

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Rev. George Washington is chaplain of the British Legation at Constantinople.
—Jacob Twaddle, of Steubenville, O., blind from his birth, claims to be able to tell the color of a horse by the sense of touch.
—Mrs. Mark Hopkins shares with Mrs. A. T. Stewart the distinction of being the richest woman in the world.
—John C. Carr, of West Newbury, Mass., having for fifty-two years served as town clerk, absolutely refused reelection.
—His wife is the only nurse Mr. Gladstone has when his health is broken, and he gives himself into her hands with the docility of an infant.
—Mary Anderson is computed to be worth \$500,000, which is said to be safely invested in real estate, gas stocks and railway shares, both in England and America.
—The Duchess of Hamilton is one of the most notable sportswomen in England. She recently followed the hounds—and closely—throughout a chase of three hours, covering twenty-five miles of country.
—“Mrs. American Minister Phelps” is an expression of the Springfield Union. Almost as bad as the “Mrs. ex-Lieutenant Governor Tompkins,” which once appeared in a Boston newspaper.
—Senator Stanford, of California, says that he came very near being a newspaper man instead of a millionaire. He wanted to start a paper in Wisconsin, but could not get his outfit this side of Pennsylvania and then gave up the enterprise.
—Mrs. Joshee, the Hindoo lady who lately was graduated from the Woman’s Medical College of Pennsylvania, carefully preserved her caste while in this country to insure her reception in high-cast families in India, and even cooked every one of her own meals and served herself at table.
—Mr. Henry Bergh is the one judicial officer in New York who is not dependent on the caprice of politics for retention of his office. He is assistant district attorney for life and permanent assistant to the Attorney-General. These positions were given him in 1866 and are limited to the enforcement of laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals.
—There is a photograph of the late Alexander H. Stephens in the possession of Major Lamar Cobb, of Athens, Ga., in which the Southern statesman is represented as sitting with legs crossed and the bottom of both feet resting squarely upon the floor. This was a favorite position of Mr. Stephens, and it is said that no one has yet been able to rival him in this acrobatic feat.

HUMOROUS.

—We witnessed a fowl proceeding from the window of our office one day this week. A hen walked by.
—John, it is quite dim in this room. What is the matter? “I don’t know; I lit the gas half an hour ago and it should have made plenty of light by this time.”
—Lady (in shoe store)—“I would like to look at some cloth slippers for myself.” Clerk (until recently in the dry-goods line)—“Yes, madam; something all wool and a yard wide?”
—Fish dealer—“Have a nice fish, ma’am?” Housekeeper—“Why, this is Tuesday. That fish wouldn’t keep until Friday.” Fish dealer—“I know it, ma’am; that’s why I want to sell it now.”
—After a terrible struggle a party of men on a Western train succeeded in disarming a lunatic, thereby saving other lives. It was a close call, though. Later advices show that the lunatic was armed with an accordion.
—Ephum, what makes so many cat-tails grow in dis heah pon?” “Well, I would say! Doan you know? Why, dey grows up from kittens dat people hez crowned in de pon, of course. ‘Pears like you dimpin folks doan know nuffin’ bout aglieutslah.”
—True to the letter: Slowdrop—“Got my cabinet photos ready?” Photographer—“Next Wednesday week.” “See here, this a swindle. Your advertisement says: ‘Cabinets finished while you wait.’” “Well, you’re waiting, are you not?” “Eh? oh, yes—I see.”
—An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge and carried away by the stream. “Is it not very singular,” said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, “that my hat took that direction?” “Not at all,” replied the latter; “it is natural that a beaver should take to the water.”
—The London Times prints the following story of “a certain Irish M. P.,” who had been describing his travels in the far West and the “virgin forests” there: “What is a virgin forest?” asked an auditor. “Phwat is a vaigrin forest is it ye want to know? A vaigrin forest, soor, is one phwure the hand of man has never set fut, bedad!”
—At home and abroad: Hostess (to Bobby, who is dining out with his mother)—“Will you have another piece of pie, Bobby?” Bobby—“Yes’m.” Hostess (stiffly)—“And so you are one of the fortunate little boys whose mamas let them have the second piece of pie?” Bobby—“Yes’m; she does when we’re out visitin’, but at home I never get but one piece.”

ALTERS THE CASE.

Mr. Oldhead—No, Clarisse, my child, I must be firm. I can not consent to your marriage with Eugene Muldoon. Clarisse—But why, papa? Eugene is young, handsome, talented. Oldhead (firmly)—Enough! He is a plumber, and the winter is o’er. Clarisse—You do not know, then, that he is only a plumber in winter? In the summer he is an ice man, and— Oldhead (with rapture)—An ice man! Say no more; he is yours.

COLLEGE AMUSEMENTS.

Funny Franks of Harvard Boys When Entering Secret Societies.
A young man was seen entering one of our hotels a few days ago clad in a most eccentric costume. He wore upon his head an old-fashioned “stove-pipe” hat, with square brim and of rather dilapidated form, upon his back a full-dress coat, covering a waistcoat of red and white jersey—in fact a rowing jacket—while in lieu of a necktie he had a leather shoestring carefully tied in an elaborate bow in front. A green umbrella in one hand and a riding spur upon one shoe completed the accoutrement of this youth.
He was alone in his glory, for no one else around wore a similar luxurious costume; but he was not alone so far as company was concerned. Some half-dozen young men followed him as he walked up the marble steps of the entrance—the observed of all the observers—and advanced with slow and measured tread into the waiting-room. There was a long-faced, yellow-haired stranger from the rural districts seated at a table struggling hard with a blunt pencil to indite a few words on a postal card, evidently a note home announcing his safe arrival in the city. The new-comer marched solemnly up to the writer and gently scratched the back of his neck. The countryman turned around and viewed with astonishment the “creature” before him. It opened its mouth and began to speak.
“You, I believe, the man who eats peanuts are?” were the words uttered. “What?” ejaculated the man at the desk.
“Lic, haec, hoc, Mumm’s extra dry, soc et tuum,” responded the inhabitant of the dress-coat and rowing jacket in a deep, sepulchral voice, while he emphasized each word by a punch with his green umbrella upon the floor.
The man from the backwoods started up in unfeigned terror. Visions of escaped lunatics flashed through his head, and he evidently expected to have some act of violence immediately attempted. But at this moment a roar of laughter from the door attracted his attention, and looking in that direction he saw a half-dozen faces extending into the broadest possible grin. The eccentric invader, too, heard the laughing, and apparently recognizing in that a signal that his duty was accomplished, turned about and stalked solemnly from the hotel, followed at a respectable distance by his six laughing companions. They proceeded to Bowdoin square, and there boarded the car for Cambridge, leaving it at the Harvard College grounds. In fact, the young man was not a crazy person, not an eccentric being, not an over-lushy dude, but a bright young student of nearly two years’ standing, a sophomore candidate for the “Institute of 1770.”
Every year this scene occurs in one form or another, sometimes enacted in Cambridge, sometimes in the suburbs, sometimes with one youthful aspirant as the single victim, sometimes with two or three together, and this is almost the only evidence given to outsiders of the existence of the institute. Every thing else connected with sophomore society is kept as rigidly secret as are the affairs of older societies in later life, but the humorous exhibitions of the open-air initiation ceremonies are as greatly enjoyed by outsiders as by members of the institute.
Whenever one of the queerly-dressed novitiates appear on the college green a score of windows go up and as many heads are stretched out to see the fun sure to follow. Some old member of the institute whistles. The “about-to-be” member immediately responds to the call and in obedience to commands now essays to scramble up a tree, now hops on one foot back and forth over the walk, now carefully picks up every stone that is to be seen and deposits them at some proctor’s door, now warbles a musical (?) ditty or plays the bass viol, using some other unfortunate as the viol and his own arm as the bow, and so carrying on the most ridiculous and laughable maneuvers which one could imagine. He dances a clog or walks bow-legged across the ground; he marches gravely up North avenue clothed in whatever fantastic dress his tormentors can devise; he enters a confectionery store and asks for one cent’s worth of bonnet, or orders a yard of mutton from the astonished clerk in a dry-goods store; he mounts a horse car and informs the conductor that the wheels of his car are loose and rolling round, or does any thing else which fate, in the shape of one or more senior members, shall declare.

DIVORCES IN FRANCE.

The Number of Divorce Petitions Lodged in Five Months.
The law establishing divorce in France came into force on the 27th of July, 1884, and the statistics relating to the administration of justice in that year, which have recently been published, show to what extent the new law was taken advantage of in the first five months of its being in force. During that period 1,773 petitions for a divorce were lodged; but out of this total all but 124 were for converting a separation into a divorce. The total number of petitions for a separation was 3,666, or 49 fewer than in 1883; but of these petitions 386 were based upon an allegation of adultery, as against only 198 attributed to the same cause in the previous year. In 84 cases out of 100 the petition was lodged by the wife. In more than half the petitions for divorce there was no issue by the marriage. No definite information is furnished as to the profession of the different petitioners. But 2,821 separations for divorce were successful. Out of this total 601 divorces and 728 separations were granted in Paris; while of the other departments in France, five (the Ariege, the Cantal, the Corresse, the Lozere and the Savoie) had not a single divorce case in the first year.

ALTERS THE CASE.

—It is told how the brother of a fair bride threw an old shoe at the groom on the conclusion of the ceremony. It says that the groom vigorously objected to this time-honored custom, not so much because it hit him in the back as because the brother’s foot was in it.

A BUSY DAY.

How Bill Arr Spent It in Pleasant and Profitable Work.
I don’t work very much, not very hard, nor very long at a time, but it seems to me that I am always busy. My neighbors call me a gentleman farmer, but somehow I can’t catch up with what is to do. Every day that comes I promise myself some time to read and answer letters, but the time never comes nowadays, for I discharged my dorky the first day of the month, and now have to take his place and cut stovewood, and help Carl to feed, and tye water, and work in the garden, and grease the buggy and harness the horses and the like. I thought that to-day would be an easy day, but I got a hint that some blue-grass sod was wanted on the south side of the house, and was told where I could get it, and so I had just finished that when Carl told me that Tom Moore, one of my tenants, would swap work and lay off my corn rows if we would drop corn for him, and so we went at that and got through by dinner, and I was so tired I could hardly drag one leg after the other. I carry too much om-bongpong to walk much now. Just as I had straightened out on the sofa in a horizontal attitude, the girls came in and said the bees were swarming, and had settled on a peach tree. Well, I am afraid of bees, but still I like to monkey with them, and I don’t like for them to go off, for Cobe says when you lose a swarm of bees it’s a sign of bad luck to come. Of course I don’t believe it, but still I don’t like to lose them any more than I like to see the new moon over my left shoulder, and so I got the hive ready and rubbed it inside with peach leaves, and put a table right under the swarm, and an old quilt on the table, and the hive on top, and then sprinkled them with some sweetened water, and began to brush them down gently, when suddenly one of the little varmits popped me on the back of the neck. I worked mighty fast with my hand and struck every way for Sunday, and killed him, but he drew the first blood and it hurt, and the children stood up and cackled like it was splendid fun. But I got them harmonized in due time, and just as they began to occupy the new quarters I heard another humming and buzzing in the air over me, and, sure enough, there was another swarm just out. They circled around and around awhile and then settled on another peach tree near by, and, as I had no other hive ready, I had to make one, and while I was hiving them I got popped again on the hang-down part of my ear, and it seemed to me that was the worst sting I ever did have. I put some wet soda on it and kept on with my business and got them all housed by the middle of the afternoon. It is very soon for bees to swarm up in this country, and they say the sooner the better.
An April swarm of bees
It worth a cask of cheese;
A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a pewter spoon.

A THIEF’S HUMOR.

The Characteristic Letter of a Berlin Pick-pocket to One of His Victims.
Berlin pickpockets are not devoid of humor, as appears from the following instance: Some weeks ago a lady hailing from Silesia, while on a visit to Berlin, was relieved at the opera-house of her pocket-book, containing about five dollars. Ten days later, having in the meantime returned to her home, she had her pocket-book and money sent back to her by registered package and accompanied by the following letter: “Most Honored Lady: Little I had thought when I made the daring dive into your pocket that my find would fall so far short of my expectations. You can not conceive how much money is necessary to live here at Berlin in a decent manner. I took you for a lady from a provincial town who had come to see the sights of Berlin with a full bag, and thought to make a good raise. But seeing so little in the pocket-book I have come to the conclusion that you need it worse than I do, and therefore send it back to you, hoping to bring you to a sense of respect for our calling. The next evening I found in the pocket of my neighbor a portfolio containing three thousand marks. That at least was worth while. You perhaps will wonder how I got your address; but we Berliners are great fellows. But, to be truthful, without the help of your janitor I should not have succeeded. In conclusion, I ask you to kindly pardon my mistake and at your next visit to the capital to bring along a little more money.”

—A lover, who evidently wished to be economical in time, wrote: “Not having seen you 4 weeks, I am looking forward 2 seeing your dear face.”

A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

Correct Pen-and-ink Sketch of a Small Connecticut Village.
In a prominent but quiet village some two miles from the center stands an old school-house, whose weather-stained boards show the marks of at least a century.
Alone, upon the summit of a high hill, this unpretending temple of learning has been the structure used for generations in climbing the hill of science. The march of improvement has been carefully kept back from its surroundings, the only adornment being beds of rock and piles of stone, which are only changed as the careful farmer or labor-saving road-master finds it a convenient place to add to its already overburdened stock.
The same old plank on which our grandfathers so industriously used their jack-knives is to-day the writing desk around the wall, save where a place has been whittled too much to be of further service a new piece has been inserted, giving the youth of the present day enlarged facilities for decoration. In front are the same old wooden benches over which the children of to-day swing in and out after the fashion of their grandmothers in days of long ago. The presiding genius of the place is even in keeping with the surroundings; a master in winter to manage turbulent boys, and while his farm demands his attention during the summer months, some schoolmaster fills up the interval and aids overburdened parents in the care of children who are in the way at home.
As one old master is obliged to lay aside the duties of his office on account of the infirmities of age or to go to his last resting-place, a new one is found so nearly like the old that the change is hardly perceptible. Even the very ferule and hickory club are carried and used as effectually as by the masters of a century ago.
The children of to-day spell out the words in the Testament at the opening of school with the same moderation as did their ancestors in ’76, and the same old blue-covered spelling book is yet in the hands of the pupils, keeping alive the momentous questions whether the man who made spelling-books and the one who talked politics were one and the same, and if so why should he live so much longer than other folks, and questioning the propriety of changing the old catechism so as to read Noah Webster, and not Methuselah, was the oldest man. But at length the march of improvement reaches our rugged hills and invades our territory. A young lady from the city, a graduate from a prominent high school, appears at the door of our district committee as a candidate for the school. He stares—a departure from our custom, but will consult the people of the district and let her know. Unanimously they say: “We’ll try the city lady.” She enters upon the duties of her office. Leaves all the attractions of one of our prominent Connecticut cities to enter upon her life work as teacher. A young lady full of life, energy and determination to make her first effort a success.
The old school-house is made to look more cheerful by the addition of a few yards of white cotton cloth at the windows, and the blackboard instead of being used for drawing caricatures of the teacher, is kept filled with well-executed school-work.
The very school-room seems to be filled with a different air. No instrument of torment is in view, and two dozen pairs of prying eyes have tired in vain to discover his hiding place. What a school with no whip! The city is filled with horrible means of torture and some dreadful thing must be here invisible. One sharp pair of eyes discovers near the blackboard two oblong articles. “I have found out,” is the first confidential talk with a companion. “She’ll box us ’side the head with those things by the blackboard,” and at the close of the session pupils scatter homeward to make known to parents the wonderful discovery. “Catch her using them things on my children,” says one parent, and his children return to school to tell what paps says.
Another session and the queer-looking things are taken in hand. Breathless silence reigns in the school-room. Who is the victim? The teacher quietly uses them for cleaning the blackboard, and the great mystery is still unsolved. Still wonders do not cease. A spelling class is called and a pupil spells c-o-w, ke-ow. Teacher says pronounce the word cow, not ke-ow.
Class dismissed and at close of school teacher says: “Children, when you meet a person on the street say, ‘How do you do?’ not ‘Hello!’”
Children look amazed and report to parents. “The teacher is overstepping her duties, meddling with outside matters, and besides, is casting a reflection on the manners of the people.” Members of the board of education are consulted as to the limits of a teacher’s power. The six members of the board have all presided as teachers in the town, and it is against the rules to criticize any thing out of school-hours, and surely it shows a great lack of familiarity between teacher and pupils not to say “Hello!” Now, here is our chance. We have always succeeded in keeping city teachers out of the place. We have teachers enough of our own and need the money ourselves, and we have quietly revoked city teachers’ certificates on two occasions and they have been obliged to leave; so if we can only manage this one successfully, probably there will be no attempt at city teaching for some time to come. We will not have any new methods introduced here.
The committee of the district is consulted, but says: “Not a complaint has reached his ears from a person whom he considers competent to judge of the merits of a school. He has visited the school, considered the teaching superior, discipline excellent, and every thing satisfactory.”
A meeting of the board is called in a retired place and the certificate is revoked because “new methods” are introduced.
It is to be wondered at that in such a district, with thirty families four of the male heads of the families can neither read nor write, and the generation now coming on promises to even out the former in ignorance.

HE’S BEEN THERE.

Why a Tramp Quit Traveling and Took to Washing Buggies.
“I was a tramp for several years,” said a buggy-washer at one of the livery stables the other day, “and I might have been on the road yet but for the circumstances which deprived me of this left leg at the knee. A tramp with a wooden leg would be nowhere, while I get around the stables at a fair gait.”
“What was the circumstance?”
“Well, seven or eight of us were tramping together through the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and one day one of the gang stole a can out of a shed in the woods. It contained nitroglycerine, but none of us knew the article then. He carried it for about an hour, when we all bunked down in the shade for a noon-day nap. Some of us were half asleep, and we were all packed together under one tree, when the man picked up a stone and began hammering at the can. I was looking at him out of one eye, and I was wondering whether the can held oil or lead, when all at once the vaults of Heaven fell to earth with a crash. Half an hour later, when I came to, I was lying in the bushes two hundred feet from the tree, and my foot, ankle and leg were a mass of pulp.”
“Then had been an explosion?”
“You bet! There was a hole in the ground into which you could have dumped a cottage, and the big tree was a heap of kindling-wood. Out of the eight of us five could not be found, and I suffered the least injury of any of the wounded. All that was gathered together to represent five men were some bits of clothing and leather—not over two quarts. That was a corker on me. Whenever I see a corkscrew lying around I lift my hat, take a circle to the right or left, and pensively observe: ‘Not any to-day, thank you—I’ve been there!’”

—The city of Newark, N. J., was incorporated on March 18, 1836, and the act went into effect April 15. The village of less than twenty thousand inhabitants in 1836, is now a cosmopolitan city, and the home of more than one hundred and fifty thousand people.

—Herr Most has been circulating his tracts up in New Hampshire. He gives full instructions how poverty may be prevented by murder and embellishes the teachings with diagrams showing the construction and operation of internal machines.

THE OLD HAND-PRESS.

A Type-Foundry Agent’s Futile Efforts to Bring It Into Disrepute.
A large man with a mustache brooding over his mouth like some graven National sorrow visited the Bell office this week. He was traveling for an Eastern house which makes a specialty of printing materials and sight drafts. He tried to sell us a large press with wheels on it and a strongly made and binding chattel mortgage attachment. He spoke very highly of this latter feature and said their mortgages were never known to break. He said the mortgages they were now putting in for printers in the Northwest were alike satisfactory to themselves and the sheriff. He also spoke incidentally of the press itself and we gathered that it was to be set up and fed with white paper, which would come out nicely printed with tariff editorials and original clippings. We judged that either a Democratic or Republican press could be ordered, and that there was no extra charge for an attachment to run in an original poem.
Our first impulse was to seize a pen and write out a check sufficiently able-bodied to cover the cost of recording the mortgage. Turning we caught a reproachful glance from the dark, cast-iron countenance of the old Washington hand-press and desisted. Part of the desist was caused by not being able to call to mind the address of any bank which had ever put in sealed proposals for handling our checks.
To turn the matter off we asked the man if he had a sample press with him. He said he had not. Then we said that we did not believe that his house would start him out on the road without one, and that it was our opinion he had pawned it. We told him that we proposed to report him and that we had no further use for him. He seemed agitated, and after leaving a bill for some type we ordered of his firm last week he went out.
One of the kind of presses he sells doubtless has its advantages, especially for use in daily offices in the larger places like New York. Still, in many New York offices where the circulation is chiefly confined to the affidavit of the business manager it would seem that the old hand-press would not be entirely out of place. When the press peddler had formally put on his injured look and jumped the office we turned to the old hand-press with a sigh of relief. After all that style of press seems to give the greatest satisfaction. No one can write intelligently of the power of the press who has not pulled it. It seems to have early in life ordered a large consignment of choice, springy power and to still have most of it on hand. It is all used in holding back. The man who said the press was the greatest power in the world had pulled the Washington hand variety. Some people may think that Washington should have kept right on crossing the Delaware and freezing to death at Valley Forge instead of stopping to invent a bulky printing press. The calm, dispassionate historian of the future who is working by the day will have to decide this point.
All this will go to explain why we still work off the paper on the stationary press when we might have one which would be amply competent to get up on the editorial tripod and put its feet on the table. Some people may prefer to have a press sitting around the office blowing about having more brains than the editor but we do not long for it. Give us rather the simple society of the hand press which will not shy at the cars and was never known to kick its hind feet through the dashboard.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

—Gentleman—Come, little girl, can sit on my knee. Little girl—won’t neither unless mamma does.
—Didn’t bother him: Let me pause until that young man’s back of the hall stops whirling. Young man (cordially)—Go right on, you are not bothering me.
—A correspondent wishes to know how editors spend their leisure hours?—oh, yes; they spend them catching up with their work. Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.
—According to a health journal marble top tables are unhealthy, though we never heard one complaining feeling unwell. They look healthy and strong as any other table. N. Y. Telegram.
—A telegram says “The Indian being hemmed in.” This is encouraging. They have been putting off many frills of late; but we should prefer to hear that they were being hemmed in.
—A matter of discipline: Deputee There’s no use pulling that tooth, as sound as can be. Citizen—Well, don’t care if it is. Pull it away. I’m bound to make an example of you for the benefit of the rest.
—There is a man twenty-eight years old living in Athens who purchased his first pair of shoes Friday. The long time to go barefooted, but he was considered that the man has been a shoemaker during this time.
—She (to young man who has been talking in a somewhat gloomy way)—Aren’t you something of a pessimist? Mr. L.—I beg your pardon—Aren’t you something of a pessimist? Mr. L.—No, no; I’m a cyclist. N. Y. Times.
—Champeron is sometimes a little minded. The other day he had his hair cut, and when the operation was completed he regarded himself in a mirror. “You have got it too short,” he said to the barber, and he cut himself again in the chair.
—“Doctor,” said he, as he entered an office, “I don’t know what the matter is, but I can’t sleep at night.” “Is your business, my friend?” asked a plumber, sir. “Young man, you need a clergyman. I can’t undertake to cure your conscience.”
—A Frenchman went into a street restaurant and seated himself for a mound of butter, a bottle of soup, and a soiled tablecloth. “What you have?” demanded the waiter. “Parlez-vous?” “Barley water,” shouted the Irish waiter.
—“Adonis” Dixey and his colleagues are having such hard luck in Louisiana that they may be compelled to leave home. It may afford them some satisfaction to know that, according to the theory of a scientific sharp, the state will dry up inside of 10,000,000 years.
—Norristown Herald.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—A citizen of Allendale, S. C., has just begun cutting a new set of teeth. He is fifty-one years old.
—Out of a list of twenty-five persons selected by General Grant to receive each a copy of his book, four have declined.
—An Oconee (Ga.) man, aged eighty-six years, split two hundred thirty-five large rails in one day last week.
—Sam Jones, the revivalist, is a small eater. He is fond of oatmeal, milk, fruit and lemonade, and drinks coffee occasionally.
—Ex-Senator Conkling’s bill for acting as counsel for the New York Railroad Committee in the investigation of the Broadway Street car franchise was twenty thousand dollars and it has been allowed.
—Mar Yip, late of the Flowering, committed suicide in New York the other day. Keeper Fogarty has been at the morgue for four years says that this is the first suicide among the Chinese to occur at that time.
—Miss Margaret Mather, who has played nine hundred and thirty-three times in public during the four years. She has never during that time missed a single engagement, late at a performance or canceled. She is justly proud of a record.
—Mrs. Charlotte Weld Fowler died in Hamonasset, Conn., at the age of ninety-three years, a local antiquarian and genealogist. She was the age of eighty-six she was published the history of the Weld family, covering the period from 1878.
—Mrs. Charles F. Woeris, of New York, is one of the wealthiest ladies in the country. She had \$1,000 in her own right before her husband’s death and she has come to an estate, which is estimated at \$8,000,000.
—Luther’s boyish home at Saxony, has just been discovered as far as possible to its original location when the Reformer’s parents dwelt there four centuries ago. The old house had become most dated. Now it will be inhabited by a body of deaconesses, who will care for the sick and poor of town.
—Sir Sidney Waterlow and his wife are among the notables in Washington. Lady Waterlow was a California daughter of George Hamilton, when she met Sir Sidney she was occupying the position of society editor of the San Francisco Examiner, and her work well. Her husband is Mayor of London, sixty years old, and very wealthy.
—The Hotel Mail complains that there are too many snobs at the office as clerks in the office first-class hotels—too many ill-mannered, notorious for incomprehensible and vulgar taste in dress. These sons are valueless to their employers and of little service to patrons of house. They seem to take especial pride in themselves upon annoying others in every possible way.