MATERIALIZED SPIRITS.

A Sojourn Among the Faithful Who Meet Their Friends on Sunday Nights,

At Some of the Dark Circles in New York City.

Materializing from Under the Medium's Dress and Bringing Messages to the Believers.

Female Spirits that Hug and Kiss Their Wicked But Willing Relatives on Earth,

And Questions Answered from the Spirit World by Those Who Dare Interrogate.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK CITY, Sept. 30, 1885.

Did you ever hear of Mrs. Stoddard Gray and her wonderful son, D. Witt C. Hough? Never did—then you should know that they are materializing mediums, and hold seances four nights each week at 8 p. m. sharp, and advert se full form materializations every night, together with communications from spirit friends during the intervals. They hold forth at No. 323 West 34th street, and thither I wended my way a few evenings since to see and feel and talk to the denizens of the other world. I was a little early and yet found every seat taken, and had to squeeze in beside a lovely and blooming young thing, a dazzling creature in many respects, who kindly grabbed my hand and whispered that:

"The elements seemed to be favorable this evening, and it promises to be an interesting seance."

I thought so from the way it looked myself, and was just about to answer when in stepped the lady medium, and she was welcomed by a variety of expressions upon the faces of the sixteen people present who had paid a dollar each for this privilege. I jotted down four of these expressions by an instantaneous process, and present them below.

THE FOUR INVESTIGATORS.

It might be as well to explain here that during the evening I discovered who these searchers after spirit lore were, and so present them alphabetically. No. 1 was an old gentleman from the country who came to seek his departed wife. No. 2 proved to be a searcher after his lost sweetheart. No. 3 was the angelic being who held my hand, and who had mediumistic tendencies herself, while No 4, so I was confidentially informed by my neighbor, was an English lady, and a relative of Lady Jane Gray of historical fame. The likeness between them was remarkable and proclusive that she was a near relative. She was over here on a tour of investigation, and had met Lady Jane several times in America, and found her none the worse for a century or two of wear and tear in the world to come.

The medium, Mrs. Stoddard Gray, the relative of Lady Jane, by the way, was quite good looking for a spiritueliste a party, and noticing that the circle was full, announced that the time for the seance to begin had arrived, and that while she couldn't promise anything in the way of development, she hoped for the best and her son, who was the real materializing medium, would now go into the cabinet, which he forthwith did. The lights were now turned down, not completely out, but sufficiently low to disguise the general appearance of things and hide from sight all the imperfections of spirit friends who might appear. We waited patiently for about five minutes, when suddenly the curtains of the cabinet flew open, the angel at my side gave a suppressed sigh of intense joy, gently squeezed my hand, and the first spirit appeared in front of the cabinet, and was as the medium explained the spirit of a Frenchwoman, who frequently appeared, but couldn't speak a word of English. Still she liked to come, and was perfectly willing to shake hands with anyone who would venture to the opening of the cabinet. Nobody ventured, and the spirit kept bowing and swinging its arms in the most affectionate manner at the audience, and appeared to feel badly because nobody came up. Then the medium tried to induce it to come out into the circle, and it finally consented, and made a dash for the young man who had lost his sweetheart, but came very near striking its head on the lowered chandelier, and would have done so had somebody not said "Hold your head lower," in good English, which the French spirit forthwith did. This was a remarkable test in view of the fact that the spirit couldn't understand a word of English, and I made bold enough to suggest that it was becoming acquainted with the language, in an undertone to the angel, who sweetly rejoined that "These were things beyond the understanding of ordinary mortals." The incident seemed to dampen the ardor of the spirit, however, and the young man escaped this time, while the spirit returned to the cabinet and disappeared from view.

After another short wait during which time the medium stood against the opening of the cabinet in a rather expectant position, she gave the order for the light to be turned down a trifle lower, and it was done, when with a succession of sighs and suppressed groans the medium began moving slowly towards the centre of the room, swaying from side to side, and appearing to be in great pain and mental anguish.

"What's the trouble?" I whispered to the angel.

"There's going to be a miracle," said she.

I then noticed that the medium's dress had swelled considerably in the skirts, and in fact was altogether disproportioned to the skirts of the present age.

THE SWELL DRESS.

As the medium walked, she kept her hands raised in a sort of invocation attitude, and grew more and more anguished as she neared the centre of the room. Evidently something marvellous was about to happen, and I strained my eyesight in the endeavor to see the whole performance. Suddenly she reached the middle of the circle, gave a gasp of suppressed agony, and an arm appeared from under her dress. An arm with a hand attached, and in the hand a rose.

"See, Mr. Hale, Rebecca is here, and brought you back the rose you gave her," said the medium.

"Dear Rebecca," said Hale. "Can't you come out and see me?"

"She will, Mr. Hale, just give her time to materialize. She is a little weak to-night" said the medium, and then she explained that Rebecca was the wife of Brother Hale, who had lived in Brooklyn while in life but she now dwelt above and called to see him every Sunday night in her circle. Suddenly there was a commotion under her dress, she bent down and held out her hands, and a full fledged female spirit slowly but surely began to emerge from the drapery of her underpinning. The spirit was all in white, and appeared to be glad to get out from what seemed to be cramped quarters, even for spirits. I was close to the apparition, and thought the spirit had a moustache, but kept quiet about it, for if Brother Hale hadn't an objections, it certainly wasn't my business to kick about his dead wife's moustache. It was the first female spirit I had seen of the kind, however, and curiosity got the better of discretion to such an extent that at the angel gave my hand a delicate squeeze and suggested that there would be more of them when this one got through, and there were.

BRO. HALES' WIFE.

After Brother Hale had thanked Rebecca for the roses, which she returned after keeping three weeks, and had whispered to her words of undying affection, told her about the children, and bade her farewell, she, too, went into the box and skipped for heaven, as the nun had done before her. Then of a sudden a diminutive imp of darkness sprang out of the cabinet and pranced and capered around the circle at a frantic gait, swinging its arms and legs around promiscuously, and looking real devilish, in the semi-light.

"Who's this?" I whispered, and the angel replied.

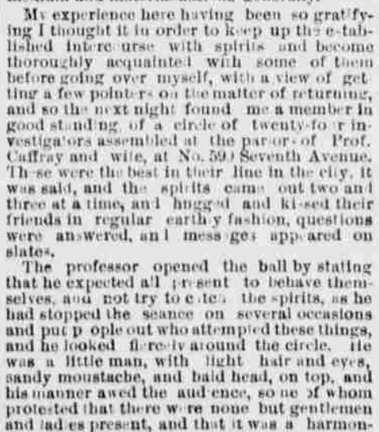
"It is some stray spirit which probably got in by mistake. Stray spirits do come in sometimes, you know. Watch him. He's making a veil.

The imp was making motions of a cabalistic nature over the carpet, passing its hands round and round each other in rapid gyrations, when suddenly there appeared a long string of what appeared to be crape veiling, which was flung into the air, trailed about over the carpet, and frisked around generally, and the spirit disappeared with a rush into the cabinet. Then we waited for more, but the full, dollar's worth had appeared, it seemed, and no more came out, and in a few moments the medium announced that the seance was over for that evening. Then the lights were turned up, and Lady Jane's relative looked puzzled, while the young man who didn't see his love appeared sadder than before, the old man from the country shook hands with Brother Hale, and said he envied him because his wife came while his own stayed away, and was comforted with the assurance that Brother Hale came three weeks before he got a thing, but that his wife came every time he did. This touched the old countryman deeply, and he said he would try again, and hoped next time to feel Maria in his arms again, as there was no good reason why she should stay away.

Then the angel asked me if it was not a glorious thing to be able to see the friends of other days and said that she would invite me, when she herself became developed and gave seances. I thanked her from the bottom of my heart, and left the assembly in the midst of a general handshaking and discussion of medium and materializations generally.

My experience here having been so gratifying I thought it in order to keep up the established intercourse with spirits and become thoroughly acquainted with some of them before going over myself, with a view of getting a few pointers on the matter of returning, and so the next night found me a member in good standing of a circle of twenty-four investigators assembled at the parlors of Prof. Caffray and wife, at No. 59 Seventh Avenue. These were the best in their line in the city, it was said, and the spirits came out two and three at a time, and hugged and kissed their friends in regular earthly fashion, questions were answered, and messages appeared on slates.

The professor opened the ball by stating that he expected all present to behave themselves, and not try to entice the spirits, as he had stopped the seance on several occasions and put people out who attempted these things, and he looked fiercely around the circle. He was a little man, with light hair and eyes, sandy moustache, and bald head, on top, and his manner awed the audience, some of whom protested that there were none but gentlemen and ladies present, and that it was a harmonious circle from the atmosphere which pervaded the room. The professor appeared pacified, and then told everybody to write out a name of a relative on a piece of paper, a dead relative or friend, and roll up the paper so that he could not see the name. I asked the old gentleman next to me, who said he was from "Deetroit," what was to be done with the paper. He said it was his first experience, and he "lowed that thar would be some tall developments from all reports." So we wrote a name each on the slips, and the professor came round and tore up some of them, stating that they would get no answers, and handed others back, after putting them against his forehead without opening them, so that the name was still invisible, and to those he handed them back to he said they would get answers from the spirit named in the roll of paper. He tore up mine, but gave the "Detroit" man his roll back, and then he asked all who had rolls to come into the other room one by one and get their answers. They filed in, and came out looking rather dissatisfied than otherwise, and my friend said he hadn't "got jist what he expected, but 'lowed he would later on."



DEE-TROIT GIVES HIS ROLL.

Then the professor announced that the dark circle would begin and that all must join hands and keep quiet if they expected to get anything. They did both, the lights went out, and the spirits came in. They were lively imps, and one called "Joey" was especially frisky. He sent half a dozen fans flying around over the heads of the audience, and a tamborine jumped up and down on my friend's knee until he got frightened and leaned perceptibly over against me, and then a hand slapped my shoulder from behind, and another tore up a fan I held in my hand, while "Joey" talked to his friends in the audience as though this was an every night occurrence with him, and it probably was. This continued for about ten minutes, and all was still. Then the professor said the dark circle was over, and the lights were turned up, and everybody looked happy except one young lady two seats away who said in an undertone to her masculine neighbor that she "Didn't think it necessary for him to squeeze her hand quite so much, if it was a hand holding circle." He dropped the hand with a crestfallen air, and she looked happy again. He was about sixty-five, and looked like an animated fishing pole, which may account for the remark, as one or two other couples continued to hold hands after the light had been turned up.

Then the slate writing was in order, and a folding slate was produced and a pencil put between the folds, the Professor held one end, and one of the audience held the other end, and the pencil could be heard writing between the slates, moved by spirit hands, the Professor said, but my friend said it was the Devil, for when the slate opened there was a message for him with the name of the party he had written to on the roll, attached as a signature to the communication. It read: "Dear Brother, You are on the right track. I didn't believe it when on earth, but you are; keep right ahead. Josiah Campbell."

This completely dumfounded my friend, who forthwith gave me the genealogy of the Campbell family, which appeared to reach back to Noah, during all the time others received messages on the slates, and several were received before the professor announced that now he would introduce his wife, Mrs. Caffray, who was the materializing medium, and who would finish up the evening by giving a materializing seance. Mrs. Caffray was a very pretty little woman with modest manners and melting blue eyes, and took the gentlemen of the audience quite by storm, as it were, and then she disappeared into the cabinet in the back parlor. The Professor announced that the spirits would control the light as they wanted it, without mortal interference, and I noticed that a string reached across the ceiling and disappeared behind a Japanese umbrella on the wall, and as soon as the lights in the chandelier were turned out the umbrella lighted up, casting a sort of wierd shade over the room, while the back parlor was altogether dark.

The Professor admonished everybody to keep still. The umbrella grew a little darker in hue, and the spirit of a woman appeared in the doorway between the two parlors. She was dressed in white, in a loose sort of robe, and the Professor said this spirit hadn't strength enough to talk yet, but was the sister of a certain Mr. Bayne present and wanted to see him. Mr. Bayne was nothing loth, and hastily arose and made his way toward the spirit as if he had been there before. He evidently had, for when they met he embraced the spirit most affectionately, and the spirit embraced him, and although the spirit hadn't strength enough to talk, it mustered up sufficient energy to hug and kiss in the most graveting way and after the most approved earthly fashion.

BRO. BAYNE WADES IN.

Mr. Bayne whispered to her words of tenderness, and evidently thought a great deal of his sister in life, and was in no hurry to relinquish her ghost, but finally she gave him one last affectionate hug, kissed him until all the men in the room was jealous, and bade him farewell. This was interesting, and my Detroit friend wanted to know if spirits always acted this way, and wondered if any of his female relatives would appear, but they didn't.

The next thing in order was an Indian, and a Chief, for the Chiefs never let the ordinary Indians come back, or else they all get to be Chiefs when they cross the border. This one announced himself as Chief John, and was gotten up in the most approved Indian fashion, but didn't appear to come back to see anybody in particular, and extended a general invitation to all present to come up and "Shake hands." I went up with several others, one at a time, and present below a fac simile of Chief John as he appeared to me. There was substance in his grip, at least, as he shook my hand most cordially, and pointed upwards to the skies as much as to say that we would meet above. I was glad of it, for I confess that certain doubts have at times troubled me as to whether I would get there or not, and this was the most favorable omen yet presented on the affirmative side of the question.

"CHIEF JOHN."

Chief John then disappeared into the back parlor, and another female spirit came out and asked for a certain gentleman present, who promptly responded, and got hugged and kissed like his predecessor, only not quite so much so, and he returned looking happy.

Then a little girl appeared, and talked quite well and to the point, for such a little thing. Somebody in the audience who knew her stated that they loved her, which brought forth the answer that "Lots of folks do, Colonel," for he was a Colonel, it seemed.

The professor now announced that the seance would probably close, as he saw a light appearing in the back parlor, which was a sort of lantern carried by the spirit when they desired to bid farewell to this world and sojourn to the next. They carried it on their heads, and sure enough the spirit of a woman in white appeared with a greenish looking light on her head, which burned like the ordinary stage light, for a few minutes, and then she backed into the room, and the Professor announced the close. Before going I looked back of the Japanese umbrella and discovered that the spirit light was regulated in a very simple manner, a lamp having been placed in a box with a sliding cover, and the string would raise or lower the cover up and down as was desired by the spirits in the next room.

Thus ended those two seances, and I am promised some startling revelations shortly I will only come to a private sitting with a famous medium, which will probably take place, and if it does, you shall know the miracles that occur. SPIRITO GENTIL.

A Philadelphia druggist has forty-four defective prescriptions, which he has received from reputable physicians during the last six months.

A Pennsylvania farmer has a tomato stalk that measures twelve feet in length and has eighty-five perfect tomatoes on it.

A man at Bainbridge, Ga., was seized with a spell of sneezing a few days ago which lasted for eleven hours.

GROWING OLD.

Growing old! The pulse's measure
Keeps its even tenor still;
Eye and hand nor fail nor falter,
And the brain obeys the will;
Only by the whitening tresses,
And the deepening wrinkles told,
Youth has passed away like vapor;
Prime is gone, and I grow old.

Laughter hushes at my presence,
Gay young voices whisper lower,
If I dare to linger by it,
All the stream of life runs slower.
Though I love the mirth of children,
Though I prize youth's virgin gold,
What have I to do with either?
Time is telling—I grow old.

Not so dread the gloomy river
That I shrank from so of yore;
All my first of love and friendship,
Gather on the further shore.
Were it not the best to join them
Ere I feel the blood run cold?"
Ere I hear it said too harshly,
"Stand back from us—you are old."

—All the Year Round.

SYMPATHY AND LOVE.

Taking tea the other evening with an old acquaintance, now professor in a New England college, the conversation recalled some of the friends of our younger days, and he surprised me with this remark: "A woman's sympathies lie nearer her heart than her love." But he surprised me more by the story he told to prove it.

"I guess it was seven years," he said, "that our chair of astronomy remained vacant. You know Dr. Merdon? It was justly that the world finally gave him fame. Well, after his death, the trustees were at a loss to fill his place. A weak man would have been insufferable there.

"Do you remember his family? Charming wife and daughter. They spent several years abroad after his death, and when they returned, notwithstanding that the widow still wore mourning, the number of our little social events doubled. The daughter had a string of millionaires after her constantly. Female society, perhaps you know, was limited, and it was with a foundation of truth that the fellows grimly joked about calling on the girls their fathers had courted before them. Charlotte Merdon was as fascinating a young woman as her mother had been, so say the old folks, and it was to her that Professor Lutz quoted from Horace, 'Oh, daughter! more beautiful than thy beautiful mother!' when he brought down on himself the ridicule of the mountain-day party. Yes, she could have had the pick from a dozen rich boys, and I think she would have taken it, too, if she hadn't discovered that her mother was trying to influence her in their favor.

At the senior party that year, Charlotte held court, as she did everywhere. She was surrounded by the rich fellows of Charlie Elliott's set. Elliott was happy that night. Charlotte had been unusually gracious, and her mother had made her favor clearer than ever.

"'Ed,' said he, turning to his chum, 'I tell you what will be great sport. Bring Seymour up and formally present him to Miss Merdon. It will confuse him. He won't know what to do, and there will be a deuce of a scene.'

"The chum complied, and in a moment he had the reluctant Seymour by the arm. The scene that followed must have been all that Elliott desired. For a moment the poor student stood before the belle. It was not unlike the beggar and the princess. Her easy attitude contrasted strangely with his painful awkwardness. Elliott had not miscalculated. The effect was immediate. All eyes were turned toward the couple, and a smile went around.

"Charlotte Merdon saw it, and her cheeks flamed. She had divined the heartless joke. To the surprise of those about her, she begged Seymour to be seated—insisted that he should be seated. Then she tried to draw him into conversation. But it was impossible. Embarrassment seemed to have driven his wits away. Only one remark he ventured to make. Glancing at a protrait on the wall, he stammered out, 'That's a good picture of the president.' The protrait was taken thirty years before, and was anything but a good likeness of the president as he then appeared; the unfortunate remark caused another smile. Elliott was delighted. His joke was a splendid success. Poor Seymour twisted about in his chair and hung his head. His discomfiture was complete.

"Miss Merdon took a deliberate look at the picture, and did not smile. 'Yes' she said 'it is called a very good likeness of him just after graduation. Have you seen the president's flowers, Mr. Seymour? Let me show them to you.'

"Rising and excusing herself, she led the young man into the greenhouse adjoining the parlor.

"'The devil!' said Elliott. 'I didn't look for anything like that.'

"Seymour, rescued in this way from the trying ordeal, hardly knew what to do or say. He felt as if a millstone had been taken from his neck. The pain and the manner of relief worked strangely on his sensitive nature. He felt that he was in great debt to his companion. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He wanted to cry. He knew he was feeling and acting like a fool. He felt that he would make a greater fool of himself than in the parlor. But some way he didn't care. He had lost all fear of the beautiful girl. Her act of mercy had brought him nearer than years of acquaintance could. He talked rapidly of the flowers, for he knew of them. Charlotte listened, listened, wondering why she cared to listen, little thinking that her sympathy had brought the awkward student nearer than he would have been had she known him a life-time and had never seen him in pain. So, when he pointed out the observatory where he worked the queerly-shaped building that showed its dark outlines in the moon light, just over the campus on the hill she wondered what it was that prompted her to beg him to take her there, to exact the promise that on the very next night he would conduct her through the buildings that had been built after her father's orders. She persuaded herself that it was a desire to see some manuscripts of her father's which Seymour told her had been left there. Perhaps it was.

"Notwithstanding her mother's mild remonstrance, the next evening found her with Brent Seymour in the telescope room of the observatory. The roof had been let down and she was watching the stars.

"'I wonder if father often studied them from his room?' said she.

"'Whenever the sky was clear.'

"'I wonder if he can see them now?'

"'No, I think that through one of them he is looking at us.'

"Far from science and astronomy, far, very far from his scholarly standpoint, the man's childish reply had taken him, but it carried him nearer to the heart of the girl than he dreamed.

"Mrs. Merdon's disapproval of her daughter's visit to the observatory with Seymour broadened into anger as his calls were repeated, and repeated often. An intimacy grew between the young people, that even to themselves they did not undertake to explain. The girl's friendship had opened a new world to the hard-worked student. Had he known more of life, he would have known he was falling in love. Over the other a secret was stealing as steadily as comes over us the morning. A month had passed since the senior party. The two sat in the telescope room. She seemed to be studying the stars.

"'And do you remember,' she was asking, 'that evening you thought through some of them father was looking at us?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do you suppose he can see us now?'

"'Yes,' (in a surprised way.)

"'Then, hesitatingly, 'do you think he is glad—is glad to see us together?'

"'Won't you,' (the voice was very husky)—'won't you answer for me?'

"'Yes,' she said, in a voice as clear as a harp-cord, 'I know he is.'

"Seymour wondered if his senses were giving away. He hardly knew what followed. He meant to ask—if she did not think her father would be glad to see them always together. Somehow the words seemed long and heavy and he could not make the words come. He had a choking sensation in his throat and his eyes were blinded with tears. He felt just as he did in the greenhouse, the night of the senior party. He wanted to kiss the hem of her garment. He felt that he was in debt to her and falling deeper in debt every moment. He knew he was making a fool of himself, but he didn't care. He was the happiest fool that moment in God's happy world.

"'You are just as much mine,' she said at last, her hands resting on his head which some way or other had found a place in her lap,—'you are just as much mine as if I had done all the wooing myself.'

"The Merdon mansion had never seen such a storm as followed Charlotte's avowal of her betrothal. Her mother insisted that she should never consent, never in the world, and the girl who had always honored her wishes above everything else was in distress.

"'But you did not marry a rich man yourself, mother; why should you want me to?' she urged.

"'I married a man who was great—whom everybody knew; why, if you were to marry the man, whoever he is, who will fill his chair, I should be happy forever, but this fellow,'—and her indignation almost overpowering her, she left the room.

It was late in the evening when Charlotte stole up stairs. Passing her mother's room, she saw the door was partly opened. She knew what it meant. Women, even among themselves, make their reconciliations gracefully, gradually. She pushed the door open as her mother intended she should, and went in. The lady sat by her writing table; her head resting on her hand, and she was evidently sleeping. A little pile of letters lay before her, a picture beside them. Tears had dropped upon the letters and the picture bore the stain of tears. Charlotte looked at the picture closely. The face was familiar.

Surely she had seen it before. But where?

She could not place it among her acquaintances. Whose face was it? A broken uncertain voice seemed to say, 'That's a picture of the president.' Her lover's remark of the portrait on the wall, the picture that her mother cried over. It was all clear, very clear, and she didn't care to read the open letter by the picture.

"'My poor, dear mother,' she thought, as, without awakening her, glided from the room, carrying with her the greatest secret of her lifetime, save one.

"It was after midnight when Mrs. Merdon awoke. She had hoped her daughter would come in. She wanted to tell her that she was no longer angry, she had been carried back over parts of her own life, and she wanted to tell Charlotte, that after all, she must follow the voice of her heart that her own experience had taught her so. She was almost ready to confess to her although she had married a man who was great, whom every one knew, she—no, no, no, she could not tell her daughter that—she could not tell her daughter that! Very slowly she put the letters away, saying, 'Yes I loved him then, and, God forgive me, I have loved him ever since.'

"At noon the next day, a servant brought a note to the president's study:

Charlotte E. Merdon requests the pleasure of a few moments private conversation.

"'I wonder what Addie Mather's daughter wants of me,' thought the old bachelor, as he passed down into the reception room. 'How that girl brings her to mind!'

"In a dignified manner that even surprised herself, Charlotte began:

"'I understand that the trustees have given you the power regarding the professorship which my father's death made vacant?'

"'Yes.

"'Have you made any provisions yet?'

"'No.'

"'I have a candidate to present.'

"'What!—you! A candidate! Who is it?'

"'Brent Seymour.'

"Charlotte's intimacy was not unknown to the president, but this astonished him:

"'it is impossible,' he said, 'I don't see how you can think of it.'

"'Would you not do much to bring to you one you loved?' she asked boldly.

"A peculiar light came into the grey eyes behind the steel-bowed spectacles.

"'Yes.'

"'How much?'

"'Anything.'

"'Would you give a professorship?'

"The peculiar light increased. It was almost ablaze.

"'Yes.'

"'Will you give me this professorship if I bring you one you love?'

"The grey eyes were now fairly aflame. She was understood. He sprang to his feet.

"Age seemed to fall from him like a scale.

"'Girl' what do you mean?' he shouted.

"'That she loved you all the time.'"

—Exchange.

Essay on Toothache.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

There are a great many alleged cures for the tooth ache, such as hot poultices, cayenne pepper, dynamite, tobacco, etc. If the sufferer is not addicted to the use of the last-named remedy, it might give him temporary relief—that is, it will make him so hideously sick that he won't have time to think about anything else than the trouble with which he is grappling. One chew of tobacco will give such a person about an hour's relief from toothache—then look out. Perhaps the best remedy is to sit on a dentist's door-step; sometimes looking at his sign is all that is necessary. Still, it is best not to trust too implicitly on this means of relief. I have known people to travel for miles in search of a dentist, and when they finally reached his door the toothache would disappear, and they could only look foolishly in the servant's face who answered the door-bell, and say they didn't want anything—that they had pulled the wrong bell, etc. And I have known those same people to go home grinning all over at how they had outwitted their teeth and saved 50 cents into the bargain; but the moment their own door was reached there came a blood-curdling, nerve harrowing, hair-raising twinge of pain, and the accompanying shriek of agony told that the "battle was on once more," and the dentist several miles away. Then the first performance was re-enacted, with the exception that the sufferer walked right in and sat down in the inquisitorial chair, and had the offending tooth removed without any more ceremony than being hauled from his seat and around the room at the end of a pair of forceps. It is an experience that once enjoyed is never forgotten; it will return at the dead hour of midnight to threaten a man until he is almost scared out of his boots—if he happens to have them on at that unseemly time. It will cast a shadow of gloom over the most soul-satisfying enjoyment in the world to think that in another hour a fellow's wisdom tooth will resume its saturnalian orgies, and make him regret that he was ever born.

Personal Gossip.

Queen Victoria wore the Koh-i-noor diamond at Beatrice's wedding.

The actual cost for Gen Grant's funeral, at a moderate estimate, will be $875,000. This for the city of New York alone.

The late Colonel Fred Burnaby prided himself on his descent from Edward I., and when reminded that monarch was a tyrant, would say: "No doubt. But I would sooner be descended from those who dared oppress the people then to belong to the people who are cowardly enough to submit to oppression."

Somewhat astonishing is the fact that the formerly notorious Victoria Claflin Woodhull is married in London to John Biddulph Martin, a wealthy banker, whose cousin, George Biddulph, is married to the daughter of Lord Selborne, who is connected by marriage with Lord Salisbury.

Charles Neuville, a gentleman with a talent for matrimony, has just died in the State Prison at Columbus, Ohio, to which he was sent in December, for bigamy. His usual plan was to provide for an illegality in the marriage, and to plead that when arrested, but the thirteenth case proved unlucky. He left a message to his wife at Peterboro', Canada, declaring that she was his only love, as she was his only lawful spouse.

The appointment of General MacPherson as successor of General Roberts in the command of the British army at Madras, in India, is significant. He greatly distinguished himself in the Afghan campaign, and is one of the best fighting men of the British army. The new British Cabinet is putting the best men at the front in India.

It is said that Mrs. Sartoris will make a short visit to England this fall, and will then come back to this country with her children for the purpose of educating and bringing them up as Americans. It was the wish of General Grant that the children should be so educated. Besides this, Mrs. Sartoris is anxious to be with her mother for some time at least, and Mrs. Grant wishes to have her children about her.