speaker was a regal, beautiful i, folds of crimson velvet, em-red with pearls, fell round her strings of precious stones led her raven hair, and on the bare throat that carried her graceful proudly shone diamonds, bril ough for a queen's dower-just ontrast as would mark a fair laisy by the side of an imperial e was the girl who stood ber; her blue eyes filled with tears. er soft, childish mouth quivering. Nav, dear lady," she cried, "it is no babble; for in passing down the wing but yesternight, methought ard a low talking. Had I known assage below was haunted, I should ne mad from very terror.'

v talking, silly wench-all are in this abbey, that a human voice scare thee—as lief some scullding tryst with one of our brave of-war-and thou to come troubme with thy tears. Fie upon thee,

Nav, nay, sweet lady, there's not a ant in this house would enter that age after e'en. For they say the sed nun walks nightly adown that

A nun! forsooth," and Laly Usula ghed merrily. "They have found a ghost in truth when they take a oman from her rest."

he girl crept close to her mistress. "She was not holy, my lady, but st sinful. Years agone, when this ne castle was an abbey in very truth, ere lived a wicked abbess, who loved uth right well, so well, that she anted him many a secret interview, I, at last, fearing he might boast her or, she, one night, pushed him down steps that lead to the dungeon p, and left him there to die.'

"This is a dark tale indeed, child, dit's to be hoped my lady abbess ill never stray as far as my bower mber, for thy sake, at least." "For holy Mary's sake, fair mis-

ress, do not so jest; they say hat ghosts can hear, and may be wenge, words spoken in their dis-

"Leave me, foolish girl; go, mend the e on my wristbands that our naughty awk tore yesternoon, and forget this ne foolish ghost story.'

Left alone, my lady seated herself in he deep bedded mullioned window, nd gazed long and sadly on the gay arterre below; the sunbeams sparkling mad revel, waking the diamonds to ism blushes, could bring no joy into her deep, dark eyes. So would she sit, lay after day, sorrowful and alone.

No trouble had thrown that shadow cross her smooth brow; no sudden grief had blighted her young life—it is shame that battled with her pride, and daily murdered happiness. Only hree short months a bride; and this as the shame that ate her peace away she had come to her lord an unsought ride; she had gone to him as payment or a debt, and that debt a dark story of dishonor.

The duke of Malvern was a gambler to the backbone, and evil tongues were not wanting that gave a darker name even to his excessive love of games of chance; but the scandal never gained ground. The fair Usula Mallet had en the bribe that silenced the only tongue that could have proclaimed her father's crime. She knew when young Lord Craven sought her hand in riage that he came straight from a stormy interview with the duke, whom he had detected in the very act of try-

ing to toss a clogged dice.
"Thou hast my father's honor in thy power," she said, drawing her tall form up in all its regal dignity.

"My darling," the lover pleaded, 'never shall aught of this sad matter pass my lips. I do deplore me that I spoke so hastily; but, Usula Mia, thy father's honor is safe with me." "Then I will be thy wife, sir,"

answered, withdrawing herself hastily from his ranturous embrace; all the fierce pride that was her bane, hardening her heart against her lover's tender, pleading eyes; for she had a man's spirit, and would rather have given the slanderer quittance with a few inches of good steel between them, than have bought his silence with her love.

The marriage was hurried in most unseemly fashion, for Hugh of Malvern could not sleep soundly till Usula departed a bride from his roof; and then ne breathed freely, knowing well that Craven, having quartered his arms, would guard his secret with his life if

But the fair Usula was a woman, and a woman they say is ever to be won; so it came to pass that the love she had denied her wooer went out to her husband, in all the unsullied strength of a first and only passion; but she had so taught her lover coldness that he never guessed the secret those dark eyes hid so ill, thinking that the flash that lit their well-like depth was aversion rather than affection; and when she shrank from his caresses, he fancied it was hatred instead of the shy diffidence that comes with unacknowledged love.

Poor Usula, eating her heart away, suffered sorely; and when her husband spent his time in manly sport and left her lonely, thinking she was best pleased so, my lady wept long and sore, tears that she would have died rather than he should witness; and this was why the sunlight could find no joy in her dark eyes.

There is a stir in the courtyard below, a sound of music, and the tramp of many feet, and Usula knows that her has returned; her heart beats quickly as she sees him, light and graceful, dismounting from his steed-a young man beautiful to effeminacy. Looking at him, none would guess that before them stood the deadliest rapier in the court of good Queen Bess. was Marlborough who later on said that the dandies made his best soldiers -and no dandy could have been less warrior-like than Robert Craven; short golden curls half shaded his delicate,

softly tinted face, their glitter contrasting the pale blue velvet of his doublet. with its trimmings of priceless point lace; and the small, white, jeweled hand that rested for a brief caressing moment on his palfry's arched neck looked more fit for touching the spinet than meeting death in the melee of war.

My lady waits for him to seek her bower chamber, and claim a kiss of welcome from those proud red lips, but full two hours pass and he comes not. The courtyar l is empty, and she feels chill as the early twilight creeps on: Some one pushes aside the silken hangings of the door, and Usula turns round, a glad greeting in her heart, but a woman of marble to all outward seem-

Thou art long in coming," she says. and then pauses, for it is not her husband, but her little maid, Alice, with her face white as driven snow in the light of the lamp she carries, and her eyes round with wild terror.

"Oh, come, dear mistress, for our lady's sake; convince thyself that this ill-omened house is haunted. They are there now in the passage leading to the dungeon keep. I peeped over and saw their shadows—she with a wimple, and he a proper youth, and—"
"Peace, silly child," said Usula;

"this matter were well looked into, for thy foolish fears will drive thee crazed. Put down the lamp and come with me: myself will prove these seeming ghosts. Nay! not a word—give me thy hand. If they be indeed spirits, thou shalt have my collar of pearls in memory of thy fear.

The two women walked hand in hand softly, in the darkness, down to the passage that led to the dungeon keep, and as they drew near they heard a low talking

'Did I not tell thee so, my lady? whispered the maid, struggling to free herself from her mistress' hold. But Usula, recognizing one soft, loved

ice, quickly clasped her strong, white hand across Alice's mouth and drew the frightened child into the shadow; for there in the full moonlight that flooded through the broken window stood her husband, and his companion was a woman clad in a nun's sombre garb!

"Surely," Lord Craven was saving. one who like thyself leads so holy a life, safe in the keeping of Mother Church, can have no cause for sorrow; and yet I marvel much to find thee so far from our good convent of St. Mary.

"Thou knowest little of the human heart, fair sir, when thou sayest I have no cause for sorrow," said the woman, strangely sweet voice

'The heart! sweet lady?" he answered. "I am but an honest soldier at the court of our good queen; but me thought a nun's heart at least was safe from all save spiritual cares.

"Ah!" she sighed; "would it were so, gentle sir; would that a convent wall could shut out all that makes this world a paradise—or a hell. Would that I could kill love as easily as I can doff this lying garb."

She pushed the wimple from her brow, and as the black cloak slipped from her, Usula saw herself—herself in another body-standing before her

"Oh, Usula! why did'st thou play me this trick?" Lord Craven cried. 'Because I love thee," said the other Usula: and Lady Craven felt turned to stone at the sounding of that voice that

mimicked every note of her own. "Dear, dear heart! At last," he said, 'thou hast owned thy precious love. My joy! My life!"

A smile of evil triumph spread over her face, as she nestled in his arms. pushing him gently toward the dungeon And suddenly it came like a revelation to the true Usula, breaking the spell that held her silent-that this was the spirit of the wicked abbess; and with one loud cry she rushed for-ward to tear the guilty thing from her arms; but clutched only empty air; for at that cry the ghost vanished, and Usula, close ssed to her husband's heart, sobbing, told him of the peril he had escaped.

"And I was so happy, thinking that thou did'st in very truth love me, sweet

'So I do, Robert," she whispered: 'so have I loved thee this many a long

With his arms thrown lovingly around his wife, Lord Craven turned to the servants and friends, who now thronged the passage, having come in all haste, alarmed by my lady's piercing cry. He told them how, walking in the plaisance yonder, a white hand had beckoned to him; and how, en tering the passage, he had met and held converse with a ghost who tering took his dear wife's form to betray him, and who would have surely sealed his doom, but for the good Lady Usula's

bravery.
"Come hither, child," said my lady, turning to the blushing, trembling, tire-maid, "here is the collar I promised thee; and one more brave even than that I said should be thine.

Usula unclasped the glittering diamonds from her slim white throat and fastened them round the girl's soft neck.

Some of the servants, using their lanterns, found that the steps leading to the dungeon keep had mostly rotted away, so had my lord fallen down, he would have perished to a surety. Lying on the dungeon door was

heap of human bones. We will give them Christian burial," said my lady; "for they are no

doubt the bones of that poor youth the wicked abbess murdered."

And from the hour the poor skeleton was buried, the siren of Norlake Abbey appeared no more.

## Slam's Nobility.

Chicago Inter Ocean.] The nobility of Siam take no trouble to themseves, even in the matter of bearing their insignia of rank. Their position is defined by the badge which an attendant slave bears on a tray. A tea kettle of gold or silver indicates high graded stock, and the umbrella is the badge of royalty itself.

It is believed that the smallest pony known is the pet of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett. The pony stands thirteen inches high, and is 5 years of THE BOTTLE ILIP.

A Voice Speaks from Within Mammoth Champagne Bottle,

And Gives Points on the Ins and Outs of the Perambulating Advertising Business.

[New York Sun.] The gilded neck of a contrivance fashioned in the similitude of a champagne bottle tow-ered above the heads of the throng in Sixth nue. A pair of legs protruded from the bottom. Half way up, on the side which faced in the direction of its progress, was a small opening, with a grating across it. Stepping alongside, the reporter rapped near "Who's there?" came a challenge in hollow

tones from within. The response, "A friend," suggested itself, and was spoken.

"What do you want?" said the voice.
"Want to ask how you like this thing."
The bottle became communicative, and as it toddled along up the avenue the voice said: "It all d-pends on the weather. A man as understan is the business will accommodate himself to the seasons. He will tote a banner, or, may be, carry a lettered umbrella or wear a painted linen duster during the heated term, take to boards when the season of raw northeast winds comes on, and go into a bottle for the winter. Boards is better than banners in whiter. Boards is better than banners in cold weather. The wind always blows up or down the street, so a feller is pretty well protected most of the time. When he comes to a crossing if he finds the wind whistling across pretty sharp, he can walk edgeways, and protect himself. But in right-down cold weather a bottle is as much better than boards as a double-breasted beaver overcoat

is better than a liver pad. "Then, again, in hot weather, no man as nows himself will go into a bottle, unless he knows hin happens to be a chap as has seen a good deal better days, and don't want to be recognized by his friends. Take a ward politician in reduced circumstances, frinstance—he don't want to be seen carrying a banner or hetween boards; so he is glad enough to go into a bottle for the heated term. Then there is once in a while a chap as has reasons for sort of keeping out of view, you know, and he is ready for a bottle any time in the year.
ain't telling no names, but I knew a part what kept away from the police for a month or more, till they got off his track, by doing the bottle act. He used to toddle along the avenue, right by the side of the detectives who was looking for him. He wasn't any of your poverty-stricken sort, but lived like a fighting cock—carried a bottle of the best old stuff in his coat pocket, lunched on boned sardines when he was loafing along, and smoked real Havanas. The smoke? Oh that was all right. He blew it out of the ookout, and, if anybody saw it, they thought it just curled up from the cigar of somebody lse who was passing.

"We ain't all so toney as this chap was," the voice went on;" but we manage to have a good many comforts. My cupboard ain't very replete with luxuries, but I can offer you a hunk of gingerbread, half a sandwich and a clay pipe of tobacco. Generally speaking, it ain't safe to light a pipe till dusk, and then you have to be careful when you light up, and to hold your hand over the bowl when you smoke. But the neck of the bottle holds the smoke in, and you can snuff

it up half a dozen times before it gets out.
"Heavy?" the voice said, in response to an inquiry. "Not very. You see this thing is made of a sort of oil-cloth over a skeleton like a hoop skirt. The whole business don't weigh much more than an ulster. For a rainy day there ain't nothing like it. No matter how hard it pours you're dry as a husk. Another advantage of being in a bottle when the weather is suitable is that you can go against the wind about as good

you can go against the wind about as good as with it—presents a smooth and rounding surface, and you don't get blown all over the sidewalk as you do with big flat boards.

"Oh a little is good enough for me till next May," said the voice at parting. "Come around and call again during the winter. If I don't recognize your knock, just sing out, and I shall know your voice."

# Monopolists and Monopoly.

And the man with the pole, you know, knocks the persimmons. He may knock a million of them, or he may knock only two, but while he is knocking you don't get any.

Hence, my son, a monopoly is a prosperous combination of which we are not on This makes it very wicked, avaricious, and

When we get into it it ceases to be a mo nopoly, and becomes a union, a brotherhood, a firm, an association or corporation. This change of title also involves a great moral change, and it becomes a mighty engine of progress, a developer of our country's re-

ources, a factor in the national prosperity, and all that sort of thing.

A monopoly is a thing which it is hard to

If you live to be 35 years old and haven't been able to get into any other monopoly by that time, I would advise you to go to the North Pole and start an ice-cream sa

## The Latest About Sitting Bull.

[St. James' Gazette.] You were quite right (a correspondent says) in remarking on Monday that "for wonderful stories we must read Le Figaro." The story recapitulated in your note was cer tainly a wonderful one; proved upon since. A redskin of high posi-tion had, so it seems, been converted in his childhood to Christianity; and he was brought to England in order to be educated at Eat where the birch was, and we believe still is, in full swing." This form of government at the "Alma Mater" being distasteful to the roung Indian, he lay in wait for the master who had inflicted it upon him, got him to the ground and scalped him. This incident the chronicler of Le Figaro ingeniously adds created great sensation about forty years ago." The young redskin, who had for a long time been lost sight of, has been identified as no other than Sitting Bull, one of the leading Indian chiefs in the United States,

## Advice to Matthew Arnold.

[New York World.] Matthew Arnold Joes not promise to be a necess as a lecturer in this mixes too much sweetness with his light. the people on the back seats, who have paid their money and who want to hear the ends of the lofty sentences. We are accustomed hear public speakers howl in this country, and our public halls are large and full of draughts. Mr. Arnold should throw his chest out, his head back and let his voice ride the blasts, otherwise our people may not all be-come acquainted with the great thoughts that

It doesn't cost a great deal to subsist the Black Flag soldiers of China. They eat their dead enemies, and all they want is a little

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S PICTURE

THE ARTIST WHO PAINTED THE FAMOUS STATEMENT OF FACT.

ouisville Courier-Journal William Page, the artist who painted the famous portrait of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the flagship, which was subsequently purchased by a committee of citizens for \$10,000 and pre sented to the Grand Duke Alexis, said to a reporter recently, at his home near Richmond Valley, Staten island: "I was much interested in reading the discussion, which arose some months ago oncerning the statement of a naval officer that Admiral Farragut was not lashed or tied to the rigging while directing the movement of the fleet during the engagement from his high position on the mast of the vessel. give the statements of the admiral himself, and think they will settle the ques-I have often wanted to explain what Admiral Farragut said to me about this matter. When he was sitting for the painting I was living at Eagleswood, N. J., and

ie came regularly from New York the sittings. When they began, I asked him to describe his actual position during the conflict. He then explained how he had first ascended the rigging on one side of the vessel to give orders to the men below. He found, however that the smoke interfered with his view and the officers on deck could not se his movements or motions distinctly. While he was in the rigging he noticed piece of shell strike a few feet above his head and cut away a portion of the main-top, beneath which he was standing, with his feet resting on the rope ladder. Glancing below, he noticed he should be wounded or killed, as he merely held on by his hands, he might roll down shrouds overboard, and his body might not be recovered, owing to the smoke and quick movements of the maneuvering fleet. As his son was on thick as to intercept his view where he was, he descended to the deck and crossed to the opposite side. But on his journey across the deck he found a piece of rope, which was precisely what he wanted, and took it aloft with him, tying the knot himself which fasthim to the rigging. I procured shown there, was the one made by himself. Probably any sailor will recognize it as a nautical knot, or one likely to be made by a seafaring man. When I went to untie it its formation puzzled

When he was relating these details to me he did so without any mannerisms other than candor and quiet modesty, giving the impression that he posssed a brave and subdued temperament. The admiral was rather short in stature, but was a very rare exception to artists' subjects, in that his figure was of the exact classic or Greek proportion called eight heads, meaning that his head was precisely one-eighth the length of the entire body. There are two of those life-size portraits in existence. One is in the court of St. Petersburg, and the other is in the possession of Mrs. J. W. Watson, of this city, a daughter of Mr. Page, and husband is treasurer of the Central railroad of New Jersey.

HOW TO PUT ON A POSTAGE STAMP. Boston Traveler.

A man can always learn something if A monopolist sand monopoly.

[R. J. Burdette.]

A monopolist isn't necessarily a millionaire, the is simply the man who holds the whiphandle. It is derived from two Latin words, mono and pole, meaning the man at the pole.

Stead of the stamp, and he said: "You want to, dear," I with a tenderness that it would be within the minopolist in the pole.

The moistened the right hand corner of the substant purpose of the stamp and then placed the stamp and then placed the stamp of the pole. "Oh, Tom, how dirty they are put them in a tub and wash them." "Do it if you want to, dear," I would be stamp and the pole." well. I do that because it is the right way. There is a right way and a wrong way to everything, and consequently there is right and wrong way to put on postage stamps. It is impossible to moisten a stamp with the tongue unless a small proportion of the gum adheres to it. Now this gum is by no means injurious, but then the department does not advertise it as a health food; so the only way left is the right way, and that is to moisten the envelope first." After listening to this brief statement I felt as though I had emerged from the deep shade of ignorance to the glorious sunlight of knowledge.

RETRIBUTION.

ansville (Ind.) Argus, "And can nothing cause you to change your mind, Mildred?"

"Nothing. My will is like iron. But yesterday I was a timid, trusting girl, whose every heart-beat was for to-day I am a woman, and the trusting heart of yesterday has turned to ice. Go!" and she stately pointed to the garden gate.

'Oh, Mildred, my lost darling," cried Heneage, starting to his feet with a dull moan, "do you realize what this will drive me to?"

But Mildred only muttered "go" and sternly pointed to the garden gate. Then up rose Heneage. In place of the supplicating look of entreaty there was on his face the stony glare of de spair. Clinching his hands he gave the bar-tender. ner one look and rushed wildly through

But see. Only a few steps and there s a start, a shriek of mental agony strong arms are lifted a me wildly in the air, and the body Heneage Sturtevant with a thud falls back lifeless upon the sward. The clothes-line had caught him just

half an inch under his chin.

THE DEADLY MOSQUITO, Inter Ocean.

More sins are heaped upon the mosquitoes. Prof. A. F. A. King declares in the last Popular Science that they originate and disseminate malarial disease, and incidentally quotes an apparently competent authority, who says that insects whose bites are poisonous are more or less responsible for human deed, whited sepulchers, and would not stand suffering in the shape of ague, yellow too close analysis, even into their raiment. suffering in the shape of ague, yellow fever, etc. Think of that! Threats of

### SUDDEN WEALTH.

PICTURE ENDS A DISCUSSION WITH A Some Interesting Recollections of the Flush Times in Colorado.

> How New-Made Millionaires Celebrated Their Good Fortune ... Anecdotes of the Kings for a Day.

["Vera" in Kansas City Times.] It is a scant wonder, though, when c omes to think about it, that when men who have toiled and delved nearly all their lives and never succeeded in scraping together as much as \$100 at a time were suddenly masters of \$10,000 or \$20,000, their greatest trouble was to know what to buy first. The luxury of purchasing intoxicated them, and no wonder they bought diamonds before dinners There is an old story-and it is likely a tru one—that one blustering winter night a miner who had just made a big haul was standing on a street corner in Leadville, when a hollow-eyed woman, clutching a ragged shawl about her shivering shoulders, drifted up and stopped irresolutely. There was famine in her eye and desperation in her rags. The miner was unused to ladies' socies and felt embarrassed, but he felt also that she was in distress, and in the flush of his prosperity and bigness of his heart he wanted to do something for her. Finally he said:

Wait here a minute, missus; I'll be right In a short time he returned, and pressing a bundle into her hands, hurried away before she could stammer out her tearful thanks. The outcast opened the package eagerly. It

contained a pair of silk stockings. Among the people I knew around the camp was a man named Ed Braden, who divided his time between reporting on a newspaper and prospecting, and who loved to tell what good and noble and sensible things he would do should he happen to strike it. When for tune did smile on him one day, he launched immediately upon several enterprises not con-templated in the original prospectus. Among other vagaries he became enamored of a vivacious little soubrette who was playing at board, he desired to prevent such a re-sult; so, that on finding the smoke so remarkable testimonial to her beauty and talents. At great expense he procured from Denver some twenty or thirty hot-hous bouquets. The holders of these he had weighted with a leaden spike-point downward, so when it was thrown upon the stage it would stick in the boards and stand erect His idea was to precipitate the whole nu at once when the soubrette made her appear ance, and, to use his own language, "transform the stage into a bower of roses." T for him a piece of rope to use in the posing for the painting, and the knot, this end he had a number of friends stationed at different points in the audience, each bearing a deadly bouquet.

The curtain rose, the actress tripped on when bang! bang! the flower-decked missiles hurtled through the air. The poor me, and the admiral himself had to girl, who had read something of wild west-undo it. and fled to the cellar, from which she had to be subsequently dragged by main force, utter ing piercing shrieks. The Braden party were all somewhat inebriated and the more enthusiastic fired their bouquets with such reckless aim that one of them bit the leader of the orchestra on the bald head, and he had to be held by two men while the gore was being mopped off and explanations made. All went a great ways toward marring what might have otherwise been a pleasant occasion. This is a fair specimen of the pursuits in which Braden spent a very decent fortune and succeeded in three brief months in getting back into scrub-journalism and prospecting again.

A contemporaneous gentleman of fortune was Capt. Connors, well known to all residents of the camp. He has often told me the story of his first "stake." He received \$40,-000 for his interest in some mineral property, and it was paid to him at the bank in four rectangular packages of bills of \$10,000 each. The captain had kept his good fortune a secret from his wife and he hurried home to tell her. She was sitting down after a hard he will only look about him. I was at the postoffice department the other day and I noticed an employe busy affixing stamps to envelopes. Every time he moistened the right hand corner of the the righ day's work, and without a word he dropped

"Oh, Tom, how dirty they are! Let me

with a tenderness that it would be well for other rich men of Colorado to emulate, "but you will never wash anything else again." One of these kings for a day, I can't recall

his name, but a subsequent trial in the criminal court of Leadville in 1881, created quite a sensation, made a lucky strike that netted him \$30,000 in cash. He at once wrote to his wife of his good fortune, and intended to evening he was taken in tow by a comple of these couriers of crime, and in less than tw hours was gambled out of every dollar. mplaint to the police, and the made a compaint to the ponce, and the larger portion of the money was recovered, but too late, for, hopeless and distracted, he had locked himself in his room and committed suicide.

It was by no means the rough and illiterate who succeeded in making the most glaring idiots of themselves under the stimulus of sudden fortune, but a degree of prior culture seemed to have the effect of adding a sort of weird and eccentric variety to their freaks. A miner named Luke Fuller, a graduate Bowdoin and a man of really brilliant mind and wide information, one afternoon, en-tirely unanticipated by himself, consummated a sale that placed in his hands over \$10,000. It was to be supposed that three or four years of grinding poverty had given him an appre-ciation of the value of money, and he had never been known to drink or dissipate in any form. To the surprise of everybody he went on a monumental spree which he wound on a sort of triumphal tour into the east The party stranded in Chicago and the next time I saw Fuller he was in Saul's saloon destroying a free lunch and furtively watching

Another man of his stamp, known by a good many in this city, too, awoke one day to find himself tolerably affluent, and in the midst of an unusually fantastic celebration, a ride around was suggested. The host in sisted that for the purpose of observation the glass sides of a hearse were peculiarly adapted and two were hired. In these the revelers esconced themselves and played poker on the bottom while the paralyzed populace looked aghast.

The lucky ones formed a sort of aristoc racy, and I do not recall anything more ex-traordinary off the burlesque stage than the soirces they used to give. Big, hulking fellows, who didn't know a quadrille from a quadroon, would amble around the hall in dress coats made in Denver, and their fingers, unused to gloves, sticking out, separate from each other, like radiating rays from a central sun of white kid. Many of them were, infever, etc. Think of that! Threats of poison in every buzz, and pestilence in every sting.

On one occasion, while in the midst of a set of the "Prairie Queen," a gentleman became enraged at his "opposite," and incautiously

recled off his swallow-tail to mop the waxed floor with him, revealing thereby the mortify-ing fact that his collar, shirt-front and cuffs were hollow and detached shams, and merely pinned to the blue flannel shirt that long association as a miner had made him loath to part with. A bosom friend of this gentleman was a gaunt, raw-boned farmer's boy, who had wandered into the west and whom sudden riches had dragged out of the obscu rity of prospect hole, stuck a diamond in his bosom and dropped down into the midst of the ultra aristocratic circles. He distin-guished himself at his debut. A young lady remarked to him that her sister had a penchant for water color painting, and promptly replied:

Why, kin they get one for that? My old man applied fur one fur a wound he got at Shilo, but the pesky government wouldn't give it to him 'cause he'd lost his discharge papers."

#### The Modern Coquette.

[Maud Howe in "A Newport Aquarelle."] The forms of coquetry are infinitely varied, and some of them are much more reprehensible than others. The woman who undertake conquests simply for the glory of displaying at the wheels of her chariot the captive she holds by the rosy bonds of love, is the commonest type. As her coquetry is of the most patent kind, its wounds are rarely severe or lasting, and yet there is a certain vulgarity about this spirit of conquest which makes this type of woman dangerous to both men

and women. A more subtle and disastrous influence is wielded by the woman who is bent on the scientific analysis of the various effects produced by the tender passion on men of different character and nature. She has little pigeon-holes marked with different charac-teristic names, and into these she classifies every new specimen. She is apt soon to discover that the pigeon-holes may be very few, and that nearly all the men she meets will fit exactly into one or another of them. When she has arrived at this conclusion she is satisfied; two or three good specimens of every sort having been coolly analyzed and properly pigeon-holed.

Another class, perhaps the most dangerous one into which we are dividing coquettes, in cludes those women who fancy themselves in love with each fresh lover. They are emotienal and sympathetic women, who, being incapable of strong feeling themselves, are borne along by the force of a passion which fascinates them, and which they would gladly reciprocate. In their often renewed disap pointment at finding that the new lover can-not make them forget themselves, they feel a sense of injustice and never dream that they are not the injured ones.

### Beecher and the Book Agent.

[New York Cor. Chicago News.] · Henry Ward Beecher spoke in his talk this vening of men blessed with wit, humor and magination, who, when troubled, could take themselves out of these circumstances, like a candle out of a candle-stick, and set themselves down somewhere else to be happy. A man who had a proper sense of humor was like a wagon with springs—he did not jolt. Mr. Beecher knew how that was himself. Such a man was able to cast aside moody thoughts and fears. A man who claimed to be an English clergyman came to Mr. Beecher's house. Mrs. Beecher saw him, and told Mr. Beecher that he was very in-When Mr. Beecher came other time the man was there. He was a little man, and sat in the parlor purple in the

"I sent you a book," he growled. "Did you

"I did." "And you were not gentleman enough to acknowledge the receipt of it. I think your

wife is no lady."
"Walk, "said Beecher.

"You, sir, turn me—"
"I took him by the neck," said Mr. Beecher, and rushed him out. I was not angry; I was surning up. When I got back in the room it was so absurd that I lay right down on the floor and laughed. Suppose I had kept mad. Imagination, wit, and humor help one to grace. I have been criticised because I made people laugh. If I made them cry I suppose it would be all right. The bible don't say so.'

#### Official Head-Gear. [New York World.]

This administration may not make much impression in a general way, but it will leave a record in history in one way, at least. This is the peculiar style of hats worn, of such original shapes as if some principle were involved in this eccentricity. The president, in the first place, has a hat made on a block of his own fashioning. The crown is about four inches higher than the prevailing styles in silk hats, while the brim is flat and very wide. He has a white cassimere felt made on this block for summer wear and a silk one for winter wear. The president is so tall that his hat elongates him in a most distressing way. He loves an old hat. He is till wearing his old summer hat, although its ghostly whiteness these cold fall days gives one a chill. He and Fred Douglass are the last men in Washington who are base ough to still wear a white hat.

Even Brewster has given up the piratical yellow hat and its mourning band with which he entertained the people at the eastern watering places this summer. Folger has worn a little straw hat all summer, and occaionally wears it yet, varying it with an old soft black hat ten years old, or a hard Derby hat of the style of the last century. Frelinghuysen, great in his deportment, wears a black silk the year through. He keeps up to within three years of the style. Lincoln wears new and fashionable hats. Chandler years hats that no respectable junk-dealer would buy. Gresham wears a silk hat with nap carefully brushed ranger fashion—all the wrong way—while Teller smashes a soft, seedy black hat down over his sharp hawk's

## Darwin on Theism and Evolution.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]
The following letter from Charles Darwin appears in a work just issued:
"Down, Beckenham, Kent.

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"Dear Sir: It seems to me absurd to doubt that a man be an ardent theist and an evolutionist. You are right about Kinsley. Asa Gray, the eminent botanist, is another case in point. What my own views may be is a question of no consequence to any one but myself. But, as you ask, I may state that my judgment often fluctuates. Moreover, whether a man deserves to be called a theist depends on the definition of the term, which is much too large a subject for a note. In my most extreme fluctuations I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older), but not always, an agnostic would be the more correct description of my state of mind. Dear sir, yours faithfully. Chas. Darwin."

## What He Didn't Think of.

[Cambridge Tribune.]

Longfellow said: "In this world a man
must be either a nail or a hammer." The
poet did not think of bellows when he wrote
that sentiment.

Dried apples are used in Kentucky for making apple-jack, but the beverage must be stored in stone jngs or glass bottles, as it will eat out of a wooden barrel.