THE TOWER OF BABEL.

Many Pagan Legends Resembling the Biblical Story—Searching for the Ruins.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The recent flight of sundry foolish folks to the hills was not the only occasion on which people have sought safety in high places. The incident of the Tower of Babel is one that will naturally commend itself to the reader. There are few narratives in the five books of Moses that are more impressive than that of the erection of the Tower of Babel, and there are few concerning which there has been more discussion. The little that is certainly known, and something of the much that has been conjectured, will form the subject of this article.

The deluge being over, the "sons of men" seem to have wandered about the Asian lands in an aimless, nomadic sort of way, until they struck the plains of Shinar, in Mesopotamia, when they decided to settle down and build a city—partly because of the level and then fertile character of the land, and partly because of the abundance of brick-clay and bitumen, with which the plains were rich. Being on the plains, however, and mindful of the cataclysm through which they had just passed, they decided not only to build a city, but also to build a rallying point, which might prove an asylum in case of another great danger, and possibly by means of which they might even get up among the gods themselves. At any rate, whether the deity was offended because the tower was an evidence of a lack of belief in the promise that there should be no more flood, or because it was an evidence of impious presumption, the building of the tower was suddenly brought to a close. A confusion of tongues was sent to plague the builders, their language was confounded, work was stopped and the workmen were once more scattered "abroad on the face of the earth."

There the biblical story ends. It is worthy of note, however, that many stories or legends of a similar trend are to be found outside the Bible. There is a Chaldean tradition that the first men, relying on their strength and size, raised a tower reaching toward heaven, but that the winds, assisting the gods, brought the building down on the heads of the builders. Plato also reports a tradition that in the golden age men aspiring to immortality were confounded in their speech by Jupiter. Then, too, in the details of the story of the war of the Titans against the gods may be traced a traditionary resemblance to the narrative of the Bible. Again, Josephus is authority for the statement that the Sibyl stated that when all men were of one language some of them built a high tower, as if they would thereby ascend to heaven, but the gods sent storms of wind, and one threw the tower and gave every one his peculiar language. Lastly, for the purpose of this article, there is the legend that Nimrod induced the people to build a tower too high for the waters again to reach, but that the tower was split from the top to the bottom by lightning.

It is evident from this multiplicity, yet general similarity of the Babel legends—legends, it may be added, which are quite as numerous as those referring to the Deluge—that there must have been some great cause or origin of them that challenges consideration and respect, even if viewed only as an attempt to account for the origin of the diversity of languages.

It is not quite clear, however, that the story of the Tower of Babel is all fable. That the tower gave its name to Babylon there is now no doubt, and there is quite a respectible mass of authorities to show that Babylon contained a certain tower-like building of unusual dimensions. Arrian, Diodorus Siculus and Strabo are three names that may be mentioned in this list. It is related, too, by Herodotus that when the Jews were carried captive into Babylonia they were so struck with the vast magnitude and peculiar character of the Babylonian temples that they imagined they saw among them the very tower of their Scriptures. It would seem from this that they also accepted it as a fact that the Tower of Babel was not irremediably destroyed at the time of the confusion of tongues, and that it was repaired and completed. The "Father of History" goes even further, and describes the tower as the Jews saw it at the time of their captivity, and as he saw it in ruins.

"In the middle of the sacred inclosure," he says, "there stands a solid tower of a stadium both in depth and width; upon this tower another is raised, and another upon that, to the number of eight towers. An ascent to them has been made on the outside, in a circle extending round all the towers."

The tower was then dedicated to Bel or Belus, so that it would seem, having been first consecrated to immoderate ambition, to have become a temple of idolatry.

With the fall of the Chaldean empire and the ruin of its capital the modern identification of the Tower of Babel has become an extremely difficult task. When Christian travelers first began to visit the ruins of the plains of Shinar, they generally attached the name of the Tower of Babel to whatever mass was the loftiest and most imposing. As a consequence there were soon six or seven towers added to the archæological list. Late explorations, however, have resulted in a consensus of opinion in favor of Birs Nimrod, or Nimrod's tower. The appearance of this massive ruin is deeply impressive, rising suddenly as it does out of a wide desert plain, with its rent, fragmentary and fire-blasted pile, and the whole hill itself on which it stands, dreary and desolate. The base of the tower at present measures over two thousand feet, and is formed of the most beautiful brick masonry, though the upper portions are torn and vitrified, as though by lightning. Birs Nimorud appears by careful examination to have been a retreating pyramid built in seven receding stages. The whole height has been calculated to have been 156 feet. This is no very great height, it is true, but taken in connection with the hill on which it stands, and which was probably terraced, the whole must have been of quite an effective and sky-reaching appearance. Whether this is really the tower by means of which the postdiluvian relics intended scaling high heaven is, of course, pure conjecture, but it stands as another proof of the fact that modern exploration in the Orient is costantly clearing the way to the acceptance of the early Bible stories as something more than rabbinical legends.

AN OVERWORKED PRINCE.

It Isn't an Easy Thing to Be the Prince of Wales.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

England is the home of constitutional fictions, and we may include in the interesting catalogue the fiction that the Prince of Wales has nothing to do. The constitution assigns him no public work, the government of the day dare not give it to him, and there are persons of sane mind who, firmly believing in the constitution and the government, and shutting their eyes to facts, imagine that his life must be uneventful, languid and purely private. It is nothing of the kind. It was never intended to be anything of the kind.

The Prince's public work commenced with his visit to Canada, in 1860, when he was within a few months of his eighteenth year. He opened exhibitions, bridges and parks, laid foundation stones and received and replied to addresses by the score. His public work has never been interrupted since that date, except by his illness in 1871. In 1868 he spent ten days in Ireland. The Times pithily described his visit by saying: "There were presentations, and receptions, and receiving and answering addresses, processions, walking, riding and driving, in morning, evening, military, academic and mediæval attire."

In the matter of tours, blending public, social and private functions, the Prince has done and continues to do, an amount of work that has never been equaled, much less excelled.

The Prince has to keep abreast of the times, and this duty involves much reading, a good deal of writing and discussion with competent informants. His public work occupies a portion of nearly every day, and his business habits teach him dispatch, method and prescience. He does not know what actual idleness means, and he is so well versed in public as distinct from party political movements that in a rigorous competitive examination he would not easily be beaten. He is often fatigued with a round of work and social observances, but he manfully executes all his duties with a kindliness and punctilio seldom seen in such felicitous combination.

There is no busier man in Europe. A Minister of State has fewer social duties. A popular peer has not so many difficult public functions to perform. No philanthropist can excel him in delicately discriminating benevolence. No Prince of England ever led so many new departures, or mixed so freely with public men in promoting purely national movements, social, educational and charitable, or was ever so highly esteemed by the personages in immediate contact with him. As the Times once truly said, the representative duties of royalty are heavier than the private functions which the hardest-worked Englishman has to perform. Circumstances have imposed upon the Prince of Wales a very large share of these duties, and he has borne his part bravely, and with an alacrity and kindliness, a tact and cleverness, which cannot be praised too highly. He is a born leader and a born worker.

"GEORGE SAND'S" MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Some Curious Revelations in Baron Haussmann's Memoirs.

London Truth.

Baron Hanssmann's "Recollections," which have just come out, do not answer to the curiosity with which they were awaited. If a sprightly old lady had had to do with his memoirs, extending from 1812 to the present time, she would have made them charming as, say, the ruins of an old castle bright with creeping verdure and wild flowers. He is provokingly reticent in dealing with the Emperor Napoleon III's marriage. He could have said a great deal, as he knew Mme. Montijo when she was passing four or five months at Bordeaux, after she had left the hotel at Bayonne, where she had lodged for so long a time. The Baron, however, furnishes some spicy pages, which are grateful as an oasis in the desert. He shows in a rather pleasant chapter that George Sand's complaints in "Ma Vie" about her mother-in-law were all unfounded, and that George's husband was no baron at all. What a good thing it is for Maurice Sand's family that he died before this truth came out, for he felt rather ashamed of his mother's democratic sympathies, and wanted to drop her name and parade the title which he fancied himself heir to.

The poor mother-in-law was kind to weakness, and made great sacrifices to George and her spouse, who had no sort of right to claim anything of her. The old lady's fortune was in her own right, and George's husband was the son of one of those Gascony shepherdesses who walk about on stilts at the heads of flocks in the snake-infested Landes. She was an impudent creature, without a ray of character. Baron Dudevant, the poor "mother-in-law's" husband, was a colonel in Napoleon's army, and rather eclectic in his loves. His reputation as a Don Juan put it into the heads of all kinds of shepherdesses to use his hall porch as the creche of a foundling hospital. They knew that the good-natured Baroness would never suffer any innocent left there to stay long enough exposed for the wolves (which were numerous as the snakes) to eat it. She always did something maternal for the deserted little ones. When the one destined to be George Sand's husband was picked up and brought to her she took a fancy to him, and had him reared by the gardner's wife. He often ran into the great house. On the death of the Baron, the Baroness saw a great deal of the boy, for she was lonesome. He was worthy of having Zola for his portrayer, and in grossness was as bad as any hoofed and horned satyr. The old lady thought this a certain proof that he had a right to the style and title of her defunct husband.

The more la bete humaine showed itself in him the more, to the despair of her own relatives, she thought it her duty to treat him as an adopted son. She was enchanted on learning that this mauvais sujet had proposed for Aurore Dupin, the heiress to a property of about a thousand acres and a chateau, which she inherited from her grandmother, the daughter of Marshal Saxe. The dear old lady settled all her property on the supposititious Dudevant, and he and his bride came on a visit to her. The latter had no objection to her aristocratic ways and prejudices until a servant told her that she was not the daughter-in-law of the Baroness, but of the hag she (George) had seen herding turkeys. This threw the bride into a state of black gloom, made her take ill all the kind actions of the dowager, who, she fancied, had entered into a conspiracy to humble and pull her down and leave the house in high dudgeon. I can understand her keeping silence in "Ma Vie" about the servant's revelation. Perhaps she thought it well that Maurice should be able in good faith to claim to be a baron. Or it may be that she overlooked when she was being wooed the brutal ways of M. Dudevant because she thought it would be nice to set up in life as a baroness.

CHARMING AWAY WARTS.

Several Sure Cures if Your Faith Is Strong Enough.

Lewistown Journal.

"Warts!" ejaculated the oracle to the presiding member of the oyster-cracker convention in a Main-street grocery store in Lewistown Saturday. "I've had 'em. Yes, sir, I've had 'em, but I charmed 'em away." After this statement the members of the convention fell into silence, considering the departed warty days of youth. "If a man will write down the number of warts that he has on his hands on the hat band of a tramp without the tramp knowing it, the latter will carry the warts away with him," suggested George William, the elderly oracle of warts, after a long silence. "Warts used to give in," he continued, "when you cut one notch on a green elder stick for every wart you had and then rubbed the stick on each wart and then buried it in the barnyard until it rots. That fixes 'em. Take a black snail, rub him on the warts and then stick him on a thorn bush. Do this nine successive nights and the snails and the warts will be dead together." "Chalk marks on the stove funnel used to fix my warts," said the chairman of the meeting. "Get 'em on when nobody could see you, and when they disappeared the warts went too. This used to get sort of mixed when my mother saw the chalk marks and wiped 'em off. When I used to see a funeral go by unexpectedly I used to rub the warts up and down and say, 'Warts and corpses pass away and never more return.' That was intended to fix 'em." "Charming warts was the popular way in my day," said the minister. "A man of elderly mien and sad features was the king of the charmers. I went to him surreptitiously one day, and he looked me in the eyes and said something that sounded like 'Wobbly, gobbly gum,' and a lot more of the same interesting description. I've forgotten whether the warts went or not. We used to think that to take as many pebbles as we had warts, touch them to the excrescences, sew them in a bag, take them to the four corners of the cross-roads and throw the bag over the left shoulder would do the business. The only bad feature of this was that if any person should find the bag and open it he would reap the warty treasure of the bag."

The Widening Stream of Knowledge.

Will Cumback's New Lecture.

And while the listless indifference of that large class who act as though it "is all of life to live," is most disheartening to the philanthropist, yet when he comes to consider that the whole human race would have been in like condition but for the brave and self-denying efforts of the reformer, he should take courage. The stream of human knowledge becomes broader and deeper, and clearer every day; too broad to be longer confined in the narrow channel in the high places, where wealth and caste controlled it. It has come down to the valleys and the plains, and flows by the habitations, and blesses the homes of the common people. More and more do the human race of all conditions quench their thirst from its abundant and self-satisfying currents. As the common man drinks the light comes into his imprisoned soul, that he, too, is endowed with the wonderful gift of reason, that no necessity is laid on him to be the slave or follower of another, that he can think, choose and act for himself. He begins to magnify his own manhood, and to delightfully realize the strong upholding power of his own self-respect. Well may we boast that our age can exhibit these grander opportunities to stimulate loftier aspirations in the individual man.

One Must Fit Among So Many.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

There is one good newspaper portrait of Stanley. That is to say, all the newspaper portraits are unlike, and one of them is bound to look like him.

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AN ENGLISHMAN AMUSED.

He Enjoys the Headlines and Little Jokes Found in American Newspapers.

Washington Letter in New York Independent.

An English friend is much amused with the American wit that he finds scattered about our newspapers. "The frisky headlines," said he "so captivating that they tickle that side of our nature that always calls for amusement more than for serious things; sometimes it is serious and does not of itself amuse. They may be talking of something as vital as the question of heirship in an estate, but they head the column with 'Who Breathed Last?' the matter turning on whether one or the other of two parties lived five seconds longer, and involving in its decision a question of several millions of dollars. The heading of a Senator's speech last week was 'Hades' Earthly Rival,' and the fact that the pan-American trip South broke up was lined 'They Did Not Want to Go,' and so on. Then the short paragraphs, the bright comments, are enough to make Sidney Smith turn over in his grave. We thought he was worthy of a book, containing the records of a not very eventful life, simply because of the bright things he said about it; but just listen to these, all said off-hand, put in the daily paper, read and forgotten, and looking for some more to-morrow. I cut some of them out. This is political fun. The heading is 'We Will Have Pie,' and it says: 'The wicked ways and means committee has not probably reflected upon the fact that an increase of duty on tin-plate might increase the price of grocery pies. The party that deliberately adds to the price of pie will be hurled from power the moment the American people can get at it.'" And my English friend chuckled, and took up another. "This interests me because I am a free-trader. 'The proposed tariff on eggs has not interfered materially with the crop of chickens in the Democratic newspapers this spring. They are out for a crow, even though the provocation be local.' Then they want to make fun of New York, your great city—sitting at the head of her noble bay and ruled by Irish immigrants and scalawags, I think you call it, until her politics reeks to heaven. Here it is. 'New York city cries for a fire-proof place in which to keep its records. Nothing short of infinite mercy can insure that city's record against fire.' Oh, that is delicious! Then there is other fun not political, and as exquisite as Sidney himself. Just listen to this: 'Don't you think that Mr. Downylip is a very self-conscious young person?' said one Washington girl to another. 'Yes; but you can't blame him. It's the only thing that saves him from total oblivion.' Oh, you are a great people! You frolic and carry on like a young giant—you are so confident in your future and so jolly from your prosperous past; even your great civil war did not steady or sadden you permanently, and here you are making fun even with your great questions—not of them; oh, no; not of them. You are dreadfully in earnest about your tariff, but you will have your joke with it. We? Well, Punch makes our political jokes for us. We never set them afloat in the pages of any newspapers or in all of them. Our political fun is all Punch. You have a duty on pictures and statues, but you let the statue of your rebel General Lee come in free; and you let also those deluded Virginians put up his name in the old church, at Alexandria, on one side of the chancel wall, with that of General Washington on the other. Washington would have taken arms against Lee and denounced him as a traitor if he had been alive in the days of your rebellion. Lee was doing what he could to break up the unity which your Washington struggled and almost died for, and the necessity of preserving your bond of union is the one thing he bears upon most strongly in his last letter to the country he loved. You are a great people. I am going down to Mount Vernon to see the house and the tomb of that admirable Gen. Washington."

THE ELDER BENNETT'S THRIFT.

How the New York Herald Reaped a Harvest Out of the Great Panic of 1837.

Memphis Commercial.

Among the many interesting incidents that Mr. Allen related, while talking about the famous panic of 1837, was one about James Gordon Bennett, the elder, which shows how that rapacious journalist was ever ready to fatten upon misfortune, and how the nest-egg of the colossal fortune now represented by the New York Herald was laid.

Bennett had just started the Herald and was eking out a slim existence for himself and paper by pulling out, ever and anon, some ugly skeleton from the social and business closets of New York when the great panic came.

The first rumble of the coming crash filled everybody with terror. Men who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been good for millions above their liabilities did not know how they stood, for they could not tell who of their debtors would be able to pay them. Men who had obligations out which, under the usual conditions of trade they would have been easily able to meet, were quaking with fear lest at any moment some startled creditor should come upon them with a demand for an immediate settlement, which would involve them in financial ruin. Everybody was scared, and, like drowning men grasping at straws, they were willing to do anything to escape the resistless tide of financial contraction, which they felt was going to engulf them any moment. Here was a chance to make money out of the almost delirious business public by publishing false news and suppressing the true facts in regard to the money market and the solvency or insolvency of the men who controlled the market, which the shrewd money-getter and the unscrupulous money-getter did not overlook.

One day the Herald announced that it would on a certain date print a list of all the solvent banking and commission houses in New York and and Philadelphia, which was then the banking center of the United States.

Mr. Allen, who was in Philadelphia at the time, says there was a general stampede among the men in the business mentioned to get into the Herald's list, and that instead of having to go out and hunt for the facts as newspapers in these days have to do, all the wily Bennett did was to sit in his office and dictate the money consideration under which the names were to go on the list of hundreds who were clamoring to be represented in it.

When the list finally appeared it was a long one, and it paid the scheming proprietor of the Herald so well that he at once went to work to play the same game, but beginning at the other end of the deal.

In a few days another editorial announcement appeared in the Herald. This time it proposed to print a list of the shaky and insolvent houses in the two principal cities. As everybody was shaky and nearly everybody insolvent, it may readily be imagined that the struggle to keep out of this list was ten times more desperate, and the persons touched ten times more numerous, than the rush and number of applicants to get into the other list had been.

When the list appeared it did not contain as many prominent business names as the other one had done, notwithstanding the fact that the proportion of shaky firms to those absolutely solvent was about a hundred to one.

Bennett made a fortune out of the panic-stricken bankers and brokers, and he at once began to enlarge the Herald.

Common Sense About Actors.

London Saturday Review.

When we go to a theater our sole concern is to see a good play well acted, and if performers could grasp this fact they would earn far more respect than is at present bestowed upon them. For the private life of the actress we care nothing, and of it we desire to know absolutely nothing. Lady Macbeth may be the blameless mother of Macbeth's children. Desdemona may have rightly earned the Dunmow flitch as the model wife of Othello; these are points on which it would be impertinent on our part to inquire, our only legitimate concern being the extent to which the characters as drawn by the dramatist are depicted by the players. * * * Actors and actresses would earn more respect if they observed more reticence as to their private proceedings, and drew a more marked distinction between their lives as individuals and as public performers.

The Penalty of a Little Nervousness.

Eugene Field's London Letter in Chicago News.

One of the reminiscences which the Queen loves to recall is of the time when Louis Napoleon was her guest aboard the royal yacht Victoria and Albert. The French monarch praised the sumptuous furnishings of the vessel, and confessed that he had never felt able to afford so great a luxury. "But for you, madam," said he gallantly, "you are the queen of the seas!" This compliment tickled the Queen mightily. The title was a new one, and it hit her fancy. Victoria is a great stickler at formality; she will not tolerate anything like a breach of custom. The custom is that, whenever the Queen visits a town she shall, before leaving that town, knight the Mayor thereof. The form of dubbing a knight is exceedingly simple. The candidate kneels before her Majesty; she asks his name; he gives it simply "Andrew Jones" or whatever it might be; the Queen touches him with a sword and says: "Rise, Sir Andrew Jones." On one occasion the Queen was about to knight the Mayor of one of the smaller cities she had been visiting. The poor fellow was scared almost out of his wits. He was so nervous that when the Queen asked his name he answered: "Mr. Thomas Hopkins." Whereupon her Majesty, incensed at this breach of custom, and making no allowance for the poor man's trepidation, exclaimed: "Rise, Mr. Thomas Hopkins," and, throwing the sword aside, sailed indignantly out of the room.

SLOW-BURNING HOUSE CONSTRUCTION.

A Practical Builder Describes a Plan for Protecting Cheap Houses from Fire.

A. W. Page, in New York Post.

A few months since I read an article by Mr. Edward Atkinson on slow-burning buildings, in which I was much interested. His suggestions or improvements related to factories and warehouses. I have not had any experience with that class of buildings, but have turned my attention to the better protection of dwelling-houses in the way of keeping out cold, odors, coal and ash-dust, and especielly rats and mice, from the basements and cellars, also in making them, not fire-proof, but "slow burning." I have worked at house-building most of the time for over thirty years, and for the past fifteen years with this object in view. When I occasionally suggest the idea of keeping rats and mice out of a house, I am told it cannot be done. On the house that I am now building I asked the mason to do the work in a certain way around the chimney, giving my reason; he said I could not keep mice out of a house. I told him it must be done, as I was under obligation to pay a dollar for every one found in the house. I think it is practicable, and with a little care can be done; also to take some precautions against fire. One could not contrive a more perfect system of arranging a quantity of lumber to have it burn quickly than by using it to construct a modern house. The open spaces in the outside walls between the boarding and plastering, and in the partitions, and between the floor timbers, form a perfect network of flues. If a fire starts in the lowest part of the house, those flues, with the shavings and chips that are usually left there, carry the fire to the attic and roof instantly; or if it starts above, the coals and fragments of fire fall down through those flues, thus spreading the fire very rapidly.

In the old-fashined houses, that were built with large posts, beams and floor-timbers, there were not so many of these flues, consequently there were more chances for extinguishing the fire, or, at least, more time to save household goods and, perhaps, life. I have in mind one of those old houses that took fire not long ago beneath the floor; the fire was confined there and put out before it had time to spread. In a modern house it would have followed those natural flues to the roof very quickly. It is well known how fiercely a fire will follow a ventilator or elevator-shaft; in the same way it follows the above-described partition and wall-flues in a house.

The suggestions that I have to offer as an improvement in house-building are simply to let the lining floors in each story extend to the outside boardings, and lay one course of brick in mortar on the floor between the studding; refuse or broken brick or small stones will answer; fill in inside the partitions in the same way if necessary, not forgetting to stop all openings around steam and other pipes and every other place where a mouse would be liable to go or gnaw through. A little care and $8 to $12 will cover the cost in an ordinary house. At greater expense more might be done as a protection against fire. If the house is plastered before the finish is put on it is a good plan to plaster down to the lining floor on the outside walls, and, in fact, all of the walls, instead of plastering to grounds six or seven inches from the floor. I think this plan is practiced in the middle States more than in New England, and may be elsewhere, though I think it is being done in New England more of late years than formerly. I think if one were to have a house built in this way it would be more satisfactory to the owner and those who occupy it.

How Some Little Heiresses Dress.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

The richest little heiress in the United States, Pauline Astor, daughter of William Waldorf Astor, dresses in black for street wear. She goes driving every day in the Astor carriage, accompanied by her nurse and her two little brothers. She wears a plainly-made gown of soft black woollen goods, a double-breasted jacket of black cloth and a black leghorn hat, trimmed with folds and rosettes of black mousseline de soie. At home she wears plain gowns of the finest French muslin, with hand-run tucks and hand-embroidered yokes and skirts. The mull is so exquisitely fine that it is not sent to the laundry, but instead to the cleaners. There it is cleaned just like silk and satin. The most sensibly-dressed children of very rich families are those of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes. Their nursery has every modern improvement, and none of the furniture is too fine to be subjected to daily sun-baths. The walls are papered in pale-blue, with designs from Grimm's "Fairy Tales," pictures of different countries, with the flora and fauna of each country grouped around it.

The two little children who live in this pretty room wear pretty wool dresses, made pretty plain, and over them high-neck and long-sleeve linen aprons, finished with fluted ruffles at the neck and wrists. For dress occasions they have white silk and white mull dresses made very simple, but sewed entirely by hand, and their cloaks and hats are pure white.

Amenities Between Actors.

Chicago Herald.

The knowledge is very general that there exists a feeling of jealousy between the two noted English actors, Henry Irving and Wilson Barrett. When the latter first resolved to come to this country it is stated that the feeling on the part of Irving grew very strong, and, meeting Barrett on the Strand one day, he said, in his halting tones:

"So—eh—Barrett, I—eh—hear you are—eh—going to America."

Barrett replied, in his highly dramatic voice: "Well, I had a thought of so doing, Irving."

"Well—eh—America is a—eh—young country; good—eh—you know, but you—eh—must discriminate."

"So I have a-heard."

"What do you—eh—propose to inflict on—eh—them, Barrett?"

"Well, I had a-first thought of playing Claudian, and then, a-perchance, to give them Hamlet."

"Hamlet? Why, I—eh—have played Hamlet there."

This was said with such an air of superiority that Barrett was nettled, and he snapped out, angrily: "Well, confound you, do you a-think you are the only man that can play Hamlet?"

"No! no! But I—eh—think you—eh—are the only man that can't."

Woman with a Capital "W."

Boston Transcript.

We seem likely to hear enough and more than enough of Woman. It is hard for some human beings to take themselves naturally and not to insist upon the fact that they are not Man, with a capital M. At the annual dinner of a certain woman's club, a few weeks ago, there were half a dozen of the conventional sort of ewig weibliche speeches by women who felt it their duty to glorify Woman in every possible way. It was the annual dinner to which men are invited. One of these men said he sat dumb before the tide of eloquence about women, and longed to make a speech himself. It was a woman's programme, however, and the men, the guests, had not been asked to contribute to the feast of reason.

"I thought, as I sat and listened to the women praising all that woman is doing nowadays, of a little scene at my daughter's home yesterday," said this man. "My son-in-law came for me, and we went over to see my new grandchild. I found my wife and my daughter in tears. 'Why, what's the matter?' I asked, and they answered—those women's club women—they answered, sobbing, 'It's a girl!'"

Considerate of the Mules.

Philadelphia Times.

Considerate ladies now make it a point never to stop a street-car in the middle of a square, all on account of the "poor horses." There has been a remarkable growth of the humanitarian sentiment towards animals in Philadelphia within a year or two.

MR. HIC JONES, ATTORNEY.

Facts Connected with His Admission to the Bar of Paint Creek, Kan.

Washington Special to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Senator Plumb had a copy of the "Poems of Ironquill" at the Senate chamber one day, and Senator Quay got hold of it in an idle hour. The Pennsylvanian read and smiled and read and smiled again. When he returned the volume he told Senator Plumb that he must certainly have a copy. Senator Plumb transmitted the request to Mr. Eugene F. Ware, of Fort Scott. Senator Quay has received the desired volume, and on a fly-leaf appears the following autograph dedication:

THE UNKNOWN POET.

He was a genius. Through the midnight gloom
He used his mind in unremitting toil
And oil; much midnight oil did he consume,
But he got left; the oil was fusel oil.
IRONQUILL.

To Senator M. S. Quay, Washington, D. C.

There is one poem in the book which Senator Quay has pronounced the best thing in rhyme he ever read. It is:

AN AGREED STATEMENT OF FACTS

As to the Admission of Mr. Hic Jones to the Paint Creek Bar of Kansas.

The poem opens as follows:

Jones was unassuming, but the shrewd observer saw
Something that appeared abnormal in the structure of his jaw.
When the court convened, old Snipe-'em, with a voice like a guitar,
Offered Jones's application for admission to the bar.
Then the court looked wise and owly, and in slow judicial tones
Ordered Snipe-'em, Brown and Spot-'em first to analyze young Jones,
Saying, "Gentlemen, be thorough; at the opening of the court,
We will skip the motion docket and consider your report."

Sheriff Grabb showed the committee and the candidate for admission to the bar upstairs to a room. The key was turned in the door. The table was stacked with gun-wads. Spot-'em acted as banker. The examination proceeded. The historian, after narrating the events of the afternoon, says:

The committee stopped for supper, readjusted all their loans
And proceeded with fresh vigor in their researches for Jones.
Just about this time "The district clerk of the aforesaid court,"
By some unknown coincidence, dropped in to see the sport.
Having lifted the frumenti, he did cheerfully reply
To their bland interrogations in regard to "chicken pie."
Unpaid fees in Spot-'em's cow case then were discounted by Brown,
Which the clerk took out in gun-wads, most of which young Jones raked down.

At the hour of 3 precisely, after four successful raids,
Spot-'em raked down Snipe-'em's shirt-studs on a hand composed of spades;
Snipe-'em took a dose of tonic and reluctantly resigned,
While the clerk, with sad bravado, went a collar-button blind.
Hour by hour the game continued; Jones came in on every draw,
But no syllable proceeded from that strange abnormal jaw.

When court re-opened in the morning the committee was still out and unable to report. The docket was called and a mule case taken up.

Two members of the bar
Assaulted twelve one-gallus men with words of legal war.

The mule case having been settled by the argument that nobody had ever seen a dead mule, the committee and the candidate for admission appeared at the bar.

Hereupon came Brown and Spot-'em, Jones and Snipe-'em in the rear,
Arm in arm, each with his necktie dangling down below his ear.
Each one made a short, spasmodic pull upon his rumpled vest,
And, fronting up before the judge, the whole platoon right-dressed.

Old Snipe-'em, "with a voice diffuse, yet sweet," announced to the judge that the committee had made the "zamination mor'n'er usual complete."

"Went ri' through—hic—Jones," said Snipe-'em, "he z'all ri'—hic—on 'er law;
He can draw 'er chattel mortgage—or three aces ever' draw;
'Z got all Spot-'em's tax-books and reports; mine too—hic—hain't he, Brown?
"'Z got'er bully mor'l character—Jones straight-er 'an a string;
Raised old Spot-'em seventeen dollars, an' he didn't have a thing;
'Z by all means admit—hic—Jones 'er bar; 'ose book mus' stay in town;
Hic—old Spot's too full for utterance." "Zas so!" responded Brown.

The action of the court upon the report of the committe is announced.

"Clerk, swear Hic Jones," old pro tem. said, in language gruff and quick.
(The court supposed that Jones's antecedent name was "Hic."
Then the clerk said, somewhat vaguely, "You do swear—hic—from 'is date.
You will solem'ny support 'er Conistution of 'er State;
Be 'er lawyer of 'er bar from 'is date—hic—forthly hence.
(Hold up 'er han')—all ri'—hic—bob—so help you—fifty cents."
Then the judge gave Jones a scroll; Jones received it with delight,
And the whole platoon meandered, with a right flank—hic—file right.
So delighted was a juror that the shingle-nail was bust
That did duty as a button where the juror's jeans were trussed.

Jones turned out to be an ornament to the bar of Paint Creek. The chronicler relates:

He wrote and now delivers an exceedingly fine lecture
On "Proceedings in Tribunals of Penultimate Conjecture."

AN ADVENTURE IN CHICAGO.

Perils Encountered by Ranchman Spaulding—Burning of the Snell Trail Toll-Gate.

New York Tribune.

Advices from Chicago via Toledo and Pittsburg bring the intelligence of two important events in that city, namely, the annexation of another large tract of valuable agricultural land and the forcible destruction of a toll-gate and house by the citizens of the ward in which it was situated. As regards the district annexed to the city there is said to be no government land remaining in it, so that a rush like that to Oklahoma is not expected. On the other hand, good farming and grazing lands may be had at a low figure, and all kinds of cereals are said to thrive. The introduction of free postal delivery is expected to boom this region.

The reports sent from Chicago concerning the destruction of the toll-gate say that it was burned by a party of angry citizens who did not think that such things should encumber the streets of the world's fair city. The cause, as reported from another source, seems to have been slightly different. It appears that a man named "Zeb" Spaulding has a stock-ranch in the southern part of the city, only a few miles from the boundary line. A week ago yesterday he started to go uptown with his wife and family. They traveled with a team of mules and a wagon fitted with a white-cloth cover, a combination known in the ingenious West as a "prairie schooner." Though there was no road Spaulding was acquainted with the country, and did not doubt his ability to strike the trail after a day or two. In this, however, he overestimated himself. About the middle of the afternoon he halted on a little knoll, and looked away across the gentle rolling prairie. The country had lost its familiarity to Spaulding. The soft afternoon sun shone down warmly. The breeze rustled the dry grass. Low on the southwestern horizon hung a light cloud of smoke, which he knew came from a prairie fire. The mules were uneasy and sniffed the air suspiciously. Forty yards away sat a gaunt and hungry coyote, on a whitened buffalo skull, eyeing the party. The first prairie dog of the season chirped at him from its hillock. A quarter of a mile to the north a half dozen startled antelopes stood with heads erect, frightened at the strange appearance of a wagon. Far above a hawk circled lazily, seeming almost to touch the soft, white spring clouds. The breeze freshened and sighed more sadly through the long, dry grass. Zeb Spaulding was lost on the great prairies of Chicago.

Turning to the wagon, Spaulding spoke cheering words to his wife and children, telling them that he believed all would yet be well, and reminding them that they had food enough to last a week. Taking his trusty Winchester in his hand he mounted the near mule and pressed on. As he started he saw, a mile to the west, a Chicago postman hurrying across the prairie on a thoroughbred horse. He tried to signal him, but in vain—the letter-carrier had a postal-card for the Lonesome Ranch, two days' hard riding to the south, and looked neither to the right nor to the left. They camped that night by a little creek and near an old buffalo wallow. Spaulding sat all night by the camp-fire with his gun across his knees, while his wife and children slept. The night wind moaned through the naked boughs of a scrub cottonwood tree near the stream, and the coyotes howled among the sage brush just over the ridge. They made an early start in the morning. At 9 o'clock they had an engagement with some Indians, who appeared on the right. Spaulding fired three or four shots and they made off. About noon a prairie fire almost overtook them, but by hard driving they reached the South Fork of the Big Rattlesnake river and crossed it, leaving the fire behind. At 3 o'clock Spaulding uttered an exultant shout; they had struck the trail. They now began to pass the houses of scattering settlers. But at 5 o'clock they came to the Snell Trail toll-gate. The keeper demanded 5 cents. Spaulding put his hand in his pocket, when suddenly he remembered that he had left his money in his other chaparejos. Entreaties, explanations and threats alike failed to move the gate-keeper. Spaulding turned out by the side of the trail and went into camp.

That evening Spaulding visited the houses of the settlers near at hand, and told his story. All were indignant that a man who had come so far and had so much bad luck should be stopped by a paltry toll-gate in the heart of the city. At midnight a determined band broke in the gateman's doors, took out his furniture and burned the house and gate. Next morning at sunrise, Zeb Spaulding drove past the charred remains of the gate and on toward his destination. Settlers now became more numerous. He reached the postoffice at 6 o'clock that evening and camped for the night on a vacant block near the Board of Trade building, where he received the congratulations of the Mayor and prominent citizens not only on his marvellous escape from the prairies, but on his destruction of the obnoxious toll-gate as well.

We desire to acknowledge our indebtedness for many of the more important facts in the foregoing narrative to St. Louis papers of recent dates.

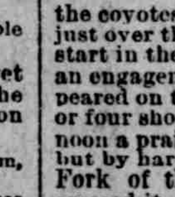
"AS BIG A FOOL AS THOMPSON'S COLT."

"Well, by George, I supposed every one'd heard tell of Thompson's colt. You see, it was like this: Thompson was an early settler, and owned a team and one colt. He lived on the bank of some big stream—the Mississip, I reckon. Well, whenever that tarnal colt of his'n was thirsty, instead of walking down to the water and drinking, like a sensible critter would, what did the fool colt do but swim to the other side, wade out, shake himself, turn around, walk down and—take a drink."

Now, some folks are just like that colt. When they get bilious and constipated, they just let it run on, until first thing they know they have to swim through a long, tedious spell of sickness. A few doses of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken in time, would prevent all that. There is nothing equal to it for Biliousness, Impure Blood, Scrofula, or even Consumption, which is really nothing more nor less than Scrofula of the Lungs. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Manufacturers, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.



$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, putrid and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists, everywhere.

BISMARCK'S WIFE.

The Domestic Life of the Chancellor and His Plaintive Posing as a Victim.

London Daily News.

If little is known in England of Prince Bismarck's private life, still less, says Mrs. Pereira, is known of the lady who, for more than forty-two years, has shared his home. The Princess Bismarck is described as the very model of a practical, methodical German matron, with an eye for every detail of household arrangement and economy, and a heart for the comfort and well-being of each housemate, from the highest to the lowest. Weddings, it has been observed, not seldom give rise to other weddings.

It was at the wedding of a friend that Bismarck first met Fraulein Johanna von Puttkamer. She was one of the bridesmaids, and the stately lady made then and there an impression on the young baron which culminated in an offer of marriage three years later. The key to the Princess's character is to be found, says the same biographer, in her words: "That my husband is a public character is a fact to which I often find it painful enough to resign myself. But as for me, his wife, what have I to do with publicity? I do not exist for publicity, but wholly and solely for him."

This perfect union of souls, however, Mrs. Pereira confesses, has not prevented the Princess's husband from posing occasionally as a victim to family claims. In one letter he says, referring to a projected excursion to the seaside: "I have held out against it for a long time, but as all the mothers and aunts are unanimous in declaring that nothing but sea water and sea air can do poor Mariechen any good, I know that if I still refuse every cold in the head which may befall her to the seventieth year of her age will be set down to my avarice and paternal barbarity." Again he writes: "Yesterday I was reduced to such a state of despair by all these plannings that I was positively determined to give up the whole journey; and I went to bed with the firm resolution at all events to travel straight through, without stopping anywhere on the way. But Johanna attacked me in the night, with the youngster in her arms, and, by dint of all the arts which drove man out of paradise, she, of course, gained her point, and the original scheme is to be carried out."

It is only fair to the Princess, after this, to quote her husband's loving letter from Biarritz: "I have a bad conscience, because I am seeing so much that is beautiful without you. If you could only be carried hither through the air, I would go with you this very moment back to San Sebastian."

A Massachusetts Way of Putting It.

New York Evening Post.

The Massachusetts mind sometimes presents us with very singular phenomena. It is not long since a committee of the Legislature, considering the proper way of selling certain products, like eggs, fruit, etc., gravely presented as part of their report the following: "Resolved, That fourteen eggs shall hereafter weigh a pound." There was a moment of breathless silence, and then a roar of laughter, which the much-wearied committee at first could not comprehend, but in which probably the hens would have joined had they been present. The members of the committee had spent so much grave deliberation over the question that they had not before perceived the ludicrousness of their way of putting the conclusion.

BUDDHISM IN PARIS.

It Has 30,000 Disciples and Its Feature Is Fanaticism.

London Daily Telegraph.

It was recently stated that extraordinary progress was being made by Buddhist doctrines in Vienna and other towns of central Europe. It is now said that a decided move in this direction is taking place in Paris. This phenomenon is probably to be accounted for by the fact that people who have discarded Christianity find themselves unable to get on after a time without some kind of religion or philosophy, and so turn their attention to any new thing in the hope of filling up the vacuum. M. Leon de Rosney, one of the most popular of the Sarbonne professors, has been lecturing recently on Buddhism, and he says he could never have imagined that it could have taken root in France as it has done. He is of opinion that the growing favor in which it is held is due to the fact that far from being in conflict with modern science, it really contains the principles of the truths expounded by our savants. Its disciples are most enthusiastic, and herein lies a danger, for they complicate Buddha's pure philosophy with a variety of supernatural theories, and dabble in spiritualism, hypnotism and other uncanny practices in the forefront of which "magic" may be placed; but M. Leon de Rosney declares that the leaders of the movement deplore this diversion, which is at variance with Buddhist doctrines, and proclaim that they have absolutely nothing to do with the "occult sciences." He fears, however, that the most ridiculous extravagances will be indulged in, as no conception can be formed of the amount of fanaticism which is a special feature of the new school. Every day he receives visits from distinguished persons, who affirm that they are thorough-going Buddhists, and one of them has just asserted that he has at least 30,000 co-religionists in Paris. The vice-president of the Academy of Medicine has entered their ranks, and the captain of a French frigate who returned from a cruise in Chinese waters lately, says that one-third of his crew has embraced the doctrines of Buddha.

The Women Should Have Done the Talking.

New York Letter.

New York is blessed with a Ladies' Health Protective Association that goes about doing good as a sort of "smelling committee." They have abolished many nuisances such as slaughter-houses, soap-boiling establishments and kindred ill-smelling establishments, and now are bent on having clean streets. What these ladies do not know about the streets of European cities, as well as our own, is not worth knowing, and they have all the statistics at their fingers' ends. The other evening they called a mass-meeting at Chickering Hall. Only men made speeches, and as these chosen orators knew little about the subject the ladies enjoyed a symposium of the imagination; and were vastly amused. Rev. Dr. Eaton, our leading Universalist clergyman, fired the first gun, and its prodigious echo took away their breath. He said that 300,000 people were employed to clean the streets of Paris, and if he had said 30,000 he would have been extravagant. Lawyer Clark Bell gave the next broadside, saying that 100,000,000 tons of street refuse were dumped into our harbor every year, whereas any lady in the association could have told him that 1,000,000 tons is the extreme limit. Then ex-Postmaster-general James, who is a devout Baptist in his native Utica and a spruce Episcopalian in New York, capped the climax by informing the audience that it is the Bible which says that "Cleanliness is next to godliness!" The ladies have about concluded that unless they can write the speeches for their orators, they will do the speaking themselves at the next public meeting.

Bruin Broke Up the Meeting.

London Public Opinion.

During divine service last Sunday morning a bear which had escaped from the stable of a neighboring public house, in which its owner, a traveling showman, was located, entered a Nonconformist chapel on the high road between Barnes and Mortlake. Women shrieked and children cried, and there was a general rush for the door. The bear, however, round whose neck was a thick chain, made its way to the empty choir stalls, where it lay down. The minister, whose high and commodious pulpit had suddenly become occupied by several lady members of his congregation, was in the midst of his discourse at the time of the animal's appearance, and had chosen for his text the words "Be not afraid." The sermon was brought to an abrupt termination. The anxiety of pastor and people was set at rest by the arrival of the owner of the animal. The bear was got out of the chapel with ease and taken back to its quarters.

"More or Less Reverend."

Kansas City Times.

A photographic interview in the New York World pleasingly depicts the more or less reverend T. DeWitt Talmage in thirty-nine attitudes. This appears to be a most happy suggestion of the Thirty-nine Articles, and as an opposite accompaniment to a doctrinal discussion truly merits the warmest approbation.