CHARLIE'S STORY.

was sitting in the twilight,
With my Charlie on my knee,—
(Little two-year-old, forever
Teasing, "Talk a'tory, pease, to me.")
"Now," I said, "talk me a 'tor ."
"Well," reflectively, "I'll 'mence.
Mamma, I did see a kitty,
Great—big—kitty, on the fence."

Mamma smiles. Five little fingers
Cover up her laughing lips.
"Is oo laughing?" "Yes," I tell him,
But I kiss the finger-tips,
And I say, "Now tell another."
"Well," (all smiles) "now I'll 'mence.
Mamma, I did see a doggie,
Great—big—doggie, on the fence."

"Rather similar—your stories—
Aren't they, dear?" A sober look
Swept across the pretty forehead,
Then he sudden courage took.
"But I know a nice, new 'tory,
'Plendid, mamma! Hear me 'mence.
Mamma, I—did—see—a—elfunt,
Great—big—elfunt—on the fence."

—*Springfield Republican.*

ONE OF SOCIETY'S QUEENS.

Mme. De Maintenon's Career.

The topic of Dr. John Lord's lecture at Chickering Hall yesterday was "Mme. De Maintenon," whose abilities and shortcomings were described to a very large audience. She was presented by the lecturer as exerting a powerful influence on the destinies of France, and also as a type of those brilliant queens of society who reigned in the fashionable world by their wit and social fascinations. There is perhaps no woman in modern times, said Dr. Lord, who has arisen to such a lofty height from a condition virtually so low as Mme. de Maintenon, if Katherine of Russia may be excepted. She was however, well born, so far as blood is concerned, since the Protestant family of D'Aubigne, from which she sprang, is one of the oldest in France. Her father was extravagant and abondoned, and was thrown into prison, and it was in prison that the subject of this lecture was born in 1635. Subsequently, her father obtained his release, and sailed with his family to Martinque, where he died in great poverty. His wife returned to France, and got her living from her needle. The daughter, Mlle. D'Aubigne, was bright and beautiful, and panted for an entrance into society—the aim of most ambitious women. It was effected by being invited to one of the dinners of Scarron—a burlesque writer, witty and dissipated—at 16 years of age. The crippled buffoon determined to make her his wife, and she accepted him. She now presided at entertainments which even dukes aspired for in vain, for Scarron's suppers were good, and were all the fashion. It is hard to believe that a beautiful girl of 16 could have loved this pensioned paralytic, but she was ambitious, and had an end to gain. At the supper-table of the poet Scarron she was the life of a gay and brilliant assemblage, made up of the elite of Paris. She reigned as a queen of society, and she became acquainted with those who had influence at court, and when her husband died, she being then 34, she was recommended to the Duchess of Montespan as governess for her child, the Duke of Maine. This position introduced her the notice of the King, who fell in love with her, when he was wearied of his prodigal and beautiful and exacting mistress. She was too proper and too calculating to become the successor of Montespan, and she added more ambitious desings than the favorite whom she had displaced. She aspired to become the wife of the King, and when the Queen died, feeling that he could not live without her, he secretly made her his wife. The *seeming* mistress triumphed from the weakness of the King. She was then 50, a most extraordinary person to reign over the absolute monarch of France when he was in the height of his fame and power. She kept her empire more than 30 years, another extraordinary fact, from which we infer that she had gained the respect of the King, since all enduring influence is based on character. She was artful, ambitious, calculating, and cold; but she was discreet, prudent, judicous technically religious, took an interest in education and all good movements, reformed the wickedest court of Europe, and rewarded all people who rendered services. She was admired and honored by such men as Bossuet and Fenelon. She had most captivating manners, and exceeding tact. If she did not love the old, peevish, selfish, ceremonious, pompous, exacting Nebuchadnezzar whom she had married, she was, at least, his friend, and revealed to him the heartlessness of that generation of vipers whom he had rewarded and enriched. She guarded his interests and prevented him from folly, and induced him to drink the bitter cup of dispelled illusions with dignity and without complaint. She did not spend his money like Montespan. She made his court decorous, at least, if it was dull and gloomy, and she made him religious in a certain fashion—for Louis, in his old age, was fond of sermons, was regular at church, confessed his sins to his Jesuit confessor, and felt that it was possible for God Almighty to be greater than he. During his whole life he had received such incense, he had reposed in such dazzling magnificence, he had been so courted by the monarchs of Europe, he was so extolled by poets and historians, he was so magnified by his brilliant court, he had such unbounded power, that it was quite natural for him to fancy he was more than mortal. Who can resist unbounded panegyric and prosperity?

I will not enter upon his glories, or his reverses, or his humiliation. He was the central figure in Europe for more than half a century. Heir of the power of Richelieu and the treasurer of Mazarin, with a prostrate nation bent in idolatrous hemage, he reigned with more splendor than any sovereign in modern times. By nature he was not a bad man, nor was he weak. He had great executive abilities, and a keen insight. This is some reason for the extravagant praise heaped upon him for half a century. His error was to aggrandize himself at the expense of the best interests of his Kingdom, and thus he sowed discontents and prepared the way for future revolution. His reign was outwardly glorious, but pregnant with evils to come. For the thirty last years of his life he was ruled by Mme. De Maintenon. She was the mainspring of all political movements as well as social reforms. It was she who incited him to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which resulted in the execution or banishment or ruin of 400,000 Protestants. She was in league with his Jesuit confessors. She was the life of the court. Nothing was done by the Cabinet which she did not approve. She made the most important appointments in State and Church. She even selected Generals and Ministers. She ruled France, not wisely, like Elizabeth in England, but rigorously, and with an iron hand. It is astonishing how she gained so great an ascendency in the government and over the mind of the King. She must have had great abilities as well as great virtues. Nobody liked her. Nobody can love such an intriguing, cold, and calculating woman. But she was a power, and it is the province of history to take cognizance of reigning forces. The great flaw in her character was her willingness to be aspersed in order to gratify her ambition—to be willing to seem to all the world to be only mistress, and conceal the fact of her marriage. A great position was dearer to her than reputation.

And she paid a penalty for her ambition. She was insulted and neglected by the royal family. The courtiers mocked her behind her back; her rivals thrust upon her envenomed libels; she was doomed to exhausting formalities, she could not escape bitter humiliations. She was in a false position, and when the King died she was ejected from the palace and compelled to seek quarters in the school she had founded—one of the best schools that France ever had. By the pupils of St. Cyr she was adored. She lived to be 84. She kept her faculties to the last—because she had used them. She appeared in the most interesting light when she reigned in society by her courtesies, her urbanities, her accomplishments, and her good nature. And when the woman reigns in society she fills no ordinary sphere. She rises in dignity when she declines in beauty. It is the soul of a woman which constitutes our most perfect joys. A woman who rules the social circle has an envied power. She may break up the distinctions of rank and rebuke the arrogance of wealth, and destroy the false and artificial, and exalt the beautiful and the good. Such was Mme de Maintenon in her best days. She was the life of a social circle from her attainments, her wit, her accomplishments, and her graceful manners. As such she became, not the equal of man, but his superior, his guardian angel and his star of worship in that favored and glorious realm which is alike the paradise and the empire of the world.

Something Worth Knowing.

Every little while, writes a correspondent, we read in the papers of some one who has stuck a rusty nail in his foot or knee, or hand, or some other portion of his person, and that lockjaw has resulted therefrom, of which the patient died. If every person in the world was aware of a perfect remedy for all such wounds, and would apply it, then all such reports must cease. But although we can give the remedy, we cannot enforce its application. Some will not employ it because they think it too simple; others will have no faith in it when they read it; others often think such a wound of small account, and not worth fussing over, until it is too late to do any good. Yet all such wounds can be healed without the fatal consequences which follow them. The remedy is simple, almost always on hand, and can be applied by any one; and what is better, it is infallible. It is simply to smoke the wound, or any bruise or wound that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, and repeated once or twice will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound we ever saw. People may sneer at the "old man's remedy" as much as they please, but when they are afflicted just let them try it. It has saved many lives and much pain, and is worthy of being printed in letters of gold and put in every home.

How She Fixed Him.

The other day a tall, lean, lank, slab-sided individual, clad in a rustic suit of black, and a white choker, walked into a house in the suburbs, and depositing a consumptive-looking valise on the table, commenced in this wise: "Madam, I am the sole agent for one of the greatest life-giving medicines of the known world—Dow's Celebrated Cough Cure and Consumption Frightener. The wonderful curative qualities of this great disease-killer have never been equalled since the days of Valentine Greatcakes or B. F. Butler. Why, madam, a few doors back from here there lives a man who has coughed night and day for the last twenty-seven years. He bought a bottle of my wonderful medicine, and after taking one dose it cured him so completely that he couldn't cough now if he drank a quart of vinegar and it all went down the wrong way. It's a well-authenticated fact, marm, that a tablespoonful of this wonderful remedy for the small sum of—"

"Ease up your jaw for a minute, mister. Did you say your medicine is warranted to cure the bark of a dog?"

"I said just that, madam."

The old woman riz up, and opened the back door and gave a whistle, and that peddler got one glimpse of an "Irish bull," and meandered through the front gate, and went so quick that he left the seat of his pantaloons for the pup to play with, while the old woman stood in the door and yelled after him, "That's the kind of 'consumptive-frightner' I am."—*Portsmouth Weekly.*

Too Smart for Him.

"Would you mind readin' this for me, sir? I can't read myself." It was a snow shoveller on Walnut Street that spoke, as he handed over an envelope enclosing a telegram, which read: "Nashville, January 9, 1879. I will arrive at Louisville by the three o'clock train this evening. Jerry A. Taft." "Will you read it again, sir?" asked the snow-shoveller. It was read again. "You say it's signed Jerry A. Taft." "That was the name." Please read it once more." His request was complied with. "It goes right straight along,—just them ere words, without any hitchin' or stumblin'?" "Just that way." "It can't be Jerry, then. It can't be Jerry," he mused. "Jerry couldn't say that many words without stutterin' and to pieces, to save his life. Some fellow's tryin' to fool me; but I'm too smart for him, I am."

The Cannon Six Centuries Ago.

There is nothing in the history of the Chinese, nor in their "Dictionary of Arts and Sciences," that bears any allusion to their knowledge of cannon, before the invasion of Gengis Khan in 1219, when mention is made of *ho-pas*, or fire-tubes, the present name of cannon, which are said to kill men, and to set fire to inflammable substance; they are said, too, to have been used by the Tartars, not by the Chinese, and very probably were nothing more than the enormous rocket known in India at the period of the Mohammedan invasion.

The Moors, or Arabs, in Spain, appear to have used gunpowder and cannon in the beginning of the fourteenth century; an isolated case is mentioned even at an earlier date. In the Cronica de Espana, by Abu-Abdalla, it is said, that "El Rey de Granada, Abu-Walid, Ilevo consign al sitio de Baza una gruessa maquina, que, cargada con *mixtos de azufre, y dandole fuego, despedia con estuenda* globos contra el Aleazar de aquella Ciudad." And in 1331, when the King of Granada laid siege to Alicant, he battered its walls with iron bullets *discharged by fire* from machines. This novel mode of warfare, adds the annalist, inspired great terror.

It is stated in the "Cronica de Don Alonzo el Onceno" that when Alonzo XI., King of Castile, beseiged Algesiras in 1342-3 the Moorish garrison in defending the place, "lanzaban muchos truenos contra la hueste en que lanzaban pellas de fierro muy grandes." That the truenos (literally "thunders") were a species of cannon, and fired with powder, is clear from other passages in the same chronicle. And Mariana mentions the circumstance of the inhabitants defending themselves by "tiros con polvora que lanzaban piedras," and adds that this was the first instance he had found of any mention of the use of such arms. The celebrated battle of Creci was fought by Edward III. in 1346; and Hume, on the authority of Villani, says the English had cannon, but not the French. The assertion is unsuppported by Froissart, who was a contemporary, and almost an eye-witness; he makes no mention of cannon, although he describes the battle very minutely. Thomas of Walsingham, who wrote more than three centuries before Hume, and who not only gives a detailed account of the battle, but even specifies by name the arms and weapons used by the English, makes no mention of cannon, which he certainly would have done had they been used.

The oldest piece of cannon in existence is preserved in the Castle of St. Juiliao da Barra, ten miles from Lisbon; it is twenty feet seven inches in length, and discharges a ball of one hundred pound weight. It has neither dolphins, rings, nor button; is of a strange metal, and has an Hindostan inscription, which says it was cast in the year 1400.

Cannon were originally made of iron bars soldered together and bound round with strong iron hoops. Some of these relics of the culmsiness of our ancestors may still be seen. One is in the Tower of London, two at Woolwich, and one in the Royal Arsenal Lisbon. They were sometimes also made with leather and plates of iron and copper.

Queen Elizabeth's pocket pistol is well known. At Bois le-Duc, in France, there is a cannon called the Devil; there is an eighty pounder in the Tower, brought from Edinburg Castle, called Mount's Meg; an eighty-pounder in the Arsenal at Berlin called the Thunderer; two curious sixty-pounders in the Arsenal at Bremen called the Messengers of Bad News; and, lastly, a seventy-pounder in the Castle of St. Angelo, at Rome, made of the nails which covered the Old Pantheon, with this inscription: "Exclavis trabalibus, Porticus Agrippæ."

There was at Tong Castle, in Shropshire, a forty-pounder called "Clear the way of the Lord," which was used at the demolition of Cheney Longuville Castle in that county by Oliver Cromwell. The Protector gave Scripture phrases as names to most of the Commonwealth, impressions of which they generally bore.

Little Johnny's Fables.

One time a boy he cot a frog, and tuke and put him in his father's bed and jest fore bedtime the boy sed to his father:

"It's been mity wet wether lately, and the frogs has all been drowned out of the pond, and mebby some of them big green fellers has cum in the house and gone to bed like fokes."

Then the boy's father he luked up from his newspaper and he sed:

"Charlie," cos that was the boy's name, "I guess you had better go to bed your ownself cos yure intleck is a wanderin' wild agin, and you might do yure sellef an injury by swollerin' the cole skuttle, or buttin' your brains out aginst the sofy piller."

So Charley he went to bed, but after a wile he was woke up and see his father standin' there with a candle, and his father he sed:

"Charley I dident pay much attention to wot you was a sayn a bowt frogs, but after I had gone to bed, and I seen things was a beginnin' for to turn out jest like you had sed, wy I hollered rite out, cos I was so dlighted for to think I had sech a smart boy. Dident you hear me holler, Charley, dident you hear yure old father's xcamations of satisfy, and feel the house shake wen he arose for to cum and fondle you?"

Then Charley, he said wot did his father have in the hand which was belind his father's back, and the ole man he sed:

"Oh, that's the fondler."

But my sister's young man, which tole me the story, he said that the fondler bore a fancifile rezemblance to a black snake wip.

But the rattlesnake, with the castanets on to his tail, is the feller for me; yes, in deed, wen he don't bite. One day Missy, that's my sister, she sees a little snake but six inches long in the garden, an she hollered like pirates.

Snakes is serpents, and eels is fish, but the lion he is the king of beasts and his roar is offle!

Once there was a opery man, wich hired fokes for to sing. He was a goin' thru the woods and a lion come along and luked at him, and wipped itsellef with its tail, and sticked its mane up, and opened its mouth, and roared fritefile; yu never seen sech bellerin! The opery man he sed:

"That's ol rite, that's ol rite, consider yure selluf engaged for the season at yure own terms, but I got to be excused now, cos seventeen barry tones is waitin for me to hear them."

And the opery man he walked away mity lifely, like he was frade the barry tones wuld bust theirselfs a hollerin in the sing foro he cude git there.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Have ye looked for my sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places
Where the lost and the wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonesome highway,
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming,
The print of Christ's wounded feet.

Have you folded close to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of man was among them,
He had no where to lay his head?

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shores of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strenghen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt when, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had seen there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted,
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you,
'Tis the path I often go.
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
Can ye dare to follow me?
Then wherever the master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be.

An Unnatural Father.

We take the following interesting incident from an article in *Scribner's* on Eugene Scribe, the French playwright:

One day Dupin brought Scribe a new piece. The latter read it and thought it detestable; still there was the germ of a good play in it. It interested him, and he worked rapidly. It was in two acts. He made it a one-act piece, added a character, changed the other characters entirely, without saying anything to Dupin, and put it in rehearsal. In three weeks it was ready for performance. The evening it was to be brought out he invited Dupin to dinner. As they took seats at the table, he said:

Let us lose no time, my dear fellow, for I want you to go with me to the gymnase. I have a ground-floor box, the front seats of which have been taken, so that, screened by those spectators, we shall be unseen."

"Oh! is 'Michel at Christine' by you?"

"Yes."

"All alone?"

"No; there are two of us."

"Who is the other?"

"My dear fellow, let us lose no time. It is already late: the play begins early."

Dinner was merrily dispatched. They reached the gymnase in time. The curtain soon rose. At the close of the third scene, Dupin said to Scribe.

"My dear fellow, what a charming play you have written. 'Pon my word, you have put on the stage no better characters than that soldier and that bar-maid. How fascinating they are!"

As the play went on, Dupin's delight continued to increase, and he warmly expressed it to Scribe, who archly smiled, and said:

"Surely you now know who wrote the piece with me?"

"I have not the remotest idea. But I beg of you, silence. I don't want to lose one word of the piece. It is charming!"

Scribe smiled. Presently Dupin turned to him and asked:

"Do you remember the piece I carried you three weeks since? Now it seems to me this scene is somewhst like the second act of the piece I left with you. Have you read it? Do you agree with me?"

Scribe answered:

"Oh! if you think there is the least plagiarism, we will rewrite that scene."

"Heaven forbid! Men continually hit upon the same ideas. The collisions of life are constantly striking similar sparks from different flints. But you have not yet told me the name of your partner.

"Sh---! the curtain is about to fall. We shall hear his name."

Presently the curtain came down amid applause which shook the theater to its foundations. The curtain rose. The stage-manager came forward to announce the authors. Dupin bent forward in eager attention.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the piece we have had the honor to play before you is by Messrs. Scribe and---Dupin."

The next instant Dupin held Scribe in his arms and embraced him. Scribe exclaimed:

"Unnatural father! does not recognize even his own flesh and blood!"

Dupin rejoined:

"I should like to know who would recognize his children when they are changed in the nurse's arms!"

This was Scribe's partnership; he made the piece his own.

A Question of Damages.

Some lawyers take very practical views of cases in which they were retained. In a certain town in Missouri Squire G. was defending a charge of malpractice. A colored man was suing for damages, his wife having died shertly after an operation for the removal of cancer. When it was Squire G.'s turn to cross-examine the plaintiff, he asked, "Mr. Wilson, how old was your wife when she died?"

"About forty-five, sir."

"Been in feeble health a long time, had she not, Mr. Wilson, and cost you a great deal for medicine and help?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have married again, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old is your present wife?"

"About thirty-five, sir."

"Is she stout and healthy, Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, Mr. Wilson, will you please state to this jury how you are *damaged* in this case?"

Mr. Wilson had evidently never taken this view of the matter, and could make no answer. The good and true men thought he had made rather a good thing by his bereavement, and brought in a verdict for the defendant.

MABEL MAY.

I've a cousin, Mabel May,
Who is young, and, I may say,
A brunette;
But I grieve that I must add,
For I think it very sad,
A coquette!

Though she's seventeen at most,
She's of winning wiles a host.
And she's pat
In an ogle or a pout;
But my trouble is about
Worse than than that.

In the library one morn
I was sitting tired and worn,
Hid away,
When, with laughing song, there came
To the open window-frame
Mabel May!

Stepping in, her singing ceased,
Though she saw me not, I'm pleased,
In my nest;
For she drew a little case
From its happy hiding-place
In her breast.

And she opened it and took
Such a tender loving look
At the face
That I knew must be within,
(I had hopes that I might win
In that race);

And her cheek flushed at the sight,
As she held it in her white
Finger-tips;
Then with tender looks of love,
Did she put it—gods above!—
To her lips!

O'er her shoulders fair I spied—
For I woule know if I died—
Who it was.
And I saw—the wicked elf
Wasted kisses on herself
In her glass!

Mr. Kroeger's Hand-Organ.

After the grinder had tortured "Spring, Gentle Spring" to a close, and had shouldered his organ to go in quest of further pecuniary triumphs, Mr. Kroeger spoke up, and said:

"Did you ever hear of the hand-organ I got up, not many years ago?"

"Never; let's hear about it."

"Well, it was a phonetic hand-organ. I had heard celebrated violinists draw such simple words as 'yes' and, 'mamma' out of their instruments, and I thought I would try and get up something which would say 'ubiquitous,' 'antithesis,' and 'almoner' and other respectable words. At first I wasn't very successsul, but I persevered and success crowned my efforts. I had the words set to music, and all I had to do was just to grind them out. By pushing in one stop and pulling out another, the whole thing would be changed. I used to go around and play Mark Twain's Jumping Frog to airs from 'Lucia,' and one of Evarts' long speeches to the tune of Old Hundred. I also reproduced the songs of birds, and frequently, when I was performing, an oriole would fly down and try to mate with the hand-organ.

"I got up special hand-organs, too. For instance, I had one loaded with Blackstone, and when young law students were too lazy to read they would purchase an organ and hire a bootblack to grind it out to them while they would lie back in their chairs and smoke cigarettes. They used to be enabled to hear 'Nixon's Digest,' 'Chitty on Contracts,' and the Revised Statutes, set to the tripping airs of 'Pinafore' and 'Belle Helene.'"

"Wasn't your idea something in the phonograph line?"

"Not at all—not at all!" responded Mr. Kroeger, coloring up as though he had been accused of appropriating some one else's thunder; "the phonograph reproduces; my organ produces sounds over as long as it is properly greased. I used to collect uncollectable bills too. There was an old man named Clup, who borrowed $5 from me once, and I could never make him shekel out to me; so I got mad, wrote a song about him and had it set to an alluring tune. The last verse went something like this:

There is a man named Andrew Clup
To creditors says, "No, sir;"
He always fails to shekel up
His butcher and his grocer.

His ignorance of debts is gay;
Ah! nothing could be vaguer;
Now, Mr. Clup, you'd better pay
That V you owe to Kroeger.

"I played this in all the fashionable thoroughfares, and right in front of his house, one summer evening, when all the windows were open, and his dwelling was full of company. I was paid on the spot. I believe I could have taken up a church collection with that organ, if I only had a chance."

"Did you ever do anything else wiht your musical machine?"

"I fancy I did. When Bob Burdette was here lecturing on the 'Rise and Fall of the Moustache,' I had a shorthand reporter take the whole thing down for me. Then I had it put into an organ. Yes, I had everything, including the lecturer's awe-inspiring monotone. Then I went round delivering it for $10 a night and expenses. Everybody roared when I came out, patted the organ fondly on the back, and introduced it as the Hawkeye humorist. When Bob heard of it he was wild. He swore vengence, and every time he comes East I am obliged to visit my uncle in Quebec.

"I once got up a talking piano; every time you'd strike a key a word would fly up in your face. It was a regular unabridged musical dictionary. I taught every one in the house to play on it, and it made a terrible noise. On Sunday morning my mother would sit down before it and play such a tune as this: 'Hey, there, folks! It's time to get up; breakfast is getting cold." It used to save her lungs. And then bashful lovers used to play things to each other that they were too bashful to utter. I used to make uprights and all kinds of pianos, and had flowery certificates from all the leading artists and artistes of the day. It was a grand thing. I think I have a map of it somewhere around the house. I'll just step up and look for it."

Then he went up stairs and his auditor opened the window, jumped out and ran for his life.

A conutry clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at the "breakfast" of a funeral, and was gravely told, in explanation, "Bless you, sir, they're not laughing—only dissembling their grief."

FASHION SPARKLES.

Crepe roses are extremely fashionable.

Black dresses are not popular for evening wear.

Stripes appear to be the leading feature in new spring materials.

Rich silk and wool fabrics display bright combinations of colors.

Belgian straw bonnets, in a new shell braid, are in the list of novelties.

The prices of fine goods are much more moderate than those of last season.

Mixtures of dazzling tints are lavishly exhibited at all our first-class stores.

Large, loose waves of hair are now more fashionable than crimps or frizzes.

Milliners are making very pretty breaklast caps of wash blonde for elderly ladies.

Dragon flies, bees, beetles in silver, set with Rhine crystals, is a favorite bonnet ornament.

The windows of our dry-goods stores and milliners, are radiant with beautiful new spring goods.

Old gold forms a stylish combination in many of the mixed suitings, showing garnet and blue-green dyes.

Lace jabots are very fashionable, and scarfs are once more sought after in the *beau monde* of mode dressing.

Some of the short dresses made for garden, lawn, archery and croquet parties, are excessively gay and picturesque.

It is much more fashionable now than in the winter for the bonnet or hat to match the costume in color and shade.

Most of the milliners had their "spring opening" during the past week, and made unusally fine display of the new style of bonnets and hats.

Basques, for street wear, and worn independent of the costume, are made of cloaking-cloth, a new fabric—fine, and coming chiefly in black and dark colors.

The noticable features in the openings of this spring are the profusion of Breton laces, both black and white, used in millinery and dress confections.

In full evening dresses, there is not so much tendency to strong contrasts in the color of the different materials used as in those intended for afternoon, reception, dinner and carriage dresses.

Lace and feather trimmings and quantities of artificial flowers are seen on the dressiest evening toilets, and paniers or draperies to produce panier effects appear on nearly all dresses not intended for street wear.

Llama suitings are sure to give satisfaction to those ladies who carry slenderly-filled purses. This sytle of fabric may be had for eight cents per yard up; the suitings marked at eighteen cents are very fine and handsome.

Gendarme blue is a favorite color both in reception or dinner and short costumes. With the first it is most frequently combined with old gold or canary color; with the last it appears in combination with beige or ecru.

As the season advances the inclination for fancy marabout feathers and ostrich tips is developed, and feathers, flowers, lace, ribbon and silks are all frequently seen on the same bonnet, with ornaments of steel, silver, gold and crystal in new and beautiful form.

Fashion favors ribbon garniture on all sorts of dresses. These bows are composed of fancy ribbons. Some show odd designs, such as lizards, flies, bees, wasps and other insects; also flowers and small musical instruments. These surprising patterns are often wrought in gold and silver on brilliantly colored grounds.

Among the buttons fashion holds great sway. The styles are numerous. The novel barrel-shaped buttons will certainly find favor. Hand-painted buttons come in all sorts of colors; inlaid buttons, representing artistic patterns, there are birds, fishes, fowls and reptiles. The designs in flowers are too numerous to describe.

Spring bonnets are, as yet, hardly more than a suggestion of comming styles. Most of the new hats have wide brims, faced with velvet, satin or shirrings of silk. The trimmings are long plumes, flowers, loops of ribbons and ornaments in gold or crystal, Brazillian beetles and other glittering insects. Rustic straws for traveling and ordinary wear are trimmed with gay ribbons a black ribbon and gay ornaments, or bright field flowers. Dressy hats are of light shapes of satin or white chip trimmed with black satin and black lace threaded with gold; jet ornaments are much worn, and there are broad net palloons, worked with jet beads for facing the brims of hats, to correspond with jet ornaments on the crowns.

Shattuc's Office Boy.

General Shattuc, of the A. and G. W. railroad, had a vexatious experience with a cold office, and one morning he said to his office boy:

"Well, this a pretty go. Didn't I tell you to have this room warm when I got down?"

"Yes, sir," whimpered Louie.

"Well, why don't you have it so?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Now listen to me. I'll give you another trial, and if you don't come up to time and have that thermometer up to seventy degrees, I'll get another boy in your place," and the general pulled down his vest and chucked his cigar stump into the expectoreon.

Another morning came and all was lovely; the thermometer stood high, and so did Louie. After a while some one discovered that the thermometer had been tampered with, and Louie was called.

Said the general: "Do you know of anybody fooling with this machine?"

"No, sir, I don't know of anybody," stammered Louis.

"You have always been truthful; now don't go back on your record. Did you fool with it?"

"Yes, sir," whispered the frightened lad.

"Aha, you did! Well, tell us how."

"Why, you see, sir, you said I was to have it up to seventy degrees or I should git. And when I seen you comin' this mornin', I knew the fire was hot, but I didn't know the blamed thing was where you wanted it; so I just lit a match and set it under it, and whooped her clear up to the top.

The boy's cuteness saved him that time, and the general thinks he has a boy in his office fully as valuable as his $600 dog.