

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 the Cause of our Ruin' on the other side, and distribute the telegraphic news."

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. He does not do much writing, but what he does is fearless in expression.

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.

"How much will it cost for three insertions?" asked the carpenter. Jack squared round to the desk, figured a few minutes, and then answered:

"It's a grave matter, and I'll make the rates to you \$112 50." "What," exclaimed the advertiser, "you don't mean \$112 50?"

"Well, you heard what I said, didn't you? That's dirt cheap—only \$37 50 for each insertion. If you don't want me to put it in you can get some one else to do your printing, that's all."

Of course he had to pay the price. He has not fully determined on his political policy, but expects to come out for Tilden if the fever continues.—Ohio State Journal.

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.

"Postoffice" greeted his vision over a door in one of the houses, and he investigated. The office was an eight by ten room, and the boxes for mail numbered just four.

"Any letter for John?" asked the Detroit. The postmaster didn't shake his head and crush the inquirer's hope all at once, as some officials do, but slowly rose, looked carefully into each one of the six empty boxes, peered into an old cigar box on the window sill, and then answered:

"I don't see anything just now, but it is on four days to the next mail." "Is this a money-order office?" continued the stranger.

"Well, no, not exactly, though we handle considerable money here." "Can I get a dollar's worth of three?" asked the Detroit. A written pause.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the officer, looking into his wallet. "I guess I can spare you five or six now and the rest next week."

There was another pause as the postmaster vainly tried to make change for a quarter, and the Detroit finally remarked:

"This isn't rated as a first-class post-office, is it?" "Well, no, not exactly," was the confidential reply. "Fact is, we don't do a very rushing business here, and some times I think it would pay me better to go back to the farm."

"I don't suppose you make \$20 a year here, do you?" "Well, no, not exactly; but I don't look at that altogether. The position that it gives us in society, and some taken into consideration, you know."

THE COAST MAIL

MY DIAMOND.

I could give you the pedigree of the stone but the details are so long and so many they might tire you. Sufficient to say that I bought it many years ago from an old dealer in the lower part of Broadway, who told me a curious story concerning it.

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.

"There is not one like that you have in your hand," he said. He was right. All were bright in their glittering beauty, but all were unlike the talisman.

"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.

It seemed to me that he proposedly made his tone dramatic, and I smiled scornfully. As for the stone itself, I liked it, the story he told of its virtue, although I only had believed it, interested me. I had no fear of any evil supernatural influence; it was just the size I wanted to buy, and in shape and cutting it was all that was to be desired.

The old dealer told me that when I was about to embark in any enterprise that would pry into the occult, the stone would give me unusual brilliancy. If misfortune or death were to come upon me or mine, the stone would appear dull and almost inert.

Now I am a practical sort of a fellow, but I had no objection to taking a tawdry thing which, as a bargain, I had not to pay extra for. In a few minutes I made up my mind and counted out to him four hundred dollars, the price he asked for it, and left.

I wore the diamond for more than five years in a ring, afterward in a shirt stud, and then in a ring again. It now encircles the finger of a lovely lady whose little girl calls me "papa."

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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. What more natural than for me to desire to know her? It was so kind and so sensible of her to prevent my losing my diamond.

"Do you know, Miss Allyn, that I am constantly afraid of losing it ever since I met you?" Then I grew bold and took her hand and said: "Please keep it for me. Let me put it on this finger. Please do—and—and give me yourself in return."

She hung her head and blushed and stammered a little, but she did not say—No.—Philadelphia Times.

Young Men Strike Out.

If the able-bodied young men who congregated 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, 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 32,988,830 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 goals.

One rainy afternoon, about a month after I met her in a Broadway stage, I recognized her in a morning coach, and I looked into her face, and I know she remembered me, but she did not exhibit the faintest gleam of consciousness of my existence.

Perhaps I should have said before that my name is Eldridge, that I am a lawyer and Judge Clinton's junior partner. In the next office to ours there are two young fellows just started in law, who receive more calls from their lady friends than retaining fees from their clients.

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. Occasionally a lady friend would call upon me, not upon my business, and although I was always polite, I never encouraged that sort of thing, and as a practice I heartily disapproved of it.

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.

I did this after that remembrance on my part, and the elder of the two men, Mr. Allyn, had a sister named Maud, and that she was engaged to his friend and partner. Just think of my dismay. Actually engaged to the other fellow! I was sad enough to know she was bound, but never to think of her as the wife of a fellow who had no ambition and less brains. There was nothing in the man—absolutely nothing.

Why, only a week before he had shown a lack of legal acumen in a case—a mere technicality of which the son-in-law should not have been ignorant. I looked at my ring after my disturbed thoughts, and its rose gleam gave me fresh courage. After reflecting a day I resolved to remorselessly and determinedly cut him out—if I could.

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. There were true women shine best, and I found her more sweet and womanly than she had looked before. I had prepared myself for my first meeting, but she had looked fellow, and, as a matter of fact, I did not, however, refer to our adventures until he called upon her several times, and then I ventured to thank her for coming to the rescue of my precious diamond.

She begged me with deep pink lips to let her see it, and I did so. I was assiduous in my attentions and she sang at my feet the rest of the family and my influence over her was proved by the fact that her betrothed became jealous of me, and forbade her from receiving my visits. She rebelled, after bearing with long annoyance from him, and finally dismissed him.

I ventured to ask her like a hypocrite why I no longer met Mr. Furbush at her home. "Not that I am pining for his society," I added, with a shrug.

"We have broken our engagement," she said, looking at the carpet. I consulted my talisman. Blessings upon it! It fairly danced in the light.

The temptation was strong, but I resisted it, to keep her to give me the hand she had lost. I waited till one evening when I was escorting her home from the theatre, and I told her the story of my

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

"It has never failed me yet, Miss Allyn, and I am longing to put it to a stronger test."

She was so provokingly demure and unconscious that I kept back the petition on my lips, for I felt my courage, like Bob Acre's, oozing out my finger ends, and again I willed.

"Do you know, Miss Allyn, that I am constantly afraid of losing it ever since I met you?" Then I grew bold and took her hand and said: "Please keep it for me. Let me put it on this finger. Please do—and—and give me yourself in return."

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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 is the son of an English officer, and, for aught we know, a pattern son, an excellent father, and a model husband. He ought certainly to be the latter, at least, or if he be not, it can hardly be for want of practice, for Mr. Dunn has quite become a convert to Zulu ideas, and possesses a harem worthy of pious King Solomon himself.

Now, this worthy man was by me, and a model husband. He ought certainly to be the latter, at least, or if he be not, it can hardly be for want of practice, for Mr. Dunn has quite become a convert to Zulu ideas, and possesses a harem worthy of pious King Solomon himself.

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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 XIII., who ascended the throne after the XVIIth century, and his father, Henry IV., and Louis XIV., who succeeded Louis XIII. Louis XV. was therefore the last Dauphin who inherited the crown.

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. The Dauphin of Louis XIV. died, leaving behind him three sons—the Dukes of Burgundy, Orléans and Berry—and Louis XV. was the son of the eldest of the three brothers. The grand monarch was therefore succeeded after the regency of the Duke of Orleans, by his great grandson. Fearing on his deathbed that the Bourbon line might be extinguished, he declared his illegitimate children, eight of whom had been legitimized, capable of succeeding to the throne of France in default of princes of blood. However, in due time, and although it was generally supposed that the Duke of Orleans would oblige away the youthful monarch, Louis XV., before he was 16 years old, married the daughter of the King of Poland, and "such was the joy occasioned by this pledge of peace given to Europe and of gratitude to France," wrote Charles de Buzot, "that the young king, who had been a child, and dentists drew teeth for nothing." By this marriage Louis had six children—five daughters and one son. Three of his daughters survived him, and had in their old age to fly before the revolution. The Dauphin, who preferred the company of scholars and savans to the dissipation of Versailles, and who possibly would have made an excellent monarch, died at the early age of 36. Beneath his portrait Voltaire writes: "Cunna par ses vertus plus que par ses travaux, il sut penser, et mourut en héros."

And, if we are to believe La Harpe, he died a copy of Locke was found under his pillow. The first wife of the Dauphin died before she had been a year married in giving birth to a daughter; but by a second marriage with the Princess Marie Joseph of Saxony, Louis of France had five children—Marie Antoinette, who married the King of Sardinia; Mme. Elizabeth, who was guillotined during the revolution, and three sons, who were all destined to rule over France—Louis XVI., Louis XVII. and Charles X. The house of Valois came to an end with the three sons of Henri and Catherine de Medicis, who reigned successively as Francis II., Charles IX. and Henri III.; and the probability soon, in spite of the prediction of Nostradamus and other prophets, that the elder Bourbon line is destined to end in the same manner with a triple reign. Louis XV. was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI., and the fate of the Dauphin of that unfortunate monarch, who paid the penalties of the follies and vices of his predecessors, forms one of the most gloomy episodes of French history. The only son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette was guillotined to death in the temple. The French throne was next filled by Napoleon I., who in order to leave a direct heir to the throne and to found a dynasty married the Empress Josephine and parried Marie Louise of Austria. A son was born, but the gull remained unborn, and the King of Rome died at Vienna, Duke of Reichstadt and colonel of an Austrian cavalry regiment—a victim, according to the Memoirs of Marshal Marmont, of the assiduity with which, in spite of feeble constitution, he performed his military duties. Napoleon having taken the eagle and Austria the eagle the French crown returned to the Bourbons, and Louis XVIII. ascended the throne. Louis XVIII. had no children, and was succeeded by his brother, Charles X., who had two sons, the Duc d'Angouleme, who became Dauphin, and who had no children, and the Duc de Berri, who was stabbed on the steps of the opera in 1820 by Louvel, and whose wife in a seven months afterward confined of a son, who was called Duke of Bordeaux, but who is now known as the Comte de Chambord. "The Royalists," says a French historian, "hailed the new-born Prince as the child of miracle, and saw in his event the presage of long and glorious destinies for the elder branch of the Bourbons." Ten years later Charles X., the Dauphin and the "child of miracle" were driven into exile and conveyed to England on board an American ship belonging to Mr. Patterson, the father-in-law of Jerome Bonaparte. In 1833 Chateaubriand visited the aged monarch at France. "I was overjoyed with emotion," he wrote, "on seeing in the residence of the Emperor of Austria, the sixty-eighth King of France, bent under the weight of 76 years, 24 years of which had been passed in exile and 5 on a torturing throne. The monarch is smiling his days with his grandson, whose father she holds a mandolin. This group stands at the gate of a castle, beyond which may be seen a cluster of houses with red-tiled roofs. Opposite this is a turbaned negro holding two snow-white horses somewhat heavily harnessed. In the background is a gathering of Indians with long lances. The painting is bordered above by a stripe of yellow, over which is a frieze of passion-flowers and sea-shells. It is a curious work of art, and has proved quite a puzzle to local connoisseurs. It has been presented to the Bedford Library."

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

HERE AND THERE.

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

"Rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "no man wants it more."

A woman looks upon her husband as a charming being during two months of her life—the month before she marries him and the month after she buries him.

There is a wicked bachelor Judy knows who, with reference to the "Womanhood Suffrage Question," wants to know whether when men have endowed ladies with the franchise, they will allow them—i. e., the men—any little freedom in turn.

Thomas, I have always placed the greatest confidence in you. Now tell me, Thomas, how is it that my butcher's bill is so large, and that I have always had such bad dinners. "Really, sir, I don't know, for I am sure we never have anything nice in the kitchen, but I can't send some of it up to the parlor!"

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen in 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?"—[Albany Journal.

Mrs. Godington has been shopping. "The clerks," she says, "treat me with utter contempt; they don't care for me, but they do care for the money I have in my pocket. I have found out that two yards of kaiser and a hank of yarn was all I wanted that he began screaming out, 'Cash! afore he'd half done 'em up.'"

A writer in the Atlantic asks: "Were you 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.—[Norristown Herald.

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-sown round house which he built himself just outside 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. Blodgett was exceedingly annoyed by a pedantic 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, and I know 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."

ELEVATED RAILROADS IN NEW YORK.—The New York Legislative Committee appointed to investigate the subject of railroads in that State began the examination of the elevated railroads in the city last week. The facts brought forth show that these roads are very costly, but yet bid fair to become profitable.

The Metropolitan road, which will be completed in the next few months, is estimated to cost \$10,000,000 per mile. The company have expended \$100,000 in experiments on plans for consuming the smoke of their engines, and chimneys. Their cars cost \$500 each. The road has 30 engines and 150 cars. They claim that they have added \$100,000,000 to the city's taxable valuation by increasing the value of property in the suburbs.

The three months ending September 30th, they were carried on. There were 30th and Ninth avenue lines 12,012,956 passengers, and the receipts were \$96,952; the average fare being 7 1/2 cents. The Metropolitan road, it is estimated, will pay quarterly dividends of 2 1/2 per cent.

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

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THE COAST MAIL.

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 addition, which the latter flue is perfectly parged 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 percentage, who had resided in the Leamington farm 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.

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