

Probably the most independent paper in the United States at the present day is the Memphis Appeal. It is truly "independent in all things, and neutral in nothing."

After waiting a sufficient time for an answer, he continues: "You may kill that editorial on 'The Political Situation,' set that article on 'The Degeneracy of Morals...'"

When he wants to amuse or abuse anybody outside of the city, he does so, well knowing that they dare not come to the office to see him.

On account of the press of advertising, our readers must excuse a scarcity of news items this morning.

The dead "ads" are changed about and the form not taken off the press. He sits in the sanctum the greater portion of the time, smoking imported cigars which the editor left behind him.

"Coffins for sale cheap at John Smith's carpenter shop."

"How much will it cost for three insertions?" asked the carpenter.

"It's a grave matter, and I'll make the rates to you \$112 50."

"Well, you heard what I said, didn't you? That's dirt cheap—only \$37 50 for each insertion."

"Of course he had to pay the price. His political policy, but expects to come out for Tilden if the fever continues."

The Dignity of Office.

A Detroit, says the Detroit Free Press, who was rusticated in one of the wildernesses of Michigan, was one day out hunting, when he came upon a hamlet consisting of a sawmill, two houses and a log barn.

"I don't see anything just now, but it is only four days to the next mail."

"Well, no, not exactly, though we handle considerable money here."

"Can I get a dollar's worth of three?" asked the Detroit, as a woman passed.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the officer, looking into his wallet.

"This isn't rated as a first-class post-office, is it?"

MY DIAMOND.

I could give you the pedigree of the stone but the details are so long and so many they might tire you.

In truth, the stone had a strange and fiery gleam. At the first glance it seemed of the purest water; in an instant it changed to pink, blue and pale green, and then iridescent opal lines, emitting sparks of fire.

"Why do you sell it?" I asked. "With all this wealth you cannot need money, and if what you tell me of its talismanic property be true, the gem is priceless to sell it if you have the courage to buy," he made answer.

"I was forced to watch her again leave me and turn down the street, holding her dress so dexterously that it quite escaped the pavement, and disclosed two neatly-fitting little boots."

"Perhaps I should have said before that my name is Eldridge, that I am a lawyer and Judge Clinton's junior partner.

"My second thought was more charitable. One of the fellows might be her brother. So much the better. I would make his acquaintance and cultivate it."

"It was quite in my power to be of service to Mr. Allyn, and in return he asked me to his father's house for dinner."

"Conductor, the gentleman opposite me is losing his diamond."

"I flushed to the roots of my hair, felt for the stone and discovered that it was gone."

stranger. Her face remained placid, but after a moment a demure smile stole into the corners of her mouth, and I don't think it was by what she saw in her book, or that she was reading very attentively.

"She left the car at Fourteenth street and I gazed eagerly after her as she turned up to Broadway, and then I must have sighed. Perhaps because I feared I should never see her again."

"If the thing were within the bounds of possibility, I would like to find out who she is, just to thank her for her kindness to me."

"One rainy afternoon, about a month after, I met her in a Broadway stage. I recognized her in a moment, but she did not look up at me, and I saw she remembered me, but she did not exhibit the faintest gleam of consciousness of my existence."

"I must confess to feeling a sort of chill and then disappointment. I did not like to know that my dignified unknown went around visiting gentlemen's offices, even though the gentlemen were her acquaintances."

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ring, and she believed in its magic more firmly than I did.

"Do you know, Miss Allyn, that I am constantly afraid of losing it ever since I met you?"

"Young Men Strike Out."

If the able-bodied young men who congregate in our large cities, instead of standing about corner groceries cursing capitalists and the Government for not supplying them with work at higher wages than trade and the mines offer them, will strike out for the mines or the unsettled parts of the country, they would do the public a real service, and in a few years, by industry and economy, find themselves in independent circumstances.

There are in California, Nevada, and Arizona, 30,000,000 acres of public lands, of which only 96,000,000 have been surveyed. It is safe to estimate that over 100,000,000 acres of this unsurveyed land is capable of cultivation, and at least one-half of the remainder would graze sheep and wood-bearing goats.

"What's that man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "At the top of his voice," chuckled the boy.

"In the world's broad field of battle, he is the hyacinth of life."

"A new arrangement of 'Pinafore' has been put upon the stage, with the 'hardly ever' left out. It will draw like a plaster."

"A miss Wharton, now at Damariscotta, Me., has probably the longest hair of any woman in the world. It is eight feet long, and when in French twist it passes six times around her head. The growth is perfectly natural."

A CURIOUS PAINTING DISCOVERED.—A curious discovery has been made at the Vernon House, Newport, R. I., which was formerly the headquarters of Washington, Lafayette and Rochambeau.

A recent obituary notice says: "Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married!"

Johannes Rex.

Of all the wonderful adventures ever told, commend us, says the London Daily Telegraph, to the history of John Dunn. Mr. Dunn is a colonist who had the skill to gain the good favor of the Zulus and the wisdom to utilize his luck in the most practical manner.

He had several sons and grandsons, but they all died before him, with the exception of his grandson, the Duc d'Anjou, who had been seated on the throne of Spain in spite of Lord Peterborough and the Austrians, and who founded the Bourbon line across the Pyrenees.

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Unhappy Royalty.

The banquet at Chambord and several other manifestations show that the French throne is still regarded as a prize worth winning, and yet it has been in recent times, at any rate, singularly fatal to its occupants.

Only one French King since Louis XV, the well-beloved, (who narrowly escaped being assassinated by Damien) and whose coffin was pelted with mud) says the Paris correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, has died peacefully in France, and that King (Louis XVIII.) was twice an exile. Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold; Napoleon I. died at St. Helena; Charles X. at Goritz; Louis Philippe at Claremont; Napoleon III. at Chislehurst. It is a remarkable fact, too, that since the accession of the Bourbons only two direct heirs to the crown have reigned in France—Louis XVIII., who ascended the throne after the XVIIIs, and Louis XIV., who succeeded Louis XIII. Louis XV. was therefore the last Dauphin who inherited the crown.

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but her courageous efforts were unavailing, and the Royalists were swept away root and branch. French throne was once more occupied, and another attempt was made to perpetuate the imperial dynasty.

THE OLD STONE MILL IN NEWPORT.—The Nation, in speaking of the paper by George C. Mason Jr., on the "Old Stone Mill at Newport," says: "The writer made a careful survey of the building last October, with a firm belief in the theory advanced by the late Mr. Hatfield in Scribner's, viz., that the mill was the remains of a Norman baptistry. We pointed out at the time what we considered the weak points in Mr. Hatfield's argument, and our objections were fully confirmed by Mr. Mason, who convinced himself that the fireplace and windows are a part of the original construction, and discovered that, besides the first floor above the arches, a second floor existed, connected by a flight of stairs with the lower, as is shown by the holes left to receive the ends of the treads. Into the technical evidence advanced in support of these statements we cannot go far; but it is conclusive. The fireplace was found to have two flues, one in each corner, which seems most improbable as an after-thought, besides which the latter flue is perfectly pargeted with a mortar identical with that used in the construction of the piers, and with mortar used in the dwelling-house and tomb of Governor Arnold, the owner of the mill. This pargeting, which is made of red Leamington, has had resided in England not far from the Leamington (Warwickshire) mill of which the shape is circular, and the construction, upon arches, as like that of the Newport structure as cut stone can resemble rubble. It is suggested that the latter may have been built to replace the wooden windmill blown down in 1675. Mr. Mason furnishes diagrams to enforce his points, and his paper is so creditable to his professional acuteness that one almost regrets that it did not appear in the American Architect.

HERE AND THERE.

Three things conducive to happiness. A full stomach, an empty pocket and a clear conscience. We are fearfully happy.

"I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "no man wants it more."

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen from the gutter. "Can't say sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give any account of himself."

"Of course not," replied the other, "how are you to expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

"Mrs. Godington has been shopping. 'The clerks,' she says, 'treating me with utter contempt; they don't care for my anything out of me; but no young girl had one of 'm found out that two yards of kaliker and a hank of yarn was all I wanted than he began screaming out, 'Cash! afore he'd half done 'em up.'"

"We were ever troubled by the ghost of a poem?" Hardly, never. We have been troubled by the "skeleton" of a poem, though, and we may say day by day by the ghost of the poet. We intend to kill a few as soon as the rush of job printing is over.

Henry Ward Beecher having tasted Irger Beer, and pronounced it good, a Toronto brewer has kindly filled the Brooklyn preacher's cellar with a brand of that article. This is all well enough, but we are sorry to hear that the deacons' meetings at Mr. Beecher's house are better attended of late than they were a few months ago.

Thomas Ball, the American sculptor, lives in a simple, pretty, flower-sprinkled round house which he built himself just inside one of the old gates of Florence. Mr. Ball is now nearly sixty years old, and a clever, agreeable man with a frank, bright face. His flowing brown beard is fast turning gray, his heavy locks are gray and his eyes are blue.

Once in traveling, the Rev. Dr. Bledsoe was exceedingly annoyed by a peevish bore who forced himself upon him, and made a great parade of his shallow learning. The doctor bore it as long as he could, and at length, looking at him gravely, said, "My friend, you and I know all that is to be known."

"How is that?" said the man, pleased with what he thought a very complimentary association. "Why," said the doctor, "you know everything except the fact that you are a fool, and I know that."

The foliage is getting mad; that is to say, it's on its nerves.—Boston Post!