ireland has ten reformatory schools—five for girls, five for boys. There were at the close of last year 956 boys and 186 girls in reformatory schools. The yearly decrease since 1877 in the number of young female offenders in the schools is "very remarkable, but opposite results have been obtained in the boys' schools, the inmates numbering more last year than ever before; 984 are Roman Catholics and 156 Protestants. There are sixty-one industrial schools, in which there are 2,418 boys, and 3,660 girls, being an increase of four boys and 174 girls.

Don't hope to squelch a courtship by abuse; When hearts are trumped clubs are of little use.

(Taunton Republican.)

A Reminiscence of Lincoln's Assassination.

Junius Brutus, who was buried yesterday, is the first of the brothers to die since the tragic end of John Wilkes Booth, eighteen and a half years ago, and the event has brought to mind some reminiscence of that great tragedy.

When John Wilkes Booth committed his crime his brothers had not seen him for some months. The last occasion on which they had acted together was in the previous year at the Winter Garden, where the brother who is just dead also played. At the time of Mr. Lincoln's murder the two other brothers were in Boston. Junius Brutus was manager of the Boston theatre. He had gone home and was in bed when the telegram reached him of the accusation that had been made against his brother. Not believing it he rushed to the telegraph office and sent dispatch after dispatch without any result. Then he went round to the newspaper offices to make inquiries, but could get no positive news. It was before the days of interviewing and everybody respected his grief—even the terrible reporter.

Edwin Booth was attending a dinner at Boston, which I believe was given in his honor. At any rate he was just about to rise with a champagne glass in his hand to reply to some toast. It was at the Parker house. Suddenly a waiter came in and interrupting him handed him a dispatch. Mr. Booth put down the champagne glass and asked to be excused a moment as the message was of the utmost urgency. He opened it; turned deadly pale and sank in his chair with his head on the table, exclaiming, "My God! my God!"

There was great excitement in a moment. Somebody picked up the dispatch and read it, and then one by one, the people left the room. At about 4 o'clock the two brothers, Edwin and Junius, met, both of them crushed with the weight of the terrible calamity. They went away together and what occurred between them will never be known.

The late Junius Brutus Booth never mentioned his brother's name again, and was deeply moved if ever the subject was broached in his presence. He accompanied Edwin when the remains of John Wilkes Booth were removed from Washington to the family tomb at Baltimore, and was present at the re-interment of the bones of his unfortunate brother.

Failures in Fine Houses.

"I can tell you, moreover, that not a single one of the many owners of extravagantly built houses is ever fully satisfied with it.

"Only the other day I was called in by the owner of a house lately built, who wanted his extension room—leading out of a 'display library'—put in comfortable shape. 'I just want it easy and homelike,' he said, 'and no art-business and antiquities about it; just fix the door so people will think it is a closet, and put a heavy lock on it; I like my ease once in a while in the old-fashioned style.'

"A month ago I called upon a gentleman who wanted some work done, and was shown into a very plain but cozy little corner in one of the most extravagantly built houses in this town.

"Come in, come in here," said the owner a little gloomily; 'it's the only comfortable spot in this house. I furnished it myself; now I want you to drag out all that stained glass stuff and break it up; just put in something I can see the sky through; that's all!'

"But," I remarked, "those windows cost \$1,800, besides all the heavy wood work."

"Now you just do as I say," said the old gentleman, "and send your bill to my office; I can't breathe in this place; it's a regular pocket church."

"If you only knew how much is done of what we call 'blind' work, you would comprehend something of what a furious thing art becomes when it degenerates into rage. Every one imagines he can tell you how to make a home; but real homes are not made by either advice or contract—they grow. A thing of beauty is no doubt a joy forever, but its loveliness does not increase when it is overlaid with so-called 'art' rubbish."

Babies in Central Africa.

One word for the black babies. They are endowed with plentiful crops of hair which is finer in quality and less curly than that of their parents. They squall terribly and often, I fear, from "cussedness." When a mother can stand it no longer she take the child, and giving it a preliminary shake, demands to know if it is going to be good. This is the first time of asking, and no infant wot spirit would yield so soon, so its reply is generally defiant. Then it is again taken and shaken well, but now its strangled sobs and agitation prevent an intelligible reply to the repeated question. A terrific up-and-down shaking follows, and the apoplectic babe can only give an inarticulate gurgle to its indignant mother's thrice-repeated inquiry. Whereupon it is softly and soundly smacked, to the satisfaction and ultimate tranquility of the lookers-on. Baby nature and the method of maternal education are much the same all the world over.

Livingston, Montana.

A Boston correspondent with the Villard party wrote from Livingston, M. T.: "Livingston is less than a year old; but it lies at the gateway of the Yellowstone valley, at the junction of two railroads, and intends to be a great city. It has lots of saloons, dance houses, and gambling places that keep open all night long, and it has already two banks and three newspapers. The regular frontiersman wants three things—a bank where he can keep his earnings, a gambling place and saloon and dance house combined where he can spend them, and a newspaper in which he can read the names of those who were slaughtered the night before. Livingston, however, is tending down and becoming respectable. Capital is a good police force, for it demands protection; and if the law does not give it the law-abiding will."

M. Worth, the Parisian dressmaker, is 55 years old, fat and bald.