

**Bits of Personal Gossip by the Paragraphists of the Daily Newspapers.**  
John Ruskin has written sixty-four books, and his annual receipts from his publisher reach \$30,000.

Sidney Lanier, the southern poet, is to have a monument costing \$15,000, and Baltimore, Montgomery and Macon will pay the largest part of the bill.

Hugh McCulloch, who was Lincoln's, Johnson's and Arthur's secretary of the treasury, is 80. He looks to be 60, reads without glasses, runs around in society, and he and Mrs. McCulloch celebrated their golden wedding anniversary recently.

A venerable son of Maine and ex-cabinet minister in Washington is Horatio King, who was among the founders of the Portland Argus. He is nearly 77 years of age. He took a clerkship in the postoffice department forty-nine years ago, and under Buchanan he became the only postmaster general who worked his way up from the departmental ranks. He is still active socially, and retains his early fondness for the pen.

Robert C. Schenck is 79, and is still quite a well known figure in Washington streets. He entered Congress forty-five years ago, but his last public service was rendered as minister to England, when incidentally he rendered a little private service to the apt and eager Brits in the way of instructions in the science of poker playing. He says that he has lately cured a bad case of Bright's disease by drinking milk and eating almost nothing.

Justice William Strong, of the United States supreme court, retired, is now 80 years of age. He is a tall, fine looking man who does not appear to be more than 60. His clean cut face resembles Gladstone's, though it is not so wrinkled. Justice Strong seems to be as active as ever. He has his salary of \$10,000 a year, and a good income besides, but he still lectures on constitutional law in one of the Washington schools, and sometimes gives professional advice.

Jesse Lisle, of Cooke, Tenn., is 110 years old and has documents to prove it. In boyhood he worked on a farm. For forty-five years he was a Baptist preacher and is now farming again. He is hale and hearty, does not wear spectacles and won't turn over his property to his children for fear they will squander it. Last winter he cleared two acres of virgin forest without assistance. He says he remembers when his father came home from the Revolutionary war, his feet bleeding from a long tramp and almost famished for food.

Dr. Yow, the accomplished physician of the Chinese legation at Washington, is soon to wed an American maiden who is described as "one of the well known beauties and society leaders of the capital." Dr. Yow has been a great social pet in Washington. He is not handsome, but may be called, without exaggeration, picturesque. He speaks excellent English, is an accomplished horseman and can wield a sword with skill and vigor. He always wears a Chinese costume. His blue tunic, red silk pants and a pigtail give him a luxuriously Oriental appearance.

It is told that a few years ago, in a Northamptonshire village, Lord Spencer and Mr. Gladstone were out walking one Sunday evening, when they heard sounds of singing coming from an old barn. After some hesitation they entered, and were so interested that they stayed to the end of the service. The sermon on that occasion was preached by a Methodist local brother, who was a poor, hard working, industrious man. Service concluded, the right honorable gentlemen had a conversation with the preacher, and one of them told him he had never heard the Gospel preached so faithfully and so well in his life before.

Representative Allen, of Massachusetts, is devoting a good deal of his time in Washington to amateur photography. Recently a poor widow in Lowell wrote to him saying that her husband, a private in a Massachusetts regiment, lay buried somewhere in the National cemetery on Arlington Hill. She has long wished to see his grave, but has always been too poor to make the journey to the capital. Mr. Allen thereupon seized his camera, found the grave and made a clever photograph of the spot. The Lowell widow has thus been enabled, to all practical purposes, to gaze upon her husband's resting place. Once in a while amateur photography redeems itself.

Mr. Finero, the London play writer, produces his dramas after prolonged and laborious thought. When he has settled the story itself in his mind he goes to work upon the characters, building them up in thought before he allows them to say a word upon paper. This process lasts sometimes for weeks, and sometimes for months, but when the dramatist at length sits down to his desk, the play has already a complete imaginative existence, from the rise to the fall of the curtain. The actual writing Mr. Finero accomplishes as a rule with extraordinary rapidity, scarcely putting the pen from his hand until it is finished. The longest of all his plays, "Lords and Commons," was written in less than a fortnight. "The Money Spinner" he wrote in less than a week and a day.

Richard Henry Stoddard, the venerable, gray haired poet, whose songs in the autumn of life have all the mellow beauty of his ripened genius, is gentle and generous almost to a fault. He goes the even tenor of his way from day to day, and for one so far advanced in years he does an extraordinary amount of literary work. When a young man he met the poet Poe and submitted a poem for his perusal. The author of "The Raven" happened to be in one of his unfortunate moods and roundly accused the young bard of wilful and premeditated plagiarism. When he discovered his unjust accusation he sent for Stoddard, and from that time they were friends. Mr. Stoddard is considered by many a severe critic, but he says his aim is to be just and tell the truth. The "chromo literary" set, that turns out the namby pamby books, never meet with any recognition from him whatever. One of his most ardent admirers is John Boyle O'Reilly, who never visits the city without seeing or asking about the "grand old troubadour," as he calls him.

**An Interesting Geological Experiment.**  
One of the most remarkable experiments ever made in the way of geological research is now being carried out at Schladach, near Halle, in Germany. It is a gigantic well or bore that has already reached a depth of 1,716 meters, or 1,888 yards, and furnishes among other points of interest much valuable material as regards the temperature of the interior of our earth. Regarding the depth of the boring, some idea may be formed from the fact that sixteen spires, each as high as that of the Magdeburg cathedral (104 meters), may be piled one on top of the other and still leave fifty-two meters between the point of the topmost spire and the surface. The highest mountain in the Harz range—the Brocken—has a height of 3,568 feet, hence only fills the hole in the ground to little more than half its depth.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The managers of the Cincinnati exposition have obtained a number of gondolas from Venice and propose to have them on exhibition on a small lake attached to the fair grounds.

Throughout the entire trip across Cuba, wherever the train halted, in poured a dismal troop of beggars, lottery ticket sellers, dice-throwers with all kinds of sickening sweets, and the Cuban ladies bought freely and ate voraciously, and peddlers of glow worms and beetles, guava, green coconuts, and from country cheese similar to the German "Schmeckase." If one alights for refreshment, another savage horde of "eros," with all sorts of edibles and refectives, are to be battled with, and if a meal at a cafe is taken, you are unblushingly charged from \$1 to \$2 in gold. But all these annoyances are as naught when one considers the glorious tropical panorama provided in this trip across the island. The loneliness of the northern coastwise country disappears on leaving Mantanzas, and of a sudden your train is whirling through a veritable nature's garden. Great orange groves are as common as the pine woods in Maine. Vast pineapple plantations fill the space between. Here the view sweeps across the river, valley and vast reaches of cane grounds, the last cuttings being hurried to the massive and groaning machinery with the splendid villas behind, the whole surrounded by stately coco trees and the lovely palm. There, for miles, stretches another valley, a plain of tobacco and yellow where the "last cut" of tobacco is being piled by the operatives upon the crates or curing racks, or carried from there before the dew falls at 8 o'clock, to the great casas de tabacos, where are other noble houses, palms and fruits and flowers untellable.

Here and there are ranches and herds like the shining horned hosts of Camaguay, with mounted vaqueros and monteras and their wonderful dogs, in picturesque groups, with the great palmetto palisaded corrales for the "round ups," and again by these, porticoed houses and quintas, like palaces. Upon every stream, at the mouth of fiver imbedded canyons, set like brown gypsies upon mountain side, are the poor guajiro's plain thatched cabins. And everywhere are such luxuriance in soil and forest, vine and flower, that when you reach the splendid city of Cienfuegos as the shadows fall, and the moonbeams begin to dance upon its matchless bay, one feels as though the day had been a vision of some dreamland isle where the word in men and the glowing in nature have blended in magical spell with indescribable bloom and song.—Edgar L. Wakeman in Kansas City Journal.

**Damage Done by a Avalanche.**  
We have to go back for something like half a century to find in the history of Switzerland and Piedmont any record of calamity from avalanches at all equal to that of the recent season. The loss of life seems to have been greatest on the steepest southern side of the Alps, but the loss of cattle and destruction of fields and houses on the northern side has been perhaps greater. Some of the best known resorts in the Valais have thus suffered. Randa, in the Zermatt valley, has been destroyed, and in the Saasthal nearly all the principal villages have been more or less ruined. The damage done is not confined to the chalets and cattle sheds struck by masses of snow, earth and trees which the avalanche whirled along, but the injury from the avalanche blast is still more extensive. Thus, in Saasgrund, where only part of the village is exposed, the other part being protected by an immense pine wood, the unprotected portion, which includes the village church, was shattered by fragments of the avalanche, but the doors and windows of every house in the village, with hardly a single exception, were forced in by the mere concussion of air, and the same thing happened at the Simplon Hospice.

The spray of a large avalanche raises a snow storm of such fury as to oblige men more than a mile off to run for shelter. The houses which suffer in this way get rapidly filled with snow, and the cattle, if not got out quickly, perish. As Switzerland is so essentially the playground of Europe, it is to be hoped that the appeal for aid for sufferers made by the English Alpine club will meet with a generous response.—London Observer.

**Ladies Looking at a Battle.**  
On a lovely spring Sunday some months ago some English ladies in Snakin mounted to the housetops and witnessed a thrilling spectacle. In the clear atmosphere every movement was visible on the sandy plain behind the town, across which Ottoman Dervish horsemen, poised their long spears and with terrific yells, charged furiously, while the Egyptian troops drawn up in battle array pour volley after volley into the turbaned hosts. Shells from the gunboats in the harbor hissed over the heads of the ladies and plunged into the mass of advancing Arabs. The charge was as desperate as the furious rushes at Abu Klea, and the tremendous fire that emptied many a saddle did not daunt the fanatical courage of the desert warriors. Then the ladies saw on the yellow sand a fierce hand to hand fight, soldiers who were defending themselves pierced with spears, a wavering of the charging line, and finally the slow retreat of the enemy, who carried their dead and wounded from the field as they sullenly retired.

There was not a tree or a house to hide a single detail or to impair the vividness of that Sunday morning spectacle. It cost over 200 lives, and it was one of those rare occasions when non-combatants are able to see, spread out before them as on a stage, the carnage and all the realities of battle.—New York Sun.

**Tearing Down "Cracker Castle."**  
One of the most grotesque residences in the United States, the famous "Cracker Castle," in St. Louis, is soon to be torn down. The building has been a monument to the folly of Charles Pierce, who built it at a cost of \$75,000 out of the fortune he made in furnishing the government with hardtack in war times. There is not a comfortable room in the castle. It has long been an object of ridicule. Its next owner after Mr. Pierce was P. C. Sharp, who bought it for \$30,000 and sold it for \$14,000. It is related that a stranger once asked Mr. Sharp, "What fool built that house?" "Oh," replied Mr. Sharp, "I live there."—New York World.

**The Prince Imperial's Pony.**  
The pony ridden by the late prince imperial of France when he received his "baptism of fire" at Saarbruck during the Franco-Prussian war has just come to a sudden end, like its unfortunate master. After Sedan the pony was bought by a German baron and was kept on his estate in Silesia for his children to ride. Recently it fell down on a slippery road and broke its leg and had to be shot.—Chicago Herald.

**A Rabbi as Preyer.**  
The United States senate was opened with prayer one morning by Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, a Jewish rabbi of New York. Dr. Mendes wore his high hat during his prayer, much to the surprise of the senators, who did not seem to be aware that it is not the custom of rabbis to uncover their heads when offering prayer.—Harper's Bazar.

**A treaty of international traffic by rail has just been signed between Chili and the Argentine Republic.**  
An English peer, whose revenues have been reduced, has accepted a position as drummer for a pianoforte manufacturer.

A British shipmaster at New Orleans reports that while off the coast of Patagonia butterflies were blown aboard his vessel at a distance of 150 miles from the land.

Paris is threatened with a battle of flowers. The imperial violet is to be rivalled by the Boulangier carnation, the carnation being the favorite flower of Gen. Boulanger.

One Yankee publisher, who uses 5,000,000 envelopes a year, has sailed for Germany after 30,000,000 envelopes, with which he proposes to crush the envelope monopoly.

An Albany cattle broker is so much afraid of meeting death in a violent form that he cannot be persuaded to ride on a railroad train or steamboat, or even behind a horse.

A school for the manufacture of clocks was soon to be opened at La Vilette. It will accommodate forty pupils, who will pay \$60 a year for instruction and \$17 a month for board.

The newest freak in London hair dressing is to have a few locks standing up almost straight on the top of the head, something after the fashion of Claire in the convent duncion, but feathers or flowers are stuck in the little elevation, and it is considered ornamental.

An eastern paper tells of the queer way in which the town of Orrington, Me., got its name. The citizens decided upon the name of Orangetown, and sent their minister to get an act of incorporation from the legislature. The clerk of that body was a little shabby on orthography, and thought "oring" was the proper way to spell orange. The pastor loved a joke, and so made no correction, but let the word go as written.

It is quite customary when any one desires to show how little man knows, after all, to ask "who can tell what makes a blade of grass grow, or why it grows?" But there are equally great mysteries closer to man than even that of the grass. For instance, what man can tell why every man who pays heed to style is now putting his scarf pin in the upper left hand corner of his scarf? Who first wore his pin that way, or what man or body of men ordered the pins worn that way? When last scarf pins were worn they were put in the middle of the scarf. Then, very mysteriously, they were not worn at all. Now they reappear in this peculiar way.

Lieut. M. E. Hall, U. S. N., has been experimenting with an auto-motive torpedo, invented by himself, at the torpedo station in Newport, R. I. The torpedo, which is made of aluminum brass, presents some novel features. The diving rudder with the intricate mechanism common in fish torpedoes is done away with. The flask containing the motive power occupies eight feet of the length of the torpedo, which is twelve feet long. The engine employed, owing to the novel way of mounting it and its automatic character, utilizes the full expansive force of the compressed air. In the runs that have been made the torpedo developed high speed, although only one-third of the maximum pressure was carried, and the diving device has answered its purpose as far as it has been tested.

**Cremanation of the King's Sons.**  
From Siam we learn that the cremation of the two sons of the king, which was "celebrated" at the end of February, was a ceremony eclipsing in magnificence even that of the king's uncle, whose body was cremated last year. On that occasion the chief features of the proceedings were illustrated in a London pictorial weekly, but the present occasion seems to have passed unnoticed. For fifteen days Bangkok was given up to revelry. No work was done, and such amusements as fireworks, illuminations and interminable dramatic performances were provided nightly and kept up till 2 or 3 o'clock a. m.

The building in which the cremation was effected had been erected at a cost exceeding \$50,000, a fact which, as it is now being demolished, as having served its purpose, shows munificence, if not extravagance. Externally this "palace" presented the appearance of a palace of gold, so gorgeous was its ornamentation, and internally its chief feature was the electric light with which it was illuminated throughout. There were two separate cremation days during the fortnight, and the final procession for each was so long that it occupied over an hour in passing a fixed point. Siamese funerals may be expensive ceremonies, but at least they cannot be called lugubrious.—Fall Mail Gazette.

**Slave Traffic in Africa.**  
The latest accounts from the east coast of Africa leave no room for doubt that large numbers of slaves drawn from the Lake Nyassa district are now regularly exported to Madagascar. A recent eye witness of some of the atrocities committed by the Arabs states that they have no regard for human life or suffering. Large numbers of kidnapped villagers who are taken to the ports on the coast are conveyed in dhows to Madagascar. Mojanja is the headquarters of this nefarious traffic, and there is too much reason to believe that a few Europeans as well as a large number of British Indians are concerned in these ventures. Being well acquainted with the movements of the ships of the coast, the foreigners at Mojanja are always able to warn their Sakava or Arab accomplices of impending danger. The Hova authorities are bound by treaty to prevent the landing of slaves, and it would be interesting to know what reasons they give for relaxing their vigilance. There is a general opinion that things will not improve until a greater amount of consular supervision is exercised on the west coast of Madagascar.—London Daily News.

**Stamps are Not Money.**  
We hope that the brethren will learn that postage stamps are not money. We cannot buy paper with postage stamps; we cannot pay printers with stamps; we cannot even pay postage on our publications with postage stamps. It helps the country postmasters, of course, to sell stamps to our subscribers instead of sending us the money. Please, brethren, do not send us stamps when you owe us money, unless it be 25 cents or under, to make change. It seems to us that the brethren had nearly as well send us dry goods, and let the merchants make their profit on them, to pay their subscriptions. The postmaster gets the profit on the stamps.—American Baptist.

**Reproductions of Choice Drawings.**  
The first part of a series of reproductions from the choicest drawings in the British Museum is about to be published by the trustees. It will contain twenty-five numbers, taken principally from the works of the old Italian schools, with a few by masters of Germany and Flanders. The selection has been made with a view to supplying fac-similes of preliminary sketches or studies for pictures in the National gallery, and to illustrate recent additions to the collection.—Public Opinion.

**Did Things Made New—What May Be Done with Empty Ginger Jars.**  
There are many things we can do at home in the way of repairing damages or turning old things into new ones. There is one thing that some grow slackly and look very untidy, and that is the leather on a writing table or desk. The old leather may be replaced by a new one, if you follow those directions carefully. Wet the leather well and equally over night, and next day you will be able to get it all off with a chisel; scrape off all the little bits of glue, leather, etc., and have it scrubbed perfectly clean. It is on this success of your work chiefly depends, as, unless the wood be free from lumps, old glue, etc., the cover will not be smooth. Cut the new leather if you cannot get from the upholsterer a cover stamped and gilded for the purpose of the exact size, and try it in the place it has to fill, to see that it fits at every point; then lift it out, and cover the place with boiling glue (mind it is not too thick or lumpy); replace the leather, press it all over smoothly with an old soft cloth, and then leave it to set hard. This will take quite a day and a night, though the glue sets so rapidly that, once you have laid in your leather, you will find it troublesome to alter if you have been careless in placing it. By the by, an old leather writing table cover can be much improved by sponging it very delicately with a little warm soapy water, and then rubbing it all over with white of egg whipped stiff.

**Not Such a Hard Bargain.**  
Not long since a party of young men went from Boston to a country town down in Maine for a few days' fishing. They had a full outfit of "tackle" and "gear," and upon arrival at their destination stood in need of but one thing—bait. After consulting their local adviser they secured the services of an ancient resident, who started out to dig the needed worms. He was gone three or four hours, but to good purpose, for when he returned he had a water bucket even full of a wriggling mass of earthworms. Now this was more than the boys had bargained for, and thoughts of what such an unheard-of wealth of bait would cost began to trouble them. To end their suspense they appointed one of their number spokesman, with plenary powers, but with instructions to make the best bargain possible. "How much do we owe you?" he asked, approaching the venerable bait digger and taking out his wallet. "Well, I don't rightly know," rejoined the old man, "the ground is kinder solid and the worms is fur down, and it's been hard on my back to dig 'em. But I've half a notion to give fishin' myself to-morrow, and if you'll give me half the bait we'll call it square."—Boston Herald.

**He Was No Fool.**  
Jepson—I notice that you always speak well of me to my face, Jepson, and while I have no reason to believe that you do otherwise behind my back I think it does not harm a man to be criticised by his friends, to be told his little faults. I know I'm not perfect and I would be glad to have you remind me of the fact sometimes.  
Jepson—Tell you of your fault!  
Jep—Yes, criticise me, tell me what your honest private opinion of me is. That's what I want.  
Jepson—You are six feet two and I am five feet four, and you want me to give you my honest private opinion of you? No siree. Jepson, my boy, I'm no fool.—Boston Courier.

**Couldn't Hurt It Much.**  
He went to a Richmond hotel and modestly called for breakfast. When it came he tinkered at it for ten minutes, and then he said:  
"Waiter."  
"Sah?"  
"What is this?"  
"Beefsteak, sah."  
"Thank you. Do guests usually try to cut them?"  
"Reckon dey do, sah, unless dey got right smart moufs."  
"Yes. Well, I haven't. I'm from New York. You take that steak back to the cook, waiter, and tell him I haven't hurt it any. I've only bent it a little."—Chicago Tribune.

**His Destiny.**  
"Quimby, your boy is a remarkable runner. I saw him beat some of the fastest men in town yesterday. Are you having him trained?"  
"Yes."  
"Going to make a professional of him, eh?"  
"That's what my intention is."  
"Well, he'll make a record as a sprinter yet."  
"Not if I know it."  
"Why not?"  
"I'm educating him to be a prize fighter."—Nebraska State Journal.

**Paid for His Breakfast.**  
Woman to tramp—Now that you have been given a good breakfast, can't you do something to pay for it?  
Tramp—Madame, you shouldn't say "you have been given a good breakfast." You didn't give me to eat breakfast. You gave the breakfast to me. That is a bit of rhetorical information that is cheap at a week's board.—New York Sun.

**Lumping It.**  
Brown is too thoroughly an American man of business to give in to the French fashion of serving meals in courses.  
"What shall I bring, monsieur?" asked the polite waiter during Brown's last visit to Paris.  
"You may hustle on three boiled eggs, a beefsteak, some cheese, a bottle of claret, and the bill," replied Brown in a single breath.—Judge.

**On the Road to Fame.**  
Friend to young physician—How are you getting on professionally, doctor?  
Young Physician—Famously. Since I was fortunate enough to be called in the case of old Mr. Trillion, of Fifth avenue, my reputation has rapidly extended; another case like that and my fortune is made.  
Friend—But Mr. Trillion died.  
Young Physician—That doesn't matter.—Epoch.

**He Felt Perfectly at Home.**  
Mrs. H.—Norah, I heard a man's voice in the kitchen last night. Didn't I tell you that I do not like my girls to have company?  
Norah—Yes, 'n, you did, but it was me first cousin Mike, and sure you needn't make company of him at all.—Harper's Bazar.

**Taking His Chances.**  
Country Minister to boy fishing—What will your father say, little boy, when he discovers that you have been fishing on Sunday?  
Boy—I dunno, sir, it depends on how many fish I catch.—New York Sun.

**Now or Never.**  
"What became of that trumpet Wigwag sent up to little Tommy, Christmas?" queried McFeller of his wife the other evening.  
"Oh, I've put it away; I don't want him to destroy it before he's old enough to appreciate it."  
"Good heavens, Helen! let the baby have it—let him smash it; before he learns to blow it!"—Detroit Free Press.

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