

Madame Jerome Bonaparte.

After she was sixty years old, Mme. Bonaparte made another visit to Europe and then returned to America, where the last eighteen years of her life were passed in a quiet boarding house in Baltimore. Her time was employed in recalling the brilliant events of her European career and in obtaining safe investments for the savings of her large income. Her fortune amounted to \$1,500,000, which yielded her an income of nearly \$100,000 per annum, out of which she spent something like \$2,000 a year.

The greater part of her money was accumulated during the last thirty years of her life by saving. In her old age she often said: "Once I had everything but money; now I have nothing but money."

"Even when she had reached the advanced age of ninety years," says Mrs. Didier, "Mme. Bonaparte was in the habit of visiting the business portions of the city, collecting her dividends, making close bargains with brokers, and managing all her affairs with great shrewdness. She invested her money in various ways, because as she said, 'It was not wise to put all your eggs in one basket.' Her biographer continues:

Parsimonious to all others she was very liberal to her grandsons. During the time that her grandson Jerome was in the French army she gave him very large sums, saying, 'She wished him to appear in a manner befitting his birth, as the grandson of a king.' On the 17th of June, 1870, her son died, leaving his country seat to his two sons, jointly. She bought out Jerome's share and presented it to his younger brother. In the last few years of her life she was accustomed to give at Christmas a present of \$100 each to two or three favored relatives.

She was very regular in her habits of life, retiring at ten and rising promptly at six, during her residence in Baltimore. Of course, while living in Europe, attending nightly balls and parties, she was compelled to keep late hours, but she never lost sleep at night without making it up during the day.

Contemporary testimony to her beauty was unanimous. As some one said of her: "She charms by her eyes and slays with her tongue." But if her witticisms inspired fear, her gay manner and childlike laughter took away their sting. She was very vain of her personal charms, and once asked a lady who had recently returned from Europe, if she had not heard of her beauty on the continent. She was in the habit of standing before her portrait and viewing with complacency the wondrous beauty which had led captive the heart of Jerome Bonaparte.

Mme. Bonaparte was morbidly sensitive about her age. One Summer at the White Sulphur Springs she enjoyed the society of a Baltimore gentleman, very much complimenting his manners, conversation, etc., until one day he committed the fatal mistake of asking the Madame's age. She never spoke to him again. Another Summer at York Springs, Pa., she was annoyed by the familiarity of a Mrs. — of Baltimore. One day, while seated at dinner next to Mme. Bonaparte, she remarked: "Madame, I am very glad to meet you. I hear you were once very beautiful. How old are you now?" To which Mme. Bonaparte curtly replied: "Nine hundred and ninety-nine years, ninety-nine days and nine minutes."

Notwithstanding the quiet life she led in Baltimore, Mme. Bonaparte continued to enjoy the visits of her friends up to the very last. She conversed freely, often with vivacity, and frequently with bitterness. She had very little confidence in men, but did not withhold her admiration from her own sex, if she met one who came up to her standard, which was very seldom.

In a conversation on the subject of religion with the late Mrs. John Eager Howard, of Baltimore, Mme. Bonaparte said if she adopted any religion it would be the Catholic, because at least "that was a religion of Kings—a royal religion." Her niece, who was present, exclaimed: "Oh, aunt, how can you say such a thing? You would not give up Presbyterianism?" To which Mme. Bonaparte responded: "The only reason I would not is that I should not like to give up the stool my ancestors had sat upon."

A carpet-bag containing valuables was Mme. Bonaparte's constant companion. If she was called to the parlor to see a visitor she took it with her and hung it on the back of her chair. In every expedition this carpet-bag was taken, and on more occasions than one young gentlemen who wished to show some attention to Madame have been annoyed and embarrassed by being obliged to carry this thoroughly old-fashioned companion. In one of her earlier trips to Europe she carried in her own hands a small trunk containing her jewels. During the journey to Philadelphia she was introduced to a young gentleman from Baltimore, and upon arriving at the above city she handed him the trunk, saying: "Young man, take this; it contains my jewels, and, taking his arm, she said, 'I will hold on to you,' which she did until safely settled in a carriage with her treasures. Her room was piled with trunks, and up to the time of her last illness she was in the habit of looking over her ancient finery. Each article had its history; this was her husband's wedding coat; this dress was given her by the Princess Borghese; this one had been worn at the Court of Tuscany; this one she wore at the Pitti Palace on the day she met her husband, this she wore when presented to Madame Mere.

During the last two years of Mme. Bonaparte's life her digestive powers failed, and she lived almost exclusively upon brandy and milk. She went down stairs for the last time on Christmas day, 1878, but was taken ill five days afterward. Her physician knew this would be her last illness, for she did not manifest any desire to leave her bed, as she had always done in previous indispositions. She said that she had a disease which medicine could not cure—

Colonel Ingersoll's Eulogy on a Minister.

The clergy are not very profuse in their eulogiums on the heretical Colonel Ingersoll; and the Colonel is not given to panegyrics on the clergy. So it is a little more than remarkable, from this fact, to note a tribute given by the Colonel to the late Rev. Alexander Clark, who recently died in Pittsburgh, Pa., beloved by all who knew him and a man well known in the literary as well as the religious world. Mr. Clark is the author of two popular works, entitled "Work-Day Christianity, or The Gospel in the Trades," and "The Gospel in the Trees, with Palpit Opinions on Common Things."

How to Kill a Rat.

A keen-eyed and gray-bearded rat in a Rockville woolen mill had for a long time evaded every device to entrap him, but an expert took the case in hand, and succeeded in begetting him into the trap. When the spring announced that the "old General" was caught, the boys crowded around and peered in at the bright eyes and nervous movements of old fellow, who was "streaking it" inside. It was decided to put him in the "extractor," and if he survived that treatment to let him go. The "extractor" in a woolen mill is a machine used to extract the moisture out of the cloth, the process being effected by putting the cloth into a basket that revolves swiftly inside a massive frame-work of iron. So the trap was fixed into the basket and the belt run on.

Round and round went the basket, lurching heavily from side to side, but gradually growing steadier as the revolutions became swifter. Steadily the speed went up; 100, 200, 300 and 400 times a minute. The eye could just see a dark spot in the basket, then there was a sudden jar, and a cry was heard that the trap would fly off, the brake put on, and the machine stopped. Was "graybeard" dead? Not a bit. He was streaking it fore-and-aft in the trap, his lively eyes as bright as ever.

Once more he took his place in the basket. It was to be a ride to death this time—a fast train that would whirl him around at the rate of a mile and a quarter every sixty seconds. The "old General" seemed to have an impression that affairs were nearing a climax, for a despairing squeal was heard as the basket again started. One minute, two minutes, three minutes, and the basket was whirling around fully 700 times to the minute! A steady hum, instead of the surlings, indicated the high speed. Then the belt was thrown off and the brake applied. When the machine stopped the "old General" was no more; but his was a painless death, without the agony and distress usually dealt out to vermin.

Ballooning and Reporting.

Sometimes a reporter goes up in a balloon with an aeronaut. It would seem at first sight that the balloon man had the reporter completely at his mercy, but such is not the case. He laughs best who laughs last, and the reporter has the writing up of the aerial voyage. Recently a balloon ascension was made near Montreal, and a reporter of the New York Herald went up. The account of the trip shows that it was one of the most terrible on record. But the mind of the reader turns with pleasure from the harrow of the situation to admire the wonderful bravery of this daring reporter. The balloon would swoop down on forests, then bound to the sky, or nearly there, then dip into a lake, then turn a double somersault without touching the ground; in fact, it acted in a most outrageous and undignified way. The balloonist was pale as ashes, his teeth chattered and his knees knocked together. But his reportorial friend, oh, where was he! With a calm smile at danger, and a look of unruffled serenity on his marble brow, he gave his order in the same quiet tone he would have used in ordering a beefsteak rare, at a penny restaurant. The trembling balloonist was bid to lull his fears. The reporter mildly informed him that the next thing to do was to get down out of this and ordered him to throw out some more ballast. The balloonist was utterly prostrated by fear that instead of doing this he opened the valve and the balloon started down. The balloon struck a forest and tore great oaks up by the roots and left a track of fallen trees in its wake. The reporter, desiring to stop this wholesale slaughter of valuable timber, climbed on the netting, kicked open the valve and brought up the festive balloon against a barn. Having saved the life of the aeronaut several times, he completed his good work by carrying the fainting man into a farm house and there resuscitating him. When you get a New York reporter tell his own story you will find him the bravest, most daring hero on record.

The Walking Fever.

Hear the San Jose Mercury man's eminently correct strictures on the walking mania which is now spreading over the land: "It is said that over twenty thousand people visited the Mechanics' Pavilion, in San Francisco, the other night, paying four bits a head, and all to see a half dozen fagged out tramps, with sore heels, sprained ankles, and caved in corpuosities generally, hobble around a sawdust track—only this, and nothing more.' We see thousands of people walk every day, and think nothing of it—care nothing about it. Then why should we pay half a dollar to see a half dozen persons doing exactly the same thing in a very different and tired-out manner? If there were any particular novelty in their walking—any new style adopted calculated to make walking a more desirable method of locomotion—there would be of some sense in paying for the privilege of witnessing it. Even as a matter of novelty, if the walkers would amuse us by walking on their ears, or sliding around the ring on the cheeks of their managers, twenty thousand spectators might consider themselves paid for visiting the show. We have had our attacks of velocipedes, of roller-skate and of base ball; we have made periodic fools of ourselves in various ways; but never till now have we demonstrated to the universe exactly what double distilled idiots we can make of ourselves as in this last manifestation of lunacy known as the walking mania."

A Book Agent Meets Her Match.

A very prepossessing young lady, canvassing for a popular book, stepped into the office of a broker, and finding him apparently at leisure, asked him to look at her book. The gentleman informed her that it would only be a waste of time, as he could not purchase it. "Oh, never mind that," ejaculated the vivacious young woman, "it won't cost anything to look at it, even if you don't buy. I should like to have you read some portions of it, and see what it is."

The accommodating broker took the volume, and glanced at the title page, commenced a perusal of the introduction. This finished, he began at the first chapter, and read carefully and leisurely along. It was about 9 o'clock when he commenced, and an hour passed silently away, when the book agent began to show signs of nervousness, which were apparently unnoticed by the broker, for he never took his eye from the volume, but read steadily on. Eleven o'clock came, and the lady began to walk smartly around the room, glancing occasionally out of the windows. At noon the broker was still reading, and the agent wore a decidedly troubled countenance. A few moments before one o'clock the broker laid the book down, leisurely donned his overcoat and hat, and remarked: "That is a good book, but I am sorry I cannot read more of it, but I am obliged to go to dinner. If you call this afternoon I will continue reading it."

Tramps would be more numerous than ever were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men.

Kissed the Wrong Fellow.

It is sometimes unfortunate to have a friend who resembles you, even though the resemblance extends no further than the back of the head. A fellow in our town found it so.

His friend Pendleton was spending a few days with him, and he took great pleasure in introducing to him Miss Davlin, his fiancée, and her friend Miss Elton.

It was Fourth of July afternoon that the introduction took place on the ground of the annual celebration.

The ladies soon wearied of the gay, noisy crowd, and as Miss Davlin's cozy little phost was at hand, they decided to return to Miss Davlin's home.

"You will bring your friend over to tea, will you not, Frank?" Miss Davlin said to Mr. Kimbal, as she took up the reins.

"Thank you," Kimbal replied. I'm afraid Pendleton has another engagement but I'll bring him if I can."

The young ladies drove away, and arriving at the Davlin mansion, retired immediately to their dressing room.

When their toilet was but half completed Miss Davlin heard the gate shut and then footsteps on the front walk. Surmising that her lover had arrived, and aware that there were no servants in the house, she ran to the front hall window and called out:

"Frank, is it you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, please walk into the parlor and make yourself at home. I will be down in a few moments."

"All right."

"Mr. Pendleton did not come, Helen," she said to her friend as she returned to the dressing room; "Frank is alone, so I'll hurry down."

Her arrangements were soon completed, and tripping lightly down the stairs, she entered the dining room, and peering through the parlor door, saw her lover sitting in an easy chair with his back towards her.

"I'll give him a little surprise," thought the young lady mischievously. Tip-toeing along the soft carpet she succeeded in entering the parlor and reaching his chair before he was aware of her approach. With eyes beaming with love and mischief she suddenly threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses.

Fully out of breath at last she desisted with the exclamation:

"There, how do you like that, sir?"

"Very well, indeed," responded Mr. Pendleton, coolly. With a cry of horror Miss Davlin gazed around the room, and to her astonishment, she beheld her affianced lover seated by the window surveying the extraordinary proceeding with consternation.

"Why, I—I thought it was you," the poor girl stammered, and then, feminine-like, burst into tears, and dashed from the room, leaving the two young men in serious danger of convulsions.

It is said that Kimbal has spent more money treating his friends this month than he ever did in all his lifetime before.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

Oriental Beverages.

The Chinese have made beer from a peculiar kind of rice for over 4,000 years. His inventor is said to have brought some of the new beverage to the Emperor, who, on tasting it, remarked: "This liquor will cause great trouble in the Empire." To prevent, if possible, the fulfillment of his own prophecy, he banished the inventor and forbade the manufacture, but this early attempt to stop the liquor traffic in the bud failed, the secret of the manufacture was preserved, and the Chinese are still in enjoyment of their venerable rice beer. The rulers of the Celestial Empire would seem to have had more success in the suppression of wine drinking, several Emperors having gone to the root of the matter, by ordering the extirpation of the vine. The strong drink of the Japanese, known as sake, is also prepared from rice, and so is the brom of the Javanese, which is not considered ripe until it has been buried in an earthen vessel for several months in the ground. The numerous tribes of Central Africa prepare malt liquors from maize and millet, while the Kamitcats have succeeded in extracting a spirit from one of their grasses. Among the agricultural races, cereals were not the only materials from which alcoholic liquors were prepared; the fruits of various trees were pressed into the service. Thus, in vine-growing countries, "dull draughts of barley wine" gave place, at least among the well-to-do classes, to the more generous juice of the grape, while palm wine or tun, from which our word toddy is said to be derived, became the favorite liquor wherever the palm-tree flourished. In countries too cold for vine culture, but where honey abounded, the latter was to have been preferred to cereals for fermenting purposes. Mead, the liquor thus produced, was the favorite drink of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and of the people of Northern Europe generally, and it is still much used in Russia. It is possible owing to the abundance of honey in South Africa that the drink reappears among the Hottentots, the Caffres, and the natives of Madagascar. Honey is not, however, the only animal substance from which a fermented beverage is obtained. Among the purely pastoral races, whose wealth consists wholly of their flocks, milk has been turned to account for this purpose. The Mongols and Tartars have from time immemorial prepared an alcoholic drink known as koumiss from mare's milk. This is placed in bottle-necked vessels made of skins, and sour milk of the cows is added as a ferment. As fermentation sets in the contents of the skin are violently stirred, and in a few days the liquor is ready. Koumiss has long enjoyed the reputation of being a remedy for consumption the tribes using it being, it is said, remarkable free from pulmonary disease, and with a view to its application medicinally for this purpose, the manufacture of the Scythian beverage has recently been started in England.—From the Edinburgh Scotsman, June 23d.

Fencing with bromocists is becoming popular among school and college girls as a course of preparation for a future state.

Mismated Royalty.

For the first year of her marriage with Prince Napoleon the Princess Clotilde was very wretched, and spent much of her time in prayer. The Prince was extremely courteous to her, but as he was at the same time as friendly as ever with the old set there was no true bond of sympathy between them. It cannot even be said her heart was vacant, for her girlish hopes and alliance worthy of rank had been centered on the Duc de Chartres. There was but one prospect of a better understanding between the pair, and when their oldest son, the present Prince Victor Jerome Frederic, was born on the 18th of July, 1862, his mother seemed to take a new interest in life. Other children followed—Louis Joseph Jerome, born on the 16th of July, 1864, and a girl, Letitia, born on the 20th of December, 1866.

The Princess was naturally attached to all these children, but certain notorious scandals in the father's life gradually estranged her more and more from him. He was on the best of terms with the Marquis de C., and though the Princess at first affected to ignore it, she sought every opportunity of getting out of his way. They may be said to have lived apart since the birth of their daughter, though at first neither avowed the motive of the separation. The Princess simply contrived to be where the Prince was not. When he was at Paris, she was either in Italy or at one of their country homes. This state of things continued down to the date of the war. When that was over the Princess lived for a while in absolute retirement at Prangins, a small domain left to the Prince out of the wreck of his possessions as a member of the reigning family. He meanwhile had left the Palais Royal for an apartment, like any other private citizen. He sought her out and proposed that she should share the apartment (no mean one, as a matter of course), and return "home." She consented, and the first thing that met her eye as she crossed the threshold was the portrait of the Marquis de C. It was too much, and she went straight off to her father's chateau of Montauban, near Turin.

The Prince kept the boys, and, having them, he had still the mother, in some measure, in his power. The terms of their separation are that he shall take the two Princes once a year to see their mother in Italy, and this has been done regularly year by year since. The lady is very little with their father, even when in Paris. They attend the College Charlemagne, and live with their tutor, a M. Barber, in the Rue de la Cerisier. They spend their holidays with their aunt, the Princess Mathilde, the sister of Prince Napoleon, and it is she who really brings them up. She has the greatest affection for Victor—the eldest and the new pretender—and it is all the stronger because he is so different from "poor Louis," who has just met his death. Bear in mind that the late Prince Imperial and his mother were never heartily liked by any branch of the true Napoleon family. Jerome and his sister Mathilde are true Bonapartes. As to the one whom they consented to call cousin because he bore the title of Napoleon III., the less said the better as to the purity of his descent. He was undoubtedly "the son of his mother," Queen Hortense, but beyond that it would not be safe to go, more especially as his reputed father, Louis of Holland, declared in the most formal manner that he had but too much reason to regard that lady with the deepest aversion. Now the present Prince Napoleon and his sister Mathilde are of the pure imperial stock, whatever else they may not be.—Boston Herald.

"He's Only My Husband."

Miss Neilson has made many conquests in New York. Her parlors in the Fifth Avenue were never without her admirers in seasonable hours. She had a big husband named Lee. He seemed more of a factotum. A New Yorker fell madly in love with the actress while she was playing as Rosalind and Amy Robsart at Booth's Theatre. Every night he was in an orchestra chair, with a big floral emblem for her, and every afternoon, after having obtained an introduction, came bearing more flowers. The charming actress liked nothing better than to loiter on the divan with a rich bouquet to pick at, while the admiring eyes of several gentlemen beamed on her from ottomans and easy chairs about her. The love-lorn young man was annoyed by the big fellow who used to sit off in one corner, apparently abstracted, yet ever to permit any passionate declaration to be properly made. The big fellow smoked his cigars, read his foreign papers, yawned, looked at his watch, but never left the room. He was there when the lover came, and was there when he went. Everything was marked Miss Adelaide Neilson. Her pictures were labeled Miss Neilson, and the lover had never heard of Mrs. Lee.

One day, when he had spent enough on flowers and presents to pay a winter's board, he impatiently said to his adored actress: "Miss Neilson, who is that stupid fellow who is always hanging about you? Why don't you send him off?" "Oh, never mind him," answered the actress; "he is only my husband!"

The lovelorn young man shoved the top of his opera hat out, bowed himself out as graciously as he could under the circumstances, and shot out of the room.—N. Y. Corr. Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Yankee has been flooding the Sandwich Islands with counterfeit greenbacks, and the islanders have become so suspicious that they won't take anything which won't stand boiling in soap-suds.

If you are going to paint your house, barn, wagon or machinery, the wonderful Imperishable Mixed Paint is surely the best, for it is warranted by their agents in your own town not to crack, peel or blister; to cover better and work easier than any other paint. The Imperishable Paint was awarded the first premium over all other paints, at the California State Fair, 1878, and the Gold Medal at the Oregon State Fair, 1878. Get a circular from their Agent, which explains this wonderful discovery. Try the paint and you certainly will have no other.

For sale by

Hodge, Davis & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

San Francisco, Cal.

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

1878-79

65 CENTS Sent to our Office, we will send THE SAN FRANCISCO WEEKLY CHRONICLE FOR THREE MONTHS

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE IS AN EIGHT PAGE PAPER, 64 COLUMNS, Containing the entire news of the week.

SMITH'S American Pianos and Organs

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA AND IODIDE OF POTASS

MONTGOMERY'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL

Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster

WEDDER PIANOS

GUNS GUNS GUNS

MOLSON & SON'S Beer, Ale and Porter

Painters' Stock

THE COSMOPOLITAN RED RUBBER STAMP CO.