

VICTORIA.

The Obstacity and Other Peculiarities of England's Queen.

PERSISTENT FAVORITISM SHOWN TOWARDS JOHN BROWN.

The obstacity of the Queen is proved by the open, persistent favoritism shown to her "gillie" or valet, John Brown. Incomprehensible and senseless, it goads almost to madness her immediate entourage, and very open or tacit opposition only causes it to be more manifest. That the proudest of proud women has been made, by a preconcerted plan, to see his servant of hers in the most degrading state of drunkenness, almost on her very feet, and yet, with an infatuation stronger even than femininity, her manner to him remained unchanged, and she made no sign that could give a clue to her secret thoughts. Ladies in waiting of exalted rank have rebelled openly against the breach of etiquette his familiarity has created, and refused to be made a party to it, but snubbed them, he was only the more graciously treated by his royal mistress. A shadow follows her like a shadow from place to place, in public and in private, behind her chair at her meals, in the rumble of her carriage when she drives, bending over to exchange a few words with her, and busily possessing himself of her hand-glass to inspect some distant avenue to a review.

The Queen does not slacken the reins on her son's necks when they worry; she orders, directs, sways, commands at home and abroad, and scorns a minute of detail, just as she scorns no impulse of independence. Petersburg, during some fetes, the Prince of Wales telegraphed to his mother whether he might attend the Court ball on a Sunday. The answer was wired back, "Deducedly no," and he abstained. It is said, however, that he sought mysterious and quite unsatisfactory compensations. The Queen, faithful to her traditions of interference, rules the tastes of all her other children to this day. She lent Abergeldie Castle to the Prince of Wales as a most comfortable residence till she found out that the apartments were all and uncomfortable, and he but reluctantly left for another High-on-the-hill place; but the discovery was not made till the property, Claremont, after Majesty's designs, has been re-named for her last daughter-in-law, and it is not unlikely that her persisting bells will soon ring out over them there a joyous chiming. She has set apart and superintended the arrangements of a suite of rooms, richly by any means an extensive one, at the Duke and Duchess of Albany, Windsor Castle. Her jealousy of the children is almost to selfishness in the privacy of her grounds. Not a pin in her absence is an alien foot permitted to tread the sacred precincts; severe rebuke from austere governesses overtakes the unwary schoolmistress who wanders even in the remotest glades of the royal demesne. The Queen crosses it, no right of way is conceded; so imperious is her wish for utter seclusion that in defiance of her openly-expressed desire no way is constructed within hail of the moral. When the Ministers of State are hastily summoned to counteract a long and weary journey, they have still a fatiguing drive to counter before reaching the royal residence. To men no longer young, and by severe mental exertions and ch business, this is a serious drawback, but one which the Queen never overlooks in consideration. Her Majesty has now left this, her favorite residence. She has lingered long enough to give a parting ball to tenants and gillies, and opened them the apartments closed to respectful people. She has taken the last of those matutinal walks, the weary stroll of the Princess Beatrice, in which she has bid adieu to the piper who, according to some, wakes her up at her with his unharmonious bagpipes. At the end of the day, she plays the obolus over her windows while she is dressed. She has returned to Windsor as one of the journeys she is so fond of making at night, surrounded by a mystery, with closed stations and sightseers excluded.

A PERSONAL QUESTION.

There is such a thing as being too apt, as the following incident was: A gruff-looking traveler entered a hotel in Calliope out West, and seated himself at a table. A spruce waiter came up behind his chair and nudged something to this effect, "Will you have lamb chops, roast beef, spring chicken, cold tongue or liver?" "Well," he replied, deliberately, "I take some lamb and some mutton chops and some roast beef and some spring chicken and some cold tongue." "Here he turned full on the waiter and asked suddenly, "How's your liver? hot or cold?" "The waiter was too bad, but it probably meant the girl a lesson in enunciation. It was some time before the traveler recovered himself sufficiently to tell that hungry traveler.

President Hayes is out of office, and said to be a large landholder on the coast of the Northern Pacific.

PERSONALS.

It is said that Mrs. Grant has locked the General's curiosity cabinet and taken the key, because of his too great generosity in giving away the bric-a-brac.

William Grayham, aged fifteen years, has been admitted to the Bar at Cartersville, Ga. He is probably the youngest lawyer in the United States.

Sara Bernhardt has canceled her engagement for a tour in South America, as the deposit of earnest money has not been forthcoming, and has made arrangements to appear in London.

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln told Dr. Miner, of Springfield, Ills., that when the fatal bullet struck the President he was talking about a journey to Palestine for rest after they should leave the White House.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley, the only direct living descendant of the late Horace Greeley, has been granted letters of administration on the estate of her mother, Mary Y. C. Greeley. The estate in question is the famous farm at Chappaqua, valued at about \$10,000.

Baron Von Hoffman, the manager of the imperial opera at Vienna, has been challenged by a singer belonging to his company for persisting in giving him a part for which his voice is not suited. The Baron feels uncomfortable, for his challenger is a dead shot.

A private cable from Vienna announces the death of Samuel Harlan, Jr., President of the Harlan and Hollingsworth Company of Wilmington, Del. He was one of the most prominent iron shipbuilders in this country. He leaves an estate worth several millions.

The English postmaster general, Mr. Fawcett, is totally blind, and Mr. George Richardson, who has been appointed receiver and accountant general to the British postoffice department, is totally deaf. But in the admiralty there is an official who is both deaf and dumb.

A fashion writer says: "Queen Victoria still wears the same fashion of hoopskirt that was in vogue twenty years ago." It suits her and she has a right to wear it. She is a Queen and rich, and can afford to wear any old thing that pleases her. Only the poor weak minded are slaves to fashion.

Hon. William E. Dodge, the eminent merchant and philanthropist, who died at his home in New York, improved his memory by telling his wife every night everything he had read and heard during the day. He had no secrets his excellent wife did not share during the fifty-five years of their married life.

It is officially stated that the Princess Louise was exceedingly desirous of returning to Canada with her husband at the conclusion of their British Columbia tour, but at the advice of her London physician and the express command of the Queen, she was obliged to go to Bermuda and there remain until the latter part of March or the first week of April.

A girl of thirteen years, living at Armada, Mich., has taken to modeling in clay, and promises to be a genius. With a common case-knife she has executed three very creditable works of sculpture—the first the bust of a lady; the second a Newfoundland dog and a boy fast asleep; the boy's head resting on the animal; and the third a bust of her grandfather, which is said to be an excellent likeness.

Gambetta's monument in the cemetery at Nice will be on high ground, so that it will be visible from a great distance. This is a sort of symbol of his fame. It is impossible to decide just now, or perhaps ever, whether he was really a great man, but his personality and his influence on his time were of so positive and, in the main, wholesome a character, that his figure will be seen far off by succeeding generations, while the names of many of his equals will be blundered by the forgetfulness of time.

A group of Prussian officers in Berlin were one evening discussing and ridiculing Gambetta and his armies, when the veteran field-marshal, Count von Moltke, who was among them, quietly remarked: "Yes, gentlemen, that is all very well; but remember that after Metz and Sedan, when we thought the war over, those improvised armies held their own against us for five months. It took us a month to beat the great disciplined armies, but five months to beat Gambetta's raw recruits.

"Marian, the Amazon Queen," is now exhibiting in Glasgow. She is a native of Germany, seventeen years of age, and over eight feet high. She is plump and of good figure. Her feet and hands are large, yet shapely, and her features are regular and comely, while the general expression of her face is pleasant and intelligent. She walks easily and gracefully, although, as one of her ankles is weak, she does not move about quickly. Marian speaks English very slightly.

Elizabeth, when the delicate matter was broached to her of marriage with the Duke of Anjou, was not unwilling to entertain the idea; indeed, Her Majesty of England was seldom unwilling to think of any man; she would think, and that was all; thought never developed into action or led to any practical result. The Queen liked what she called a "proper man"—one handsome in face, graceful in carriage, tall in stature, sound in limb, and who excelled in all manly exercises. Among all the aspirants whom she had at one time or another encouraged there was not a man—and a crowd of them—who was not pleasing to look upon.

HAIR-DRESSING.

Some Curious Features of the Tonsorial Art.

"VISITING BARBERS," AND THEIR PATRONS.

A reporter sat in a barber's chair yesterday when the barber's telephone bell began ringing energetically. "Hello! Yes. Yes. Where? No.—Locust street? Yes. All right, he'll be there in fifteen minutes. William," to an assistant, "nobody in your chair, guess you'd better go up there—No.—Locust street. Old Mr.—wants to be shaved and fixed up after Thanksgiving. Let's see; this is Friday? Yes, and when you get through with that go to Mrs.—'s on Grand avenue. This is her day."

The reporter's curiosity was aroused at this, and he asked the boss barber, in whose hands he happened to be, what it all meant. Everybody knows what an easy task it is to set a barber's tongue to work, and so the reporter had only to listen to get some very interesting information: "That's one of our outside orders. Every reputable barber-shop in town has a lot of outside customers. Old men, too, inform to come to the shops or shave themselves, and yet not rich enough to keep a valet. This shop has about a dozen such customers."

"They must be a good deal of trouble," suggested the barber, as the barber let go of his nose. "Yes, more or less troublesome, but they pay \$1 for each visit and so we do it for them. Most of them send for us twice a week." "Is that kind of trade confined to the aged and infirm?" "Oh, no; we have a lot of invalids and others to attend to. Take a chronic invalid, or a man sick only for the time—the way, one of my men went up this morning to Washington avenue to shave Iglehart, who is lying there with a game arm—and he can't get out to a barber's shop. If he hasn't been in the habit of shaving himself he must send for us, and, though it is a trouble, we must attend to him."

"Is that practice general in all cities?" "Yes, in most of them. Now, in Boston and New York, and also, I think, in Chicago, the visiting barbers are mostly men who carry that on as a business. They provide themselves with a handsome portable case, fitted with all the implements, and then go around every day among their customers for that day. A man doing a good business in that line will have ten or twelve houses to visit each day, and at half a dollar each you see he has a pretty good thing of it. Such men have no shops. They work about six hours a day, and live and dress like gentlemen. I know one man in New York in that business who is a member of the Artists' Club, has a beautiful suite of rooms, with a library, and passes for a litterateur and man about town. But he shaves only very rich and very old and very feeble men, who would hardly ever have a chance to give him away. No, we have no such barbers in St. Louis. The town is too small and country-fied for that yet. By and by, in say 150 years, St. Louis may develop a business of that kind among the barbers, but not now."

"I heard you," said the reporter, "give directions to the man to go to Mrs. Somebody's on Grand avenue. What did that mean?" "Oh, that is Mrs.—'s shampoo. We have a lot of ladies that we visit one and sometimes twice a week to shampoo their heads, trim their bangs and fix up their montages. Most people would think that ladies would prefer the female hair-dressers for such services, but they don't. In nine out of ten they want a regular barber. They generally seek the shop patronized by their husbands and brothers, but the barber they send for has got to be a man."

"How do you account for that?" asked the reporter with a wince as the raw bay rum struck his chin. "Oh, something about the magnetism of a man's fingers, I suppose, as he fusses over their heads. Then, too, they think a man barber more skillful, and there's yet another: they don't like to be seen going into a female hair-dresser's place."

"What services do you perform for them?" "Mostly shampooing and trimming bangs. Women cannot trim each other's bangs with the same scissors they use about the sewing machines. We also curl their montages, and on big ball nights we have a lot of powdering and puffing to do. Now and then, too, but I don't like to say it above a whisper, we shave an upper lip and pull out mole hairs and all that. Yes, and we had one woman come send to the shop for a man to come and trim her dog's hair. Nobody would go, though. There are barbers in town that will trim pot dogs, but they don't do it in first-class shops. Yes, lots of women have their dogs trimmed in summer when the weather is hot, but barbers don't like to do it. Most of it is done by dog fanciers. Most of our visits to ladies are made on Saturday mornings to get them ready for matinees and church on Sundays. Do their husbands always know they patronize barbers? Ah! that I've no means of knowing. I have never yet met a husband in any of my visits."—Chicago Tribune.

Astronomer Proctor declares that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 34,000,000 years ago. Those who can remember back 34,000,000 years will understand what this means.

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