THE LOTUS.

By the Hindoo Girl, Lorn Dutt.

Love came to Flora asking for a flower
That would of flowers be undisputed queen;
The lily and the rose long, long had been
Rivals for that high honor. Bards of power
Had sung their claims. "The rose can never tower
Like the pale lily with her Juno mien"—
"But is the lily lovelier?" Thus between
Flower factions ran the strife in Payche's bower.
"Give me a flower delicious as the rose
And stately as the lily in her pride"—
"But of what color?"—"Rose red," Love first chose,
Then prayed—"No, lily white—or, both provide;"
And Flora gave the lotus, "rose red dyed,
And "lily white," the queenliest flower that blows.

FANNY KEMBLE'S LIFE.

The Sequel to the Famous Recollections of a Girlhood—Macaulay, Thackeray, Rachel, Mrs. Grote and Others.

From the New York Herald.

The last sentence in Fanny Kemble's "Records of a Girlhood" is, "In 1834 I married Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia." There the story ends. But it is taken up again in the "Records of Later Life," which is just published. This new work is in three volumes, and covers the period from 1834 to 1848. Lady Holland, mistress of Holland house, was passing her lonely, declining years at her famous home at this time, and was just as eccentric, not to say rude, as ever. One evening Mrs. Butler and her sister, Adelaide Kemble, were at the Holland house, chatting with the hostess, who accidentally dropped her handkerchief. "Adelaide, who was as unpleasantly impressed as myself by that lady," says the journal, "for a moment made no attempt to pick it up; but reflecting on her age and size, which made it difficult for her to stoop for it herself, my sister picked it up and presented it to her, when Holland, taking it from her, merely said, 'Ah, I thought you'd do it.'" One day at a dinner table at Rogers' she so provoked her venerable host by her bad manners that he took the first opportunity to give her a little slap of his sharp tongue. The conversation happened to be on beautiful hair. "Why, Rogers," exclaimed Lady Holland, turning to her host, "only a few years ago I had such a head of hair that I could hide myself, in it, and I lost it all." Rogers merely said, "What a pity!" but with such a look and tone that an exultant giggle ran around the table at her expense. Lady Morley told Mrs. Butler that Landseer had told her that he was walking one day by the side of the lady Holland's wheel chair in the grounds of Holland's house, and stopping at a particular spot, had said: "Oh, Lady Holland! this is the part of your place of which the Duchess of Bedford has such a charming view from her house on the hill above." "Is it?" said Lady Holland, and immediately gave orders that the paling fence round that part of her grounds should be raised so as to cut off the Duchess' view.

All London was running to see Fanny Ellsler dance, and among the number was Mrs. Butler. "We go every night to see Fanny Ellsler," she writes. "My admiration for her grows rather than diminishes, though she is a better actress even than dancer, which I think speaks in favor of her intellect. Did you ever see Taglioni? Who invented and suggested the expression 'the poetry of motion?' It should have been made for her. Her dancing is like nothing but poetic inspiration, and seems as if she was composing while she executed it. * * * Did you ever see her in the 'Sylphide?' What an exquisite pathetic dream of supernatural sentiment that was! Other dancers are as graceful as possible; that woman was grace itself. I was saying to my friend, Frederick Rackeman, that Chopin's music made me think of Taglioni's dancing, to which he replied, to my great surprise, that Chopin had said that he had more than once received his inspiration from Taglioni's dancing. * * * Ellsler has great dramatic power. Her 'Tarentelle' and 'Wylie' are really finely tragical in parts; but then she had a first rate head as well as foot training. She is a wonderful artist, but there is something unutterably sad to me in the contemplation of such a career. The blending in most unnatural union of the elements of degradation and moral misery with such exquisite perceptions of beauty, grace and refinement produces the impression of a sort of monstrosity, a deformity of the whole higher nature which fills one with piognant compassion and regret. Poor, fair, admired, despised, flattered, forlorn souls."

One of the greatest admirers of Fanny Ellsler was the clever and eccentric Mrs. Grote. She took the dancer under her wing and tried hard, as she put it, "to make an honest woman of her." Society, however, did not take very kindly to Mrs. Grote's scheme, though people were willing enough to meet Fanny at her house. When the famous dancer came to America she (Mrs. Grote) undertook, most generously, the care of her child, a lovely little girl about 6 years old. "All I said to her," said this strange, kind-hearted woman to Mrs. Butler, "was well, Fanny, send the brat to me; I don't ask you whose child it is, and I don't care, so long as it isn't that fool, D'Orsay's, and I'll take the best of care of it.'" And she did take the kindest care of it during the entire period of Mlle. Ellsler's absence from Europe. Mrs. Grote's dress was as singular as her manner. When walking around her own grounds at Burnham's Beeches, she usually wore a coachman's coat of many capes, a high hat, and carried a stick. One day Mrs. Butler and two or three musicians were sitting out under the trees at Burnham Beeches, discussing Gluck's music. An air from "Iphigenia" being mentioned, says Mrs. Butler, "Mrs. Grote shouted for her man servant, to whom, on his appearance, she gave orders to bring her a chair and footstool and the big fiddle (the violincello) out of the hall, and taking it forthwith between her knees, proceeded to play, with excellent taste and expression, some of Gluck's noble music upon the sonorous instrument, with which St. Cecilia is the only female I ever saw on terms of such familiar intimacy." Mrs. Grote's taste in dress was remarkable. We have just described her out of door garb. That might be called severe in its simplicity. Her indoor costumes were more frivolous. "The first time I ever saw her," writes Mrs. Butler, "she was dressed in a bright brimstone-colored silk gown, made so short as to show her feet and ankles, having on her head a white satin hat, with a forest of white feathers, and I remember her standing with her feet wide apart and her arms akimbo in this costume, before me, and challenging me upon some political question, by which and her appearance I was much astonished and a little frightened. One evening she came to my sister's house dressed entirely in black, but with scarlet shoes on, with which, I suppose, she was particularly pleased, for she lay on the sofa with her feet higher than her head, American fashion, the better to display and contemplate them." Sydney Smith's hit on Mr. and Mrs. Grote was foretold. Mrs. Butler tells us by Mrs. Norley the meekest and gentlest of human beings, who, one evening at a party at her son's house, said to him, pointing to Mrs. Grote, who was dressed in white: "Henry, my dear, who is the gentleman in the white muslin gown?" With all her peculiarities, Mrs. Grote had great powers of attraction, and there was no house in London where people liked better to visit. Liszt, Mme. Viardot, Lessaner, Thalberg, Jennie Lind, and Mendelssohn were among those to be found most frequently in her drawing rooms. For Jennie Lind Mrs. Grote had a passionate enthusiasm which almost amounted to idolitry. Indeed, she so engrossed the attention of the Swedish songstress that socially she could hardly be approached but through her.

An actress of fine talents herself, Mrs. Butler's opinion of Rachel is worth recording. "I was immediately struck and carried away with her performance of 'Hermione,'" writes Mrs. Butler, "though I am not sure that some of the parts did not seem to me finer than the whole as a whole conception. That in which she is unrivaled by any actor or actress I ever saw is the expression of certain combined and concentrated hatred and scorn. * * * Her voice is the most remarkable of her natural qualifications for her vocation, being the deepest and most sonorous voice I ever heard from a woman's lips. It wants brilliancy, variety and tenderness, but it is like a fine, deep toned bell, and expresses admirably the passions in the delineation of which she excels—scorn, hatred, revenge, vitriolic irony, concentrated rage, seething jealously, and a fierce love which seems in its excess allied to all the evil which sometimes springs from the bitter sweet root. * * * As for any comparison between her and that beautiful woman and charming actress, Mme. Ristori, or her successor on the French stage of the present day, Mile. Sara Bernhardt, I do not admit any such for a moment."

"As for Macaulay," writes this somewhat severe woman, "he is like nothing in the world but 'Rayle's Dictionary,' continued down to the present time and purified from all objectionable matter. Such a Niagara of information did surely never pour from the lips of mortal man! * * * As one approached the room the loud, even declamatory, sound of his voice made itself heard like the uninterrupted flow of a fountain. He stood there on the hearth rug from morning till evening like a knight in the lists, challenging and accepting the challenge of all comers. There never was such a speech power, and as the volume of his voice was full and sonorous, he had immense advantage in sound as well as in sense over his adversaries. Sydney Smith's humorous and good natured rage at his prolific talk was very funny. Roders, of course, was not good humored; and on this occasion, one day at breakfast, having two or three times uplifted his thread of a voice and fine incisive speech against the torrent of Macaulay's holding forth, Lord Landsdowne, the most courteous of hosts, endeavored to make room for him with, "You were saying, Mr. Rogers," when Rogers hissed out, 'Oh, what I was saying will keep.'"

Here is her opinion of a famous French actress: "I went last night to the French play to see a French actress called Dejazet make her first appearance in London. The house was filled with our higher aristocracy, the stalls with women of rank and character, and the performance was, I think, the most impudent I ever witnessed. Dr. Whewell (the celebrated Master of Trinity) and Mrs. Whewell were sitting near us, and left the theater in the middle of Dejazet's first piece—I suppose from sheer disgust. She is a marvelous actress, but without exception the most brazenfaced woman I ever beheld, and that is saying a great deal." Speaking of Dejazet off the stage she says: "She always wears men's clothes and is seldom seen without a cigar in her mouth. She is extremely witty and famous for her powers of conversation and pungent reparte. She is plain and has a disagreeable, harsh, shrill voice in speaking; her figure is thin, but straight and well made, and her carriage and movements as graceful as they are free and unembarrassed."

Mrs. Butler was on the most intimate terms with Thackery and his family. One day, just after his daughter Anne's "History of Elizabeth" had been published, Mrs. Butler spoke some complimentary words to him about it. "Do you know I have never read a word of that thing?" he exclaimed. "Oh!" said she, "Thackeray! why don't you? It is excellent. It would give you so much pleasure." "My dear lady, I couldn't, I couldn't," said he with tears in his eyes. "It would tear my guts out!"—which "powerful English description of extreme emotion," she adds, "would have startled me less in French or Italian—'Cela m'arracherait les entrailles,' or 'm' soiscerelbero.'" And now we must down this thoroughly delightful book.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BROTHER.

His Tragic Death at the Battle of Shiloh.

From the Richmond (Va.) Times.

When the war broke out, Mrs. Lincoin had two brothers, Dr. Todd and Sam Todd, residing in New Orleans and in business there. Dr. Todd was early appointed a surgeon in the Confederate army, and, we believe, came to Virginia. Young Sam Todd was a gay and happy youth, not over thirty, of good social standing and pleasing address, handsome in person, very popular, and in every respect a manly fellow. He was, of course, known as the brother of the president, or "old Abe," as he was generally called; but being an ardent southerner that did not affect his relations with his friends. In March, 1862, when Beauregard was appointed to the west and sent out to stay the progress of the Federal army under Grant and Sherman through Kentucky and Tennessee, he made a call upon Louisiana, his native state, to come to his aid. This was promptly responded to by several thousand young men of New Orleans, of all grades of society, who eagerly volunteered, and among the number was young Sam Todd. He enrolled himself in the Crescent regiment. A month after volunteering the great battle of Shiloh was fought. On the day before that battle the writer and others gave 'a dinner' to some half-dozen of their personal friends of the Crescent regiment, Washington Artillery, Seventh Texas, &c., and Sam Todd was one of the favorite guests. Jovial Sam Todd! Who that knew him can ever forget him! All soul, all fun, and all fire too! They separated for the march, and the next day were all in the midst of battle by sunrise. The first day went merrily enough for our side. It was a delightful game of base-ball, and, though the battle was fierce, desperate, and hotly contested, when night came we had scored a great victory.

That night was a fearful one, and we slept on the field in the most drenching rain-storm that was ever experienced, accompanied by some of the very loudest thunder, which could only be distinguished from the roar of the columbiads fired at intervals on the gun-boats by the fact that the first was harmless, but the latter being loaded their shrieking shell and rolling shot caused our fellows often to change the logs selected for their pillows.

Betimes on the morning of the 7th we were all up and in line, but rested for a while to cook breakfast before advancing. While engaged over a pot of boiling potatoes, while somebody else was preparing coffee, surrounded by many of the staff and the correspondents of Beauregard's army proper, the Louisiana and Texas men, a young fellow in the uniform of the Cresents came up and expressed a wish for one of them murphys when they were done." Turning and recognizing our friend Todd, we grasped his hand and congratulated him upon his good fortune in the fight; for although the Cresents were in reserve they had yet participated largely in the battle, and it was the leading regiment in the capture of Prentiss and his men, its colonel, Marshall J. Smith, of Norfolk, receiving his sword; but the next moment a number of round shot came plunging over the field in which we were assembled, one of which overturned our potato pot, and the order was to fall in at once, as the enemy were advancing in force. It was the new troops of Buell and Nelson, and we were at once hotly engaged. Sam Todd's regiment was thrown to the front promptly, soon followed by ours, when almost the first object that met us as we passed over the field was the lifeless body of poor Sam, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, with a bullet hole in his forehead! Driven back and still back, our dead were all left on the disastrous field for Grant to bury; and among those who shared these grim funeral rites there was no better man or more devoted soldier of the Confederacy than this gallant young brother of the "Lady of the White House."

H. A. Timme of St. Paul has been adjudged insane and will be taken to St. Peter.

A LIFE-SAVER'S TASK.

Effort to Restore Animation to an Apparently Drowned Lad.

From the New York Mail and Express.

When a boy is nearly drowned, and is fished out within five or ten minutes, the fish market men, the fishing sailors and the spectators usually put an end to what little life is left in him by rolling him on a barrel. If people only knew how easy it is to restore an apparently drowned person who has not been in the water more than five or ten minutes, and how often a person may be brought back to life whose lungs have been filled for half an hour, we should lose fewer lives by drowning in this island city.

A reporter was walking near Fulton Ferry a few days ago, in company of one of the officers attached to the life saving service. There was a rush of people to the Market ship, and the officer and the reporter joined the crowd. The life-saving officer hurriedly elbowed his way till he was at the water's edge. Three of the fishing schooners were tied up at this part of the pier side by side, and on the deck of the third lay a naked boy apparently dead. Half a dozen market men and fisherman stood by, saying that the boy was dead, and that that was all there was of it. The life-saving officer sprang aboard the nearest schooner, and was immediately stopped by a policemen who was on guard—for the boy had been under water some time.

The life-saver was soon on the deck on which the drowned boy lay. He felt the boy's skin, felt for his pulse, drew up one of his eyelids and looked at the pupil, and asked the bystanders how long the boy had been out of the water.

One of the men said:—"He was stuck in the mud most ten minutes, and he's been layin' here ten minutes more."

The boy could not have been colder or more apparently lifeless if he had been dead for a week.

The officer opened the boy's mouth, an operation that required some force, and found it full of mud. Pulling the lowes jaw down he introduced one of his fingers and carefully out quickly cleaned it out. There was enough mud in the mouth to choke the boy if he had not been in the water at all. The officer whisked off his coat, rolled it up into a pillow and laid it on the deck. With the assistance of the bystanders he turned the boy over on his face and laid him so that the pillow was directly under his stomach. Taking the boy's two ankles in one of his hands and giving them to one of the men to hold up so that the patient's feet were several feet higher than his head, the officer pressed carefully but firmly in the region of the small of the back, and immediately a stream of water rushed out of the boy's mouth. It had been in his lungs, waiting only for proper treatment to help it out. The boy was then, after a minute or two of this exercise, turned over on his back again, and the officer knelt over him. Putting one hand on the boy's right side and the other on his left, just over what are known as the "short ribs" the officer gave them a powerful compression and then suddenly let go. The instant he took off his hands the ribs sprung back to their natural position, and a draught of air gushed into the lungs. This was repeated a dozen times or more, but still the boy had, to all appearance, a corpse.

"Oh, give us a rest on that," said another of the men. "The boy's dead, and that settles it. Can't you let a drowned boy alone?"

The assertion that the boy was dead seemed to be only too true! He looked like a piece of marble; and the reporter suggested that it was not worth while to make any further efforts.

"Why," said the officer, "I haven't begun yet. The boy may live and he may not. But he's going to have a fair chance for his life, anyhow. Stand back a little, all of you, and give him a little more air."

"Discontinuing for a moment the artificial breathing process, the officer took one of the boy's hands between his own and began to slap it vigorously, at the same time setting three of the bystanders at the other hand and at the two feet. The reporter relieved the officer at the slapping business, and the latter resumed the rib-squeezing process, compressing the boy's frame till he must have cried for mercy if he had been conscious. With four men slapping his hands and feet, and an expert trying to start his breathing, the boy must have been unreasonable indeed had he been dissatisfied. But he still lay as dead as a stick and happily unconscious.

After about five minutes of this treatment, very much to the surprise of the market men and the reporter, and greatly to the delight of the life-saving officer, the boy gave a slight gasp for breath.

"Get us a glass of brandy," the life saver said, and redoubled his artificial breathing treatment. One of the fishing sailors went down into the cabin and soon returned with a tumbler nearly full of not very inviting looking brandy. The boy meanwhile gasped again, twitched a little in the legs, rolled his head to one side, and at length drew a good breath. The minute he breathed the officer picked up the glass of brandy and poured it down the boy's throat.

"Now get me two or three blankets as quick as you can," he said, and at the same time he unrolled his coat and laid it over the boy. The patient continued to show more signs of life. He soon drew short but regular breaths, and raised one hand to his head. Under the influence of the warm brandy in his stomach and the fresh air in his lungs he opened one of his eyes.

"He is all right now," said the officer, getting up with difficulty and straightening the "kinks" out of his back. "Wrap him up well in these blankets and put him in a berth. Be sure you make his hands and feet warm. If you have a couple of empty bottles, fill them with warm water, cork them well and put them against his feet. In ten or fifteen minutes give him another glass of brandy. He will be fast asleep inside of an hour and tell you where he lives. But he will probably be too weak to walk home; some of you will have to carry him. Come old fellow (to the reporter), let us go. There is nothing more for us to do."

Romance in Real Life.

A romantic affair has just culminated in Columbus, Ind., that will set the tongues of gossips wagging. Mrs. Jennie Council was a handsome and wealthy young widow, who had many friends and admirers. For several months past she has been in Iowa, and while there was married to Mr. William Griffin, a former acquaintance. Last Friday they returned to the luxurious home of the bride. The first object that met her gaze on entering the parlor was a life-size portrait of her former husband. The sight of the familiar and loved features almost overcame her, and the familiar surroundings so wrought upon her as to cause a complete revulsion of feeling toward her new husband. After brooding over her trouble for a day or two she confessed all to her husband, declared she never could love him, and besought him for the sake of both to leave her. She persisted in this request until an attorney was called in and drew up a statement in which each exonerated the other from all wrong doing, but stated their marriage was a rash mistake and mutually agreed to separate, and each grant the other a divorce when the law would permit. Mr. Griffin is a stranger to most people here, but is a man of very fine personal appearance, and seems to be a perfect gentleman. After vainly pleading with his wife to change her mind, he agreed to the above arrangement, and will leave in the morning, apparently broken hearted, as he remarked to your correspondent, to again become a wanderer.

A novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne entitled Dr. Grimshaw's Secret has been raked up among the dead romancist's papers. Nobody but his wife can decipher the hieroglyphics. The manuscript was found in an old trunk which had been carted about over Europe. The story is believed to have been written after the Marble Fawn.

DEPRAVED LITERATURE.

Some Facts Concerning the Sensational Trash Our Boys are Reading.

Cincinnati Gazette.

Few people have any idea of the tremendous circulation of boys' sensational literature. There never was a time when there was so much good juvenile reading, but it is far exceeded in amount by that which exerts an influence for bad. The manager of the Cincinnati News company says: The weekly circulation of the boys, papers distributed in the company's district is about 10,000 copies, the greater part of which goes to the city. In Cincinnati there are between 150 and 175 dealers who supply the rising generation with this kind of mental stimulus. It is one of the best paying things that we deal in, and it is a growing business. There is a great and ever increasing demand for it. It is not a month, or a week, but every day. These story papers for boys are issued on different days of the week, and from Monday morning to Saturday night there is a constant call for them. And not only do boys read them, but fully as many men and women. The men who print these papers are all making a fortune every year. There is Munro, who issues half a dozen boy's publications, with the largest printing house in New York, and the rest of the men in the business are very little behind him. They always keep their editions two or three weeks ahead. I have been in their establishments and seen the papers piled up in great rooms ready for distribution, stacks on stacks, enough, it looked like, to supply every man, and women, and child in the United States with a copy.

"What kind of stories take the best?" querried the reporter.

"I think detective stories are liked about as well as anything. At one time six of these boys' papers had detective stories running, and all under the name of Sleuth. Just now, however, the James boys have risen in favor, and are in great demand. More stories about their life and adventures have been sold during the last three months than anything else."

The greater part of these titles appeal directly to the sympathies of young America; they are striking, and having to do with boys, they attract him at once. As the reader will observe, most of them are improbable if not impossible on their face. These papers being gotten up with great rapidity, are very poor specimens of typography, printed with wretched, smeary ink on worse paper, enough to ruin the eyes, if not the minds of their readers. Whenever a new story is to appear, flaming placards in red and blue are posted up in conspicuous places and distributed among the newspaper dealers. Copying from one handed the reporter on the street they read: "The Great Sea Story: Five Years on the Glassy Sea." Then follows a picture of a raft in mid-ocean, one man praying, another dying of starvation, and two others in the foreground fighting with long, gory knives, below which it continues: "Just commenced in No. 253 of the Boys' Halfalutin Weekly."

So much for the papers themselves; now as to the peculiar methods of the story paper dealers. With great business sagacity, they always locate their shops near the localities where the rising generation most do congregate—that is, in the neighborhood of the public schools. The boys, their customers, watch these places with the greatest attention, keeping in mind the stories in half a dozen different papers at once, and noticing the appearance of each new one with unbounded joy. They form little clubs in which each boy buys a paper and exchanges with the rest, which, when it has been read by all, is sold to some less aristocratic coterie for four cents; from thence it is passed down for three cents; then for two, until at last it becomes uncipherable from much fingering.

In a talk with a prominent public school superintendent he was asked the question:

"Have you ever had any experience of the evil effects from the juvenile sensational literature?"

"It is the worst thing we have to contend with When a boy begins to read it, his mind becomes vitiated, totally unfit for any thing more solid than highly seasoned trash. We sometimes call these little paper stores which always spring up around the schools, opposition educational institutes, which train the youth in the way he shouldn't go. In very few cases do the boys run away from home to imitate their impossible heroes; generally they are poisoned intellectually. On one occasion one of my teachers sent a boy down to me whom she had twice discovered with a dime novel open in his book in class. I gave him a lecture and sent him back. On the very next day he was caught at his old tricks, and I expelled him, not so much as a punishment as merely to remove an evil influence from the other scholars. The boy had already been two years in the grade, and at the rate he was progressing he would not have got out of it until he was 40 years old. Frequently parents come to me and want to know what is to be done to prevent their children securing such trash; but there is no remedy except to provide good books. Even the Public Library is well stocked with such worthless stuff, and no discrimination is exercised in the giving out of books, any book being given whoever calls for it."

Miles Upon Miles of Flying Fish.

From the New York Mail,

the steamship Labrador, of the French line, which arrived from Havre, experienced a strange phenomenon in mid-ocean, While near the banks' the steamship passed through schools of flying fish, which circled in the air for miles around. Fourth Officer Latti, of the Labrador, reported the circumstances to a representative of the Mail and Express, when the vessel reached her pier at the foot of Morton street, North River. He said: "The fish were seen last Sunday. The weather was fine, and the passengers collected upon the upper deck to witness the novel sight. The fish varied from a foot to a foot and a half in length. There were thousands of them around us. The schools were so close in some places that the ocean became hidden from view. They flew along at a height of five or six feet above the water, every now and then diving through a wave, rising again gracefully and flying away a few hundred feet, then plunging into the water again. The fish were of a beautiful, bright color, and glistened like the gold in the sunlight. Some of them fell on easy prey to the scores of sea gulls who hovered above them and carried off many of their scaly rivals.

A Widow Really Happy.

The second year, says an eastern journal, is that in which the widow is really happy. The sombre depths of mourning cast aside, she enters the world again, and re-opens her jewel case. Even with a very becoming widow's cap on, life is more or less a blank to a woman if she cannot wear her jewels. Now, however, the diamonds, pearls, and opals may reappear, and with what delight are they not worn! Visions of dresses in delicate half tints, pearl grays, soft lavenders, mixtures of white and gray or black and white float before her and are soon to be realized. Her year's absence from balls and parties and crowded rooms has renewed her beauty, and the same retirement has brightened her eyes and tinged her cheeks with the freshness of enjoyment with which she prepares to reenter the fashionable world. Now, indeed, is the fashionable widow a dangerous and seductive creature. She knows that she is prettier than ever, and the consciousness making her more certain of coming victories, gives a genuine softness to her manner. Beware of widows in their second year! Always dangerous, they are then more so than ever. Light-hearted as a girl, she feels young every day, and from her own point of view there is no more enviable being to be found than a young, handsome, rich, and lively widow, whose heart is not inconveniently soft, nor her feelings too acute to prevent her going through life "well pleased and careless," and extracting from it as much of the pleasure and as little of the pain as may fall to the share of any mortal creature.

Origin of Popular Phrases.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bird in Hand is Worth Two in the Bush. This saying originated from the following circumstance: Will Somers, the celebrated jester to Henry VIII., happened to call at Lord Surrey's, whom he had often, by a well-timed jest, saved from the displeasure of his royal master, and who consequently was always glad to see him. was on this occasion ushered into the aviary, where he found my lord amusing himself with the birds. Somers happened to admire the plumage of a king-fisher.

"By my lady," said Surrey, "my prince of wits, I will give it to you."

Will skipped about with great delight, and swore by the great Harry he was a most noble gentleman. Away went Will with his kingfisher, telling all his acquaintances whom he met that his friend Surrey had just presented him with it.

Now, it so happened that Lord Northampton, who had seen this bird the day previous, arrived at Lord Surrey's just as Will Somers had left, with the intention of asking it of Surrey for a present to a lady friend. Great was his chagrin on finding the bird gone. Surrey, however, consoled him with saying that he knew Somers would restore it him if he (Surrey) promised him two another day.

Away went a messenger to the prince of wits whom he found in raptures with his bird, and to whom he delivered his lords message. Great was Will's surprise, but he was not to be bamboozled by even the monarch himself.

"Sirrah," said he, "tell your master that I am obliged for his liberal offer of two for one, but that I prefer one bird in the hand to two in the bush."

Hence originated this oft-repeated saying.

Names of countries.—The Phenicians, who were a great commercial people in the young days of the world, are thought to have given the present names of most of the countries around the Mediterranean sea. The Phenician language contained the words, Europa, Asia, Africa, Italy, Spain, Gaul, Britain, Ætna, Sardinia and Siberia, as well as many others now used as the names of minor places. Europe, in Phenician meant "white complexion," and was applied to the country north of the Mediterranean because the natives were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Africa signified "the land of corn," and Asia meant "the middle land," being so named because it was between Europe and Africa. Italy was the "country of black pitch;" Spain was the land of rabbits;" Gaul, or France, the "land of yellow hair;" Britain, "the country of tin;" Ætna, "the smoky furnace;" Sardinia, "a man's foot," and Siberia, "thirsty land," because it is so dry.

To Talk Like a Dutch Uncle.—Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," says the meaning of this saying is to offer "severe reproof," and quotes from the Latin classics to prove the awe in which an uncle's rebuke was held. He does not treat the word "Dutch" under this head, but in a neighboring paragraph declares that "during the rivalry between England and Holland the word "Dutch" was synonymous with all that was false and hateful." So a "Dutch uncle" may be regarded as more caustic than one of any other country. According to Hotton, a "Dutch uncle" is "a personage often introduced into conversation, but exceedingly difficult to describe. "I'll talk to him like a Dutch uncle," conveys the notion of anything but a desirable relation." "Dutch" is a slang term for any language which is unintelligible to the hearer. To talk "double Dutch backward" signifies extreme quickness in the use of gibberish. This may tend to explain the above.

O. K.—It has been asserted that these letters were first used by Andrew Jackson, as an abbreviation of "all correct." One of "Old Hickory's" friends, however, comes to the front with the declaration that from close and intimate acquaintance with Jackson during his whole presidency from 1829 to 1838, he knows that Jackson never used such an expression. He was a very courteous and gentlemanly person, and retained his military habit of developing all his epistolary matters upon his secretaries; that "O. K." was popular slang of Jackson's day, which was then attributed to Davy Crockett. Still another asserts this peculiar mark of approval was first officially used by a statesman connected with the New York city government about 1837, and the introduction was contemporaneous with the invention of "pipe laying" as a political fine art. The fact is, that neither Jackson, Crockett nor the aforesaid New York city statesman had anything to do with its origin. The cabalistic letters are authentically traced to Old Keokuk, pacific chief of the Sac and Fox Indians, who, when he sold Iowa to the United States government, signed the deed with the initials, "O. K." His co-chief, the fiery Black Hawk, refused to sell or sign away the happy lands of his people to the beautiful land, and hence the Black Hawk war. Old Keokuk years ago passed on to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Beyond, but he left his initials to become a long felt want in the English language.

Abomination of Desolation.—This phrase occurs four times in the book of Daniel. Its signification is as follows: Our Lord had been telling of the remote and immediate signs of the Jewish economy. He said the precursor to destroy the siege and destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. On the standards of the Roman armies their idols were painted —and being placed where they ought not in the holy places of Jerusalem"—they were an "abomination" to the Jews. The Romans, by their devastation, caused great desolation in the land. This was the state of things at the great destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, A. D. 70.

To see and to Be Seen.—This phrase has been traced to Chaucer's "The Prologue of the Wyfe of Bathe." It also occurs in Ben Johnson's "Epithalmion," Dryden's "Ovid's Art of Love," and Goldsmith's seventy-first letter, entitled "Citizen of the World."

Too Much of a Good Thing.—An expression often used, appears originally in "Don Quixote," pt. 1, book 1, ch. 6. It also appears in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," act iv., sc. 1.

Through Thick and Thin.—The proverbialism by Solomon that "there is no thing new under the sun" is illustrated by this saying, which is found in Spenser's "Faerie Queen," Drayton's "Nymphidia," Middleton's "The Roaring Girl," Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder," Butler's "Hudibras," Dryden's "Absalom and Atchilophel," Pope's "Dunciad" and Cowper's "John Gilpin."

Sardonic Smile.—The Island of Sardinia, consisting chiefly of marshes or of mountains, has, from the earliest period to the present time been cursed with a noxious air, an ill-cultivated soil and a scanty population. The convulsions produced by its poisonous plants give rise to the expression of "sardonic smile," which is as old as Homer.

Put Your Trust in God, my Boys, and Keep Your Powder Dry.—This expression is attributed to Col. Blacker, who put it into his "Oliver's Advice." There is a well authenticated anecdote, however, which makes Cromwell its originator. On a certain occasion when the troops of the great Christian soldier were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, which to use the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry." The lines are on the authority of Hayes, in his "Ballads of Ireland."

Speech Was Given to Man to Conceal His Thoughts—Voltaire has in "Dialogue" xvi., Ils n' employent les pensees que pour deguiser leurs pensees.

When Harel wished to put a joke or witticism into circulation, he was in the habit of connecting it with some celebrated name, on the chance of reclaiming it if it took. Thus he assigned to Talleyrand in the Nain Laune, the phrase, "Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts."

Passing the Rubicon—The Rubicon is considered by Cluverius and E'Auville to be the Furnecino of Italy, and their opinion is supported by the inhabitants of Ramini, in whose territory it is; the point being a ford on the road from Ravenna. The celebrity of the event has passed into a proverb, hence to "pass the Rubicon" is to take a desperate step in an enterprise, or to adopt a measure from which one cannot recede, or from which he is determined not to recede.

WOMAN AS BOHEMIANS.

The Careers of the Wildest of Them Lola Montez and Ada Isaacs Menken.

From the Washington Capital.

Lola Montez was a latter day bas rogues, the most successful and world-wide. Her liberality of moral style and action was about her only heirloom, save a face brimful of expression, fine eyes and multitudinous hair. As a dancer and actress she won half the hearts of Paris, and married a monarch—the art-mad Ludwig. She lived then as a beggar on horseback, and by her absurdities succeeded admirably in running her husband to the ragged edge of ruin, from which he was only saved by his people, who threatened revolution if she were not expelled from the kingdom. Hereditary pride and ambition overcame an old man's foolish love, and Ludwig assented to the demands of his minister. Heartbroken he parted with Lola, who, with light fantastic toe tripped blithely over to London, and after a couple of years success as an actress, followed the star of empire in its Western course, toured the United States as an actress and a lectures; made money and was popular; lost it all and ceased to draw; was defrauded by every one who could get a chance to swindle her, and finally in a New York second-rate boarding-house, just sixteen years ago, the footlights of her life's drama flickered out, and in Trinity church-yard we have read the simple inscription "Elizabeth Gilbert, died in New York, aged forty-one years," to mark her resting-place. Adah Isaacs Menken was a less successful but more socially popular woman than Montez. Menken was a Louisiana Jewess of rare beauty and exceedingly brilliant ideal intellect. She was a rattle-brained, good-hearted adventuress, giving to mankind what was meant for an individual party—to wit, a husband—and if she sinned greatly may be forgiven, for she loved much. She accomplished her stage popularity more by reason of a beautiful face and marvelously symmetrical figure than from stage ability. She married John C. Heenan, the prize-fighter, first; then poor Orpheus C. Kerr fell in her arms, and they were married. He truly loved her, and she went back on him, going to Europe with a California gambler named Barker. It was her best when on the continent, a favorite with such men as Charles Dickens, Alexander Dumas, Theophile Gautier and Charles Swinburne, that she "began with a prize-fighter, but would end with a prince," and she came within an inch of roping in one of the noble blood of the crown of France, but for parental interference. The Adah Isaacs Menken who, all but entirely naked, rode strapped to the horse in Mazeppa, and the brilliant, beautiful conversationalist, for whose book Dickens wrote the preface, and to whom the brain and pride of Europe paid court, were much alike—both very fast and faithless. She found her destroyer in herself, and died from too much of herself. She said that "her soul would go to heaven through the gates of Paris," but as her soul would never have left its gay station if she could prevent it, it is doubtful if her prophecy is fulfilled. The monument erected over her grave was put up, as George Butler once told us, by a set of half-famished Parisian Bohemians, and is therefore ably unpaid for to this day. The vast meaning of its epitaph, "Thou knowest!" probably is best understood by the stonecutter. Ada Clare was perhaps the most thorough of our native Bohemians, and the associates of Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, Artemus Ward, Ned Wilkins, Henry Clapp, Jr., Mortimer Thompson and the others of that Gotham journalist gang, who could not eat a breakfast on less than a dozen cocktails, was entitled the Queen of Bohemia. Ada was from the south, born wealthy, but with a bad streak somewhere in her, which evinced itself in her coming North and joining in those carousals at Pfaff's and the Maison Dorce, where those sweet-scented shrubs held forth. She was a hail-fellow-well-met with all, and thought nothing of running off on a jaunt for a week or a month with any of them. Her intensely eager, nervous, clear-cut face and heavy blonde hair always attracted the attention of Broadway to her, and she, quaffing champagne at the Dorce or beer at Pfaff's, was wholly indifferent to all criticism. Her end was trouble. She outlived all of her old associates, and but three years ago died from hydrophobia, the result of the bite of a pet dog. Ada was the best of the lot of bas rogues, for she was a good woman, and was never able to give any one much pain of heart.

The Drum Major.

From the Providence Journal.

If mystery is not always, as it usually is, fearful, it is ever wonderful. If one is not capable of being a Bismarck or a Gladstone one would wish to be a drum major. He is more martial in air than the colonel; he is more vivacious than the vivandiere; his emblem of office is more elegant than the baton of the leader of an orchestra; it is hardly as superb as the mace on the table of the house of commons; it is more than a staff, and not quite equal to the sceptre. But his gyrations mean no ordinary mortal can comprehend, but on a "half wheel" its motions are as active and intricate as the action of a Jacquard loom. Had Alexander been a drum major he never would have sighed for more worlds to conquer, for there is apparently not an unsatisfied ambition in the man who wields the big walking stick with a base ball on the end. It is pretended that the drum major in some occulent manner directs the time of the music of the band, but this is evidently an erroneous theory, for he is, judging by his manner, utterly oblivious of all here below. He is not on communing with the angels then he is walking in a vain show and receiving applause under false pretences, for though his feet are on the earth his head is in the air, and as he strides at the head of the Farnecino company his feeling is, as it seemed to be, that of the conquering hero, to whom all the following train are as captives of the Roman victor.

A Thousand Miles on a Bicycle.

A remarkable bicycle ride has recently been accomplished by the Hon. I. Keith-Falconer, the distance traveled being from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, in Great Britain. He left the Land's End hotel early on the morning of Monday, June 5th, and traversed Cornwall rapidly. The Devonshire roads were difficult; but those in Somersetshire gradually improved, and the journey through the center of England was rapid. With the Yorkshire journey began a continued series of northwest winds, increasing as he drew near the border, and when he entered Scotland attaining the violence of a positive gale. On Saturday, June 17th, he started for the last time, rode along the coast of Sutherland, mounted the Ord of Caithness before the sun set, reached Wick a few minutes after midnight, and by twenty minutes after three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, June 18th, he was knocking at the John o'Groat's hotel. The distance was exactly nine hundred and ninety-four miles, and the time occupied twelve days, twenty-three hours and a quarter, or, speaking roughly, thirteen days. The last two hundred and fifteen miles were ridden in forty-two hours.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Agricultural Items.

If your cellars are damp, this warm weather, use disinfectants to make the air pure and healthy. Pans of charcoal or copperas, placed about the apartment, will effect this purpose.

Louis Boscome of Kewaunee, Wis., aged seventy years, was married on Friday to Miss Eunice Knapp, aged twenty-five. They will undoubtedly forego a wedding tour and spend their honeymoon in the almshouse, as Mr. Boscome has been supported by the town for some time.

President Ohmer, of the Montgomery, Ohio, Horticultural Society, reports having "particularly noticed" when in attendance at the recent nurserymen's meeting in Rochester, that the "great mass" of strawberries on sale at the fruit stands and used in the hotels were Wilson's, which indicated to his mind that that old standard variety is still a great favorite.

Discussing the German method of planting potatoes, with ample distance and with eyes under, so that the stems will grow widely apart, a foreign correspondent asserts that it not only saves in seed, but produces more and better crops. Often in England, he says, a dozen tubers are used where one only would be enough, but it is difficult to make some new gardeners believe it.

Household Miscellany.

Celery salt added to the dressing for potato and other salads, gives an agreeable flavor; it is preferred by many cooks to celery extract for soups also.

If dry beans are soaked all night in soft water, they will be found to be much more tender than if soaked in hard water; they will require less time for boiling, though they should be boiled in hard water.

Bed Bugs.—Dissolve one ounce of corrosive sublimate in one quart of turpentine, alcohol, or kerosene, whichever they choose; keep it in a bottle so it can be kept corked and labeled, for corrosive sublimate is a deadly poison. Apply with a small oil can, such as you use for oiling sewing machines. This remedy is infallible—as sure as death itself. Apply two or three times the first year; after that once a year will be sufficient.

Aprons and dresses made of barred muslin should be ironed on the right side, in order to give the stripe the peculiar gloss it has when new. The greatest care must be taken with the irons, for one black spot will spoil the good looks of the dress.

Many housekeepers complain that their cheese becomes dry, and some use a kind of bell-glass to put their cheese in. A very simple expedient will keep cheese in the best condition. Take a linen cloth, or cheese cloth, dip it in white wine, squeeze out excess of wine, and wrap up the cheese in it. By doing this the cheese is not only kept moist, but its flavor is improved.

Potato Croquettes.—Pare, boil and mash half a dozen good-sized potatoes. Add a teaspoonful of butter, two-thirds of a cupful of hot cream, the whites of two eggs beaten stiff, pepper and salt to taste. Let the mixture cool enough to handle, form into cylindrical shape, roll in beaten eggs, then in cracker or dry bread crumbs and fry.

Promoting Milk.

The following from the London Live Stock Journal is a good statement of some practical points suggesting the extent to which milking qualities are dependent on treatment and training:

"A copious flow of milk, sustained through many months, is a quality which has been produced by art in domestication. Wild cattle rarely provide enough milk to rear their own offspring, and the flow of it is of comparatively short duration. Small in volume, the milk is rich in quality, but the lacteal organs soon dry off again. This, of course, is in harmony with the requirements of the young animals in a wild state, and is a correlation of the roving-line and the hap-hazard feeding of the dams. More milk than the calf requires under such conditions would be a waste of material energy which nature does not encourage. It would, moreover, be an encumbrance to the mother. Wild cattle are neither good milkers nor good fatteners, and in parts of England where calves are allowed to run with their domesticated dams generation after generation, the breed of such animals is not famous for milk-giving. Like that of the mare and ewe, the milk is smaller in quantity, rich in quality, and of short duration. The desultory and irregular sucking of a calf or foal or lamb is not conducive to the development of a large flow of milk, and it distinctly tends to shorten the flow. Hand-milking of a similar character has the same effect. Young people are allowed to learn how to milk on cows who are going dry for calving, not on those who are still in full flow. New beginners soon dry up a cow's milk, and bad milkers do the same.

"Heavy milking properties, then, are artificial, in the sense that they have been developed under domestication, and by careful breeding for a given end; yet, like many other qualities, which are little more than mere germs in nature, they become hereditary by long usage. Few sorts of animals, if any, are more susceptible than cattle of being moulded into what we want; nor physical quality is so easily trained and developed as that of giving milk. It is a function which, constantly varying of itself, can be dwarfed or extended at will. By means of careful training, kind treatment, and intelligent breeding, it can be developed into a habit which becomes nature, if the system keeps it in a state of nature. The habits of a cow, and the food she receives have a great deal to do with her milking powers; quick and silent hand-milking does the rest. The practice of hand-milking cows has all along tended greatly to the development of the lacteal glands, and this development has become hereditary in our best milking breeds. The ewes of the Larzac breed of sheep, from whose milk the famous Roquefort cheeses is made in France have been hand-milked for generations, so that their milking properties are now considerable and inherited. By repeatedly exciting the teats it is even possible to cause an animal that has never borne offspring to yield a small quantity of milk, and a cow sometimes remains barren several years after having a calf, giving a profitable quantity of milk all the while."

Managing a Husband.

From the Continental Times.

The next best thing to pleasing a man's stomach is to his wife to dress up a bit, for his special benefit, he is so hungry that it would need but a spark to kindle a flame, but when he enters and sees the appetizing dinner in the act of being dished, his little woman smiling, neat and tidy it acts upon him like a dose of soothing syrup. The dust might be an inch thick on the mantelpiece—he would not see it; broken crockery and cobwebs might fill every corner—he would look upon them all with the complacency imaginable, and not attempt their annihilation. While washing, he tells his wife how pretty she is, how becoming her hair is arranged in that fashion, says no other man ever had such a dear little love of a woman for a wife, asks what she has for dinner that smells so good—he is so hungry and is really starving waits upon the table with all the grace and politeness of a Chesterfield, and selects the best of everything for his little wife's plate. During meal time he tells her all about his work, asks her advice, in regard to his plans, tells funny stories, propounds conundrums, cracks jokes and renders the dinner hour a very enjoyable affair. After it is over he makes love to his wife, plays with the children, sings comic songs, then goes off to his work, whistling merrily, at peace with all the world, thinking he has the happiest home in the land, while his wife follows him to the door, thinking within herself, "What a blessing it is to have such a dear, good, cheerful, loving husband."

Jerseys and Alderneys.

N. Y. Sun.

Jersey and Alderney are only different names for the same breed. In the English Channel, near the coast of France, is a group of islands known as the Channel Islands, the principal of which are named Jersey, Alderney, and Guernsey. Into Alderney and Jersey were early taken, probably from the Continent, cattle that have been well bred and cared for. The Jerseyman's cow is his treasure and pet. His horse he may treat unkindly, and his sheep be neglected, but for his cow nothing of care or attention will be wanting. To preserve the purity of the breed, a law was passed in 1789, prohibiting, under a heavy penalty and forfeiture of boat and tackle, the importation of any cow, heifer, bull, or calf. From such care in treatment and prevention of all crosses has come the breed, known alike as Jerseys or Alderneys. The Guernseys, although bred on an adjacent island, have not been kept so pure, and while they are in some respects similar to the Jerseys, they are, as a rule, larger boned, coarser, and stouter than the Alderneys or Jerseys.

Roses for Windows.

Roses require a season of rest sometime; they cannot be forced continuously the year round. If we secure a good growth early in the season, the plants will have ample time to ripen their wood before the freezing weather sets in. Should they take a rest during the early summer and form their growth only in late autumn, the show of bloom will in consequence be meagre. There are two systems in general use; one is to pot the plants into five or six-inch size, using light, turfy, rich soil, with good drainage, and then sink the pot up to the rim in the ground. Cover the surface of the soil with a light mulch to prevent evaporation and water frequently. An occasional dose of weak liquid manure, and 2 apsuds from the kitchen, will stimulate the growth. They may remain in the open air till the ground freezes, then prune back the strongest shoots and remove in-doors. The other system is that of planting the roses in the open ground early in summer, allowing them to remain there until late autumn, then carefully lift and pot. In this case the plants necessarily receive a check which may or may not injure them for forcing purposes, depending altogether upon the care bestowed. For the novice, the former plan would, perhaps, prove preferable. People who love flowers generally succeed with them, because they are always on the alert to water at the right time, to keep off all injurious insects, and to give a breath of fresh air on suitable days.

Slow Courtships.

The young man had farewelled himself out and Emeline had locked the door and was untying her shoe when her mother came down stairs with a bedquilt around her and said:

"Wanted to creep up-stairs without my hearing you, eh? Didn't you?"

The girl made no reply and the mother continued;

"Did he propose this time!"

"Why, mother!" exclaimed the daughter.

"You can 'why mother' all you want to, but don't I know that he has been coming here for the last year? Don't I know that you've burned up at least four tons of coal, courting around here?"

The girl got her shoes off and the mother stood in the stair door and asked.

"Emeline have you got any grit?"

"I guess so."

"I guess you haven't. I just wish that fellow with false teeth and a mole on his chin would come sparking me. Do you know what would happen, Emeline?"

"No"

"Well, I'll tell you. He'd come to time in sixty days or he'd get out of this mansion like a goat jumping for sunflower seeds."

And Emeline went to bed hugging this thought to her bosom.

Ocasionally such visits become so burdensome that the young lady talks to the young man herself. At least, they had such a girl out in Colorado. She had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, but becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear, lead him to a seat, and said:

"Nobby, you've been foolin' 'round this claim for mighty near a year, an' hev never yet shot off your mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cottoned to you on the spuare clear through, an' hev stood off every other galoot that has tried to chip in; an' now I want you to come down to business or leave the ranch. Ef you're on the marry, and want a pard that'll stick rite to you till ye pass in your checks an' the good Lord calls you over the range, just squeal, an' we'll hitch; but if that ain't yer game draw out an' give some other feller ashow fur his pile. Now sing yer song or skip out."

He sang.

Bombarding in Haste to Repent at Leisure.

From Vanity Fair.

One of the incidents connected with the massacre at Alexandria requires clearing up. A Turkish envoy, it is reported, after steaming about all night in search of the admiral's ship, came alongside an hour or two after the time for penitence had expired, and undertook to do what might be required. He was told that he was too late, and that the bombardment must begin. This decision on the part of the admiral requires a good deal of justification. What was the necessity for the haste? We had waited so long and were so immeasurably the stronger side, that a little more delay, especially with a view to avoid "blood-guiltiness," would have done any good. It was as sure as anything could be that the bombardment would lead to, even if it did not itself effect, the burning of the town. No one who has lived in the East could have entertained any doubt upon that head, and therefore, as it is never too late to destroy life and prosperity, and never desirable to do it, sending the Turkish envoy back scarcely seems to have been a wise or human proceeding.

A Fortunate Courtesy.

It is a good rule to be always polite—taking people as they come. Eccentric persons who will reward such treatment in a princely way, as here described, are met too seldom to make selfish expectations an inducement to good manners and gentlemanly civility:

Some thirty years ago, Mr. Green, an amiable Englishman, seeing a rather shabby old man looking for a seat in church, opened his pew-door, beckoned him and placed him a comfortable corner, with prayer and hymn-books. The old gentleman, who carefully noted these latter, expressed his thanks warmly at the close of the services.

Time had effaced the incident from Mr. Green's recollection, when he one day received an intimation that by the death of a gentleman named Wilkinson he had become entitled to thirty-five thousand dollars a year. Mr. Wilkinson was a solitary old man, without relatives. Green's act possessed him in his favor, he inquired about him, and found that he bore the highest character.

There was a marvellously courteous hospitality in the matter of pews for some time after the bequest, but nobody else has got thirty-five thousand dollars a year for a seat.

Major Henry Clay McDowell, who married the granddaughter of Henry Clay, has purchased Ashland, the old homestead of the great statesman; thus after two generations it is back again in the family.