The Louisiana Democrat.

"The World is Governed Too Much."

HENRY L. BIOSSAT, Business Manager. ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1886. VOL. XLI.—NO. 61.

HOW TO BOW TO A LADY.

If you wish to make a bow in the latest fashion
And are walking, you must sharply, quickly stop;
While, if sitting, just as though in towering passion
From the chair or from the sofa you must "pop."

Then you place your heels upon a line together,
And you bring your toes together with a jerk,
Leaving space enough between them for a feather,
And assume the fierce expression of a Turk.

Both your hands upon the seams of trousers planing,
With a very sudden movement forward bend
Till you show to her your head where hair is thining,
Then you straighten, and the lady is your friend.

If by accident you should to her discover
Any portion of the grace you used to show,
You can never, never, never be her lover—
She would spurn you with her dainty little toe. —*Columbus Dispatch.*

OUR WAR BALLAD.

How Francis Scott Key Wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The tragic death of Mrs. George H. Pendleton, wife of the American Minister at Berlin, and daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," adds to the story of that famous national war song, and to a movement to erect a monument to its author, a fresh and vivid, if menacholy interest. The origin of the song, though partially related in a family letter of Chief Justice Taney, Mrs. Pendleton's distinguished uncle, and in a paper read several years ago before the Pennsylvania Historial Society by Colonel John L. Warner, has not heretofore been fully told. Forty years ago and more, the writer lived in the historic house from which Key was captured just before he wrote the ballad that has immortalized his name. This and other circumstances give me peculiar advantages for learning much of the author and his work. The house was the residence of Dr. William Beanes, an opulent planter at Upper Marlboro, Md., about sixteen miles from Washington. Here Madison and Taney, Hopkinson and Key, Marshall and Webster often enjoyed the princely hospitality of the doctor, finding relief from the work and worry of State affairs in this rural retreat. The immediate inspiration of the "Star-Spangled Banner" was the high-strung feelings produced all over the country by the war of 1812. Strangely enough, Key was an ardent Federalist and the war was strenuously opposed by his party from the first. That Key was more bard than politician, is conclusively shown by the remark of a contemporary that his ballad was worth 10,000 men to the Democrats—the war party. Of his quality as an artist "The Star-Spangled Banner" is all-sufficient testimony. In selecting the solemn, soul-swelling melody of "Anacreon in Heaven," and fitting to it his patriotic verse, he evinced musical taste, cultivation and judgment of the rarest sort. Not inaptly has his genius been likened to that of Mozart. At Dr. Beane's dinner-table Joseph Hopkinson, the author of "Hail Columbia," then at the height of his popularity, first met Francis Scott Key, when the latter was a rising young barrister of Georgetown; and it was at the Beanes plantation that an adventure occurred which, through a romantic chain of circumstances led up to the composition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mr. Key was born at Frederick, Md., Aug. 1, 1779, and died at Baltimore, Jan. 11, 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, practiced law at Frederick, then went to live at Georgetown and finally became District-Attorney of Washington. A good lawyer, a brilliant wit and a man of poetic genius, it is yet true that a comparatively trifling circumstance, his presence at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, afforded the single opportunity of his life to render his name famous for all time. A volume of his poems was published at Baltimore about thirty years ago, and some mention of him is to be found in McCarty's "National Songs" and in more recent publications; but his one great song overshadowed all else in his career.

In the summer of 1814 the tide of war brought Admiral Cockburn to the Republican capital, and the torch was ruthlessly applied by the British under Cockburn and Ross. When the British army reached Marlboro in the march on Washington, Cockburn, Ross and their staff officers made their headquarters at Dr. Beanes' residence. The best that the house afforded was laid before them. Pleased with his reception, General Ross placed guards around the grounds and outhouses to prevent depredations by the troops. The subsequent movements of Ross and Cockburn are written in the full blaze of history, and never were the English arms stained with fouler disgrace than by these two leaders. The so-called American army of some six thousand farmers and mechanics, hastily rallied to the capital by General Winder, with 850 regular soldiers and 700 sailors and marines under the gallant Commodore Barney, made a show of resistance when the British reached Bladensburg. But what hope was there for raw levies against veterans who had seen service under Wellington?

The capitol, President's house, public buildings, a house built by General Washington on Capitol Hill, the navy-yard, arsenal, public stores and newspaper offices were all set on fire and burned to the ground by these soldiers of George the Third. Then came the counter-panic and the adventure above alluded to. A hurricane passed over the city one afternoon and so demoralized the red-coats that they fled terror-stricken from the smouldering ruins of Washington. Gleig, in his "Narrative" tells of this absurd flight of Ross and Cockburn before the imaginary spectres of the skies. The conquerors were conquered by a gust of wind, and in their swift race back to the Patuxent, the doughty host furnished another illustration of the truism that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Dr. Beanes was sitting in his parlor with several neighbors on the 26th of August when a negro rushed in and exclaimed; "Massa, de red-coats are flyin'; dey done got whipped, shoa." There they were, on the outskirts of the village, in full retreat to their ships. Was it any wonder that Dr. Beanes and his neighbors became jubilant? Any wonder that they should have retired to a neighboring dell where a delightful spring bubbled up out of the cool earth, and here made a bowl of punch to celebrate the American victory which they confidently believed had been won? The flowing bowl had been filled again and again, and the doctor and his friends were becoming rather hilarious, when three British stragglers came to the spring to get a drink of water. The red-coats claimed the victory for their side and the Americans for theirs. From words they fell to blows, and the Englishmen were overpowered and carried off prisoners of war to the court-house by the doctor and his friends. But Cockburn heard of it, and that night he sent back a troop of horse to liberate his men and bring in Dr. Beanes. The poor doctor was dragged from his couch, carried off and imprisoned in the forepart of one of the ships, where he was treated with the utmost harshness. Key resolved to release his friend at all hazards. President Madison heartily seconded his efforts and ordered that the vessel used as a cartel should be placed at his service. The President directed Mr. John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners and well known to the British to accompany Mr. Key. They came up with the enemy's fleet at the mouth of the Potomac, and were received courteously by Admiral Cochrane. But on making known the object of his mission Mr. Key was replied to by Admiral Cockburn in characteristic terms. "Instead of being released," said the marauder, "Dr. Beanes should be hung at the yardarm of this ship." Thus repulsed, Key turned to General Ross and handed him letters from English prisoners who had been wounded and left behind after the battle of Bladensburg. They spoke in grateful terms of the kind treatment of the Americans. Ross was naturally a humane man and was moved at this agreeable news. Seeing his advantage Key again made an earnest plea for the release of Dr. Beanes, and this time General Ross consented that the doctor should be returned to his friends, but added that the whole party would have to be detained pending the attack on Baltimore, then about to take place. Key and Skinner were transferred to be frigate Surprise, but Beanes was still confined on the flagship among the sailors and soldiers, who treated him with rudeness. No officer spoke to him; he was not allowed a change of clothing, and the vindictive Cockburn requited the doctor's former hospitality by ordering him to be held as a culprit rather than a prisoner of war. Again the story reaches a memorable historic scene, the attack on Baltimore, the battle of North Point and the bombardment of Fort McHenry. Ross landed and led his army to the sack of Baltimore; Cochrane moved up the Patapsco, transferred his flag to the Surprise, of lighter draught than the flagship, and when all was in readiness the bombardment of the fort began, while the roar of battle from the shore told that America and England were once more locked in the tug of war. Meantime Key, Skinner and Beanes had been transfered to their own vessel under guard of British sailors to prevent their escape during the conflict. The American vessel occupied a position from which the flag at Fort Henry was distinctly seen. Night fell and the darkness was made visible by the glare of shot and shell playing all night long on the devoted fort. It was a grand spectacle, and Key and his friends paced the deck through the night as the rockets whizzed and shells exploded. But the fort had not fallen, for the bombardment continued. Suddenly, just before dawn, the firing ceased, but nothing could be seen, and the Americans were unable to tell on which side victory had fallen. Mr. Key often afterwards spoke of that moment as the most trying of his life. He consulted his watch and counted the moments before dawn. At last a gray twilight spread over the face of the deep, and our watchers eagerly peered through their glasses to find whether the enemy's flag or their own floated over the beleaguered fort. At length the light came, and they saw that our flag was still there! When Mr. Key beheld the flag of his country above the frowning battlements his ecstacy found expression in the first and second stanzas of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and his full heart overflowed in the second chorus.

"What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam.
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream—

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, Oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

He had not to wait long before he saw the retreating to the ships and the body of an officer of distinction solemnly borne on board. It was General Ross, who had been killed by an American sharp-shooter. Bladensburg was avenged, and the vandalism at Washington had met with a bloody reprisal at North Point. The defeated enemy set sail and Key and his friends returned to Baltimore. The poet began to write his verses on the back of a letter he found in his pocket in the fervor of the moment when he saw the American flag floating over the fort and the land forces retreating to their ships. He finished the poem while still on the vessel and while he was on his way to the shore. In order to remember some of the lines, as his paper was scant, he made notes instead of writing them out in full. On his arrival at Baltimore he immediately went to a hotel and wrote out the song as it now stands from the rough draft he had made on the boat. A friend to whom he showed the song the next morning was delighted with it. Mr. Key then gave it to a printer to strike off some copies in hand-bill form to distribute among the citizens. This was Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, who had taken part in the fight at North Point. His printing office was at the corner of Baltimore and Gay streets. Eades was enthusiastic over the song, and seizing a copy fresh from the press he hastened to the famous tavern of Colonel McConkey, next door to the Holliday Street Theater, where actors and lookers-on were in the habit of gathering to see the citizen-defenders go through their daily drill in Gay street. It was a quaint, old, one-story frame house, formerly kept by the Widow Berling. Major Frailey and Captains Long and Warner, of the Thirty-ninth Regiment, also accompanied Captain Eades to the hostelry to hear Mr. Key's poem read. It was early in the morning of the 15th of September, 1814, the defenders had assembled for drill, and joy beamed in every face over the victory. Mr. Key had directed Eades to print the words "Air—Anacreon in Heaven" at the top of the poem. All gathered to listen as the verses were read by the printer, and that they struck the popular heart was no longer a question of doubt. But who shall sing the song? "Ferdinand Durang," cried one; "Ferdinand Durang," exclaimed a hundred voices. Mr. Durang was a clever vocalist, and being thus appealed to he mounted an old-fashioned rush-bottom chair and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" for the first time in the United States. All present joined in singing the grand chorus. The effect was like a flash of electricity. Soon the whole town, the whole State and the whole Union was singing the song. There was a clever actor then playing at the Holliday Street Theater named Paddy McFarland. The managers, Messrs. Warren & Wood, advertised that Paddy and the whole company would sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" every night after the play, and the theater was not large enough to hold the crowds that came. Mr. Key, like Byron, woke next morning to find himself famous.—*J. Fairfax McLaughlin, in N. Y. World.*

WORTH KNOWING.

Interesting Information on Matters of Fashion In Dress and Ornamentation.

Gem jewelry is worn more than ever.

Jersey waists continue to be imported in large numbers.

Watered-silk parasols, with white silk linings, are in favor.

Silver jewelry is as popular as ever for street wear and for traveling.

The parasols with long silver handles that simulate natural woods are fashionable.

Panels for small wood cabinets are made by painting pink, red and yellow roses on tea-chest matting.

Tailor-made dresses and coats for street wear and traveling purposes are in as great demand as ever.

New York ladies carry about with them silver or gold bonbon boxes filled with imported peppermint lozenges.

If you will walk with a dog, the animal must wear a neck ribbon to correspond in hue with the one on your sunshade.

Very pretty match-holders can be made of Liebig jars, gilded and traced with crackle lines over the gold in Indian red.

Bamboo and wicker furniture, with plush cushions and ribbons of bright color for trimmings, are fashionable for country houses.

The neat styles of dressing the hair begin with a French twist in the back that starts at the nape of the neck and is taken to the crown.

What is known in the shops as butchers' linen is a desirable material for buffet covers, toilet sets, splashers and tea cloths. The best is the soft finish, from sixteen to twenty-seven inches wide, and costing from twenty to forty cents per yard.

Pleasing ornaments may be made of plaster of Paris figures. Select a small statuette of merit and treat by rubbing over with a little linseed oil, which softens the bold white and in time makes it resemble old ivory; or give it a thin coat of bronze, rubbing it to give unevenness of tint.—*N. Y. World.*

A WEIGHTY QUESTION.

Some Pertinent Points About Summer and Winter Feeding.

It is customary when cattle are turned out to grass in the spring to let them feed on this succulent food until nature dries it up in the fall. It makes good, succulent beef, but is it not too succulent? Does it afford as much nutrition, pound for pound, as hay, grain and root, or ensilage-fed beef? We suspect not. The bowels of the cattle are always loose, showing that there is a superabundance of water and imperfect digestion. Is the animal quite healthy?

Now, in winter, we find that all dry feed is not as good for cattle as that which is relieved by one feeding a day of some kind of succulent ration. The bowels of the cattle get too costive. The droppings are hard, showing a lack of water and a feverish condition. The succulent food relieves this. May it not also be true that all succulent food in summer is not so good as a mixture with dry feed? Throw a lock dry hay to your cattle in pasture and see how they will rush for it, and how greedily they will devour it. Does not this indicate a need of dry feed? Would it not regulate that extremely loose condition of the bowels? And would it not make the meat firmer and more nutritious? In the light of reason, it would seem so. Is not the idea worth a fair experiment?

Some may say that grass is the natural food of cattle. So it is, in their natural state; but where they can live without the aid of man, the feed is not the same as with us. Our animals are in an artificial condition. They live on comparatively dry feed half of the year. Their systems are not wholly adapted to all green feed. Besides, our grasses are cultivated ones. We are a long way from wild nature in many things. This should always be borne in mind. We think the winter and summer feed ought to more nearly agree, and not be quite so succulent in summer, nor so dry in winter.—*National Live-Stock Journal.*

TWO JUST TRIBUTES.

Words from the Lips and Hearts of Judge A. B. Tappan and Charles A. Dana, of New York, on the Goodness and Greatness of the Late John Kelly.

To fully do justice to his memory would be to pronounce a panegyric upon American institutions. Mr. Kelly was a grand type of that self-creation which is the result of the social and political system that is at once our pride and hope. Whatever conflicting judgments may have been pronounced upon his political action, there is but one opinion of his honor, his virtue and worth. There may be some who will deny that he was a great man, but none will deny that he was a good man. From his sides the shafts of malice fall harmless to the ground. His bitterest foes have confessed his ability. He met the severest criticism as the leader of Tammany Hall, and it is as such that he is most thought of in Tammany Hall.

The thought of our loss recalls the fact that there is none left who can take his place. He held his place by a combination of rare qualities. His courage and his honesty were alike elements of his success. He was not a "boss," but rather a counsellor, a guide, and a friend. His friends were steadfast to him when State conventions closed their doors to him, because his following was one of love, of affection, of confidence. He reigned not by the hope of reward nor by the fear of punishment, but he reigned in the hearts of his friends.

His word was never doubted and never broken. Although he opposed the nomination of Mr. Tilden for the Presidency, he worked faithfully and loyally for the election of Mr. Tilden, and did his utmostto secure for him the electoral vote of this State. So too he labored, fought and worked for the candidate, not of his choice, who was last elected to the Presidency. He died in a faith that robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory; in a faith that his Redeemer lived. He suffered the tortures of his painful sickness with fortitude, for the portals of death were to him the gateway of immortality. The concurrent judgment of humanity will be that his goodness made him great. His most endearing monument will be in the memory of his fellow citizens.—*Judge Tappan, at Tammany Hall Memorial Services.*

While he lived the public always regarded him with interest, and now that he is dead they all speak of him not only with respect, but with affection. It is surprising what unanimity there is among men of every party in the opinion they now hold—that Mr. Kelly was both a good and great man. For myself, I do not dwell so very emphatically on that quality of honesty which is commonly put foremost among his gifts. Honesty, thank God, is not such a rare thing among the conspicuous public men of this town. The exception is rather of those who are not honest. But, while Mr. Kelly possessed this elementary and ample virtue, and never departed from it, he possessed also the grander and higher characteristics of disinterestedness, of intelligence, of wisdom and of Democracy. With him the last of these was the great thing. He was a Democrat not only in his thoughts, but in his blood and bones. He was a Democrat, noon, and night, and all the time. He believed in the rule of the people, for the ple, and by the people, and he had no sympathy with any device of theorists to check and stifle the popular power. He approved of one road to office, and one only, and that was the road of popular elections.

It is said that Mr. Kelly never received that evidence of the people's approval which consists in being elected Governor or President, or in getting a place in the Cabinet. This is true; but he needed no such stamp of popular approbation. He was content to do his duty in that place to which circumstances and the mandate of patriotism assigned him. He was long the chief of this ancient organization, and here he wielded an authority and exercised a control over public affairs which Cabinet Ministers or diplomatists might well regard with envy. He never sought to elevate himself. Enough for him that he was beloved and understood by the people of this city and by the members of the Tammany Society. No man was ever esteemed more justly or trusted more entirely than John Kelly by the men of Tammany Hall. Thus his public career was a career of constant success, and our grief at his premature departure from among us is well consoled by our admiration of his character and our envy of the heartfelt love with which in life he was surrounded by so many thousands of his fellow-citizens, as in death he is now honored.—*Mr. Dana, at the same meeting.*

DEMOCRATIC DROPS.

——Oregon seems to have opened the political ball in a fitting manner. As we have heretofore remarked, this is a Democratic year.—*Concord People and Patriot.*

——"Will you please signal to me in the gallery when Senator Blair begins to speak?" asked a constituent of Senator Hoar. "Certainly, sir, certainly," replied the Senator. "Well, what will the signal be?" he asked. "I'll leave," answered the Senator. — *Washington Hatchet.*

——There is a rumor in the uncultivated West to the effect that Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, will be a candidate for United States Senator for New York in place of Warner Miller. If any thing of that sort should happen there would be more Republicans in this State fishing on election day than was ever before known in the history of politics.—*Buffalo Times.*

——The animus of Ingalls' attack on the Pension Commissioner was plainly evident, even on the surface of his remarks. Ingalls himself reported favorably on General Black's application for a pension, but that was before General Black took a conspicuous part in Illinois politics as a Democrat and long before he showed the prostitution of the Pension Office by the Republican boss, Dudley.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

BLAINE'S CANDIDATE.

A Fortune Made by Him During the War by Selling a Remarkable List of Names to Towns Which Wished to Escape the Draft.

The use by Blaine of the Republican machine to crush out a soldier candidate in favor of a wealthy contractor whose money may be useful in a Presidential canvass has revived the story of Maine's paper credit frauds, in which Blaine's henchmen were conspicuous actors.

The story dates back to 1864, when the cry had gone up for more men to come to the front and recruit the decimated armies of the Union. At that time, according to a report made five years later by the Maine Equalization Commission, "in that crisis of the war and of the national life, when the replenishing of the army was a simple question of life and death with the Government, an individual made his appearance at the State capital, claiming to have come from Washington, and bringing in his pocket a long list of names, many of them quaint and unpronounceable by an American tongue, and others so very common as to be remarkable, all of which he asserted to be the names of men who had enlisted in the service of the United States at some time since the commencement of the war, and who had not been credited with the quota of any State or municipality. These names were offered to the officers and recruiting agencies of municipalities who were looking for men to fill their quotas and reinforce the depleted army, and offering large bounties for such men. Before quotas could be cancelled by the use of these names the approval of the proper United States officials must be secured. The office of A. A. Provost Marshal-General for Maine was then filled by an honorable gentleman of Maine and an officer of the regular army. To him this remarkable roll was shown and his approval of it solicited. That approval was denied, and probably with some expressions of honest indignation. Not very long afterwards this officer was ordered to another field of duty and his place supplied by an officer from a Western State. Then again at the State capital appeared the man with the once rejected list of names. And henceforth it seems there was no official veto upon the filling of quotas of cities and towns with these names."

The same commissioners in their report point out that the man who procured the list of names was Blaine's present manager in Maine, the same who manipulated the Republican convention in his interest. They intimated very plainly that this man and his associates got names of soldiers and sailors already in the service and sold them to towns who were willing to pay for being cleared of the draft. They also declare that Blaine's henchman sold 121 of these men for $47,000, and that if he sold the others at the same rate he must have received more than $100,000.

It is not at all surprising that the Maine Republican soldiers resent the appearance of a man with this kind of a record as the dictator of party nominations in the interest of Blaine. Nor will it be at all surprising if they show their resentment by defeating Blaine's candidate and depriving Blaine of the prestige he hopes to win for the Presidential fight.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOBBING UP SERENELY.

The One Vessel, the Corner-Stone of the Republican Navy, Described as a "Marine Crazy-Quilt."

One would have thought that enough had been said about John Roach's notorious contract vessel, the Dolphin. But that frisky craft turns up again as lively and saucy as ever. The Senate, in a spare moment from its pension hobby, thought it would be a good thing to waste more time over this wearisome subject of the Dolphin. Secretary Whitney, in compliance with a Senate resolution, has laid before that body a mass of information concerning the vessel, which the Republicans, last fall, vainly endeavored to utilize for political capital. The boasts of the New York *Tribune* that the vessel succeeded in weathering a storm on her last trial cruise are considerably qualified by the report of Captain Meade on that trip, who designates her as a marine crazy-quilt, the general plan of the ship and machinery being unsatisfactory and wholly unsuited to the needs of a navy. The report of the civilian experts was still more damaging, declaring that the Dolphin is not fit to contend with bad weather such as is usually encountered by our coasting steamers. She was strained by the seas she encountered on her trip to Fortress Monroe, and her crew were not inclined to risk their lives on board of her again.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Republican Senators have very poor material for political capital in the Dolphin. Their brethren in New York made notable efforts, last fall, to persuade the people that the only objection to this notorious craft was on the part of the Secretary of the Navy, who was resolved to sacrifice that liberal Republican contractor, and contributor to campaign funds, John Roach. But the contractor made a very sorry martyr, and not even a ghost of an issue could be made out of him or his marine crazy-quilt. The wonderful change which has taken place in a year in the management of the Navy Department has removed every trace of Chandlerism and jobbery, and when Congress sees fit to strengthen the hands of Secretary Whitney by a thorough reorganization of the system under which the department is conducted, there will be no delay in carrying out, in the fullest and most satisfactory manner, the great work of creating a navy worthy of the Nation. The era of knavery and peculation in the department has been succeeded by wise, business-like management, and the taxpayers may now expect a proper return for their money, which was out of the question when Robeson, Roach and Chandler ruled the department.—*Albany Argus.*

FAMOUS JEWELS.

The Wonderful Hope Collection of Diamonds, Sapphires, Opals and Pearls.

The collection of jewels and precious stones formed by the late Mr. Henry Phillip Hope, the greater portion of which is to be sold, was one of very remarkable interest, chiefly on account of the famous blue diamond which more than half a century back was known as the Hope diamond, having come into the possession of Mr. Henry Thomas Hope of Amsterdam, in London. This extremely rare gem, however, which was the rival of the Koh-i-noor in the great exhibition of 1851, and which is the chief of about five of the only blue diamonds known, is not included in the present sale.

A splendid star of azure fire shines out in the lovely sapphire known historically as 'Le Sapphire Merveilleux," upon which Mme. de Genlis founded a charming story when it belonged to Phillippe Egalite, Duc d'Orleans. In color this beautiful stone, which is five-eighths of an inch octagon set round with small brilliants as a ring, is even richer and softer in its tone than the blue diamond, but less fierce in its luster. Its weight is 74 grains; not large, therefore, since there is one at Ava of 951 carats, and the one in the collection of the Jardin des Plantes weighs 132 1-16 carats, without a flaw, which was found by a poor Bengalee, afterward purchased by one Mr. Ruspoli, of Rome, and eventually came to a Paris jewel merchant for 170,000 francs.

Another interesting jewel is the King of Candy's cat's-eye, the largest known, being an inch and a half in diameter and hemispherical, mounted in the original Oriental setting of gold studded with rubies cut *en cabochon*. Its color cannot be better described than by its resemblance to the glistening green and tawny yellow of the cruel eye of cats and tigers. The charm of the cat's-eye is in the changing streak or ray of silvery light, and this it is that led the Cingalese to fancy that it held a genie who could protect against witchcraft, so that they prize with superstitious veneration these strange stones. There are several other specimens in the collection, and one of the gold cat's-eyes known to mineralogists as crocidolite.

Of the opals there are some fine specimens, both of the Hungarian, which are the best, and of the Mexican, which are softer and more porous. A beautiful ornament made of these gems is most appropriately formed like a chameleon, with the creature's back studded all over with opals of changing irridescence. This is an exceedingly fine example of the art of the *joaillier* of the seventeenth century, in gold and enamel work.

Another very interesting opal is the "Mexican sun opal," so called from having the head of the sun god carved upon it. This is an inch long and nearly the same in width, and the carving seems to be barbaric and not antique Roman, or we might fancy it was the opal of historic celebrity which was coveted by Marc Antony, and led him to banish Nonius, the possessor of it, who, however, escaped with his opal. This curious Mexican opal has its traditions as being historically known since the sixteenth century.

The largest pearl known is another of the rarities of the collection, two inches long, pear-shaped, of an opaline tint, mounted as a pendant to an arched crown of enamel, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and brilliants. Interesting as a specimen of glyptic work is a diamond cut in the form of a cross, which is said to be unique. There is also a cross formed of six rare brilliant green diamonds, and another anomaly of the kind is a white ruby. The sword hilt of King Murat, made of a large aquamarine cut in facets, with various jewels studded about the gold cross piece, is another curiosity in this remarkable collection. —*London Times.*

A TURKISH STRIKE.

Constantinople Street-Sweepers Demanding Eighteen Months' Back Pay.

The street-sweepers of Constantinople, not having received any pay during the last eighteen months, recently went on strike, the authorities having told the men that before the new loan was made there was no money to be had. About a fortnight ago the men had become so destitute that they assembled, armed themselves with brooms and spades, went to the government offices, and demanded pay in loud and threatening words.

Shortly after their arrival a high official drove up in his open carriage, and was at once stopped by the rioters, who politely demanded their due. The answer that, having waited eighteen months, they might as well wait a little longer, raised a fearful tumult, and the life of the officer was in serious danger till a regiment of soldiers arrived on the spot and dispersed the men, not, however, until they had received one month's wages and the assurance that as soon as the new loan was made they should all be paid. Then the weapons were laid down, the noise ceased, and the street-sweepers' strike came to an end.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Yearning For Intermission.

"You are not very fond of young gentlemen, I believe," observed Mrs. Skimmerhorn to her niece, an heiress.

"No, to be candid. I don't admire the vapid society masculine."

"But remember, Pope says: 'The proper study of mankind is man.'"

"Does he?"—yawning—"Well, I'll be glad then when school is out."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A large gray eagle was shot recently by a farmer named Irby, about three miles west of Blackstone, Va. He had seen it once or twice before in the immediate vicinity of the house. Being a good shot, the gentleman crippled the king of birds with a rifle charge. It was a beautiful specimen of its kind. Its wings when spread measured six feet four and one-half inches from tip to tip, and its talons measured nearly six inches in width.

PITH AND POINT.

—It makes envy sore to see intellect soar.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—I think a man should hav a leetle vinegar in his composition—just enuff to keep the flies off.—*Josh Billings.*

—If you are a jackass it is your business to bray louder and kick harder than any other jackass.—*Life.*

—The fondness of deaf men for promenading on railway tracks has never received a scientific explanation.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—Georgie—"Do you know, Ethel, old Stokes had a perplexity fit the other day?" Ethel—"A perplexity fit? You mean a parallel stroke."—*Chicago Ledger.*

—We've just counted up that we have saved several hundred dollars by smoking a pipe instead of cigars, but where is it?—*Newport (Ky.) State Journal.*

—Said a very old man: "Some folks are always complaining about the weather, but I am thankful when I wake up in the morning and find any weather at all."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A swell young clergyman, who is well-informed in the social vernacular, made an awful mistake last week; he christened a boy "Ah There," when the family intended it should be Arthur.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The Wily Maiden—

No lover at all had the maiden gay,
She wore no engagement ring,
But she bought a fiddle and learned to play,
And thus had a bow on the string.

—Another of Raphael's pictures has been found in a Western town. The frequency of occurrences of this sort gives rise to the belief that Raphael was not a painter, but the proprietor of a chromo foundry.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—He continually played on the cornet, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer." The maiden lady next door sent word, with compliments, that she heard his prayer, and would pay a month's lodging for him in advance if he'd move to another part of the town.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"What's that bicycle man doing, father? See! he has jumped forward from his wheel and is putting his face to the earth. Is he kissing it?" "No, my son; the man has his ear to the earth. He is listening. He thought he heard something drop."—*Burlington Free Press.*

—A contributor to the *Prairie Farmer* facetiously attributes the recent storms and cyclones to the prevailing style of ladies' hats worn this spring. They reach so far into the upper air that they disturb the equilibrium of things up there; hence the meteorological commotion.

—"Is the earth round or flat?" asked a member of a school committee of a candidate for a position as teacher. "Well," answered the candidate, "*I'm* not particular about that. Some likes it round, and somes likes it flat, and some likes it square. *I* teach it any way that suits."—*Boston Bulletin.*

—A good Rochester (N. Y.) pastor, a widower, proposed to a young lady, a short time since, but was rejected. His feelings had the second severe test when a widow neighbor sent him the following text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask a miss."—*Rochester Express.*

AT CAMBRIDGE.

The Somewhat Peculiar But Patriotic Army Led by Washington.

It was a motly assembly, in all sorts of uniforms and without any uniform at all, with all sorts of weapons and with precious little powder. So little was there, that Washington was very anxious lest the British should find out how little he had; and so while he was urging Congress to provide supplies, he had barrels of sand with powder covering the top, placed in the magazine, so that any spy hanging about might be misled. Some of the soldiers were in tents, some were quartered in one or two college buildings then standing, and some built huts for themselves. The most orderly camp was that of the Rhode Island troops, under General Nathaniel Greene.

The men were in companies of various sizes, under Captains and other officers who had very little authority over the privates, for these usually elected their own commanders. A visitor to the camp relates a dialogue which he heard between a captain and one of the privates under him.

"Bill," said the Captain, "go and bring a pail of water for the men."

"I shan't," said Bill. "It's your turn now, Captain; I got it last time."

But the men, though under very little discipline, were good stuff out of which to make soldiers. Most of them were dead earnest, and they brought, besides courage, great skill in the use of the ordinary musket. A story is told of a company of riflemen raised in one of the frontier counties of Pennsylvania. So many volunteers applied as to embarrass the leader who was enlisting the company, and he drew on a board with chalk the figure of a nose of the common size, placed the board at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards, and then declared he would take only those who could hit the mark. Over sixty succeeded. "General Gage, take care of *your* nose," says the newspaper that tells the story. General Gage, as you know, was the commander of the British forces in Boston.—*Horace Scudder, in St. Nicholas.*

A Bad Rule For the Bovines.

"What's the matter?" asked a passenger on a Dakota train as they began to run considerably faster.

"Why, you see, there's a blamed cow running ahead of us on the track and we're trying to catch her."

"What do you want to catch the cow for?"

"Why, great gosh! to kill her, of course! The rule allows us train men the hide and tallow, and the meat goes to the directors. You bet I'm going to catch that cow unless she leaves the track or run the wheels right off of these cars. I told the fireman to break up the trunks in the baggage car and heave them into the furnace to make a hot fire, and I guess he's doing it."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*