THE SEMI-WEEKLY WORLD

IDAHO CITY, : : : IDAHO

THERE are said to be more beggars in Birmingham, Ala., than in any other city in the south.

OVER 205,000 francs were taken in by the managers of the three recent bull-fights in Paris.

AT the fashionable luncheons in New York city now soup is served up in cups instead of on plates.

THE savings bank depositors of the city of New York number 669,433, or about half the population.

IN Spain 113 mills are continually running to supply the Spaniards with paper for their cigarettes.

COL. INGERSOLL has gone to Washington to look for the material for another anti-religious tirade.

MISS SOPHIE BAKUNIN, daughter of the famous Russian agitator, is a student of medicine in the University of Naples.

AMOS J. CUMMINGS, congressman-elect from the Sixth New York district, says that it is only right that a journalist should represent his district, as it boasts of eighteen dailies, 187 weeklies and 459 periodicals.

SENATOR-ELECT TURPIE, of Indiana, is what the boys call "a jolly fellow," who has had money enough all his life to escape hard work and has consequently missed that fame which his ability would otherwsie have brought him.

A GERMAN paper says that with a funnel of thick manilla paper about sixteen inches long and six to eight inches wide at the mouth, the smaller end being put into the opening of the receiver, one may talk in whispers through the telephone.

THE Marquis Tseng, since his return from Europe, goes out to drive in the foreign quarter of Shanghai every day in a landau drawn by a pair of white ponies. It is thought that his example will induce other high Chinese officers to adopt European customs.

IT is reported that President Salomon, of Hayti, is seriously sick. He is a very old man. His death would be a very serious blow to Hayti, because of his singular abilities as a statesman and a leader, and also because of the difficulty of acceptably filling his place.

THE inventor, Edison, who is now in Florida, is in very poor health. He had a very severe attack of plurisy last December, and it is reported that his lungs are in such a condition that his recovery is impossible. He is said to have become a believer in Spiritualism.

BARON DE WORMS has bought, and is furnishing at great cost, a handsome house in Grosvenor place. It is understood that he has a splendid collection of pictures which will adorn his new mansion, where hospitality is to be on a grand scale during the present season.

GEN. BOULANGER has been recently presented with a picture, executed by M. Frichot in 1846, representing the return of the remains of Napoleon I. from St. Helena. It has been handed over officially to the governor of the Hotel des invalides, and will figure among the other relics of the Corsican conqueror deposited in that establishment.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, Count von Moltke, Gen. W. S. Harney, U. S. A., and Col. E. G. W. Butler, of St. Louis, are believed to be the oldest four military officers in the world. Between the last two there is a good deal of rivalry as to precedence. Butler went into the army before Harney; that is at West Point. But Harney received his commission before Butler got his.

MR. RUSKIN says that his father's firm was that of Ruskin, Telford, & Domecq. Mr. Domecq brought into the business land, Mr. Telford money, and Mr. Ruskin only his excellent and extremely strong will. "But my father," says the great critic, "though not only a poor man, but worth in the city sense much less than nothing, was always as much ahead of the firm as the Caliph Omar was father of the faithful."

P. T. BARNUM has long been known as an earnest temperance man and an advocate of prohibition, in a recent letter to *The Bridgeport Standard* he makes the following suggestion: "Until public opinion will abolish them, it ought to be evident to every sensible person who will impartially examine the subject that there should be but one license to every one hundred male adults. These licenses should be sold at auction, thoroughly advertised in advance, starting the first bid at $200."

PROF. DR. MAUTHNER, the distinguished Viennese occulist, was summoned by telegraph to Kieff the other day to attend a wealthy patient. At the Russian border the official asked him whether he was a Catholic, and when the doctor replied that he was a Hebrew, he was told to get off the train, as foreign Jews were not allowed to enter Russia. Dr. Mauthner explained the object of his visit, but in vain; and the train went on without him. He now telegraphed to his patient, and several hours passed before the latter had been able to get permission for him to come. When on his way home he received a telegram from the governor of Odessa to come and attend him, but the doctor sent back word that he had had enough of Russia, and returned to Vienna.

Indian Nicknames.

Indians are known to each other by certain tribal or family names, which for some mysterious reason they decline to reveal, says a writer in the Springfield Republican. No maid or wife who has long since passed the twenties is hall so solicitous to conceal her age as an Indian is to conceal his family name. Like more highly-civilized peoples, however, the practice of giving nicknames flourishes among them, and these are the names that we find upon the freight books at the agency.

The "Bear" family stands high upon the list of those who work. There is High Bear, Standing Bear, Quick Bear, Young Bear, Crazy Bear and Bear-who-looks-as-he-runs. Then we have him in all sorts of trying situations. Suffering Bear, Living Bear, Sitting Bear, Sleeping Bear and Bear Eagle. Bear-Looks-Over Top Bear at Bear Man; in which operation Troublesome Bear, if he lives up to his name, may give him not a little inconvenience. In colors we have Red Bear, Yellow Bear and Brown Bear, but no black bear; and, with John Bear, Brave Bear and American Bear the list closes. The "Horse" family occupies a number of pages, giving us Horned Horse, Eagle Horse, Blue Horse, Cloud Horse and Red Horse Owner. Next comes Plenty Horse, Iron Horse, Returning Medicine Horse, Shedding Horse, Painted Horse and Horse Bear. We hope that Running Horse, Runs With, or Runs Forward of Bob Tailed Horse. A patriotic interest in native industries leads us to hope that American Horse will not be beaten by Plenty Horse, or Youngman-afraid-of-his-horse. We confess to a doubt as to whether Big Belly Sorrel Horse or White Cow Walking will be the Last Horse in the race.

The Bull and Dog families are about equally represented. Little Bull, Slow Bull, Yellow Bull, Lone Bull and One Bull are doubtless of better stock than Scabby Bull, who might perhaps consult Medicine Bull to advantage. It is to be hoped also that Brave Bull and Left-Handed Bull are neither of them afraid of the Bull or of Bull Walks Behind. Of dogs we find He Dog, Little Dog, Eagle Dog, Two Dogs and Prairie Dog. Poor Dog and Lone Dog are dangerously near to Mad Dog. Crow Dog, in a Dog Trade, Keeps the Dog. Let us hope that he finds him a Fast Dog or a Dog Red Track, whatever they may be. Chief Eagle, High Bald Eagle, Two Eagles—even Walking Eagle and Owl Eagle hold themselves better than Eagle Man and Eagle Elk. The interesting though predatory Hawks, Iron Hawk, Swift Hawk, High Hawk, Charging Hawk, Yellow Hawk, Whirlwind Hawk and Black Crow have little in common with Big Turkey, Good Bird or Simple Bird, without even a qualifying adjective. Jumping Elk, Young Elk, White Elk, Poor Elk and Spotted Cow wisely hold aloof from Yellow Wolf, Long Wolf and Running Wolf. White Rabbit, Black Weasel, Spotted Weasel and Plenty Antelope will do well to imitate them. The names of Sharp Fish, Mice, Duck, Frog and Red Fly appropriately finish the animal kingdom.

Victoria's Cranky Ways.

Queen Victoria seems to be getting about as cranky as was the late King Ludwig of Bavaria. She doesn't care to share her pleasures with anybody below royal rank, and occasionally orders a dramatic performance at Windsor for her exclusive enjoyment. Writing to the Buffalo Commercial from London, "Mercutio" says:

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have had the honor of appearing before the queen at Osborne, and "they do say that there are to be more theatricals this season 'commanded' by her majesty." The Kendals are to appear again. Moreover, the sovereign is credited with a desire to see "Faust," and it is said Henry Irving is quite willing to play to her majesty alone. The queen likes her amusement to herself. So did the king of Bavaria. But then he was mad. One thing is certain, Irving cannot take the witches, kitchen and the Brocken and all the rest of it to Windsor. The queen will have to come to him to see his show. How will he smuggle her in? He is bound to make some sort of an announcement of the distinguished honor. It will be a day performance, and it will be sufficient for the day. Giving two representations of the play is quite out of the question. Now, what I was getting to was this: The moment it is known that the queen is going to the Lyceum to see "Faust," places from which she can be seen will be at a premium. The crowd will exceed in magnitude that brought together by the lord mayor's show. Is her majesty prepared to face all that? If my memory serves me aright, the queen has not been in the Strand, the principal street of her empire, since the day she went with the prince of Wales to St. Paul's, to the thanksgiving service, on his restoration to health.

Dr. Holmes Sees the Prince.

When Oliver Wendell Holmes was in England he went to the Derby on the special train with the Prince of Wales and this is what he says in the March Atlantic of the heir to the English throne:

The prince is of a lively temperament, and a very cheerful aspect—a young girl would call him "jolly" as well as "nice." I could not help thinking of the story of "Mr. Pope" and his Prince of Wales, as told by Horace Walpole: "Mr. Pope, you don't love princes." "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then." Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown." Certainly, nothing in Prince Albert Edward suggests any aggressive weapons or tendencies. The lovely, youthful-looking gracious Alexandra, the always affable and amiable Princess Louise, the tall youth who sees the crown and sceptre afar off in his dreams, the slips of girls so like many school misses we left behind us—all these grand personages not being on exhibition, but off enjoying themselves, just as I was and as other people were, seemed very much like their fellow mortals. It is really easier to feel at home with the highest people in the land than with the awkward commoner who was knighted yesterday. When "My Lord and Sir Paul" came into the club which Goldsmith tells of, the hilarity of the evening was instantly checked. The entrance of a dignitary like the present Prince of Wales would not have spoiled the fun of the evening. If there is any one accomplishment specially belonging to princes, it is that of making the persons they meet feel at ease.

BANNERS.

Emerson.

Grace, Beauty and Caprice
Build this golden portal;
Graceful women, chosen men,
Dazzle every mortal.
Their sweet and lofty countenance
His enchanted food
He need not go to them, their forms
Beset his solitude,
He looketh seldom in their face,
His eyes explore the ground—
The green grass is a looking-glass
Whereon their traits are found.
Little and less he says to them.
So dances his heart in his breast;
Their tranquil mien bereaveth him,
Of wit, of words, of rest.
Too weak to win, too fond to shun
The tyrants of his doom,
The much deceived Endymion
Slips behind a tomb.

MRS. DOBBS' "WHIM."

From the Argosy.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs lived at Clapham. They were a very worthy couple, their friends said. That is about the best people will say of an elderly pair if they are not intellectual or troublesome. Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs were neither. Mr. Dobbs was stout and commonplace in appearance, and did not flirt with his neighbor's wife, or gamble in stocks, or live beyond his income. He was hall-marked among upright men, and was trustee for half his friends' children. No doubt he was a trifle heavy and prosy at times, but these are drawbacks frequently attendant upon men of probity. He certainly was never tempted by impulses or inspirations of any sort either to do wrong or to become witty or original.

Mrs. Dobbs was reputed a respectable and virtuous matron for other reasons. Imprimis, she had no taste in dress; neither did she paint her face or excite the envy and spite of her female friends by beautifying her house. She was fond of a good dinner of a solid English sort, and always wore black silk or satin gowns. Her caps were preposterous erections of lace, with gilt or steel ornaments attached; and when she went to the theater she wore a red bernouse. Truly this couple were left behind in the race of extravagance, frivolity and eccentricity. Fashionable folks would have nothing to say to them; those who did consider them worth cultivating explained their status as "good, worthy people," with a compassionate shrug or smile.

Mr. Dobbs was "something in the city," and his big office and many clerks brought in something more than a comfortable income. Yet he made no parade of wealth and kept household accounts strictly. Every evening he returned home punctually by the 6 o'clock train from Waterloo, carrying his fish basket with him. Fish was cheaper and better in the city than at Clapham, and Mrs. Dobbs was particularly fond of fish. The worthy Josiah would not have spoiled her dinner for the world. She must have her salmon in season, and her red mullet and whitebait, all in due turn, of the best. By this you will understand that Mr. Dobbs was devoted and domestic. Yet there were thorns amid the roses of his conjugal paradise. Mrs. Dobbs was now and again beset by spirits of unrest and discontent, and her whims at intervals caused dear, steady-going Josiah much inconvenience. There were no children at Clarence Villa; and perhaps for this reason Mrs. Dobbs had more leisure for complaint. She practiced the art of murmuring with as steady a persistence as a prima donna her scales. Josiah suffered her discontents with more than the ordinary patience of an exemplary husband.

As years went on Josiah philosophically gave up wishing for an heir, seeing his Dorothy had grown portly and middle aged. He subscribed largely to the various charities not having a legitimate outlet for his human kindness. A philoprogenitive organ impelled him toward children's hospitals. Why, said he, should not his generation benefit instead of they that were to come after?

Mrs. Dobbs did not however, view such matters with equanimity. Seeing the undue and unwelcome number of olive branches round about other people's tables, she resented nature's cruelty to herself. She, therefore, frowned persistently on Josiah's philanthropic schemes for other people's children. His benevolence toward orphans, foundlings and waifs and strays was a never-ceasing cause of argument and mortification to her. She did not suffer any loss, personally, from these charitable deeds. Not a wish remained ungranted, and checks were forthcoming with cheerful readiness when required. She had her carriage, her servants, her milliners as she listed. Josiah erected a miniature Crystal Palace in his garden because she wished to have bananas growing. He took her to Egypt one Winter, and nearly died of seasickness by the way, because she had been reading Eastern romances and yearned for Oriental glitter. Nothing that money could obtain was denied her—only she had no children.

For a long time Mrs. Dobbs had displayed no extraordinary caprice. Josiah was sailing along in wonderfully smooth matrimonial waters. But the lady's frequent absence of mind and contemplative mein might have convinced a more sophisticated man that mischief was brewing. In truth Mrs. Dobbs was slowly hatching a scheme which she felt sure would run counter to Josiah's wishes. This lent an additional zest to her plan. She considered it a retributive scheme. She would fight Josiah on his own ground with his favorite weapon of benevolence.

"I'm going to adopt a child, Josiah. Now it's no use your contradicting me, because I won't listen," said the lady one evening over dessert. She spoke aggressively, cracking the shell of a walnut with decision. She peevishly found fault with the fish and the salad, and had slapped her pug for no earthly reason. If Josiah had been less slow he would have opined that a storm was brewing. There was silence for a minute after Mrs. Dobbs had opened fire.

"Aren't you going to speak?" she said at length.

"A child," remarked Josiah, dropping his fat chin into his shirt. "My love, that is surely a project requiring very serious consideration."

Mrs. Dobbs tossed her head ominously. Every inch of lace in her cap seemed suddenly to have acquired starch, while the gilt ornaments thereon scintillated fiercely.

"When I say a thing I mean it, as you know, Josiah. I have considered that you indulge your hobbies without restraint. It is high time my benevolence found something to occupy it."

Josiah drank up his wine slowly. When he spoke again it was in a subdued tone.

"Dorothy, my dear, how often have I reminded you in the past three years that your poor sister—left a child. As I have said before, it is your clear duty—"

"Mr. Dobbs!" The lady rose, and swept her black satin skirts to the door. Here she paused to add: "I repeat, I remember no sister. A disgraceful marriage severed all connection of birth. I beg that you will never allude to that shameful matter again."

Perhaps the episode alluded to was well remembred by Josiah, for he sighed several times in his after-dinner solitude. He knew the mad-cap girl he had sheltered for many years beneath his roof was dead, but he knew, too, that her child lived, and he would fain have cherished it for the mother's sake.

In the course of the evening Mrs. Dobbs resumed the question of adoption. Josiah was a peaceable man, and he loved his wife; but this last whim was a serious one, and would inevitably entangle her in difficulties.

"I'm going to advertise at once," she said.

Mr. Dobbs looked very blank.

"I should advise you to try some other plan that would give less publicity to the matter," he said mildly.

"That would bring any amount of beggars and inpostors about you."

Mrs. Dobbs looked over her crewel work in an injured way.

"There you are again, Josiah; always trying to oppose me and make my life miserable. I declare you contradict me every morning and evening about something. Haven't I told you before what a lonely life I lead? It's all very well for you, who go away to the city every day to make money. You are just like all men—you are selfish to the core." With this final female platitude, Mrs. Dobbs began to whimper. Mr. Dobbs felt guilty of heinous cruelty.

"A companion might——" he began.

The lady lifted herself from the sofa cushion and Josiah quailed.

"A companion!" with withering sarcasm, "to make love to you, no doubt, Josiah. I know their scheming ways. Didn't I have enough of Miss Griggs and her maneuvering tricks, working you braces, the hussy, and sending you Christmas cards. How dare you mention a person of that sort after all my sufferings with them?"

Of course in the end the lady prevailed, and Josiah passively countenanced the adoption. Matters were soon set in order for the fulfillment of the latest whim. Yet verily her heart failed her during the week following her advertisement. Her lonely condition had never been so apparent to her before as when she was beset by a crew of parents and guardians bearing some puny or blighted infant for her adoption. All sorts and conditions of men craved her pity for their wretched children. She was bewildered by the offensive bearing of bolder applicants. More than once Mrs. Dobbs had to ring in her respectable butler to get rid of some insistant parent who endeavored to intimidate her into an immediate purchase. The result of all this was a cessation of the daily advertisement. Mr. Dobbs, of course, was not informed minutely of all that went on, though an interview with his butler one evening threw a little light on things that had occurred.

"I wish to give a month's warning, sir," said this gentleman in privacy to his master.

"Why, now, Tinker, what is the matter? I'm sure you've a very comfortable place, with a boy to do all your dirty work."

Tinker coughed and stammered a few words before coming to the point. "Well, now, sir, to speak plain it's along of that wild crowd of vagabonds, as Mrs. Dobbs she's seeing of every day. Babies by the score, they're brought by impident rascals such as I ain't been accustomed to. One of 'em she wouldn't go out of the gate till I called the police. It aint respectable in a gentleman's house, I do assure you, sir."

Somehow or other Mr. Dobbs managed to sooth the outraged feelings of his man servant, and prevailed upon him to put up awhile longer with the inconvenience of the situation. The worthy Josiah was concerned for the protection of his wife.

"How are you getting on with your business, my love?" inquired Mr. Dobbs that evening.

"Oh, pretty well," ssid the lady cheerfully, yet persistently avoiding her husband's eyes. "I find it very difficult to make up my mind; and I want a pretty little boy, not quite a baby, with no disgraceful connections to hang about him. No doubt I shall see one to suit me in a few days."

The few days passed without further allusion to the subject, and the following curious advertisement appeared in all the daily papers:

WANTED.—For immediate adoption, a little boy between 2 and 4 years old. Must be healthy and pretty and sound in body and mind. The parents or relatives must renounce all claim on him forever. He will be comfortably provided for in the future. Apply daily to Messrs. Griffham and Grabham, Solicitors, 201 Parliament street, Westminster.

After the appearance of this advertisement the persecution of Clarence Villa died away, and only now and again a respectable man or woman, leading a little boy, was heard inquiring for Mrs. Dobbs' residence of a local policeman. But the lady was obdurate to all claims made on her pity. She had hardened her heart to destitute cases: and penniless widows or consumptive fathers met with scant ceremony at her hands if their offspring were not desirable. After this had gone for a fortnight or more, Mrs Dobbs one day visited Messrs. Griffham and Grabham during business hours.

"I have come about the child, Mr. Griffham," she said, going at once to her point. "How is it you have sent me none that are pretty or interesting?" From the force of habit, Mrs. Dobbs was apt to speak dictatorially to strangers.

"My dear madam, pray remember children are not made to order."

Mrs. Dobbs winced. "I see I must except no assistance from you, sir," she said loftily. No doubt my husband's opposition to my object has influenced you, I will trouble you no further in this matter. You may consider your quest at an end. Good morning."

Weary of her undertaking, Mrs. Dobbs had almost resolved to abandon her whim. She chewed the cud of bitter thoughts on her homeward way that day. Providence or fortune was against her success. That evening Mr. Dobbs came home in an unusual degree of haste, and of a cheerful mien.

"Love," said he, tripping over the dining-room mat, "I've found a child for you."

Mrs. Doobs lookeed up coldly. "It's impossible I shall like it," said she perversely. "No one wants to part with a child unless there's something the matter with it."

Mr. Doobs beamed yet more brightly. He was not to be snbdued by any wet blankets. "It's a little boy, and he is 3 years old, fair, pretty and most intelligent. His father is just dead."

"What about his mother?" queried Mrs. Doobs cautiously.

Josiah reddened, stammering a little. "She—ah, poor soul—is dead too. This is no beggar's brat. He is well born, Dorothy, on one side. I can give you every proof."

The next day the child was brought to Clapham and left a Clarence Villa by a clerk from M. Dobbs' office. He was poorly dressed, but a handsome little lad, lively and spirited. He was not at all shy, and addressed himself freely to the pug and parrot. The piping treble voice and shrill, childish laughter touched the maternal chord in Dorothy's heart. She went a little sadly that day while her eyes followed the child. He stroked her velvet gown and fingered her rings while he sat upon her knee, chatting about the things around him.

"What is your name?" questioned the lady.

"Harry," answered the boy readily. But nothing more could be elicited from him. He did not seem to understand that he could have a second name. He was but a baby boy, scarcely three.

In the afternoon Mrs. Dobbs telegraphed to her husband that he must make arrangements for her to keep the child a day or two. It would not be necessary to send any one to fetch him that evening. The day passed quickly, with little feet pattering beside her, exploring the wonders of garden and greenhouses. Towards 7 o'clock Mrs. Dobbs began to look anxiously for her spouse's return. She had quite decided that she would keep the child, but still there were questions to be asked—preliminaries to be settled. The boy must be hers entirely. None must ever claim him, or interfere with his welfare. Mr. Dobbs came leisurely up the garden at his usual hour, carrying his fish-bag. His stolid face changed a little when he looked through the window and saw the child on his wife's knee.

"He is a pretty boy, Dorothy," he said nervously, when he came near.

"A darling little boy; I mean to keep him, Josiah," she said, gently disengaging the chubby hands from her chair. "Will you stay with me, Harry?"

The child laughed gleefully, tossing back his curls.

"Stay with oo; pity, pity flowers," he cried clapping his hands.

"Tell me all you know about him, Josiah. What is his parentage, and will his nearest relatives surrender all claim upon him?"

Josiah shifted uneasily in his seat. He had the appearance of a man oppressed with guilt.

"He is an orphan," said he looking speculatively at his own broad toes.

"So much the better for me," said Mrs. Dobbs. But I will have no distant relatives hanging about. He must belong exclusively to me."

Mr Dobbs drew nearer to his wife.

"Dorothy, he ought to belong to you it to anyone."

The lady put down the child from her knee. His large blue eyes gazed in wonder at this sudden rejection.

"What is the boy's name?" said Mrs. Dobbs, breathlessly.

"Henry," he rejoined, slowly.

"But Henry what?" she asked, more sharply.

"Henry Morrison. He is your sister's child—a friendless orphan now. God help him if you don't.

Mrs. Dobbs fell back on the sofa cushion, and covered her face with her hands. The tears were falling through them when little fingers essayed to move them.

"Has oo, been naughty? Don't ky."

Perhaps the lady was very conscious of her own naughtiness, for she cried still more at this appeal, drawing the child into her embrace. There was never any more doubt about the adoption. Henry Morrison calls Mrs. Dobbs mother to this day, and Josiah is a little less generous toward asylums and hospitals. There will be a very pretty penny by and by for his adopted son.

Something Like Working for Nothing and Boarding Yourself.

San Francisco Chronicle.

It was in the days of the early railroad, when it was yet new; the days when the journey to New York was less of a little jaunt than it is now; when greenbacks were not popular here. One summer morning a man, walking in happy and feverish haste, with wild excitement beaming all over his face, stepped into the office of a well known banker.

"I want exchange for this on New York."

"All right. What is it?"

The man looked tearfully around him and then brought out a packet.

"It's $25,000 in greenbacks."

"I guess I can do it. Going East?"

Yes. I'm going to-morrow. I don't want to carry all this with me. Could not do it. Sure to get robbed. So give me a draft. How much?"

"Oh seeing it's you, one per cent.; $250——"

"It goes."

So the banker made out the draft on New York and took the money.

"You're going to-morrow, are you?"

"Yes."

"Would you mind taking a little parcel for me and handing it to my brother?"

"Certainly. I'll do it with pleasure."

The banker went to the other room and presently came back with the parcel.

"Just put it in your valise, and don't lose it, will you?"

"I'll take the best of care of it."

"Thank you. Goodby. Pleasant trip."

Arrived in New York, the Californian went to the address and delivered the package. Then he presented his draft. The man opened the package and gave him the indentical $25,000 in greenbacks he had in San Francisco. He had carried them all the way himself.

MEDIATED.

A man of Genius and His Wife.

"The lady who was left?"

I said this inquiringly and doubtfully.

"O, no," replied my friend, "I said the lady on his left. She is his wife."

It was at a theatre. We had been discussing a famous man of genius who occupied a conspicuous seat and I had asked about his wife. When the lady was pointed out to me I suddenly lost all interest in the husband.

"Ha! ha!" laughed my companion. "Your mistake was a good one."

"What mistake?"

"Why your characterization of Mrs. —— as the lady who was left. I don't think she would like it much."

I said nothing, and glanced again at the sweet-faced woman who looked so lonely in the midst of that light-hearted crowd. The husband was not lonely. He had everything he wanted except a mirror. Not having one, he pased with a due regard for spectacular effect, and was happy. The expression on his face seemed to say: "I know it is trying to the complexion, this fierce white light that beats upon the throne, but I've got to stand it. It is one of the penalties of greatness." He never looked at the woman with the tender, luminous eyes by his side. He did not see that like some fair and fragile flower she seemed to wilt under the fierce white light. Perhaps he did not care.

"Yes," I said to myself, "she is the lady who was left."

The play went on, and whenever there was a telling hit the spectators looked at the strangely brilliant man who was among them but not of them. Watching the lights and the shadows of that mobile, magnetic face they applauded or relapsed into stolid indifference, running the entire gamut of expression. But nobody looked at the quiet lady who shuddered under every shock or sound, and seemed to shrink from every fresh impulse of glare.

After that night at the theatre I saw my lady who was left many times and in many places. It would not be said that her husband condemned her to seclusion. On the contrary he took her everywhere. If he was lavish in the matter of his own personal adornment, he urged his wife to deny herself nothing. It it delighted him to pose as the central figure in a field of cloth of gold, stiff with gorgeous embroidery, he was determined that his wife should not lack for Tyrian purple, so to speak, and diamonds that would have graced a coronet. Why shouldn't she be a happy woman? Her costumes were extravagantly compared to symphonies and poems.

But she was not happy. In the midst of all the excitement accompanying the spectacular pageantry of her husband's life she knew that she was left. Why indulge in any nonsense about her failure to grow with her husband and keep pace with him intellectually? It would be stupidly, brutally false to say such a thing. She was born to be the queen of an ideal home and to hold solely sovereign sway over one heart. But her husband had divided his affections between her and the many-headed monster thing called the public, and their home life had been turned into a gilded tumult.

I still see these two on public occasions. A shadow is beginning to darken the husband's face. He feels that life is growing stale and flat. Just why, he cannot tell. He knows that it is not the fault of his loyal wife, but there is something wrong somewhere. Perhaps there is just the suspicion of a shadow on the fair face of the lady who was left. It suggests a sorrow in which self plays no part. The fleeting years carry her in the direction of a nobler, higher life, and she feels that she is traveling the road alone. I have ceased to study these two faces. The lady who was left is getting beyond me. I cannot say as much for her husband. He is still in sight, and likely to remain there.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Very Interesting Pet.

Skunks are not often seen, even by country people, and those who do see them seldom stay for any very careful observation of there habits. All the better worth reading, therefore, is this description of one, which evidently made an interesting pet. Farmers, at least will understand that an animal so exceedingly fond of grasshoppers and mice cannot be accounted altogether a nuisance.

Two summers ago I was the happy master of the cleverest young skunk that I have thus far chanced to meet. For a name he received the title of his genus, and we called him "Meph" for short. By way of precaution, I removed his scent sacs, and he made a rapid and complete recovery. While driving about the country in the performance of my professional duties, he usually slept in my pocket.

After supper I commonly took a walk, and he always followed, close at my heels. If I had chanced to walk too fast for him, he would scold and stamp with his fore-feet, and if I persisted in keeping too far ahead, would turn about disgusted, and make off in an opposite direction; but if I stopped and called him, he would hurry along at a sort of ambling pace, and soon overtake me.

We used to walk through the woods to a large meadow which abounded in grasshoppers. Here Meph would fairly revel in his favorite food, and it was sport to watch his manœuvres. When a grasshopper jumped, he jumped, and I have seen him with as many as three in his mouth and two under his fore-paws at one time! He would eat so many that his over-distended little belly actually dragged upon the ground, and when so full that he could hold no more, would still catch and slay them.

Ere many weeks he ventured to attack a mouse, and the ferocity displayed in its destruction was truly astonishing. He devoured the entire body, and growled and stamped if any one came near before the repast was over.

His nest was in a box at the foot of the stairs, and before he grew strong enough to climb out by himself, he would, whenever he heard me coming, stand on his hind legs, with his paws resting on the edge of the box, and beg to be carried upstairs. If I passed by without appearing to notice him, he invariably became much enraged, and chippered and scolded at a great rate, stamping, meanwhile, most vehemently. He was very sprightly and frolicsome, and used to hop about the floor in search of something to play with, and frequently amused himself by attempting to demolish my slippers.

Brown of Australia.

It is surprising how very few men are capable of making lasting impressions upon acquaintances. We meet and greet great men, bright men, jolly men, but straightway they are gone we forget all about them except as they may be recalled by some circumstance entirely extraneous from our personal interest in them. But Brown of Australia, of whom a writer in the Phipadelphia Press tells this story, certainly seems to be one of the men not easily forgotten.

A gentleman told me recently of an instance of a peculiar unanimity of opinion among a lot of prominent men on a question where one might naturally expect to find a wide difference of thought. The point of agreement was as to the most brilliant conversationalist whom the members of the gathering had ever heard. My friend said: "I was once sitting in the captain's cabin of the steamship Indiana of the American line, talking with Capt. Sargeant of the many prominent people he had had under his charge during his long life on the sea. "I have had a great many interesting people cross with me," said the captain, "statesmen, actors, writers, professional men of prominence and men of the world who have seen every part of it, but the most entertaining passenger I ever met was a lawyer from Melbourne, Australia, named Brown. He was, without doubt, the most brilliant conversationalist I ever listened to." My friend said that the distinction given this unknown lawyer struck him as somewhat remarkable and caused him to remember the name. He was still more surprised, therefore, when a year later he heard Joseph Jefferson, at a dinner given him in this city, express as his opinion that among all the bright talkers he had ever met in this or any other country the same prominent lawyer of Melbourne was the most brilliant. It was not that he said witty things every now and again, but that his conversation was one continual flow of queer conceits, bright epigrams and bon mots which came so easily and were so free from bitterness or sting that they had a charm and freshness seldom found in the conversation of professional raconteurs.

Brown of Melbourne became a distinguished man in the eyes of the gentleman, who had twice heard his praises sung by so able critics, but he was still to hear of him again. One evening several years ago, while dining with the Savage club in London, where Byron, author of the comedy of "Our Boys," W. S. Gilbert and other good talkers were at the table, a battle of words took place between Robertson, the author of "School" and "Caste" and another gentleman possessing no mean powers of repartee. My friend was greatly pleased with what he heard and expressed his admiration of the brightness of the speakers to a gentleman sitting next to him. "Yes," said the Englishman, "they talk well, but we had a queer chap here from the provinces once that made them all look to their laurels. He was by long odds the most brilliant fellow I ever heard talk. His name was Brown and he came from Melbourne." It is not unnatural for three people even of wide experience to agree on the same novelist, actor or singer, but it strains the that the story was interesting only as a coincidence, and though Brown of Melbourne has not yet visited this country.

An Indefatigable Liar.

From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.

As an illustration of the "colossal liars" of the west, General McCook relates the following: He was traveling among the Rocky mountains, and straying out one morning from the trail, stood for a moment entranced by the magnificent landscape spread before him, when he was aroused from his meditations by the footsteps of one of the guides, who had followed him, lest he should lose his way.

"Is not this magnificent Bill?" exclaimed the General, anxious to share his delight.

"It's mighty purty, general," said the guide, "but I kin show you bigger sights nor this. Why, one time Kansas Jim and me had been trampin' three days and nights, and we came to a plain, and right in the midst of it was a forest all turned to solid stone."

The Gederal smiled and remarked "I have heard of petrified trees before, Bill."

The guide expectorated without changing countenance and continued "But that warn't all, General. That war a buffalo on that plain, and he war petrified on the clean jump, and his huffs had kicked up a bit of soil, and I'm blamed if that warn't petrified in the air!"

The General turned an amused countenance on the narrator and said: "Why, Bill, the sod would have fallen to the ground by the force of gravity."

"Without any hesitation Bill answered: "Well, by——, General, the gravity war petrified, too!"

The World Not so Very Large.

From the Washington Post.

The world is growing smaller every day! Three gentlemen were standing together in the East Room of the White House at the last State reception. Richly dressed and beautiful women were thronging into that magnificent parlor from the Green Room, having "been through" as the expression is for a presentation to the President in the Blue Room. The social mill was in furious operation that evening, and an enormous grist was being ground out.

Suddenly a medium-sized, facinating lady from New York, in an elegant and becoming costume, emerged from the hopper. She was the wife of a high railway official in that city. The three gentlemen glanced at her. No one of the three knew that either of the others had ever seen her before.

"Ah! said Browne, "the last time I saw her I was pouring sand into her shoes at Long Branch."

"Indeed!" said White. "The last time I met her was at the Hotel Continental in Paris, when she presented me to Clara Louise Kellogg."

"And that reminds me," said Greene, "that the last time I saw her I was seated by her side in her carriage, driving up Fifth-ave. for a turn in Central Park."

And then the three gentlemen looked at each other, and shook hands, and laughed. How small this world is.