

NORTH STAR AND COAL BLUFF UP

North Star Came up the River This Morning on Her Way North With the Coal Barges From St. Louis.

COAL BLUFF TO LAY UP

Boat Returned From Louisiana This Afternoon With the Remainder of the Government Fleet.

At 10 o'clock this morning the raft, North Star went north passing through the draw and the canal on her way to the Hennepin canal up near Rock Island where she will enter the Hennepin with the barges which will ply that canal and the Illinois coal districts and bringing the coal to the Mississippi river will distribute it to the towns along the river between Clinton and St. Louis.

The Coal Bluff passed down the river over a week ago to St. Louis where the barge company which was formed as a sort of experiment had purchased barges and were towed up by the Coal Bluff today, the boat making slow progress from St. Louis on account of the very low water.

After reaching the Hennepin and delivering the coal barges the boat may return down stream to St. Louis for the rest of the fleet though it is hardly probable as the canal closes for the winter on the 20th of this month and after the boilers have been blown the gates would have to be opened by hand and this rarely ever occurs though they have been during their period of service in the canal.

The Coal Bluffs with Assistant United States Engineer A. L. Richards, which went down the river several days ago for the rest of her fleet returned this afternoon about 2 o'clock with the Lucia which was doing government work at Louisiana and that neighborhood. On her first trip down the boat could not bring the entire fleet up on Louisiana on account of the low water.

The river seems to have fallen some more within the past two weeks and gives a very shallow appearance at present. It is probable if the winter is real cold that it may freeze over at this point.

Many house boats have been seen in the last several weeks making their way to southern waters where they will remain for the winter, returning north in the spring.



A dance will be given on Saturday evening by the U. C. T's and will prove to be a very enjoyable affair for all who attend.

The Woman's Alliance of the Unitarian church met Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Asaph Buck, No. 426 North Fourth.

Several of Keokuk's society young men have received invitations to a leap year dance to be given in Hamilton on November 20. The dance is to be given in the city hall.

Yesterday afternoon at the parsonage of Rev. J. W. Potter were united in marriage Samuel T. Haskin of Keokuk and Mrs. Louise E. Orr of Chicago, Ill. The couple were united in marriage at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The program given last evening at the regular meeting of the Monday Music club, was another most enjoyable one, given by the members of the club. The sponsors of the evening were Miss Fry and Miss Dadant and there was the usual large attendance. The following numbers were given: Ladies double trio, piano numbers by Mrs. Kerr, Miss Hazel Salzer, Miss Dadant and Miss Johnstone, vocal numbers by Miss Louise Klein, Miss Cosgrove and Mr. Young and a violin number by Mr. Hassall.

Under the auspices of the P. E. O. chapter, a Japanese wedding and tea was given last evening at the home of Mrs. Henry Strickler, which was attended and enjoyed by a large number of people. A mock wedding ceremony was presented, in which all of the characters were gowned in Japanese costumes, bride and groom, attendants and officiating minister. Afterwards, tea was served by waitresses from Japan and the decorations of the rooms were in keeping with the occasion. The evening was very pleasantly enjoyed by all who were there and the affair was a great success and a very beautiful entertainment.

Several young men will give a masquerade dancing party at Hawkes' hall on Thursday evening to which a large number of the city's young people have received invitations. A fraternal dance given by the A. O. U. W.'s will be given on Wednesday of this week. A number of young people from this city will attend a dance to be given at Nauvoo and the music for which will be furnished by Agne's orchestra on next Monday evening in the Mormon city. A dance will be given on the 26th of this month by the Woodmen and Royal Neighbors and the evening following a private dance will be given by the Keokuk club. A number of young people will give a select dance in Hawkes' hall on the Saturday following Thanksgiving.

Thursday evening preceding a banquet at Schouten's hall given by the auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which disbanded early last spring is to be re-organized and the membership is expected to be a large one. The members who expect to join will be obligated by state officers during the evening and following this will be the banquet. About one hundred and fifty people are expected to be present and arrangements are being made to make the affair a splendid one. It is thought that both the State President Mr. Malloney, and the State President of Hibernians, and the State President Mrs. Scanlon of the auxiliary, will be present. Mr. Mallory is mayor of Council Bluffs, and Mrs. Scanlon of Council Bluffs.

Thursday evening preceding a banquet at Schouten's hall given by the auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which disbanded early last spring is to be re-organized and the membership is expected to be a large one. The members who expect to join will be obligated by state officers during the evening and following this will be the banquet. About one hundred and fifty people are expected to be present and arrangements are being made to make the affair a splendid one. It is thought that both the State President Mr. Malloney, and the State President of Hibernians, and the State President Mrs. Scanlon of the auxiliary, will be present. Mr. Mallory is mayor of Council Bluffs, and Mrs. Scanlon of Council Bluffs.

Charles Leas a former resident of this city but now of Decatur is visiting old acquaintances in the city. Jas. Finnigan left this morning for a visit in St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Rudd left this morning for Vele where they will attend the funeral of Mrs. Mary Rudd who is to be buried at that place today.

J. H. Johnson, claim attorney for the Rock Island was in the city yesterday visiting the local offices on railroad business.

Ed. Wormhardt of Kahoka was a city visitor on Monday.

Mrs. Theodore Craig left this morning for St. Louis for a visit.

Miss Lula Lambert of Burlington is visiting in the city with friends.

Miss Ruth Thompson left this morning for Omaha, Neb., for an extended visit.

Mrs. A. W. Wolf who has been visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. John Lang, leaves tonight for Los Angeles, California.

C. W. Scott of St. Louis is in the city today on business.

Jas. Sterrett of Burlington is a caller in the city today.

Theodore Craig left for Quincy this afternoon on legal business.

is a resident of Des Moines. Although the arrangements for the program have not yet been made, Father McDermott, assistant pastor of St. Peter's church, and the one who has been instrumental in bringing about this re-organization, will be toastmaster of the evening. The members will take their places at the tables at 9:00 o'clock and the program will be over at 11:00 in order that dancing may be enjoyed during the balance of the evening. Five priests will be present, as follows: Father McDermott, Father Thos. O'Reilly, Father George Gillingier, Father Dunnion, and Father Troy of Farmington.

PROBATE MATTERS AND DEFAULTS

The Gist of Business Transacted Today in the District Court of Lee County.

Among the probate matters attended to in the district court today, were the following:

Estate of John Anderson, final report received and administratrix discharged.

Estate of Julius A. Schuler; I. N. Tichenor, executor authorized to pay \$500 to Ruth Halliburton as part of the amount due her under the will and allowed \$200 for his services as executor to date.

Estate of James Morris; William Aldrich appointed trustee in place of Earl Morris, who declines to accept the trust, his bond being fixed at \$20,000 as trustee of the property of Merion Morris, minor. Mr. Aldrich is guardian of the minor child.

Default Items.

Today was default day and a number of judgments and decrees were entered by default, including the following:

Decree in the case of Anthony vs. Anthony.

Decree and default in case of Williams vs. Williams.

Default in the case of Larson vs. Larson.

Default and judgment for \$32.50 and costs in the case of W. B. and H. R. Collins vs. Julia A. Scuar.

The grand jury is still at work and is investigating a number of cases, besides those which have been referred to the jury since its last meeting.

CITY NEWS

You are entitled to membership in the new club. Better join.

Miss May Sundbye is confined to her home, 709 Concert street by illness.

A new club in Keokuk, are you in it?

Are you a member of the new club in Keokuk?

President M. E. Justice stated today that the committee appointed at the last meeting of the league to investigate conditions in towns that have made application for a place in the league, had not yet reported to him, but should do so before the 20th of this month.

Bomb Exploded.

LORIENT, France, Nov. 17.—A bomb was exploded today in the government school for the manufacture of high explosives, killing three of those in attendance and wounding several.

Cuban Sugar Growers.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Cuban sugar growers had their lining at the hearing of the tariff ways and means committee today. Edward P. Atkins of Boston, owner of a plantation in Cuba, was a witness. He said the refiners were at the mercy of the Continental beet sugar men and did not attempt to hold up the plantation owners.

Haag Granted a Continuance.

CARMEL, Ill., Nov. 17.—Judge Patton today granted a continuance to the January term of the circuit court in the case of Albert Haag, charged with the murder of his father at Cullom.

U. S. Condolence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 17.—Condolence of the United States government on account of the death of China's emperor and empress was cabled to China today, in the form of a message from the secretary of state to the American minister at Peking.

FINGER NAIL SCRATCH

RESULTS IN DEATH

A short time ago you may have read of the remarkable case where a simple scratch of the finger nail caused death by blood poisoning. At first it was only an annoying itch caused by summer rash. This was scratched by the finger nail to relieve the itch, but the skin was torn open, the irritation became worse and finally resulted in a fatal case of blood poisoning.

Do not scratch or rub the itch or irritation caused by summer rash, mosquito bites, hives, prickly heat or any form of skin disease or itch. D. D. D. Prescription, the best known remedy for eczema and all forms of skin disease, externally applied, will at once stop the irritable itch. It soothes and cools the skin and permanently cures the itch or disease. Infants and children are saved many hours of agony and torture from the unbearable itch if a few drops of D. D. D. is applied to the afflicted parts. Remember—the itch is instantly relieved.

Call at the store of McGrath Bros. and you can get a bottle. Try it.

Discloses Restorative Recipe for Men

Amidst wine, cigars, jest and laughter in a recent club gathering of some of New York's most exclusive circles, the conversation was turned to the subject serious by one of the rollickers asking a famous medical practitioner, who was present, what the most serious disease he had to contend with was. Being a specialist in the treatment of nervous and wasting diseases, he replied, Lost vigor and power of personal magnetism in men. It is a greater detriment to health, happiness and success than any other affliction. He claims that thousands of men are groping for help, that thousands are but mental and physical wrecks without vitality or the power to do things, the power to begin and execute, the power of magnetism that gives the spark to life and lights the pathway of success. The very knowledge of their own weaknesses, its humiliating nature and distrust leads the poor victim to keep his secret. Knowing these things so well, he recently consented to the publication of this original prescription. It can be mixed at home secretly, which is desirable for sensitive men.

At any leading drug store get three ounces syrup sarsaparilla compound in a half-pint bottle. Get one ounce each of the following in separate packages:

Compound fluid balmwort, compound essence cardiol, and tincture cadomene compound, each prepared by chemists, in one ounce packages. Add balmwort to sarsaparilla; let stand two hours, then add other two, shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at retiring.

General Tom Edgar, the first white child born on Galveston Island this birthday was in June, 1837, once narrated his experience as a juror in the case of a negro on trial for stealing a mule. It was in 1865, while United States soldiers were still in charge at Galveston. The negro pleaded not guilty, but the testimony was pretty clear against him. His lawyer, ignoring the testimony, based his defense upon the assertion that the negro could not possibly be guilty.

"Is it not a fact," he said, "that the federal government promised to every freed man two mules and sixty acres of land? No man can deny it, because it is a fact. My client has not received his promised sixty acres of land. He has not received his promised span of mules. He has indeed got but one mule, as these witnesses have testified, and the United States still owes him another mule and sixty acres of land. I leave it to you, gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "if the facts do not prove conclusively that my client is not guilty of stealing this mule and cannot under the circumstances have been rescued."

"That argument," said General Edgar, "tickled us so that we actually returned a verdict of not guilty. I don't believe the darky ever did get the other mule and the sixty acres, but we did all we could to make Uncle Sam's word good."—Success Magazine.

The Chimney.

Where wood is much used as a fuel, according to Suburban Life, considerable soot collects in the chimneys, and it is a source of many fires. The chimney should be burned out once a year at least and the work done on a damp day, or it may be swept out. A chimney is burned out by placing a bundle of straw or similar material in the bottom of the flue and firing it. To sweep out a chimney a small metal ball about four inches in diameter is hung on a thin rope and pulled up and down in the chimney until it is clean. When not too high, the chimney can be cleaned by a brush on a jointed pole.

Birds That Play.

Some birds, like all children, like to play, and Australia and New Guinea produce the "bower bird," which builds regular playhouses. These houses are not a part of their nests, but are constructed usually in the shape of covered archways of little boughs two or three feet long, eighteen inches high and about as wide. They use these houses simply for their games, as if they were clubhouses. Generally these playhouses are decorated with bright colored shells and feathers, just as children decorate their playhouses.

Lucky Future Generations.

There is a saying of Carlyle that the greatest hope of our world lies in the certainty of heroes being born into it. That is indeed a glorious certainty, but the reference might be enlarged. Birth itself, we venture to say, not of heroes only, but of the generations in their succession, is the infinitely hopeful thing. It is the guarantee that the world will never grow old; that it will never stand still; that no halt is to be called in its eternal progress.—Christian World.

Sure Sign.

"Don't sell that man another drink," ordered the boss.

"He's all right," argued the barkeep.

"He ain't full."

"No; but he's beginning to get that a nice family he comes of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Agreed.

He (at the end of fishing story)—My word, it was a monster. 'Pon my soul, I never saw such a fish in my life! She—No; I don't believe you ever did.—Punch.

The Squeeze.

Wife—I got into an awful jam that day bargain sale. Hubby—Indeed! Wife—Yes; all the money I had was squeezed out of my purse.

Men and Women.

The Big 4 for annual discharge of inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Pleasant, and not addictive or poisonous.

Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 50c in 10c packages.

WON THE VERDICT.

The Jury Did Its Best to Make Good Uncle Sam's Word.

General Tom Edgar, the first white child born on Galveston Island this birthday was in June, 1837, once narrated his experience as a juror in the case of a negro on trial for stealing a mule. It was in 1865, while United States soldiers were still in charge at Galveston. The negro pleaded not guilty, but the testimony was pretty clear against him. His lawyer, ignoring the testimony, based his defense upon the assertion that the negro could not possibly be guilty.

"Is it not a fact," he said, "that the federal government promised to every freed man two mules and sixty acres of land? No man can deny it, because it is a fact. My client has not received his promised sixty acres of land. He has not received his promised span of mules. He has indeed got but one mule, as these witnesses have testified, and the United States still owes him another mule and sixty acres of land. I leave it to you, gentlemen," he said, turning to the jury, "if the facts do not prove conclusively that my client is not guilty of stealing this mule and cannot under the circumstances have been rescued."

"That argument," said General Edgar, "tickled us so that we actually returned a verdict of not guilty. I don't believe the darky ever did get the other mule and the sixty acres, but we did all we could to make Uncle Sam's word good."—Success Magazine.

The Chimney.

Where wood is much used as a fuel, according to Suburban Life, considerable soot collects in the chimneys, and it is a source of many fires. The chimney should be burned out once a year at least and the work done on a damp day, or it may be swept out. A chimney is burned out by placing a bundle of straw or similar material in the bottom of the flue and firing it. To sweep out a chimney a small metal ball about four inches in diameter is hung on a thin rope and pulled up and down in the chimney until it is clean. When not too high, the chimney can be cleaned by a brush on a jointed pole.

Birds That Play.

Some birds, like all children, like to play, and Australia and New Guinea produce the "bower bird," which builds regular playhouses. These houses are not a part of their nests, but are constructed usually in the shape of covered archways of little boughs two or three feet long, eighteen inches high and about as wide. They use these houses simply for their games, as if they were clubhouses. Generally these playhouses are decorated with bright colored shells and feathers, just as children decorate their playhouses.

Lucky Future Generations.

COOLNESS IN BATTLE.

Bismarck's Test of Von Moltke at Konigsgratz.

Then he came to speak of the battle of Konigsgratz and especially of that "anxious moment" in it before the arrival of the crown prince in the rear of the Austrians, when some Prussian attacks had failed and there were signs of disorder among the repulsed troops.

"It was an anxious moment," said Bismarck, "a moment on the decision of which the fate of the empire depended. I confess I felt not a little nervous. I looked at Moltke, who sat quietly on his horse and did not seem to be disturbed by what was going on around us. I thought I would test whether he was really as calm as he appeared. I rode up to him and asked him whether I might offer him a cigar, since I noticed he was not smoking. He replied that he would be glad if I had one to spare. I presented to him my open case, in which there were only two cigars, one a very good Havana and the other of rather poor quality. Moltke looked at them and even handled them with great attention in order to ascertain their relative value and then with slow deliberation chose the Havana. 'Very good,' he said composedly. This reassured me very much. I thought if Moltke can bestow so much time and attention upon the choice between two cigars things cannot be very bad. Indeed, a few minutes later we heard the crown prince's guns, we observed unsteady and confused movements on the Austrian positions, and the battle was won."—Carl Schurz in McClure's.

Curious Morning Scene in an East Indian Compound.

All over the compound, from verandas and "go-downs," forms are seen rising from sleep, each one "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him," with no idea in doing so of conforming to any standards urged upon the attention of the race by Mr. Bryant, but the simpler if less poetic reason that these draperies constitute his bedding by night and his nether garment by day. But do not make the mistake of thinking that because the requirements of the Hindoo's costume are scanty his toilet is therefore a perfunctory matter. Follow him to the well. The chances are that you will never drink water again, but you will obtain knowledge. On the brink of that great yawning hole in the ground known as the compound well, whose sides are of stone and whose steps lead you down to the water's edge, behold the "males" of the compound. Dressed in the draperies already referred to and in attitudes ranging all the way from the pose of the "Disk Thrower" to that of the most resolute squatter upon a western claim, they are lined up in a row from the top of the steps to the bottom. In the hand of each is a chatty, and one and all are engaged in the offices of the morning bath. And their tub is the well. The brimming chatties are passed up and the empty ones down, legs are curled, feet are scoured, teeth are polished with charcoal and stick, throats are gargled, noses trumpeted, and, in short, the whole man receives such a washing and scrubbing, such a molishing and polishing, as leaves nothing to be desired except in connection with the well. This latter consideration, however, is one that does not disturb the Hindoo, who, priding himself upon being externally the cleanest platter in the universe, devotes but little thought to the inside of the dish.

His ablutions and those of his colleagues concluded, he fills his chatty once more from the pure fountain below, lifts it high in the air, throws his head back and with unerring aim pours the crystal libation in one long, steady stream down his open throat, skillfully poised to receive and conduct it to his germ proof interior. This done, his draperies are resumed, and he departs to his work.

Suddenly, as out of a catapult, the sun leaps up from behind the eastern hills, and day is at hand.—Mary Anabel Chamberlain in Atlantic.

A HINDOO'S TOILET.

All over the compound, from verandas and "go-downs," forms are seen rising from sleep, each one "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him," with no idea in doing so of conforming to any standards urged upon the attention of the race by Mr. Bryant, but the simpler if less poetic reason that these draperies constitute his bedding by night and his nether garment by day. But do not make the mistake of thinking that because the requirements of the Hindoo's costume are scanty his toilet is therefore a perfunctory matter. Follow him to the well. The chances are that you will never drink water again, but you will obtain knowledge. On the brink of that great yawning hole in the ground known as the compound well, whose sides are of stone and whose steps lead you down to the water's edge, behold the "males" of the compound. Dressed in the draperies already referred to and in attitudes ranging all the way from the pose of the "Disk Thrower" to that of the most resolute squatter upon a western claim, they are lined up in a row from the top of the steps to the bottom. In the hand of each is a chatty, and one and all are engaged in the offices of the morning bath. And their tub is the well. The brimming chatties are passed up and the empty ones down, legs are curled, feet are scoured, teeth are polished with charcoal and stick, throats are gargled, noses trumpeted, and, in short, the whole man receives such a washing and scrubbing, such a molishing and polishing, as leaves nothing to be desired except in connection with the well. This latter consideration, however, is one that does not disturb the Hindoo, who, priding himself upon being externally the cleanest platter in the universe, devotes but little thought to the inside of the dish.

His ablutions and those of his colleagues concluded, he fills his chatty once more from the pure fountain below, lifts it high in the air, throws his head back and with unerring aim pours the crystal libation in one long, steady stream down his open throat, skillfully poised to receive and conduct it to his germ proof interior. This done, his draperies are resumed, and he departs to his work.

Suddenly, as out of a catapult, the sun leaps up from behind the eastern hills, and day is at hand.—Mary Anabel Chamberlain in Atlantic.

A STORY OF MILLIONS.

The Way One Man Had a Fortune Thrust Upon Him.

A story is told of how the reluctant giving of a promissory note by a penniless New York lawyer brought a fortune into his pocket amounting to several millions. The man referred to, John M. Bixby, went to New York in 1839 from a backwoods district as a half starved lawyer. To pay \$4 a week for board and washing kept him on the verge of bankruptcy. He struggled for a year or two and was constantly seeking odd jobs outside of the law to enable him to exist when a friendly lawyer in whose office he had desk room called him aside one day.

"Here is a chance for you, Bixby," said the lawyer. "I have an estate to settle and must get rid of the farm on the north side of the city. It is appraised at \$200. You can have it at that figure."

"I have not a dollar to my name," exclaimed Bixby.

"You can give me your note, and I will renew it until you get ready to pay it," replied the lawyer.

The young man hesitated for some time. He was very nervous about placing himself under obligation for so large a sum, but finally consented. Young Bixby had to ask for the renewal of his note two or three times, had to deprive himself of the necessities of life to hold the farm until the opening of the Erie canal and the first lighting of the city by gas gave the metropolis a new birth and his farm was quickly swallowed in the growth. At the time of his death Bixby's property was worth \$7,000,000. Today its market value is more than \$13,000,000.—National Magazine.

Mr. Lincoln's Brevity.

A historian recalls the fact that in Mr. Lincoln's speech to the notification committee at Springfield there were 123 words and in his formal letter of acceptance there were 134 words. In his speech of acceptance to the committee in Washington in 1864 there are 196 words, and in his letter of acceptance there are 200 words. But let us remember that there were no typewriters in those days, and such a thing as a phonograph had not been dreamed of.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Uncorrupted.

"I once spurned a bribe of \$100,000," said the orator, naturally evoking a round of applause.

"Nay, friends, do not cheer," he continued. "It is the duty of all to be honest. Besides, the services demanded by the brazen scoundrel were worth double the money."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not the Suitor's Fault.

Fond Father (trembling with emotion)—You are adacious! You are heartless! She is my only child! Suitor (wishing to pacify)—But, my dear sir, you—er—you can't blame me for that.—Illustrated Bits.

Steer a straight course and let the other fellow do the dodging. You'll find the world willing to step aside for a fellow who knows where he is going.—Marcus.

Breaking It Gently.

"I understand, sir, that you are the possessor of a swollen fortune."

"Well," gruffly answered the beautiful girl's father, "what is that to you?"

"I merely thought that I would give you the notice of my intention to help take the swelling out of it. Myrtle and I are going to be married."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Terrible Tests.

"So you are still looking for an honest man?"

"I am," answered Diogenes.

"What is the lantern for?"

"That's to test him with. I am going to lend him the lantern, and if he brings that back I'm going to try him with an umbrella."—Washington Star.

One Good Feature.

"I am not afraid. Each day I do something that makes me worry."

"That's bad."

"Well, each new worry makes me forget the worry of yesterday. It might be worse."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical.

Sillicus—What do you consider is the proper time for a man to marry? Cynicus—Oh, I suppose when he hasn't anything else to worry him.—Philadelphia Record.

Before accepting a favor look for the string that may be tied to it.—Atchison Globe.

TOOTHACHE.

About the Worst Torture That Ever Afflicted Mankind.

"You of the younger generation," said the dentist severely, "don't appreciate the importance of the conquest of toothache that dentistry has made."

"Toothache is the worst torture that ever afflicted mankind. Its pangs—'lancinating' they are technically called—are worse than the pains of cancer. Worse than cancer; that is the truth. I have heard it from physicians; I have heard it from three old people whom cancer finally killed. They all said that the pain of cancer at its worst was mild beside the pain of the worst toothache."

"Toothache drove De Quincy to opium eating. De Quincy, too, says in his 'Opium Eater'—like all dentists, I have the passage by heart:

"No stronger expression of toothache's intensity and scorching fierceness can be imagined than this fact, that within my private knowledge two persons who had suffered alike under toothache and cancer have pronounced the former to be on the scale of torture by many degrees the worse. In both there are at times lancinating pangs—keen, glancing, arrow radiations of anguish—and upon these the basis of comparison is rested, paroxysm against paroxysm, with the result that I have stated."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A VERY PRETTY LETTER.

The Story of Byron's Proposal to Miss Milbanke.

Byron's proposal to his wife, Miss Milbanke, was made after sordid discussion and study and lacked all impulse. Lady Melbourne, who stood in his confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled his mind and prospects were, strenuously advised him to marry. She suggested a certain lady, but Lord Byron fancied the idea of marrying Miss Milbanke.

"No," said Lady Melbourne; "Miss Milbanke will not suit you. In the first place, she has no fortune now, and you want money immediately. In the next place, you want a person who will have great admiration for your genius; she has too great an admiration for herself."

"Well," said Byron, "as you please." And, sitting down, he wrote a letter to the lady recommended by Lady Melbourne. He received a refusal.

"Now, you see," said he, "Miss Milbanke is to be the person, after all. I will write to her."

As soon as he had finished his friend, still remonstrating, read the note and observed:

"Well, really, this is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it