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Dec 14, 1871—tf.*

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Aug 14, 1873—1m.

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May 8, 1873.—6m


(From the New York World.)

## ROBERT L. HICKMAN.

For considerably more than the past fifteen years a figure of a man of strange mien, of broken physique but of certain *debonnaire* appearance, attired in the last season's fashions, a good deal the worse for wear, but bearing himself with the mingled air of the adventurer and the man of the world, has challenged the attention of strangers and citizens upon Pennsylvania avenue, in Washington. It was chiefly around the portals of the National Hotel and Brown's (now the Metropolitan) that this noticeable personage was to be met with, curiously but not disrespectfully eyeing the passers-by with a keen glance, leaning, as he stood or limped, upon his walking stick for surcease from the pains of corns and bunions, and generally carrying a shawl or a faded spring overcoat jauntily hanging upon his left arm after the manner of a man of the promenade. This person, so familiar to thousands of Americans whom business or pleasure have drawn to the national capital within the last score of years, was Robert L. Hickman, better known as "Beau" Hickman, or, more briefly, "the Beau," whose death in Washington yesterday morning is announced by telegraph.

Over "Beau" Hickman's early life, or even his origin, the mystery of a doubt, perhaps difficult to be solved, hangs, shutting out the inquisitions of the curious.—According to his own account he was born in 1815, but where and of what family is not known. His patronymic is that of an old and respectable family of Virginia and Kentucky, and rumor—the gossip of the flaneurs about the streets of Washington—has averred that he was a native of North Carolina, his parents and connections having been people of high social standing. But as this sketch of a man who stood solitary in his peculiarities, and in his life concerns himself alone, the question of his birthplace and of his early days is immaterial. The architect—or rather the destroyer—of his own fortunes, "Beau" Hichman owed his notoriety to himself and to the questionable manner in which, like Falstaff's companion, he made the world his oyster, and opened it after his own chosen fashion. What is known of his advent into the walks of mature life is that he inherited a large sum of money—$40,000 it is said—a very respectable fortune at the date when he obtained his majority. Those who know, or affect to know, of these early days of his experiences, say that when he secured this inheritance he developed into a man of fashion—the fashion wherewith a competent tailor invests an individual—as well as a man of the world. In the former capacity he shone a circumscribed edition of "Beau" Brummell and the dandies of the Regency, the delight and the profit of tailors; in the latter the fascinations of the turf and of the green table wooed him to his loss. Baltimore, chiefly, it is said, was the scene of "the Beau's" first costly dash at life. Had he possessed the fortune, the privileges, and the advantages of his prototype of White's and Ranelagh—the distinguished patronage of a royal prince, and the eager welcome of a society like that which prevailed in London at the beginning of the century—"Beau" Hickman might have added to American annals the record of a Brummell or a Nash; but as it was, missing his opportunity in a prosaic and rather cynical age, his passion for the turf and his mania for betting reduced his resources and deprived him of his revenue. A man of undeniable wit and humor, a marvellously comic *racconteur*, a story-teller who has creased more faces in his time with hearty laughter than Yorick, the Dane, ever looked upon—it would have seemed appropriate that Hickman, too, should have had his admiring Lord Alvanley, who would have honored the bills of his laundress, and have met his I. O. U.'s at maturity with ready cash. But failing this prop, he fell back upon himself, and the result was the adventurer who for so many years was pointed out to strangers as one of the institutions of Washington.

"Beau" Hickman's existence in the capital was that of a harmless mendicant—but a mendicant of alluring ways, who returned to the giver in provocations to laughter more than he had received in the value of the alms. It was before the war especially—when gold and silver circulated, and when people perhaps were more disposed to laugh than they now are—that he reaped his best harvests. He was accustomed to haunt the offices, the doorways, and the bar-rooms of hotels on the Avenue—the National and the Metropolitan chiefly—on the look-out for strangers whom, being an excellent judge of physiognomy, he would gauge by the stardard of his experiences with mirthful souls.—When he perceived a group of this kind sitting or standing together and conversing, with their talk mingled with laughter, he would sidle toward them and after listening to them for a moment, would intrude into the conversation with a comic remark, a twinkle in the eye, and a curious twitch of the neck and the face—the last peculiarity a characteristic of his and which was probably the promonition of that paralysis of which he died—which would immediately rivet the attention of his listeners. Then he would announce himself as "Beau" Hickman—"Beau" Hickman whom everybody had heard of (and indeed nearly everybody who ever went to Washington had heard of him) and would branch out into an anecdote applicable to the subject of conversation. He possessed all the gifts of the Italian improvisatore, and could concoct upon the moment a story of the most ludicrous character. He never smiled when he narrated his anecdotes, and while his listeners would be convulsed with laughter he would add to their mirth by indulging in that curious twitch of the neck, accompanied with a backward and inquisitive glance over his shoulder—as if suspecting that he was watched by some hotel minion deputed to order him away—which, affliction that it was, was involuntarily one of the most effective agents of his success as a humorist. He had at his command a thousand recitals of his own experiences, false or true, and although the majority of them were of a very questionable character, they evoked laughter by their very broadness and absurdity. After he had satisfied the sense of humor of the company—not that he ever satiated them or exhausted his own wonderful resources—he would skillfully draw their attention to the fact that he was prepared to accept from them the usual "initiation fee"—a sum ranging from cents to dollars, according to the liberality of the giver. These alms he accepted as if they were eminently his due, and he would part from the company with a repartee or an epigram thrown backward at the group with most joyous effect. To citizens whom he knew well—and every man about town knew the quaint, decrepid figure with its suggestiveness of a past gentility—he had no hesitation in applying for his "dividends," as he termed them—the small pittances of monthly or weekly payment. Familiar with the language of the sporting world, his conversation and his narratives were interlarded with words culled from the gambler's vocabulary, and to those who found amusement in his stories these technical terms went far to season the feast of anecdote. In his social habits he was a pariah. If he had friends, or even acquaintances, they never walked with him on the street, or paused to chat with him for a moment, as the friends of other men did. Few if any knew where he lived. The public saw him daily at his post, hobbling painfully along the avenue in the vicinity of Sixth street, and furtively but keenly glancing from right to left, ready, if a passer-by should exhibit any curiosity, to approach and enter into conversation. He wore his hat—a well-thumbed silk hat—upon the side of his head, and carried an eye-glass—poor relic of the *beaus jours* of his youth! His coat and trousers were never of a new fashion, and his gloves were never fresh, and yet there was about the man that curious mixture of roue, adventurer, man of the world, and old beau which would have drawn to him the gaze even of the listless, had he stood among a hundred men.—Whatever may have been the unrecorded excesses of his earlier and more prosperous days, it must be said to his credit that of late years he never drank strong liquors. If asked by his entertained listeners to drink with them, he would excuse himself and "take a cigar." He had some knowledge, too, of the classics, for to a company of scholarly taste he has been known to repeat—and to translate with excellent method as he repeated—line after line of Horace. His face was dark and seamed with wrinkles, and, like M. Blandois in "Little Dorrit," his moustache, short and dyed, at times went up under his nose, and his nose came down over his moustache, giving him the look of Mephistopheles. The shawl or the light overcoat gracefully hanging over the left arm—the right hand being employed in holding the necessary walking-stick—was quite a familiar feature of the "Beau's" out-door apparel.—It was probably the most cherished relic of his old indulgence in a fashionable exterior, and in warm weather drew to him the wondering glance of the stranger who may not have known that the garment was merely a symbol.

Had such a comic story-teller as Joe Miller ever lived, "Beau" Hickman could have taught him the first requirements of his art. Munchausen and Polichinelle combined, the improbability of his narratives of personal experiences was equalled only by their grotesqueness. The name of his stories was legion. He related how, going from Baltimore to Washington on the train, he obtained by a trick, a new hat and a free passage at the same time. Pretending to be asleep, with his head leaning upon his arm on the sill of the open window, when the conductor, gathering the tickets, passed him by and roughly shook him, he allowed his shabby "beaver" to fall from his head upon the ground. "Beau" stormed and averred that the conductor's rudeness had caused him the loss of his new hat and his ticket which was stuck into its band, and the conductor, to pacify him, allowed him to ride free to his destination and repaid him for the loss of his hat. Referring to the weakness of the Virginians over the question of their first families, he told how he once wagered with a friend that if they should cross the Long Bridge they would meet a member of a "first family" in the first person whom they should encounter on Virginia soil. The wager was taken, and "Beau" Hickman and his friend crossed the bridge into the Old Dominion. The first person whom they met proved to be an old colored man, and "Beau" won his bet, for upon being questioned as to the standing of his family, the old colored man replied: "My family, sir? I belong to one of the first families of Africa!"

The closing days of the life of "Beau" Hickman were fraught with a melancholy which seemed in keeping with his forlorn existence. For a week previous to last Saturday he had been ailing, and he did not leave his room on Maryland avenue after Thursday of last week. During the afternoon of the day first mentioned a sanitary inspector visited his lodgings and found him suffering from a paralytic stroke. He was at once removed to the Providence Hospital, where he was shown as much attention by the Sisters in charge as though he was a paying patient. He probably had no friend in the [illegible], and none called to see him at the hospital.—He lingered until yesterday morning at four o'clock, when he died. There was a belief in the minds of some people in Washington that "the Beau" was rich in small savings; but nothing was found in his room to denote that he was poverty-stricken than he seemed to be. His ward-robe did not surpass that of poor Brummel when he died in one of house at Caen, and the inventory of his effects included a dozen of such shirts, hats, a large quantity of clothing of every description, and of a second-hand quality, boots, slippers, &c.. Of the precariousness of his mode of life no better proof can be adduced than his own recent declaration that he "never knew to-day where to-morrow's meals were to come from."—This forlorn acknowledgment of poverty would perhaps be the most fitting epitaph for this man, who made others laugh, but never laughed himself.

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A FUNNY MAN IN BALTIMORE.—"John," the funny man of the New York *Sun*, is writing up Baltimore. We give a specimen of his effort:

I'm in Baltimore. Baltimore is the capital of Baltimore county, Maryland. Its on the Patapsco river, fourteen miles from Chesapeake Bay, and by ship channel 204 miles from the Atlantic Ocean. It is a glorious city, and growing gloriouser every day. The Patapsco river, I think, is named after the old man Patrick Apsco. Fort McHenry is at Baltimore. It fought the British once, and that fight suggested to Mr. Key.

"The Star-spangled banner,
Oh, long may it wave," and so forth.

Baltimore clippers first grew in Baltimore. Baltimore clippers are ships, not barbers. Jones's Falls, at Baltimore are real water. Jones' Falls at Baltimore were real banana skins. If I had a boy I wanted to teach to skate without danger of getting drowned I'd make him walk on banana skins. When he could do that without setting down, I'd let him go on the ice.

Baltimore was first laid out as a town in 1728, and in 1765 it had only fifty houses. It was chartered as a city in 1797. It is called the Monumental City because it has so many big grave-stones in its streets. Baltimore is forty-two miles from Washington. I swallowed so much dust coming through Washington that I felt like I had swallowed a pint of Sand's sarsaparilla. Why is a pint of Sand's sarsaparilla like a point of land in Long Island Sound? Because it's "Sand's P'int." I took some of the dust out of my mouth by going with a man to the Union Club House, Baltimore. Um! Um! what a nice club house it is! I came out so tired I could hardly walk. It is astonishing how weak strong stuff will make a man. I felt as happy as two raisins scratching each other's backs in the middle of a mince pie.

I saw a man in Baltimore who does nothing for a living but drink. It never goes to his head, but it makes his nose dizzy. That nose will never freeze. It's just the right shape to block a silk hat upon. He calls that nose after a piece of his native State, "Old Point Comfort."

Curious people thrive in Baltimore.—One of 'em asked me:

Says he, "If you was ginger bred, would your father be ginger pop?"

I gave it up, and that fellow had the audacity, in face of all the evidence to the contrary, to declare that he was the author of "Betsy and I are out." He stated to me that on a certain day he made a certain bet, and a certain fellow won that bet, and he remembers distinctly exclaiming "Bets and I are out." At his request I withhold the names of the parties. What better can you expect from people who, just because a woman sued another woman named Anna, have ever since called that woman "Sues Anna?"

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GARTERS.—A Nelson street dry goods man, who is well-known for his politeness, has a father who is an excellent citizen, but not a very smooth talker. They were so busy at the store Saturday afternoon that the old gentleman was called in to help. Among the customers was a young lady who appeared to be waiting to trade with him, whose elderly appearance invited her confidence. Soon an opportunity offered, and leaning over the counter as an invitation for him to do the same, she whispered her order. He bent closer to her and said, "What's that?" in a voice that startled the perspiration to her forehead. Again she whispered. "Oh, elastic" said he, in a tone that could be heard on the walk, and looking much pleased with his success. "What kind of elastic?" he added, bending his head closer to the burning face of the perspiring young maiden. Once more she tremblingly whispered. "For garters, hey!" he repeated, even louder than before, without noticing the horror-struck expression of the almost fainting young lady, "Something fancy, I suppose," he went on to say in happy oblivion of the store full of people; "young people now-a-days want something nice. My old woman uses a shoe-string, and sails around without noticing the difference." Then he got down with the box and turned around to show it, but the customer was gone. He stood around with the elastic some five minutes in waiting but she did not return, and it is likely he has forgotten all about the circumstance now.—*Danbury News.*

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A Jersey paper describes a man as being "as sociable as a batch of candidates two weeks before election."

### *That's What's the Matter with Hannah.*

Joe loves his toddy and pipe,
Joe who was gentle and tender,
Now it may not be harmful to smoke,
But Joe ought not to go on a bender,
For then he is out late at night,
And is surly and rough in his manner,
Folks say he is talking too much—
And "that's what's the matter with Hannah."

I [illegible] thinking about—
[illegible] and a folly,
And I like a good rollicking laugh,
And good friends all about who are jolly.
But Joe tarries too long at the wine,
And his wife, when I happen to scan her,
Looks anxious, and pale, and I know—
That "that's what's the matter with Hannah."

He's a generous fellow, that Joe,
And fast fellows are always around him;
And he's kind and good natured to all,
But he drinks with too many, confound him.
And one is an oily-tongued chap,
They say he's a dangerous planner,
And he sticks to Joe's side like a leech—
And "that's what's the matter with Hannah."

Joe has a snug little house,
But his meek little wife has her sorrow;
Each day gives new strength to her fears,
And she shudders to think of to-morrow.
Though she smiles, and tries hard to be gay,
There is something, alas! in her manner,
Which says she is anxious for Joe—
And "that's what's the matter with Hannah."

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## A REMARKABLE COURTSHIP.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis "Herald" tells the following anecdote of Prof. Foster, who filled with much ability one of the chairs of the Faculty of the college in Knoxville, Tennessee:

Prof. Foster was educated in the sciences usually taught in college, but the ignorance of the common affairs of life rendered him a remarkable man, furnishing a rare subject for the study of human nature in one of its multiform phases. Being advised by some of his friends to get married, he with child-like faith and simplicity, accepted their advice, and promised to do so if he could find a sound lady willing to have him. They referred him to a number of the best young ladies in the city, any of whom, they had no doubt, would be willing to accept his hand, and make him happy. He was one of the most kind-hearted of men, as void of guile as offence, and an entire stranger to the forms and ceremonies of modern courtship. He couldn't see the necessity of consuming a year or two in popping the question—"Sally, will you have me?" So he went that very day to the residence of the nearest young lady who had been recommended, and being welcomed and seated in the family circle, as he always was wherever known, he at once made known the object of his visit by saying in a clear and a distinct voice:

"Well, Miss Sarah, my friends who have advised me to get married, recommend you and a number of other young ladies to me as suitable persons, and I have now called to see if you are willing to marry me."

Had an earthquake violently shaken the premises, the household could not have been more astonished. Like a frightened roe, Sarah started to run, when her mother caught her, and said:

"Why, child, don't be frightened, the Professor won't hurt you."

Being again seated, a deep blush succeeded the paleness which had been caused by the startling announcement, and she rallied enough to be able to say to the Professor that his proposition was entirely unexpected, she must have some time to consider the matter. This he granted, but said:

"As I am anxious, in case of your refusal, to see the other young ladies today, I can wait only an hour for your answer."

Knowing the worth, sincerity and simplicity of the professor, the matron took her blushing daughter up stairs for consultation, while the father was left to entertain his proposed son-in-law as best he could under the circumstances. Of course the discussion of the sudden proposition between Sarah and her mother was private and cannot be given in full. The most essential points of it, however, were told afterward. It was readily admitted that he was entirely worthy of Sarah's hand and heart.

"But, mamma," said Sarah, "how would it look to other people for me to have to give an answer in one short hour—only sixty minutes—jump at a hasty chance—and to think how my young friends would jeer and laugh at me.—Wouldn't they tease me to death? No, ma, I can never face that music."

"But stop, my child, and listen to me. There is not a young lady in the city that would not jump at the offer made you.—Let them laugh. Girls must have something to laugh at, but it won't hurt you. Tell him yes, emphatically. If he were a stranger whose antecedents were unknown to us, however prepossessing in person and manners, or profuse in his profession of love, I would withhold my consent. But we have long known him, his moral character is without reproach, he is amiable, kind-hearted and sincere, a fine scholar, with an honorable position in the college, and he makes no false pretences. You know just what he is. What more do you want?"

"But, mamma, I don't know that he loves me; he hasn't even said so."

"Oh, well, daughter, never mind that. Generally, those who are loudest in their profession of love have least of the pure article. You can teach him by example to love you. It is far better than precept."

Leaning her head on her mother's bosom, Sarah said, in a submissive tone:

"Well, ma, just as you say—I'll tell him yes, but, although the hour isn't half out, we'll not go down until the last minute of the hour."

At the expiration of the fifty-ninth minute they returned to the Professor and papa, Sarah still blushing, but more calm than before. Then, with a firmness that astonished herself as well as her parents, she extended her hand to the Professor and said:

"Yes, sir, if papa consents."

He gave his consent without hesitancy, and it was readily agreed by all that the wedding should take place a week from that time. Then Professor Foster, with his usual calmness, conscious of having done his duty, withdrew to report progress to his friends.

Well, in due time the Professor went to the clerk for his license. The clerk informed him that the law required a bond and security in the sum of $1,250 to be void on condition there was no legal objection to the proposed union of the two persons named. The Professor very promptly replied: "Oh, never mind the bond, Mr. Clerk. I will pay you $1,100 down, and will hand you the balance in a day or two." After further explanation by the clerk, the professor soon complied with the law and obtained his license.

At the appointed time the wedding came off in the best style of the city and the company enjoyed the occasion with the greatest zest. The hours flew like humming birds. As the clock struck twelve the Professor picked up his hat and started to his boarding-house. His principal attendant, surmising his intention, followed to the front door and informed him that matrimonial etiquette required him to stay and board and lodge at the house of his father-in-law until he and his wife wished to live by themselves.

Finally the happy couple went to housekeeping, and never were man and wife more heartily congratulated or more highly esteemed than they were. They were favorites in the city. Never was wife more lovely or husband more kind or devoted, but he didn't know anything about providing for the larder, only as Sarah taught him. One little incident may suffice to illustrate. She told him one day to get some rice. He went immediately to the store and told the clerk he wanted to get some rice. "How much?" inquired the clerk. "Oh, not much," said the Professor, "I reckon three or four bushels will do for the present." The clerk was sorry to say they had not so much on hand, but that they would soon have more. The clerk persuaded him to try and make out for a few days with some fifteen or twenty pounds. Sarah and the clerk were not the only ones who laughed over the incident. He never called for the three or four bushels afterward.

If the Professor and his wife are still living they must be well-stricken in years, and if they see this brief sketch of their early lives, and find any errors in it, they will pardon the writer.

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THE PERSECUTION OF JONES.—We have no other authority for it than Jones himself, and therefore cannot vouch for its truthfulness. Jones told us that he was persecuted nearly to death some time ago by a sewing machine agent, who wanted him to make a purchase. Not being able to endure the persistence of the man, Jones says he bought a diving bell and went out four hundred miles from land and descended two miles into the ocean to spend a few days in peace. He had hardly touched bottom when he saw the sewing machine man coming down in the divers armor, carrying with him a shuttle-feed and sixty strong testimonials to the merits of his button-hole attachment. Jones informs us that he suddenly rose to the surface and prepared to sail home but just as the ship's anchor was being hauled over the side, it fell and upset the cook's caboose, scattering the live coals into the powder magazine. This caused a terrible explosion, and Mr. Jones was blown four miles upward into the air. (This is Mr. Jones' statement, remember.) Just as he began coming down, he met the sewing machine solicitor coming up in a balloon with a bucketful of samples of the lockstitch, and a model of his patent reversable hemmer. When Jones fell he was picked up, and sailed straight for home. As the vessel drew near the dock, Jones perceived the agent standing on the wharf waiting for him with a "noiseless buttonhole attachment. (We thought all buttonholes were necessarily noiseless; but Jones is responsible.) Thereupon Jones hid himself in the cabin, and instructed the captain to say to the agent, that he, Jones, had died of yellow fever on the voyage. When the sewing machine man heard this, he seized a copy of a certificate from a clergyman's wife, and then blew out his brains with a pistol, evidently determined to follow Jones into the next world and sell him a machine at all hazards. We give this for what it is worth. We only know that Jones was educated by his parents to believe that it is wicked to tell a lie.

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☞ Responses to prayers and sermons may be good if they come in at the right place. Not so, however, came in a response, recently, to a minister in an African church. He had come down from the pulpit to invite a stranger in one of the pews to preach for him, but was unsuccessful. "Brethren," said he, "I invited Brother S— to preach, but he declines." "Glory be to God!" roared out a man from the middle of the church.

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How natral it is for man, when he makes a mistake, to korrect it by kussing somebody else for it.

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"PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY."—This powerful organization, now growing up in the United States, especially in the grain growing States, is destined to be a power in the land, because its impulse springs from that common necessity, "mutual protection:" and because its membership is made up of those who are the producers of the very sustenance and life of a nation. One of the chief causes of rural ignorance, has been the insufficiency of profit arising from farm life, and this can only be obviated by the farmers themselves looking to their own interests. When a man will not attend to his own business, he must have somebody else to do it, or quit business altogether; hence, if farmers expect the consumers to look to their interests, while they merely produce, they must, by every law of human nature, expect their best interests to be abused.

The order is a secret society. Women, as well as men, are admitted to all the privileges of the grangers. Members admitted to the first degree are known respectively as a laborer and maid; to the second degree, as cultivator ands hepherdess; to the third degree, as harverter and gleaner; and, to the fourth degree, as husbandman and matron. The fifth degree is conferred only in the State granges, which are composed of masters and past masters of the subordinated granges, and their wives, who are matrons. Those admitted to this degree are called members of the Pomona or Hope Grange. The sixth degree is conferred only upon members of the council of the National grange, which is composed of masters and past masters of the State granges, and their wives, who have taken the degree of Pomona. The emblem of this degree is Flora (charity.) The seventh and highest degree is conferred only upon members of the National Senate, which comprises members of the council who have served one year in that body. The members of this degree are charged with the secret work of the order, and constitute a court of impeachment of all officers of the National Grange. The functions of the council and Senate are equivalent to those of representatives and senators in civil legislative bodies. The supreme executive authority of the order is lodged in the Master of the National Grange; at present Mr. Dudley W. Adams, of Waukon, Ia. Each subordinate grange, in common with the National and State granges, elects its own master, overseer, lecturer, steward, assistant steward, chaplain, treasurer, secretary, gate keeper, Ceres, Pomona, Flora, and lady assistant steward, whose relative duties are implied in their respective names.

The officers of subordinate granges are elected for one year's service; of State granges, for two; and of the National Grange, for three. In accordance with the second article of the constitution, subordinate granges must meet at least once each month, and the State and National granges, annually; the former; to select its own time and place, and the latter on the first Wednesday in Febuary in each year, at such places as shall be from year to year determined. Its last meeting was held in Washington; its next will be held at St. Louis. In active operation, the subordinate granges mostly meet fortnightly. The minimum fee for membership in a subordinate grange is, for men five dollars, and for women two dollars, except charter members, who pay—men three dollars, and women fifty cents.—In order to organize a new subordinate grange, it is necessary for nine men and four women who have received the four subordinate degrees, to make application for a dispensation to the secretary of the National Grange, Mr. O. H. Kelly, of Washington, and accompany the same with a fee of fifteen dollars.

Fifteen active subordinate granges in a State may apply for and receive authority to organize a State grange. Each State grange is represented by its master in the National Grange. The one clause in the constitution which at once has received the severest censure and warmest praise is that which summarily excludes all religious and political questions as subjects of discussion from the work of the order. The greatest danger of the movement at this time is that it will wreck itself, on a sudden, on the fatal reef of politics, from the nearing of which it is warned, and even forbidden.

The word "grange," by which name the order in its working capacity is designated, which, in this instance, is equivalent to lodge, is from the Latin *granum*, signifying grain; in fact, the word has a variety of meanings, which all confine it strictly to an agricultural connection. In ordinary English it means a farm, together with all its immovable belongings. In French it means a grain farm. In old Scotch it signifies a place where the tithes and rents of the Church were paid in kind, and in modern Scotch it denotes a grain-farm's buildings. The word is very old, and in the literature of the earlier times it is of frequent occurrence as applied to aristocratical residences; in which sense it has a similar significance to the words "park," "lodge" and "lair." But the name is always in some way connected with farming, or land and its belongings.

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☞ An Irishman being called to testify in court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand.

"Hold up your right hand," said the clerk.

"Please, yer honor," said the witness, still keeping his left hand up. "please, yer honor, I'm left-handed!"

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In a recent article on a fair in his locality, the editor of a western paper says a brother editor took a valuable premium, but an unkind policeman made him put it right back where he took it from.