AN "ELECTRIC" AFFINITY.

My dearest love when last you paid
That telegraphic bill
The touch of thy soft hand gave me
A strong electric thrill.

A spark flashed from thy burning eye,
Thy voice with music vocal,
I thought how great a bliss if I
Could have thee for my "local."

And when through hours of toil we bent,
How sweet a boon t'would be
To know of your kind, tender heart,
That I retained the "key."

Should Cupid's current e'er grow weak,
I say nor mean't as flattery,
I'd turn me to the rosy cheek
And just renew my "battery."

And if perchance our hearts grow cold,
Here is the way we'd work it:
With hand in hand and lip to lip,
We would thus close Love's "circuit."

Then murmuring some soft nonsense o'er
And quaffing kisses sweet,
Quick versed in telegraphic lore,
You'd whisper, "love, 'repeat.'"

At last when asked by surpliced priest
To honor, love, obey,
I'd be content to hear thee lisp
Those magic words "O. K."

Doctor Antekirtt.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF.

By Jules Verne,

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

COMPLICATIONS.

Fourteen years had elapsed since Silas Toronthal had left Trieste to take up residence at Ragusa. Being of Dalmatian birth nothing could be more natural than that when he retired from business he should return to his native land.

The traitors kept their secret well. The price of their treachery had been duly paid. And thereby a handsome fortune fell to the banker and his old Tripolitan correspondent.

After the execution of the prisoners in the fortress of Pisino, after the flight of Count Mathias Sandorf, who had found his death in the waves of the Adriatic, the sentences had been completed by the seizure of their possessions. Of the house and estate belonging to Ladislas Zathmar nothing remained—not even enough to yield a living to his old servant. Of Stephen Bathory's possessions nothing remained, for he had no fortune and the lessons he gave produced his only income. But the castle of Artenak and its rich dependencies, the neighboring mines and the forests on the northerly slopes of the Carpathians were of considerable value. They were divided into two parts, one of which was sold to pay the informers and the other was placed under sequestration to be restored to the Count's heiress when she had attained her eighteenth year. If the child died before then her share was to revert to the estate.

The two quarters given to the informers amounted to a little over 1,500,000 florins, and with this huge sum they could do as they pleased.

At the outset the accomplices made up their minds to separate. Sarcany did not care to remain with Toronthal, and the banker had no wish to continue his business relations with him. And so Sarcany left Trieste with Zirone, who not having left him in adversity, was not the man to leave him in prosperity. Both disappeared and the banker heard nothing about them for some time. Where had they gone? Probably to some large European city, where people do not bother themselves about a man's origin, providing he was rich, and cared nothing of how a man had gained his wealth, providing he spent it among them.

The banker breathed more freely when they left him. He thought he had no more fear from a man who to a certain extent held him in his power. Nevertheless, although Sarcany was rich it was never safe to trust to prodigals of his species, and if he ran through his money what was to prevent him coming back to his old accomplice?

Six months afterwards Toronthal, having cleared off his difficulties, sold his business and definately abandoned Trieste for Ragusa. Although there was nothing to fear from the indiscretion of the governor, who was the only person that knew the part he had played in the discovery of the conspiracy, this seemed the safest course for a man who did not wish to lose reputation, and whom an ample fortune assured an easy life wherever he went.

This resolution to leave Trieste was probably further encouraged by a peculiar circumstance—which will be mentioned later on. This circumstance was known only to himself and his wife, and had but one occasion only brought him into connection with Namir, whom we have seen as acquainted with Sarcany.

It was at Ragusa that the banker had settled down. He had left it very young without friends or relatives. He had quite dropped out of recollection, and it was as a stranger that he returned to the town which he had not revisited for forty years.

To a rich man appearing under such circumstances Ragusan society gave hearty welcome. Only one thing was known about him and that was that he had held a high position at Trieste. The banker sought and found a mansion in the most aristocratic quarter of the town. He started a large establishment, and engaged a fresh staff of servants to what he had at Trieste. He visited and was visited. As no one knew anything of his past life, was he not one of those privileged beings who in this world are called happy?

Toronthal did not suffer much from remorse. Had it not been for the fear that some day his abominable treachery would be discovered, there would apparently have been nothing to trouble his existence—except his wife who remained a silent but living reproach to him.

For that unhappy woman, honest and straightforward as she was, knew of the hateful scheme that had sent the three patriots to their deaths. A word escaped from her husband when his affairs were in jeopardy, a hope imprudently expressed that some of Sandorf's money might help him out of his difficulties, some signatures he had had to obtain from his wife had drawn from him the confession of his share in the Trieste conspiracy.

An insurmountable aversion for the man who was bound to her was the feeling she thereupon experienced—and the feeling was all the keener from her being of Hungarian birth. But as we have said, she was a woman of no moral energy. The blow fell on her, and she could not recover from it. Henceforth at Trieste and afterwards at Ragusa she lived apart from her husband, as much as her position permitted. She appeared at the receptions in the house in the Stradone; it was necessary for her to do so, and her husband insisted on it; but when she had played her part as a woman of the world she retired to her apartments. There she devoted herself entirely to the education of her daughter, on whom she had concentrated all her affection, and endeavored to forget what she knew. To forget, when the man who had acted in this way was living under the same roof with her!

Two years after their removal to Ragusa the state of things became still more complicated. And if the complication was an annoyance to the banker it was a subject of further grief to his wife.

Madame Bathory, her son and Borik, had also left Trieste to take up their quarters at Ragusa, where they had a few relatives. Stephen Bathory's widow knew nothing of Silas Toronthal; she did not even know that he and Count Sandorf had ever had business together.

But if Madame Bathory did not know the banker he knew her. To find himself in the same town, to meet her as he passed by—poor, working to educate her child—was anything but agreeable to him. Had Madame Bathory come to Ragusa before he had made up his mind to live there he would probably have chosen otherwise. But when the widow came to live at her humble house in Rue Marinella his mansion had already been bought, he had occupied it and the position had been definately accepted. It would not have done to change his residence for the third time.

"We get accustomed to everything," he said to himself. And he resolved to shut his eyes to this permanent witness to his treachery.

But what was only an unpleasantness for the banker was an innocent cause of grief and remorse to Madame Toronthal. Secretly on several occasions she had tried to send help to this widow who had no other wealth than her work; but the help was always refused like that of other unknown friends.

Then the position became almost insupportable owing to an occurrence, most unforeseen, almost improbable, and even terrible by the complications it might bring about.

Madame Toronthal had concentrated all her affections on her daughter, who was two and a half years old when at the end of 1867 her husband came to live at Ragusa.

Sava was now seventeen—a beautiful girl, more of the Hungarian than the Dalmatian type. With her dark abundant hair, and bright glowing eyes set deep beneath a somewhat lofty forehead of "psychic form"—if we can appropriately use the term that chirognomists apply more particularly to the hand—with her well curved mouth and sweet complexion and her graceful figure rather above the middle height, she was at least certain of never being passed by with indifference.

But that which was most striking about her was the pensive, serious mien that seemed to show she was ever in search of some long-faded remembrance of something, she knew not what, that at once allured and saddened her. On this account it was that she treated with extreme reserve all those she met in her father's house or out of doors.

She was supposed to be the heiress of an enormous fortune which one day would be entirely her own, and was of course much sought after. But although many eligible individuals were introduced in which all the social proprieties were duly found, she had always refused under her mother's advice to give them the slightest encouragement.

Toronthal himself had never alluded to the subject of her marriage. Probably the son-in law he wanted—more for himself than Sava—had not yet come forward.

To finish this portrait of Sava Toronthal we should note a very marked tendency to admire such acts of virtue or courage as were due to patriotism. Not that she took much interest in politics, but in the recital of all that affected her country, in the sacrifices made for it, and in recent examples by which its history has been made illustrious, she took deep interest. And these sentiments were hardly owing to the accident of her birth—for assuredly she did not inherit them from Silas Toronthal—but seemed to have arisen spontaneously in her own noble, generous heart.

What would explain the sympathetic attraction between her and Pierre? Yes! A stroke of ill luck had intervened in the banker's game, and brought these two young people together. Sava was only twelve years old when one day somebody had said in her presence:

"There goes the son of the man who died for Hungary!" And that was never effaced from her memory.

Both grew up. Sava thought of Pierre long before he had noticed her. She saw him looking so serious, so thoughtful! But if he was poor he could at least work to be worthy of his father's name—and she did not know the whole story.

We knew the rest, we knew how Pierre Bathory was in his turn attracted and won by a nature which sympathized completely with his own, and how when the girl knew not her own feelings towards him, the young man already loved her with a profound affection that she was soon to share. All that concerns Sava will have been said when we have described her position in the family.

Towards her father she had always been most reserved. Never had the banker betrayed the slightest feeling of kindness towards her, never had he greeted his daughter with a caress. This coolness between them arose from a complete want of accord on every subject. Sava had for Toronthal the respect a daughter should have for her father—nothing more. He let her do as she liked, he did not interfere with any of her tastes, he placed no limit on her works of charity which his natural ostentation willingly encouraged. In short, on his part there was indifference; on hers there was, it must be confessed, antipathy or rather aversion.

For Madame Toronthal, Sava had quite a different feeling. The banker's wife submitted to her husband's control, although he showed her but little deference, but she was kind and good and worth a thousand times more in the honesty of her life and the care of her personal dignity. She was very fond of Sava. Beneath the young girl's shyness she had discovered her real worth, but the affection she felt for her was rather artificial and modified by a kind of admiration, of respect and even of fear. The elevation of Sava's character, her straightforwardness, and at certain times her inflexibility might perhaps explain this strange form of maternal love. However, the girl returned love for love, and even without the ties of relationship the two would have been deeply attached to each other.

There is therefore nothing to be astonished at in Madame Toronthal being the first to discover what was passing in the mind and heart of Sava. Frequently had the girl spoken of Pierre Bathory and his family without noticing the sorrowful impression that the name made on her mother. And when Madame Toronthal discovered that Sava was in love with the young man—

"Heaven wills it then!" was all she murmured.

We may imagine what these words meant, but it is somewhat difficult to understand how the love of Sava for Pierre could make amends for the injury done to the Bathory family.

Madame Toronthal having, however, satisfied herself that it was all in accordance with the designs of Providence, had brought herself to think in her pious, trustful heart that her husband would consent to this union of the families, and so without saying anything to Sava she resolved to consult him on the subject.

At the first words his wife uttered Toronthal flew into a towering rage which he made no effort to control, and she had to retreat to her apartment with the following threat ringing in her ears.

"Take care, madame! If ever you dare speak to me again on that subject I will make you repent it."

And so what Silas Toronthal called "destiny" had not only brought the Bathory family to live in the same town, but had even brought Sava and Pierre to meet and love one another.

Why, it may be asked, so much irritation on the banker's part? Had he formed any secret designs on Sava, on her future, that were prejudiced by this complication? In the event of his treachery being one day exposed, was it not to his interest that the consequences should be atoned for as much as possible? What would Pierre say when he had become Sava Toronthal's husband? What could Madame Bathory do? Assuredly it would be a horrible situation, the victim's son married to the murderer's daughter, but it would be horrible for them, not for him, Silas Toronthal!

Yes, but there was Sarcany, of whom there was no news, but whose return was always possible, a return that might lead to further engagements between the accomplices. He was not the man to forget if fortune turned against him.

Toronthal was, it need scarcely be said, not without anxiety at what was to become of his old Tripolitan agent. He had had no news from him since he left Trieste, fifteen years ago. Even in Sicily where Sarcany was most likely to be heard of all inquiries had proved in vain. But he might come back any day, and hence a constant state of terror for the banker until the adventurer was dead. And the news of his death Toronthal would have received with easily intelligible satisfaction. Perhaps then he would have looked upon the possibility of a marriage with Pierre in a somewhat different light; but at present it was not to be dreamed of.

Toronthal never alluded to the way in which he received his wife when she had spoken to him about Pierre Bathory. He offered her no explanation of his conduct. What he did was to keep a strict watch on Sava, and even to set spies to look after her; and with regard to the young engineer to behave towards him as haughtily as possible, to turn his head when he met, and to act in every way so as to crush out all hope. And he succeeded only too well in showing that every attempt on his part would be useless.

If under these circumstances that on the evening of the 10th of June the name of Sarcany was heard across the room in the mansion in the Stradone as the door opened and that individual entered. In the morning Sarcany and Namir had taken the train at Cattaro for Ragusa. Sarcany had gone to one of the chief hotels in the town, dressed himself in the height of fashion, and without losing an hour had hurried round to visit his old friend.

Toronthal welcomed him and gave orders that they were not to be disturbed. How did he take this visit? Was he master enough of himself to conceal his true feelings at the reappearance? Was Sarcany as imperious and insolent as formerly? Did he remind the banker of promises made and engagements entered into years before? Did they speak of the past, the present or the future? What they said we know not, for their interview was secret.

But this was its result.

Twenty-four hours afterwards a rumor was afloat which might well startle society at Ragusa. Every one was talking of the marriage of Sarcany—a wealthy Tripolitan—with Sava Toronthal.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FANCIED AILMENTS.

Imaginary Diseases of Unoccupied Women and Morbid Men.

A well-known physician several years ago was spending his summer vacation at the country-seat of a leader in public affairs, a man noted for his moral courage and powerful intellect. He was shocked on the evening of his arrival to see his host turn pale, stagger to a sofa, and gasp loudly for breath. The wife of the fainting man, a worn, wan little woman, quietly brought a glass of water, and stood by him until he recovered.

He rose presently. "It is my heart, doctor. Agonizing pains! I am confident that it is *angina pectoris*. My end will be a sudden one."

"Does your physician?"—began his guest, shocked and sympathetic.

"N-no. But I know. The pain is simply intolerable."

Professional etiquette kept the visitor silent, though he shrewdly suspected the pain was referable to flatulency. His host speedily recovered his spirits, and the evening passed pleasantly. The next morning, however, the great statesman appeared at the breaktast-table, in a gloomy, irritable mood. The doors and windows were all shut, the temperature of the house was kept at fever-heat, and servants were scolded because, "knowing the condition of his lungs, they permitted draughts to enter."

"I am convinced that I have all the premonitory symptoms of pneumonia," he insisted. His wife appeared, pale and heavy-eyed, having been up all night in attendance on him. As he really had only an ordinary slight cold, he forgot it about noon. Almost every day brought some new symptom of pneumonia, heart trouble or Bright's disease, which were his favorite ailments. When his guest left him, he bade him a solemn farewell, saying: "I shall make a sudden end, doctor. You'll see my death in the paper some morning, and I suppose you'll say: 'Poor Blank! I wonder he held out so long!'"

"The man," said the doctor, in telling the story lately, "is living yet, and promises to reach a hale, hearty old age. But his wife is dead. She was not strong, and neither body nor mind could stand the wear and tear of his incessant complaints."

This is not so extreme a case as may at first appear. It is so common a one that an eminent physician, who makes a specialty of nervous complaints, wrote a book descriptive of the patient with imaginary ailments, and his "victims," or nurses and family. Unoccupied women, and men whose large interests in the world make them especially dread death, are most apt to exaggerate slight symptoms into dangerous diseases. One of the bravest of American soldiers would make his family wretched if he tore his finger with a pin or suffered from toothache.

"Human courage," said General Lee, "should rise to the height of human calamity." It should also, if it be genuine, sink to the level of sea-sickness or a bee-sting.—*Youth's Companion.*

Daniel Webster and the Bible.

Though Webster's fame rests chiefly upon his oratorical powers, he was remarkable, too, for his familiarity with the bible. In fact, his colleagues once nicknamed him the Bible Concordance of the United States Senate. How he earned this title, and how the bible influenced his literary style, is told by the *Youth's Companion*.

While a mere boy he read with such power and expression that the passing teamsters, who stopped to water their horses, used to get "Webster's boy" to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the bible to them.

Those who heard Mr. Webster, in later life, recite passages from the Hebrew prophets and psalms, say that he held them spellbound, while each passage, even the most familiar, came home to them in a new meaning. One gentleman says that he never received such ideas of the majesty of God and the dignity of man as he did one clear night when Mr. Webster, standing in the open air, recited the eighth psalm.

Webster's mother observed another old fashion of New England in training her son. She encouraged him to memorize such scriptural passages as impressed him. The boy's retentive memory, and his sensitiveness to bible metaphors and to the rhythm of the English version, stored his mind with scripture.

On one occasion the teacher of the district school offered a jack-knife to the boy who could recite the greatest number of verses from the bible. When Webster's turn came, he arose and reeled off so many verses that the master was forced to cry, "Enough!" It was the mother's training and the boy's delight in the idioms and music of King James' version that made him the "Biblical Concordance of the Senate."

But these two factors made him more than a "concordance." The Hebrew prophets inspired him to eloquent utterances. He listened to them, until their vocabulary and idioms, as expressed in King James' translations became his mother tongue. Of his lofty utterances it may be said, as Wadsworth said of Milton's poetry, they are "Hebrew in soul." Therefore they project themselves into the future.

The young man who would be a writer that shall be read, or an orator whom people will hear, should study the English bible. Its singular beauty and great power as literature, the thousand sentiments and associations which use has attached to it, have made it a mightier force than any other book.—*Ex.*

About 150,000 copies of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" have been issued. The "House of Seven Gables" did not reach more than half that number.

PENCILINGS FROM LIFE

"What makes you think he's a smart man?"

"Why, bless your soul, boy, he can whittle with both hands, play the fiddle, talk Dutch, and go home with the best-looking girl from a party every time."

"He's a nice man, isn't he?"

"Well, he may be, but I don't just like him."

"Why?"

"Well, I don't exactly know; but I reckon it's because he says Chewsday, and eats pie with his knife."

"Bill, if you could make a wish and have it gratified, what would it be? Just one wish, mind you?"

"Well, I believe I'd say give me about as much of everything as a woman can see at a glance."

"Heavens! do you want the whole earth?"

"You're not afraid of the dog, are you bub?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, then, why don't you come right in? He won't hurt you."

"I'm too timid, ma'am—that's what ails me. I'm always bashful when there's dogs about."

"I've heard them say that Mosbey's wife is a very studious woman."

"Well, I guess you'd think so yourself if you had boarded with 'em as long as I have."

"Why so?"

"Why, she stews about everything that goes on to the table, and keeps him in a stew all the time besides."

"The conversation wandered to fruit.

"Some people can tell by the feeling of a watermelon whether it is ripe or not, but I never could," said one.

"I have a test that never fails," said Mockabee; "and I can tell to a dead certainty every time whether the melon is ripe or green."

"How in the world do you do it?"

"Plug it."

"Bub," said a man to a small boy "I heard some of the children in your school had the itch. How is it?"

"Well, us boys thinks the Gibleys has got it."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, you see they've got sores all over their hands."

"Do they scratch?"

"Yes, sir; they scratch their heads."

"Drockley's wife is a mighty neat housekeeper, now, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"He ought to be happy."

"Perhaps so, but he can't be."

"Why not?"

"She don't give him time, for whenever he gets near the house she keeps him so busy cleaning his boots that the bird of joy escapes him."

"In my opinion, animals are color blind."

"I don't believe it."

"I do. I have been trying some experiments which convinced me that none of our domestic animals can distinguish colors."

"Try another, and you'll change your mind."

"What's that?"

"Robe yourself in a red shawl and walk through a field where a bull is grazing."

A minister was remonstrating with a drunkard about the evil of his way, and trying to persuade him to reform.

"It's no (ic) use; I can't do it," said the sot.

"Yes, you can, and you must, or you will be forever lost."

"Won't I know where I (ic) am?"

"Yes; you will know that you are in the lake of fire and brimstone."

"Fire 'n brimstone?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you'll (ic) jus' make it brimstone 'n molasses I'll eat my way out. Zee if I don' (ic)."

"Papa, I saw a poor little boy to-day that I felt awful sorry for."

"That's right, my boy. We should always pity the poor. Did you divide your pennies with him?"

"No, no, papa; it wasn't that kind o' poor I mean. He didn't need no money."

"Oh, I see; the little fellow was sick, may be."

"No, not that, either, papa."

"Then what ailed him?"

"Why, nothing, only the poor boy hadn't never been to a circus in his whole life. Wasn't it a shame?"—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Short Study in Misery.

My friend says he is "perfectly miserable." He formulates his belief from certain premises of a deranged stomach a reverse in fortude, and an *affaire du cœur*. It will at once appear that his claim is ill-founded, since stomachs, fortunes, and hearts are rarely beyond repair if treated as in manly duty they should be.

But his remark brings us to the question: What *is* it to be "perfectly" miserable? What is the supreme misery of human life? A certain melodramatist, thinking to move by a spectacle of surpassing suffering, has used a means something like this: Picture to yourself (says he) the scene of the wedding night. The guests have departed, and up the lighted stairway passes the bridegroom and his bride. They reach the top of the stairway. With all love, all reverence, he turns to her, and at that instant an armed assassin springs out of the darkness and strikes her dead at his feet! That, thinks the melodramatist, is very near the height of human misery. And truly we do pity the victim of any of these sudden shocks. But perhaps in this case the very assassin, by reason of the malignant motives which impelled him, was the greater sufferer and the more miserable man. Him we do not pity.

Of these two, which is it? The pitied, or the unpitiable?

If we search among the characters of tragedy for one so depraved as to be beyond the reach of sympathy, we light upon *Iago*, demon of heartless wickedness. He is an *unnatural* character, but does for our purpose. So repugnant is he to our feelings that we are glad when with demoniac laughter he has vanished into the darkness, wherein he was begotten.

Give *Iago remorse* (whereby we should lose *Iago*, of course); let him be keenly alive to his life-long sins of body and soul; let him realize the ultimate anguish of a life spent in wasting opportunities and in totally neglecting all self-development; put him on the edge of Life, unpitied unpitiable, expecting nothing of Justice, and daring to hope nothing of Mercy—and perhaps we have one type of human misery.

Upon the other hand, although it is said by some philosophers (and is finely shadowed in the tragedy of the Cenci) that man cannot be dishonored by the act of another against him, it is true beyond doubt that there may be misery without dishonor; and, indeed, I am half inclined to think that the bitterness of spirit experienced by that being who feels that his worst hurts were got not at his own hand, but at the hand of Fate—by the sins of his fathers, by the ghastly irony of Life, by the random blows of utter chance—may well question with any other the right to wear the cypress crown.

The character of John Randolph is presented to us. A man who was a living riddle. Seething hell locked up in his breast—a half *Iago*-like hate, and wrath, and scorn, which nevertheless rested themselves upon very un-*Iago*-like reasons. John Randolph is dead. Maria Ward, the woman whom he loved (and who loved him although she married another), and who doubtless shared with him his secret, is also dead. No one knows the full history of the trouble—which they alone understood. But we know enough to pity, and to call most miserable, the man who rushed away from her one day with a man's tears in his eyes, too proud to die, too sick at heart to live; who dragged out his life with an agony at his heart which he did not put there and which he could not reach.

Here are two types of human woe. The one unpitiable; the other, pitiful. Nor can I in my own mind drop any factor from the one without canceling as much in the other.

It is a matter of joy for my disconsolate friend to reflect that God's unseen balances hang in eternal equation. For the one they show the equipoise of joy and sorrow, suffering and gain, here and hereafter. To the other, they present in counter-balance the great sun of an infinite Mercy. Without Mercy, this life would be, in some phrase, unbalanced. With it, life is true and even.—*E. Hough, in The Current.*

What Trains Carry.

The railway reporter of *The Laramie Boomerang* was in a reflective mood the other day and in default of incidents threw off the following interesting bit of nothingness: "There is nothing more curious to the close observer than to watch the trains as they cross the continent over the big roads and see the curiosites in the way of freight as well as the variety and character of the passengers they carry. Especially is this noticeable on the fast freights now running, and which pass through Laramie in the evening. There are to be seen whole train-loads of oysters from Baltimore, consigned to San Francisco firms, one of those trains going out last night. A second section took more oysters and several car-loads of eggs from Omaha for the west; a steam fire engine for San Francisco, car after car of wagons, and several coach-loads of emigrants. These are but specimens of what is carried west, and going east there are seen trains of wire, tea, honey, and silk, cars of fine horses and cattle, now and then a car of sea-lions, and all such things. There is not a train goes by that does not interest one who reads the labels on the doors as it lies on the platform resting for its long journey east or west. The passenger trains, too, have among their loads noticeable features, and now and then an especially distinguished party, whom none but those living on the Pacific lines ever have an opportunity to see. Generals, governors, senators, now and then a president, and one king travels through here every year or two."

Grant and the Kentucky Ladies.

The Kentucky women are as enthusiastic about horses as the men. They unhesitatingly place the horses before themselves as the great attractions of the State. I remember hearing a conversation between General Grant and a Kentucky girl at the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange in 1875, when President Grant was visiting the St. Louis Fair. A number of ladies were introduced to the President, whereupon he spoke in very high terms of St. Louis, the fair, &c. "You are mistaken, Mr. President—we are not from St. Louis," laughingly said one of the girls, "we are from Kentucky, a very fine State, you know, which possesses three things all men of tast must appreciate." Smilingly, the President asked her what they were. She answered: "We have the fastest horses, the prettiest women and the finest whisky in the world." The President replied: "Your horses are certainly justly renowned; I have some on my farm near here; yourself and party prove the correctness of your second observation, but whisky is one of the things that require age, and your men consume it so fast that it rarely has a fair chance to become good." The girls thought that if General Grant could not make a long speech he was apt at repartee.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Will Make the Old Bull-dog do.

An eighty-ton gun costs £10,075. That settles it. If they won't knock off the odd £75 on a purchase like that we are going to worry along this summer with the old bull-dog revolver, that's all. Still we would have liked to try the effect of a dose of eighty-ton gun on the 1885 crop of spring poets. Thus are the editorial yearnings left unsatisfied by the cold limitations of unrelenting poverty.—*Somerville Journal.*