

THE JUGGLER.

During the first term of his consulship, when Napoleon was unlimited master of the state which yet bore the name of republic, Josephine lived at her Castle Malmaison, where every evening Napoleon came to visit her.

eyes, have begun their wretched play. Fouché is right: these people are irredeemable. "I do not know him," replied Josephine; "do not get angry. Tear up the petition and we will speak no more of it; if you know how it came to me."

TENDING THE BABY.

HOW THE ROSES PALE AND DIE UPON THE MOTHER'S CHEEK. The Jolly Fun John Had Getting and Romping with His Hair-Flaying an Insight into the Daily Worries That Fall to Many Women—Here's a Lesson.

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the good. But she sits me with more terror than a raging lion would.

SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.

A BRUTAL BUSINESS THAT SEEMS TO BE ON THE INCREASE. The atrocities of a Slave March depicted with Painful Distinctness—The Flag of a Great Republic put to a Base and Degrading Use.

AT THE CLOVER CLUB.

Bill Nye Makes a Speech, but Says Nothing He Regrets. It is now an historical fact, established by means of research, acoustics and cryptograms, that when Demosthenes went out to the beach and practiced for weeks with his mouth full of pebbles, striving to outbellow the billows and patiently clinging to the throat of his dissonance, even while the loud boom of the breakers caught up his shrill remarks and hurled them into space, he was not preparing to make an impression upon the history of his time, as we have been taught.

A GLIMPSE OF GOULD.

How He Sometimes Upsets All the Traditions Concerning Him—Gratitude—Under Abuse—Personal Habits—His Two Sons—George Gould's Wife.



Bill Nye Makes a Speech, but Says Nothing He Regrets.

People who have formed the idea that Philadelphia is not given to sociability and a cheerful interchange of thought are unfamiliar with the methods of the Clover Club, especially under the administration of Moses Farnell Handy.

For the information of those who may read this piece, yet have not had the pleasure of addressing this successful organization, let me say that it is a custom of the club to invite eminent statesmen, poets, judges, humorists and other freaks to come to its annual dinners and make speeches.

The Clover Club is not constructed with a view to the building up and fostering of rhetorical industries. It is built upon a moral theory that a man who speaks publicly for the edification of the audience, this is a quiet and extremely eccentric idea.

SLAVERY ON THE INCREASE. It is enough. Our hearts are sick with slaughter. Let the witnesses stand down. Is the smoke of this torment to go up for ever and ever? Remember that these deeds of blood and darkness are no isolated facts, no temporary misfortunes, no mere passing accidents of the savage state.

He Didn't Get It. London cabmen have many temptations to impose upon their "fares," and it is hardly to be wondered at that they sometimes catch a tartar in the attempt.

The Harrold and Withering Wind. The name of harrold wind has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic ocean during the three months of December, January and February.

Jealous of His Fama. No one can be surprised when a man refuses to share his hardy earned fame with another, no matter how kindly his feelings toward that other may be.

He Forgot to Fix Himself. Nebraska Housewife (at her evening party)—You look somewhat droll, Mr. Bizzard. Do you find the party dull?

Slit from Hemp. A substance having all the essential qualities of silk has been made from wild hemp of Japan. The plant grows on moors and hillsides, and could be cultivated. The fiber is strong and glossy, and several silk factories are said to have found it to be in no way inferior to silk.—New York Journal.

The Changing Styles. Ethel—Don't you know, dear, that last year's bonnet of yours is very unfashionable this year? The fashions change so.

Was Noah's celebrated vessel lighted by any lamp?—Boston Beacon.

Meeting a friend who has grown more than middle aged in the railway service between Ohio, Baltimore and New York, I said to him: "Is not Gould in about as good shape as he ever was?"

"Oh, yes," said my friend, whom I have known since about 1850, "he is the most powerful factor in the way of speculation this country has seen. But he does not do anything while abroad. However, they will never lose their fear of him wherever he may be. And Gould gets nearly all his bad reputation from the speculators and promoters who tried to cheat him, and having failed, turned round and bit at him, as the snake gnawed the file. I will give you an instance of that which happened under my own eye, when no person was in the room but Gould and myself. I had been severely prejudiced against him, and would not have dared to go and see him but for the intervention of a very quiet chap by the name of Guppy, whom Gould found in the Erie railroad when he went there. Guppy was a poor, broken down, spine and chest crippled man, who never had the least reason to suppose that Gould would treat him like a human being; but Gould found that under his diseased exterior was a bright and clear intellect, essential in his correctness and completeness and reliable as well as brave. It is strange that these powerful men in our finances are often found out first by the humble and broken down men, who are sensitive about friendship and often get the most of it."

"He came to me once and told me that the Erie railroad would break me down. Said he: 'You have the right and logic on your side, but they have got the New York City press and prevailing courts of justice and the big lawyers, and they will mash you to pieces. The only man who can save you is Jay Gould.' Then, said I, 'I will not be saved, for I don't want to know Jay Gould.' But my quiet friend talked the matter all over again from the outset, and the consequence was that, against my desire and purpose, I found myself one evening calling on Jay Gould. That first evening he upset all my traditions. I had learned so much against him from what I had read and heard that I was charmed to find him about the easiest man to understand I had ever known. I will tell you directly or at another time why he gets along; it is because he is so simple and not because he is so dexterous."

"Is Mr. Gould a man of any gratitude?" "Yes, it is very seldom that any person does him a kindness but he feels it and warns to an opportunity to repay it. I may also say that he is a vindictive man. He does not seek an enemy out and does not resent mere mercantile opposition, but persons who lay for him and humiliate him are remembered; and he has got a good long memory for them. Whoever picks up Gould for a man without mental traits and memory, undertakes one of the most unwise things of his life. He is not a person to do a dirty thing, but he understands this business of finance and everybody who is in it. And he acquires his information about them in general from how they behave to himself, when he has given them a fair and equal opportunity, either as opponents, wayfarers or friends."

"Has Gould any suffering under public abuse, such as newspaper abuse?" "He keeps a calm exterior and affects not to be troubled by what is said against him, but I think that all the same it gives him suffering. As I said before, he is like most other men, and is not exceptional to the theme of the successful man of his time. But he never seems to use epithets nor severely discloses any private character. That is why he is often taken by schemers and visitors to be an overrated man. He takes no delight in being considered a smart person. As to his other habits, he never drinks, and he never smokes but one cigar in his life. He told me once that he had been in the office of Commodore Vanderbilt, who desired to capture the Erie railroad. They were somewhere in Jersey City, I think, and all the rest of them were playing billiards and smoking cigars, and Gould was offered a cigar, and feeling sociable he tried to smoke it, and it made him so sick that he has never made the effort any more."

"Is he a domestic man?" "Entirely so. His strong hold is his family. He is far from being the man he was once considered, without higher associates and opportunities from persons who were much less abused than himself, and also rich. But Mr. Gould has never lost his head about social recognition. Those who meet him in the office are something very lovely about him, if you go to seek private and family character there. If you go after him for a sensation, or to pick his eyes out, you may find that he knows how to defend his nest like the eagle."

"Are his sons persons of capacity?" "Yes, they are smart boys, but just the opposite from what you would expect in the case of very rich men's sons. They are economical, and have saved their apprenticeship to the mechanical part of the railroad business, such as telegraphing and typewriting, and they are now proficient in their father's business of finance. Ed Gould, I think, is a clever fellow in his own right. George Gould, the eldest son, is a man who is working him into dirt-dorstors slowly, so he can pick up the financial business. It is a popular mistake, however, to suppose that Jay Gould dictates telegraph dispatches to either of his sons. Gould has a very remarkable character of literary ability. I suppose there is no man now who writes his own business who can write so rapidly as he does, and you can never read anything between the lines when he signs a telegraph dispatch. Those who search through his communications to them to see if they can find out what he is about are invariably disappointed."

"Is George Gould happily married?" "Yes, it may not be generally understood, but George Gould married the first girl he ever fell in love with, and that was his wife and mother hastened to appreciate his choice. He met his wife, warmed to her, followed her and married her. They have a lovely child, and she is a very accomplished woman. There is another instance of Gould's appreciation of brightness and talent. George's wife was a lady who made her living through both necessity and cleverness, upon the stage. The parents have nothing of the prig about them.—"Goth" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

In 14,000 Years the Earth Will Flop. Marshall Wheeler claims to have discovered a third principal motion of the earth and the other planets, which he says is more important than the discoveries of Newton or Galileo.

After a study of fifty years he has learned that every 20,903 years the earth changes its north and south poles on account of the magnetism of the earth. The sun so strongly attracts one of the poles and repels the other that in every 20,903 years the earth becomes so heavily charged that it turns 90 degrees.

The speaker said that about 6,000 years ago the world made this turn.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The white ties worn by New York waiters are in most cases furnished by the houses, and when the waiters are not on duty the ties are left with the head waiter.