

DON'T YOU TELL.

(Hawthorne Herald.) If you have a cherished secret, Don't you tell. Not your friend, nor your tympantum is a bell. With its echoes, wide rebounding, Multiplying and far resounding, Don't you tell.

DOGS AND STARS.

Some Incidents in the Life of Theatrical Stars and Their Canines.

Madame Christine Nilsson's heroic rescue of a dog from the clutches of a parcel of boys caused a great deal of favorable comment among the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Philadelphia, and the recurrence has also revived in theatrical circles many touching stories about actresses and dogs, most of which are comparatively new.

"Long before the Abbey," I mean Madame Nilsson—rescued the dog, said John Stetson's representative at the Walnut Street theatre, "Miss Sara Jewett's dog fell out of the fourth-story window of the Continental hotel. This was last week during the engagement of the Fifth Avenue company here. Two legs and a rib were broken. Dr. Agnew was sent for and repaired the damages. Miss Jewett bore the shock with great fortitude. She took it as one of the trials of a star's life. When she was in a stock company her dogs never fell out of the window. Speaking of dogs, have you seen our pug?"

Madame Jewett's dog is just a little too pretentious," said Manager Rice at the Arch Street opera-house. "Miss Marie Conroy lost her dog, a beautiful squire, when the Duff company first came here. It was one of the first things that Mr. Duff did—I mean it was one of the first misfortunes that happened to the company."

"One of the saddest incidents that I ever beheld," said Mr. Gilmore, at the Grand Central theatre, "was when Miss Lydia Denier's dog, a toy terrier, hardly larger than a mouse, leaped from its mistress's arms as she was leaving this theatre, and was positively crushed to death by a passing coupe. Miss Denier was the leading lady of the Hamiltonian combination, which was the first time she appeared before the Duff company. I hardly like to accuse Miss Conroy's dog of plagiarism, but I think that squire is a trifle left, so to speak."

"All these people forget," said Stage Director Frank H. Wade at the Arch Street theatre, "that Miss Rose Eyttinger's bull-dog which appeared in 'Oliver Twist,' leaped from the lightning trap while on its way to this city. It was a very fine specimen of the season—way back in September—and has never been seen since. Kate Claxton lost her diamonds a little while ago. The bull-dog recognized the crisis and leaped to her rescue. He was a noble creature, the original canine calamity befell a member of Mr. Abbey's company nearly two years ago. I have just been given by M. Maurice Grau the real reason of Signor Campanini's absence from this company. He was unable to give the performance which he witnessed his farewell performance at the New York Academy of Music nearly two years ago will remember that among the evidences of popular favor which followed his superb rendition of 'The Song of the Lark' was a small dog collar. The singer hid the breaking heart with which he accepted the gift under a smile. Its intended recipient was no more. On that very day the English pug in whose existence the first of living tenors was wrapped up, had broken his neck in striving to touch the high C of the final 'Addio,' which his master reaches with such ease in the tower scene. Signor Campanini was unable to give the scene of his anguish. Col. Mapleson was unable to cause him to change his determination, but he yielded to Mr. Abbey's arguments."

Changes in the Name Niagara. (Chicago Times.) The name Niagara has passed through many orthographical changes in the last 200 years. In 1687 it was written 'Niagorah.' In 1688 Gov. Dongan appeared uncertain about it and spelled it 'Ohniagero, Oryagara, and Onyagoro. The French in 1688 to 1709 wrote it Niaguro, Onyagare, Onyagare, and Onyagaro. Philip Livingston wrote in 1730 to 1730 Ojagera, Jagora, and Yagerah; and Schuyler and Livingston, commissioners of Indian affairs, wrote it in 720 Onyagera, Ochiagara, etc. In 1721 it was written Onagora, Oniagara and, accidentally, probably, Niagara, as at present. Lieut. Lindsay wrote it 'Niagara in 1751. So did Capt. De Lancy (son of Gov. De Lancy), who was an officer in the English army that captured Fort Niagara from the French in 1759. These, however, may be excused in view of the fact—as will be attested by postmasters—that some letter-writers to-day seem quite as undecided about the orthography of this world-wide familiar name.

Tricks of Lobbyists at the Capital. (Ben: Peley's Poem.) "One of the lobbyists has an attractive daughter who goes into society and extends civilities to the wives and daughters of members, while he gives them lunches and good liquor. Another first-class lobbyist is renowned as a poker player, and never hesitates about losing a few hundred dollars when he desires to ingratiate himself with the winner."

Concerning Jonah. In a sermon at New York Rev. Dr. Deems said he had reason to believe the story of Jonah and the whale, as he himself, while traveling in Egypt, had seen a whale in whose bosom the skeleton of a man was found.

A PLEA FOR THE MULE.

Where the Mule is Seen at His Best --A Noble Animal. (Turf, Field and Farm.)

It is only among some of the Latin races, as in Spain and Portugal and in the east, that the mule and his sire, the ass, are appreciated at their true value. With the nations of Germanic descent, and more particularly the Anglo-Saxon, a prejudice as deeply rooted as it is ill-founded, prevents that familiar, affectionate association with the ass and the mule which does so much to develop the finest instincts, and humanize, as it were, the horse and the dog. With us horses are bred for pleasure as well as for profit, and the mule is not a thing, and no rarely parts with a fine coat, at whatever price, without more or less regret.

There was a time, however, a few centuries since, when even in England the mule was the peer of his aristocratic half-brother the horse; when clad in magnificent housings he proudly bore upon his back the abbots, the bishops and the princes of the all-powerful monastic church, nor would this have been the case had he not been deemed by the luxurious and self-indulgent prelates of that day as far superior to the horse for the purposes of the saddle.

Even as late as 1890 the mule was held to be an indispensable part of the appendage of the Bourbon dynasty of France, and whenever the court of Charles X. moved from the palace of the Tuilleries to Compiegne or Fontainebleau he was in coaches drawn at a gallop of ten miles an hour by superb teams of Spanish mules, and such mules! Near sixteen hands high, matched to a hair, glossy black in color, sleekly mouthed, with legs and eyes like an eagle, and showing in spirit, action and endurance the generous Barb blood of their maternal ancestry.

But to see the mule at his best we should go to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean—to Spain and Portugal. The Arabian domination of 800 years on that great peninsula filled it with the best qualities of the modern race horse, and, as a result, the mule of that time was a creature of a different order from the mule of our day. It was a creature of a different order from the mule of our day. It was a creature of a different order from the mule of our day.

Whoever has had the good fortune to have seen the high-strung and highly-bred mule of the Arabian Peninsula, and to have seen the mule of our day, will be struck by the difference between the two. The Arabian mule is a creature of a different order from the mule of our day. It was a creature of a different order from the mule of our day.

We are inclined to believe that the mule of our day is a creature of a different order from the mule of our day. It was a creature of a different order from the mule of our day.

We have a friend in Rappahannock, Va., Tom Hughes, a regular son of Anak in size, six feet five in his stockings, and weighing in and tipping the beam at over 250 pounds, who for several seasons rode in the first flight to nearly all mountain on a mule that never made a mistake or refused a leap over fence or wall.

Young Men of the South. (Mr. Quad's Selma Letter.) The destiny of the south is in the hands of men under 45 years of age. In looking about a southern town its young men are the first point to be considered. Within ten years they will push it to the front or abandon it. Here in Selma four-fifths of the business is in the hands of men under 45, and a great share of it in still younger hands. The boys who were 8, 10 and 12 years old when the war closed are now the business men of the south, and they are full of enterprise. They believe that success is to be gained by an earnest, industrious set, and are advancing towards prosperity. You find them cheerful when the older men are gloomy; you find them hopeful when the older men look dark in the face; you find them ready to encourage all legitimate enterprises when their fathers are content with what they have.

Cause for Reform. (Philadelphia Call.) Mr. B. (to his new wife)—Do you object to the odor of tobacco? Mrs. B. (who had been a widow)—Oh, no, not at all! Mr. B.—Are you sure dear? Don't say yes if a cigar is distasteful. Mrs. B.—Oh, I love it! Mr. B.—You do? Mrs. B.—Yes, it reminds me so much of my poor dear first husband. He always smoked.

Presidential Wealth.

(Utica Herald.)

Gen. Grant is estimated at \$200,000, which makes him the richest ex-president since Buchanan. Hayes is not rich, though in a well-to-do condition. Andrew Johnson and Abraham Lincoln each left \$50,000. Millard Fillmore made a snug fortune out of the law, and was comparatively rich when he became president. Gen. Taylor saved his army salary, and was in independent circumstances when elected to the presidency. He held the office hardly a year and a half, and left a property worth \$50,000. Tyler was a bankrupt when the death of Harrison made him president, and he married a fortune in Miss Gardner. He went out of office a rich man, but he became a leader in the Confederacy, and his property was sunk in the general ruin occasioned by the war.

James K. Polk had good opportunity to make money before his election, and he was an economist by nature. He left \$150,000. Martin Van Buren was the richest of all our presidents, his estate being estimated at \$400,000. He made money as a lawyer and also as a politician, and his real-estate purchases became immensely profitable, but his money has almost entirely wasted by his heirs.

Andrew Jackson was not a money-making man, but he was a frugal man, and he died with a fortune of \$1,000,000. He made money as a lawyer and also as a politician, and his real-estate purchases became immensely profitable, but his money has almost entirely wasted by his heirs.

Jefferson passed his last days in much distress, and was really indigent, and his estate would be sold by the sheriff. He was an object of public charity and a subscription was opened for his relief in this city, but his death occurred so soon that the benevolent effort was not successful. Old John Adams left an estate worth \$30,000. Washington was a rich man for his day, his wealth being solely due to marriage. Mount Vernon was not a productive property, but Mrs. Curtis brought him a large fortune in land from her first husband. Viewing our presidents in a merely pecuniary estimate, there are a hundred men in this city each of whom could buy out the whole of them. When one contemplates their lives and their travels, sees how utterly poor mere wealth becomes in comparison.

Vain of His Uniform.

(Bow Bells.)

Napoleon Bonaparte (according to the new memoir of him by Mme. Junot, who knew him from his youth up), was one of the men who "cannot take a joke. The day on which he first wore a soldier's uniform he was vain of his clothes as a west end carpet-warrior. Mme. Junot adds: "There was one part of his dress which had a very droll appearance—that was his boots. They were so high and wide that his thin little legs seemed buried in their amplitude. Young people are always ready to observe anything ridiculous, and as soon as my sister and I saw Napoleon enter the drawing-room we burst into a loud fit of laughter. Bonaparte could not resist a joke, and when he found himself the object of merriment he grew angry."

"My sister, who was some years older than I, told him that since he wore a soldier's uniform he should be happy that he joked with him. 'You are nothing but a child, a little school girl,' said Napoleon in a tone of contempt. Cecil, who was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by replying to Bonaparte, 'And you are nothing but a puss in boots.' This excited a general laugh among all present, except Napoleon, whose rage was so great that he attempted to describe. 'He was then 16 years of age, and his professor of history had already written of him in his notes, 'Corsican by nature and by character, he will go far if circumstances favor him.' Yet he could be vain of his uniform."

A Snowball Battering.

(New York News.)

Two men (Nova's Letter.) An Alamo cabin went up to the mountain above their tent last week to set some stakes. After their work was done one of them made a snowball and threw it at the other, who returned the fire. One of the balls lodged on a slope more than a mile long directly above their cabin. The sun was shining brightly and the snow was soft. For a second the ball rested where it fell, and then it began to roll, increasing in bulk as it went. Presently the ball, once held in a man's hand, grew to the size of a hog-head, and when a furious momentum had been gained it burst into several pieces, each of which continued rolling until it struck ground 100 feet wide was cleared of snow. In the descent these huge snowballs picked up rocks and earth until, merging in an immense mass, the avalanche, bearing down like a tremendous stamp, struck the cabin of the men who started it, and carried it away as easily as if it had been made of paper. Everything in the bed of the stream and buried fifty feet deep in snow. The mules were dead and the haycocks had withered, and after examining the spot where once their cabin stood, they started for Hawthorne for a tent and blankets.

Believes in a Dose.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Never was there a worse swindle perpetrated on humanity than that which asserts that when a man wakes from his first sleep he ought to get up. If he wakes thoroughly refreshed after seven hours' sleep it is certainly time to turn and stretch, and, after about fifteen minutes' grace, to dress; but he who wakes at early morn, after a rest of four or five hours, will do well to turn over and go to sleep again.

A ROMAN CIRCUS.

Not Greatly Different from the Circus of To-Day. (St. Nicholas.)

Rome is astir early; citizens and strangers, slaves and soldiers are all hurrying toward the great pleasurable ground of Rome, the Circus Maximus. With flutes playing merrily, with swaying standards and gleaming statues, with proud young caulets, with priests and guards with crested helmets, glittering performers, restless horses and skilled chariots, down the sacred street winds a long procession, led by the boy magistrates, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the emperor. It passes into the great circus and files into the arena. Two hundred thousand people—think, boys, of a circus tent that holds 200,000 people!—fill to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand-clapping. The trumpets sound, the young magistrates (standing in his suggestor, or state box), flings the mappa, or white flag, into the course as the signal for the start. A ring of shouting goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory, and drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics. Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor.

Another shout! The red chariot turning too sharply, grates against the meta, or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall; the horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot, while the now maddened horses dashed wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls. "Blue! blue!" "Green! green!" rise the varying shouts, as the chariots, with a note asking if they are to be let go, are driven back for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads! No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the homestretch they go magnificently; and then the cheer of the multitude rises as the white cord first and the blue is won!

Now, in the interval between the races, come the athletic sports; foot-racing and wrestling, rope-dancing and other games, and the arena is filled with the shouts of the spectators. One man runs a race with a fleet Cappadocian horse; another expert rider drives two bare-backed horses twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash about. Care is taken to see that the difference between the circus performance of A. D. 138 and one of A. D. 1884?

The Clothes-Pin Supply.

(Indianapolis Journal.)

The latest campaign lie is to the effect that the American republic gets away with 3,000,000,000 clothes-pins annually. Now, it is evident that sixty clothes-pins are used on every pair of trousers, (give us this day our daily bread), and the stirring sermon which followed, were all a study worthy of attention. In the midst of his services a mad soldier fled in and ranged themselves on each side of the doorway, so that none could escape. Instantly every man's hand sought his weapon, and women's faces paled with terror, but the speaker went calmly on without interruption. It proved that these minions of the law had come to arrest an aged rascal who had been persistently attempting to assassinate his own son. The young man, who is a member of this church, is about to wed a Protestant girl, which so enraged his sire that he determined to destroy his own flesh and blood. The long, thin blade with which the old man meant to pierce the young man's heart, was broken for an instant in his trembling hand, but he was quickly disarmed and led away.

Another Lincoln Story.

(New York Times.)

Here is a new Lincoln story, properly authenticated, suitable for publication at this time, as the old almanacs used to say: Just after the publication of Secretary Chase's exceedingly able Treasury report in 1863, and when the secretary was known to have the presidential seal buzzing in his bonnet, a zealous friend of the president went to him (Lincoln) with a suggestion that he should be allowed to see the report, and then he cried out: "Say, dad, why don't you brush off that gaddy on old Dobbin's back? As he saw past the old man replied: 'I never saw Dobbin doing so well before. Let the gaddy be.' How Lincoln made the application any man can tell. And if there are any high officials so troubled with the presidential gaddy that they are doing unusually well, it were a pity to disturb them now."

To Partnership.

(New York News.)

A bull who had been roaming around the country for several years, tossing up every object he could get his horns under, one day met a bear and said: "I have no use and I live on better terms." "How?" "Why, let us travel together and whack up the profits. You do the seeing, such a fellow, and I know there's nothing mean about me." "My dear sir," softly replied the bear, as he brushed a fly off his nose, "did we enter into partnership there would be no profits. As it is, a toss is followed by a squeeze, and vice versa. Did we both attack the same victim at once we should certainly quarrel and give him a chance to escape." "That's so—that's so," mused the bull, and he lifted Washab and belted to the bear to look out for a tumble.

All in the Family.

(Texas Siftings.)

"Your father was nothing but a simple tomson." "I know where you got that information," quietly remarked the other. "From whom did I get it?" "From whom did I get it?" "How do you know that?" "Because your father was my father's blood-carrier."

His First Subject.

(What shall I write about?) asked a young reporter of the managing editor. "Oh, write about the first thing that comes to your hand," was the brief answer. The scribbler paid his pay that night for an article on "door knobs."

Indianapolis Herald.

The truth is that in these days of eagerness for office, too many men think to use money-bags as floaters. In time the bags collapse, and the owners go under.

High-Priced Books.

(Exchange.)

There are only two American books which have a market value approximating \$1,000; they are the "Bay Psalm Book," which has been sold as high as \$1,200, and Elot's Ind an Bible—"Up-Bibulum God," in the aboriginal tongue.

A Woman's Ready Wit.

(New York Letter.)

Speaking of Washington reminds me of a story I heard the other day about a lady, the wife of an ex-United States minister, who is made the heroine of most of the stories of eccentricity that amuse society. The lady was in London last year, and we heard much of her from the other side. Of course she wished to attend one of her majesty's drawing rooms, and she found little difficulty in obtaining an invitation. One of the peculiarities of this lady is her manner of dressing. She wears what she likes, and never seems to think whether it is appropriate or not. As every one knows, no one is allowed to appear before the queen except in a dress with a train. It used to be that a low neck was required, but that is not absolutely necessary now. To the surprise of every one Mrs. M. arrived at court in a short dress, with a red shawl thrown carelessly over her arm. The eye-glances of the aristocracy were at once levelled upon her. That sort of attention, however, never gives her any discomfort.

But she was flying in the face of court etiquette, and the American minister was called upon. He immediately sent one of his secretaries to expostulate with Mrs. M., and urged her to return to her lodgings. Not she. There was no social bill that she could not take by the horns. No little thing such as the waist of a train was going to drive her out after she once got to court. In the twinkling of an eye, and before the whole drawing-room, she took the shawl from her arm, shook it out to full length and pinned the ends to her shoulders; and then, with a careless glance at her improvised train, she turned to the royal secretary and sailed into the royal presence, not the slightest bit disturbed by the peculiarity of her drapery. Possibly the queen did not notice it, for one's back is never turned to royalty. In the end, I think her sense of humor would have overcome her annoyance.

Prayers and Pious.

(Fannie B. Ward's Experiences Letter.)

It was a queer experience. This evening we attended Presbyterian services in the old San Augustine. "Better take your pistols," said Dr. J., so Betsy and I put our shining little weapons in our satchels, which always wear at our belts. Behind the pulpit stood the usual guns, ready for instant service, while every man in the house—and probably most of the women—were conspicuously armed. But it was a very attentive audience, mostly Mexican converts, with thoughtful faces and evident earnest purpose to abide by the faith within them. It seemed strange enough to hear familiar hymns in this old land—"Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly," "From Greenland's icy mountains," and "Rock of ages, cleft for me"—dear old tunes, which brought tears to our eyes, though the words were forgotten, and the old man, who was the minister of the church, is about to wed a Protestant girl, which so enraged his sire that he determined to destroy his own flesh and blood. The long, thin blade with which the old man meant to pierce the young man's heart, was broken for an instant in his trembling hand, but he was quickly disarmed and led away.

NEW YORK LEDGER WRITERS.

What They Are Paid—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and How He Grew Famous. (New York Letter in Indianapolis Times.)

I asked Mr. Bonner if "The Gunmaker of Moscow," written by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., as we all know, did not make The Ledger its early fame. "No," he said, "The Ledger had 100,000 subscribers before I ever published that; though I hold that 'The Gunmaker of Moscow,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and 'The Hidden Hand,' are the three greatest stories this country has ever produced."

"The Hidden Hand," as everybody knows, is Mrs. Northworth's work, and is now running in The Ledger the third time. "The Gunmaker" has also had a third term before the public. Every few years a new generation of readers arises that devours these stories as eagerly as did their elders a quarter of a century ago. Both have been dramatized with success. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., has written for The Ledger almost ever since Mr. Bonner has owned it. He lives in Boston, and is the son of a distinguished preacher of the same name who died a few years since. When Mr. Bonner first employed him he was a proof-reader, and in odd hours wrote stories for Gleason's Pictorial, a literary pictorial which has been succeeded by Ballou's Magazine. I think I have a great card of that journal, and received higher pay than any other contributor—\$100 for a story running through six numbers; not a princely sum for a serial now surely, but considered quite ample then.

The publishers of Gleason's Pictorial offended Mr. Bonner by printing a paragraph to the effect that the prices he claimed to pay to some of his contributors were fictitious. The same number of The Pictorial contained an advertisement of The Ledger which had been solicited. Mr. Bonner wrote the publisher, asking him if he thought it either courteous or honest to solicit a favor and get it and then do his best to damage the man who had favored him. He replied he did not, and was very sorry his paper had made such an erroneous statement; it had been done in his absence, etc., had "crept" in, probably, as errors always make their entrance into newspapers if the editors' attention is to be taken. Mr. Bonner wrote the publisher, asking him if he thought it either courteous or honest to solicit a favor and get it and then do his best to damage the man who had favored him. He replied he did not, and was very sorry his paper had made such an erroneous statement; it had been done in his absence, etc., had "crept" in, probably, as errors always make their entrance into newspapers if the editors' attention is to be taken.

Two Young Journalists.

(New York World.)

The two young newspaper men who are making a tit just at present in the way of Americanizing Parisian journalism are named Chamberlain and Ives. The former is the son of the late Ivory Chamberlain, and for a number of years he acted as the private secretary of James Gordon Bennett. The holder of that position must be a crack journalist, because Bennett likes to imagine himself an editorial writer, and is forever suggesting subjects which his secretary has to write out. Chamberlain got \$10,000 a year and all his expenses for traveling with Bennett. It is said that some of the money employed's money is invested in The Paris Morning News.

Ives, who has a slice of the property, used to be in New York journalism, first with the city from Buffalo, where his parents reside still. He is a tall, slim young man, with an olive complexion and a big black eyebrow that runs straight across his forehead. There is a streak of Indian blood in his veins. Some years ago he married the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, the artist. He went abroad to work in London for the Illustrated Press, and distinguished himself by hunting Oakley Hall to his London hiding-place when erratic individual ran away to England some years ago. Ives was then snapped up by The Herald, whose work he did in London for two or three years.

Finally Mr. Bennett ordered him to Paris, Dublin, San Francisco and New York in quick succession. He has received very much for the young man's Indian temper, and he sent in a hot letter of resignation, to which Bennett replied: "I have received your impudent communication, and its contents are quite satisfactory to me." Then Ives wrote back: "Glad to know you think me impudent. I have been told that all I needed to make a first-class Herald man was a complete stock of that article." On the whole, Chamberlain and Ives are the kind of young men who seem likely to make journalism hum in Paris.

Into Outer Darkness.

(Eastern Exchange.)

When the audience of a Boston theatre was being dismissed by a rain-storm a man in trying to open an umbrella in the lobby, lifted the point so that it caught a lady beneath the coil of her hair on the back of her head. To the horror of the gentleman he saw the lady's bonnet and hair curling in the air, but disappeared with it in her hair, and she was left with a mass of hair mount upward on the point of his umbrella. There was agony and remorse on both sides. Apologies were of no avail. The unhappy man darted forth into the stormy night. The lady did not wait to replace her head gear, but disappeared with it in her hair, and she was left with a mass of hair mount upward on the point of his umbrella. There was agony and remorse on both sides. Apologies were of no avail. The unhappy man darted forth into the stormy night. The lady did not wait to replace her head gear, but disappeared with it in her hair, and she was left with a mass of hair mount upward on the point of his umbrella.

What You Must Take to Washington.

(Lafayette Correspondent.)

The gentleman coming to Washington, unless he wishes to miss a most instructive portion of his stay here, must bring an evening dress suit (swallow tail, white or black necktie). This warning is not so unnecessary as might be supposed. The suit may be forgotten or purposely left at home, the gentleman not intending to leave the city on arrival he is embarrassed that he cannot go properly dressed exactly where he ought to go. The lady should bring a good plain black dress with illud or prettily for neck and sleeves. This, with long light or tan-colored gloves and a few natural flowers, will pass for a stranger on any occasion that may offer. Here the unexpected is the inevitable, and it is well to be prepared.

A Frenchman.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Yves Guyot, the Paris journalist, tells how King Louis XVIII, when he returned from exile, asked Fouché if his movements had been watched by spies. Fouché admitted that the Duc de Blacas had been so employed. "And how much did you give him?" asked Louis. "Two hundred thousand livres," was the reply. "Good," said the monarch, "I find he did not cheat me. We went halves."

Rev. Joseph Cook declares that there are not over five newspapers in the United States that a self-respecting American would recommend a foreign visitor to read.