COLUMBIA HERALD.

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS. COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1873. VOL. XIX, NO. 2.

LAWYERS.

A. M. HUGHES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Will attend all courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office, Whitthorne Block. feb24-71

CHARLES CLEAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Columbia, Tennessee. Will practice in the courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whitthorne Block. mch15-71

J. T. L. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, And General Collecting Agent, Columbia, Tennessee.

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WRIGHT & WEBSTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee.

WM. H. TIMMONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. mar-29-1y

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W. M. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Dallas and the adjoining counties. fe14-1y

R. P. & Z. M. CYPERT, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Waynesboro, Tennessee. Will practice in the counties of Hardin, Wayne, Lawrence, Lewis, Perry, and Decatur, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. They also prosecute claims for pensions, patents, and bounty lands, before the departments at Washington. fe14-73-1y

HOTELS.

GUEST HOUSE,
South Main Street,
COLUMBIA,..........TENNESSEE.
Board, $2 per Day.
Carriages, buggies or saddle horses furnished on application to the proprietor, JAMES L. GUEST.
Columbia, Jan. 1, 1873.

NELSON HOUSE,
WALKER & LIPSCOMB, Proprietors,
COLUMBIA,..............TENNESSEE.
This well known house is undergoing thorough repair and newly furnished, and is now open for the accommodation of the public generally.
Our tables shall be furnished at all times with the best the country will afford.
Servants polite and attentive, and every attention will be given to make our house inferior to none in the South.
We solicit the patronage of the public generally.
mch7-73tf WALKER & LIPSCOMB, Proprietors.

MAXWELL HOUSE,
Nashville, Tennessee.
FULTON & CO., Proprietors.

ST. CLOUD HOTEL,
Cor. Church and Summer Streets,
Nashville, - - - - Tennessee.
ERWIN & McCORD, PROPRIETORS.
No intoxication allowed on the premises.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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PERIODICALS,
Stationery, Wall Paper,
Window Shades, News, Notions, etc., at
W. H. ENGLE'S,
West Side Public Square, Columbia, Tennessee.

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OF COLUMBIA, TENN.
Capital, - - $100,000.
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A. A. LIPSCOMB.......... HENRY EDSALL.
Lipscomb & Edsall,
GROCERS,
Commission Merchants
AND
WHOLESALE DEALERS,
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Keep on hand all kinds of Field Seed at very low prices.
Everything new; everything bought low for cash, and everything sold low
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Given universal satisfaction. Sold and guaranteed by the
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Wm. Shirley's
MARBLE MANUFACTORY.
Monuments
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TOMB STONES,
all of the
BEST ITALIAN MARBLE.
Also, I have the latest Styles of Designs.
All work as cheap as can be done elsewhere.
Manufactory on West Main street, near the Institute. mch28-1y

—A great interest in temperance has recently been developed in Richmond, Va. All trades and professions are included in the movement.

LUCILE;

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

"Lucile
Had acquired that matchless, unconscious appeal
To the homage which none but a churl would withhold—
That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold,
Ever present—which just a few women possess,
From a heartless repose, undisturbed by the stress
Of unquiet emotions her soft cheek had drawn
A freshness as pure as the twilight of dawn.
Her figure, though slight, had revived everywhere
The luxurious proportions of youth; and her hair
Once shown as an offering to passionate love,
Now floated or rested redundant above
Her airy pure forehead and throat; gathered loose
Under which, by one violet knot, the profuse
Milk-white folds of a cool modest garment reposed,
Rippled faint by the breast they half hid, half disclosed.
But her simple attire thus in all things revealed
The fine art which so artfully all things concealed."

* * *

"Some faces show
The last act of a tragedy in their regard;
Though the first scene be wanting, it yet is not hard
To divine, more or less, what the plot may have been,
And what sort of actors have passed o'er the scene.
And whenever I gaze on the face of Lucille,
With its pensive and passionless languor, I feel
That some feeling hath burnt there—burnt out, and burnt up
Health and hope. So you feel when you gaze down the cup
Of extinguished volcanoes; you judge of the fire
Once there by the ravage you see; the desire,
By the apathy left in its wake, and that sense
Of moral, immovable, mute innocence."

O' SHAH.

Mark Twain Helps to Bring the Boss Monarch to England.

Mark Twain, who is in London, on the occasion of the visit of the shah of Persia, was sent by the Herald representative to Ostend to accompany his majesty to the shores of Albion. In a letter to the Herald he says:

"Would you like to go over to Belgium and help bring the shah to England?"

I said I was willing.

"Very well, then; here is an order from the admirality which will admit you on board her majesty's ship Lively, now lying at Ostend, and you can return in her day after to-morrow."

That was all. That was the end of it. Without stopping to think, I had in a manner taken upon myself to bring the shah of Persia to England. I could not otherwise regard the conversation I had just held with the London representative of the New York Herald. The amount of discomfort I endured for the next two or three hours can not be sat down in words. I could not eat, sleep, talk, smoke with any satisfaction. The more I thought the thing over the more oppressed I felt. What was the shah to me, that I should go to all this worry and trouble on his account? Where was the least occasion for taking upon myself such a responsibility? If I got him over all right, well. But if he got drowned? It was depressing, any way I looked at it. In the end I said to myself, 'If I get this shah over here safe and sound I will never take charge of another one." And yet, at the same time, I kept thinking "This country has treated me well, stranger as I am, and this foreigner is the country's guest, that is enough; I will help him out; I will fetch him over; I will land him in London, and say to the British people, 'Here is your shah; give me a receipt."

GEOGRAPHICAL INQUIRIES.

I felt easy in my mind now, and was about to go to bed, but something occurred to me. I took a cab and drove down town and routed out that Herald representative.

"Where is Belgium?" said I.

"Where is Belgium! I never heard such a question!"

"That doesn't make any difference to me. If I have got to fetch the shah I don't wish to go to the wrong place. Where is Belgium? Is it a shilling fare in a cab?"

He explained that it was in foreign parts, the first place I have heard of lately which a body could not go to in a cab for a shilling.

I said I could not go alone, because I could not speak foreign languages well; could not get up in time for the early train without help, and could not find my way. I said it was enough to have the shah on my hands; I did not wish to have everything piled on me. Mr. Blank was then ordered to go with me. I was not so ignorant as I appeared, but I do like to have somebody along to talk to when I go abroad.

THE GREAT NATIONAL CONUNDRUM.

When I got home I sat down and thought the thing all over. I wanted to go into this enterprise understandingly. What was the main thing? That was the question. A little reflection informed me. For two weeks the London papers had sung just one continual tune, and the idea of it all was "how to impress the shah." The papers had told all about the St. Petersburg splendors, and had said at the end that splendors would no longer answer; that England could not outdo Russia in that respect, therefore some other way of impressing the shah must be contrived. And these papers had also told all about the shahstic reception in Prussia, and its attendant military pageantry. England could not improve on that sort of thing, she could not impress the shah with soldiers; something else must be tried. And so on. Column after column, page after page of agony about how to "impress the shah." At last they had hit upon a happy idea, a grand naval exhibition. That was it! A man brought up in oriental seclusion and simplicity, a man who had never seen anything but camels and such things, could not help being surprised and delighted with the strange novelties of ships. The distress was at an end. England heaved a great sigh of relief; she knew at last how to impress the shah.

My course was very plain now, after that bit of reflection. All I had to do was to go over to Belgium and impress the shah. I failed to form any definite plan as to the process, but I made up my mind to manage it somehow. I said to myself. "I will impress the shah, or there shall be a funeral that will be worth contemplating."

MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN, ETC.

I went to bed then, but did not sleep a great deal, for the responsibilities were weighing pretty heavily upon me. At six o'clock in the morning, Mr. Blank came and turned me out. I was surprised at this, and not gratified, for I detest early rising. I never like to say severe things, but I was a good deal tried this time. I said I did not mind getting up moderately early, but I hated to be called day before yesterday. However, as I was acting in a national capacity and for a country that I liked, I stopped grumbling and we set out. A grand naval review is a good thing to impress a shah with, but if he would try getting up at six o'clock in the morning; but no matter, we started.

THE SUMMER BEAUTY OF ENGLAND.

We took the Dover train and went whistling along over the housetops at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and just as smoothly and pleasantly, too, as if we were in a sleigh. One never can have anything but a very vague idea of what speed is until he travels over an English railway. Our "lightning" expresses are sleepy and indolent in comparison. We looked into the back windows of the endless ranks of houses abreast and below us, and saw many a homelike little family of early birds sitting at their breakfasts. New views and new aspects of London were about me; the mighty city seemed to spread further and wider in the clear morning air than it had ever done before. There is something awe-inspiring about the mere look of the figures that express the population of London when one comes to set them down in a good large hand—4,000,000! It takes a body's breath away, almost.

We presently left the city behind. We had started drowsy, but we did not stay so. How could we, with the brilliant sunshine pouring down, the balmy wind blowing through the open windows, and the Garden of Eden spread all abroad? We swept along through rolling expanses of growing grain, not a stone or a stump to mar their comeliness, not an unsightly fence or an ill-kept hedge; through broad meadows covered with fresh green grass clean swept as if a broom had been at work there, little brooks wandering up and down them, noble trees here and there, cows in the shade, groves in the distance and church spires projecting out of them; and there were the quaintest old fashioned houses set in the midst of smooth lawns or partly hiding themselves among fine old forest trees: and there was one steep-roofed ancient cottage whose walls all around, and whose roof, and whose chimneys were clothed in a shining mail of ivy leaves! so thoroughly, indeed, that only one little patch of roof was visible to prove that the house was not a mere house of leaves, with glass windows in it. Imagine that dainty little home surrounded by flowering shrubs and bright green grass and all sorts of old trees; and then go and try to imagine something more bewitching.

LAND-MARKS OF THE AGES.

By and by we passed Rochester, and sure enough, right there, on the highest ground in the town and rising imposingly up from among clustering roofs, was the gray old castle, roofless, ruined, ragged, the sky beyond showing clear and blue the glassless windows, the walls partly clad with ivy, a time-scarred, weather-beaten old pile, but ever so picturesque and ever so majestic, too. There it was, a whole book of English history. I had read of Rochester castle a thousand times, but I had never really believed there was any such building before.

Presently we reached the sea and came to a stand far out on a pier; and here was Dover and more history. The chalk cliffs of England towered up from the shore and the French coast was visible. On the tallest hill sat Dover castle, stately and spacious and superb, looking just as it always looked any time these ten or fifteen thousand years; I do not know its exact age, and it does not matter, anyway.

A WICKED RECRIMINATION.

We stepped aboard the little packet and steamed away. The sea was perfectly smooth, and painfully brilliant in the sunshine. There were no curiosities in the vessel except the passengers and a placard in French setting forth the transportation fares for various kinds of people. The lithographer probably considered that placard a triumph. It was printed green, blue, red, black and yellow; no individual line in color, but the individual letters were separately colored. For instance, the first letter of a word would be blue, the next red, the next green, and so on. The placard looked as if it had the small-pox or something. I inquired the artist's name and place of business, intending to hunt him up and kill him when I had time; but no one could tell me. In the list of prices first-class passengers were set down at fifteen shillings and four pence, and dead bodies at one pound, ten shillings and eight pence, just double price! That is Belgian morals, I suppose I never say a harsh thing unless I am greatly stirred; but in my opinion the man who would take the advantage of a dead person would do almost any odious thing. I publish this scandulous discrimination against the most helpless class among us in order that people intending to die abroad may come back by some other line.

OSTENDTATIOUS INFORMATION.

We skimmed over to Ostend in four hours and went ashore. The first gentleman we saw happened to be the flag lieutenant of the fleet, and he told me where the Lively lay, and said she would sail about 6 in the morning. Heavens and earth. He said he would give my letter to the proper authority, and so we thanked him and bore away to the hotel. Bore away is good sailor phraseology, and I have been at sea portions of two days now. I easily pick a foreign language.

Ostend is a curious, comfortable-looking, massively-built town where the people speak both the French and the Flemish with exceeding fluency, and yet I could not understand them in either tongue. But I will write the rest about Ostend in to-morrow's letter.

FLOUNDER MORALS.

Most of the shops in Ostend seemed devoted to the sale of sea shells. All sorts of figures of men and women were made of shells; one sort was composed of grotesque and ingenious combinations of lobster claws in the human form. And they had other figures made of stuffed frogs, some fencing, some barbering each other, and some were not to be described at all without indecent language. It must require a barbarian nature to be able to find humor in such nauseating horror as these latter. these things were exposed in the public windows where young girls and little chidren could see them, and in the shops sat the usual hairy-lipped young women waiting to sell them.

A SINGULAR CONTRIVANCE.

There was a contrivance attached to the better class of houses, which I had heard of before but never seen. It was an arrangement of mirrors outside the windows, so contrived that the people within could see who was coming either up or down the street, see all that might be going on in fact, without opening the windows or twisting themselves into uncumfortable positions in order to look.

A capital thing to watch for unwelcome (or welcome) visitors with, or to observe pageants in cold or rainy weather. People in second or third stories had also another mirror which showed who was passing underneath.

A FLANDER'S HOTEL.

The dining room at our hotel was very spacious and rather gorgeous. One end of it was composed almost entirely of a single pane of plate glass, some two of complexion; had a mustache, wore spectacles, seemed of a good height and graceful build and carriage and looked about forty or a shade less. He was very simply dressed; brimless stovepipe and close-buttoned dark greenomilitary suit, without ornament. No, nt wholly without ornament, for he had a band two inches wide worn over his shoulders and down across his breast, scarf-fashion, which band was one solid glory of fine diamonds.

A Persian official appeared in the shah's rear and enveloped him in an ample quilt, or cloak, if you please, which was lined with fur. The outside of it was of a whitish color and elaborately needle-worked in Persian patters like an Indian shawl. Tho shah stepped out and the official procession formed about him and marched him down the carpet and on board the Vigilant to slow music. Not a flounder raised a cheer. All the small fry swarmed out of the train now.

THE CORRESPONDENTS EXCITED.

The shah walked back alongside his fine cabin, looking at the assemblage of go right. I went to bed at ten, and was called at eleven to "take the early train." I said I was not the one, so the servant stirred up the next door, and he was not the one; then the next door and the next; no success, and so on till the reverberations of the knocking were lost in the distance down the hall, and I fell asleep again. They called me at twelve to take another early train, but I said I was not the one again, and asked as a favor that they would be particular to call the rest next time, but never mind me. However, they could not understand my English; they only said something in reply to signify that, and then went on banging up the boarders, none of whom desired to take the early train.

When they called me at one, it made my rest seem very broken, and I said if they would skip me at two I would call myself, not really intending to do it, but hoping to beguile the porter and deceive him. He probably suspected that and was afraid to trust me, because when he made his rounds at that hour he did not take any chances on me, but routed me out along with the others. I got some more sleep after that, but when the porter called me at three, I felt depressed and jaded and greatly discouraged. So I gave it up and dressed myself. The porter got me a cup of coffee and kept me awake while I drank it. He was a good, well meaning sort of a flounder, but really a drawback to the hotel, I should think.

Poor Mr. Blank came in then, looking worn and old. He had been called for in all the different trains, too, just as I had. He said it was a good enough hotel, but they took too much pains. While we sat there talking we fell asleep, and were called again at four, then we went out and dozed about town till six, and then drifted aboard the Lively.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE LIVELY.

She was trim and bright, and clean and smart; she was as handsome as a picture. The sailors were in brand new man-of-war costume, and plenty of officers were about the decks in the state uniform of the service; cocked hats, huge epaulettes, claw-hammer coats, lined with white silk, hats and coats and trousers all splendid with gold lace. I judged that these were all admirals, and so got afraid and went ashore again. Our vessel was to carry the shah's brother, also the Grand Vizies, several Persian princes, who were uncles to the shah, and other dignitaries of more or less consequence. A vessel along side was to carry the luggage, and a vessel just ahead (the Vigilant) was to carry nobody but servants; and the queen's special embassador, Sir Henry Rawlinson, who is a Persian scholar and talks to the shah in his own tougue.

I was very glad, for several reasons, to find that I was not to go in the same ship with the shah. First with him not immediately under my eye I would feel less responsibility for him; and, secondly, as I was anxious to impress him, I wanted to practice on his brother first.

GETTING READY FOR HIS SHAHSHIP.

It was getting towards the time for the shah to arrive from Brussels, so I ranged up alongside my own ship. I do not know when I ever felt so ill at ease and undecided. It was a sealed letter which I had brought from the admiralty, and I could not guess what the purport of it might be. I supposed I was intended to command the ship, that is, I had supposed it at first, but, after seeing all these splendid officers, I had discarded that idea. I cogitated a good deal, but to no purpose. Presently a regiment of Belgin troops arrived and formed in line along the pier. Then a number of people began to spread down carpets for fifty yards along the pier, by the railway track, and other carpets were laid from these to the ships. The gangway leading on board my ship was now carpeted and its railings were draped with bright-colored signal flags. It began to look as if I was expected; so I walked on board. A sailor immediately ran and stopped me, and made another sailor bring a mop for me to wipe my feet on, lest I might soil the deck which was wonderfully clean and nice. Evidently I was not the person expected after all. I pointed to the group of officers and asked the sailors what the naval law would do to a man if he were to go and speak to some of those admirals, for there was an awful air of etiquette and punctilio about the premises; but just then one of those officers came forward and said that if his instinct was correct an admiralty order had been received giving me passage in the ship; and he also said that he was the first lieutenant, and that I was very welcome and he would take pains to make me feel at home, and furthermore there was champagne and soda waiting down below; and furthermore still, all the London correspondents, to the number of six or seven, would arrive from Brussels with the shah, and would go in our ship, and if our passage were not a lively one, and a jolly and enjoyable one, it would be a very strange thing indeed. I could have jumped for joy if I had not been afraid of breaking some rule of naval etiquette and getting hanged for it.

THE SHAH ARRIVES.

Now the train was signalled, and everybody got ready for the great event. The Belgian regiment straitened itself up, and some two hundred flounders arrived and took conspicuous position on a little mound. I was soon occupied with other interests. The train of thirteen cars came tearing in and stopped abreast the ship. Music and guns began an uproar. Odd looking Persian faces and felt hats (brimless stovepipes) appeared at the car windows.

Some gorgeous English officials filed down the carpet from the Vigilant. They stopped a long car with the royal arms upon it, uncovered their heads and unlocked the car door. Then the shah stood up in it and gave us a good view. He was a handsome, strong-featured man, with a rather Europern fairness inches thick, for this is the plate glass manufacturing region, you remember. It was very clear and fine. If one were to enter the place in such a way as not to catch the sheen of the glass, he would suppose that the end of the house was wide open to the sun and the storms. A strange boyhood instinct came strongly upon me, and I could not really enjoy my dinner, I wanted to break the glass so badly. I have no doubt that every man feels so, and I know that such a glass must be simply torture to a boy.

This dining room's walls were almost completely covered with large oil-paintings in frames.

HOW THEY "KEEP HOTEL" THERE.

It was an excellent hotel; the utmost care was taken that everything should silent, solemn flounders; the correspondent of the London Telegraph was hurrying along the pier and took off his hat and bowed to the "king of kings," and the king of kings gave a polite military salute in return. This was the commencement of the excitement. The success of the breathless Telegraph man made all the other London correspondents mad, every man of whom flourished his stovepipe recklessly and cheered lustily, some of the more enthusiastic varying the exercise by lowering their heads and elevating their coat-tails. Seeing all this and feeling that if I was to "impress the shah" at all, now was my time. I ventured a little squeaky yell, quite distinct from the other shouts, but just as hearty. His shahship heard and saw and saluted me in a manner that was, I considered an acknowledgement of my superior importance. I do not know that I ever felt so ostentatious and absurd before. All the correspondents came aboard, and then the Persian baggage came also, and was carried across to the ship along-side of ours. When she could hold no more we took somewhere about a hundred trunks and boxes on board our vessel. Two boxes fell into the water, and several sailors jumped in and saved one, but the other was lost. However, it probably contained nothing but a few hundred pounds of diamonds and thing.

UNDER WAY FOR ENGLAND.

At last we got under way and steamed out through a long slip, the piers on either side being crowded with flounders; but never a cheer. A battery of three guns on the starboard pier boomed a royal salute, and we swept out to sea, the Vigilant in the lead; we right in her wake, and the baggage ship in ours. Within fifteen minutes everybody was well acquainted; a general jollification set in, and I was thoroughly glad I had come over to fetch the shah.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Described **by a French Novelist.**

In Jules Verne's "Tour of the World in Eighty Days," we have the adventures of Phileas Fogg, an Englishman, who has made a bet that he will make the tour in that number of days. He takes with him a French servant, Passepatout, and is followed by an English detective, Mr. Fix, who believes that Fogg has robbed the bank of England. Landing in California from Hong Kong, accompanied by a Parsee widow, Aouda, whom he has rescued from burning in a Hindoo suttee, Mr. Fogg has an adventure which is thus described:

Mr. Fogg, on reaching shore, proceeded to find out at what hour the first train left for New York, and learned that this was at 6 o'clock, p. m.; he had, therefore, an entire day to spend in the California capital. Taking a carriage at three dollars the course, he and Aouda entered it, while Passepartout mounted the box beside the driver, and they set out for the International hotel. From his exalted position Passepartout observed with much curiosity the wide streets, the low, evenly ranged houses, the Anglo-Saxon gothic churches, the great docks, the palatial wooden and brick warehouses, the numerous conveyances, omnibuses, horse-cars, and, upon the sidewalks, not only Americans and Europeans, but Chinese and Indians. Passepartout was surprised at all he saw. San Francisco was no longer the legendary city of 1849, a city of bandits, assassins, and incendiaries, who had flocked hither in crowds in pursuit of plunder; a paradise of outlaws, where they gambled with gold-dust, a revolver in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other; it was now a great commercial emporium. The lofty tower of the city hall overlooked the whole panorama of the streets and avenues, which cut each other at right angles, and in the midst of which appeared pleasant, verdant squares, while beyond appeared the Chinese quarters, seemingly imported from the Celestial empire in a toy-box. Sombreros and red shirts and plumed Indians were rarely to be seen; but there were silk hats and black coats everywhere worn by a multitude of nervously active, gentlemanly-looking men. Some of the streets, especially Montgomery street, which is to San Francisco what Regent street is to London, the Boulevard des Italiens to Paris, and Broadway to New York, were lined with splendid and spacious stores, which exposed in their windows the products of the entire world.

When Passsepartout reached the International hotel, it did not seem to him as if he had left England at all. The ground floor of the hotel was occupied by a large bar, a sort of restaurant freely open to all passers-by, who might partake of dried beef, oyster soup, biscuits, and cheese, without taking out their purses. Payment was made only for the ale, porter, or sherry, which was drunk. This seemed "very American" to Passepartout. The hotel refreshment rooms were comfortable, and Mr. Fogg and Aouda, installing themselves at a table, were abundantly served on diminutive plates by negroes of darkest hue.

After breakfast, Mr. Fogg, accompanied by Aouda, started for the English consulate to have his passport revised. As he was going out he met Passepartout, who asked him if it would not be well, before taking the train, to purchase some dozens of Enfield rifles and Colt's revolvers. He had been listening to stories of attacks upon the trains by the Sioux and Pawnees. Mr. Fogg thought it a useless precaution, but told him to do as he thought best, and went on to the consulate. He had not proceeded two hundred steps, however, when, "by the greatest chance in the world," he met Fix. The detective seemed wholly taken by surprise. What! Had Mr. Fogg and himself crossed the Pacific together, and not met on the steamer! At least, Fix felt honored to behold once more the gentleman to whom he owed so much, and as his business recalled him to Europe, he should be delighted to continue the journey in such pleasant company. Mr. Fogg replied that the honor would be his; and the detective, who was determined not to lose sight of him, begged permission to accompany them on their walk about San Francisco, a request which Mr. Fogg readily granted. They soon found themselves in Montgomery street, where a great crowd was collected on the sidewalk; the street, horse-car rails, the shop-doors, the windows of the houses, and even the roofs, were full of people. Many were going about, carrying large posters, and flags and streamers were floating in the wind; while loud cries were heard on every hand.

"Hurrah for Camerfield!"

"Hurrah for Mandiboy!"

It was a political meeting; at least so Fix conjectured, who said to Mr. Fogg, "Perhaps we had not better mingle with the crowd. There may be danger in it."

"Yes," returned Mr. Fogg; "and blows, even if they are political, are still blows."

Fix smiled at this remark; and in order to be able to see without being jostled about, the party took up a position on the top of a flight of steps situated at the upper end of Montgomery street. Opposite them, on the other side of the street, between a coal wharf and a petroleum warehouse, a large platform had been erected in the open air, toward which the current of the crowd seemed to be directed. For what purpose was this meeting? What was the occasion of this excited assemblage? Phileas Fogg could not imagine. Was it to nominate some high official, a governor or member of congress? It was not improbable, so agitated was the multitude before them.

Just at this moment there was an unusual stir in the human mass. All the hands were raised in the air. Some, tightly closed, seemed to disappear suddenly in the midst of the cries, an energetic way, no doubt of casting a vote. The crowd swayed back, the banners and flags wavered, disappeared an instant, then reappeared in tatters. The undulations of the human surge reached the steps, while all the heads floundered on the surface like a sea agitated by a squall. Many of the black hats disappeared, and the greater part of the crowd seemed to have diminished in height.

"It is evidently a meeting," said Fix, "and its object must be an exciting one. I should not wonder if it were about the Alabama, despite the fact that that question is settled."

"Perhaps so," replied Mr. Fogg, simply.

"At least, there are two champions in presence of each other, the honorable Mr. Camereifid and the honorable Mr. Mandiboy."

Aouda, leaning upon Mr. Fogg's arm, observed the tumultuous scene with surprise, while Fix asked a man near him what the cause of it all was. Before the man could reply, a fresh agitation arose; hurrahs and excited shouts were heard; the staffs of the banners began to be used as offensive weapons; and fists flew about in every direction. Thumps were exchanged from the tops of the carriages and omnibuses which had been blockaded up in the crowd. Boots and shoes went whirling through the air, and Mr. Fogg thought he even heard the crack of revolvers mingling in the din. The rout approached the stairway, and flowed over the lower step. One of the parties had evidently been repulsed; but the mere lookers on could not tell whether Mandiboy or Camerfield had gained the upper hand.

"It would be prudent for us to retire," said Fix, who was anxious that Mr. Fogg should not receive any injury, at least until they got back to London, "If there is any question about England in all this, and we were recognized, I fear it would go hard with us."

"An English subject—" began Mr. Fogg.

He did not finish his sentence; for a terrific hubbub now arose on the terrace behind the flight of steps where they stood, and there were frantic shouts of, "Hurrah for Mandiboy! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

It was a band of voters coming to the rescue of their allies, and taking the Camerfield forces in flank. Mr. Fogg, Aouda, and Fix found themselves between two fires; it was too late to escape. The torrent of men, armed with loaded canes and sticks, was irresistible. Phileas Fogg and Fix were roughly hustled in their attempts to protect their fair companion; the former, as cool as ever, tried to defend himself with the weapons which nature had placed at the end of every Englishman's arm, but in vain. A big, brawny fellow with a red beard, flushed face and broad shoulders, who seemed to be the chief of the band, raised his clenched fist to strike Mr. Fogg, whom he would have given a crushing blow, had not Fix rushed in and received it in his stead. An enormous bruise immediately made its appearance under the detective's silk hat, which was completely mashed in.

"Yankee!" exclaimed Mr. Fogg, darting a contemptuous look at the ruffian.

"Englishman!" returned the other. "We will meet again!"

"When you please."

"What is your name?"

"Phileas Fogg. And yours?"

"Col. Stamp Proctor."

The human tide now swept by, after overturning Fix, who speedily got upon his feet again, though with tattered clothes. Happily, he was not seriously hurt. His traveling over-coat was divided into two unequal parts, and his trousers resembled those of certain Indians, which fit less compactly than they are easy to put on. Aouda had escaped unharmed, and Fix alone bore marks of the fray in his black and blue bruise.

"Thanks," said Mr. Fogg to the detective, as soon as they were out of the crowd.

"No thanks are necessary," replied Fix; "but let us go."

"Where?"

"To a tailor's."

Such a visit was, indeed, opportune. The clothing of both Mr. Fogg and Fix was in rags, as if they had themselves been actively engaged in the contest between Camerfield and Mandiboy. An hour after, they were once more suitably attired, and with Aouda returned to the International. Passepartout was waiting for his master, armed with half a dozen six-barreled revolvers. When he perceived Fix, he knit his brows; but Aouda having, in a few words, told him of their adventure, his countenance resumed its placid expression. Fix evidently was no longer an enemy, but an ally; he was faithfully keeping his word.

Dinner over, the coach was to convey the passengers and their luggage to the station drew up to the door. As he was getting in, Fogg said to Fix, "You have not seen this Colonel Proctor again?"

"No."

"I will come back to America to find him," said Phileas Fogg, calmly. "It would not be right for an Englishman to permit himself to be treated in that way, without retaliating."

The detective smiled, but did not reply. It was clear that Mr. Fogg was one of those Englishmen who, while they do not tolerate dueling at home, fight abroad when their honor is attacked.

At a quarter before six the travelers reached the station, and found the train ready to depart. As he was about to enter it, Mr. Fogg called a porter, and said to him, "My friend, was there not some trouble, to-day, in San Francisco?"

"It was a political meeting, sir," replied the porter.

"But I thought there was a great deal of disturbance in the streets."

"It was only a meeting assembled for an election."

"The election of a general-in-chief, no doubt?" answered Mr. Fogg.

"No, sir; of a justice of the peace."

Phileas Fogg got into the train, which started off at full speed.

Scalp Raisers.

The following facts in relation to our Indian population, compiled from the ninth census, will be of general interest. The total number of Indians in the United States is 383,712; of this number 111,185 are in the states, and 272,527 in the territories. The total number sustaining tribal relations is 357,981; out of tribal relations, 25,731. The number on reservations and at agencies is 96,366. The following table shows the number of Indians in each state and territory:

STATES.		STATES.	
Alabama	98	Ohio	10
Arkansas	98	Oregon	11,27
California	29,025	Pennsylvania	133
Connecticut	235	Rhode Island	154
Delaware		South Carolina	124
Florida	502	Tennessee	70
Georgia	40	Texas	699
Illinois	32	Vermont	14
Indiana	340	Virginia	229
Iowa	348	West Virginia	9
Kansas	9,814	Wisconsin	11,511
Kentucky	108		
Louisiana	569	TERRITORIES.	
Maine	479		
Maryland	4	Alaska	70,010
Massachusetts	151	Arizona	32,883
Michigan	8,101	Colorado	7,480
Minnesota	7,040	Dakota	27,520
Mississippi	869	Dis. of Columbia	15
Missouri	75	Idaho	5,631
Nebraska	5,416	Indian territory	59,367
Nevada	16,243	Montana	19,457
New Hampshire	52	New Mexico	20,738
New Jersey	16	Utah	12,947
New York	5,144	Washington	14,794
North Carolina	2,241	Wyoming	2,477

We clip the above from Crofut's Western World. It was correct when the census was taken, but our readers must remember the vast number of Modocs killed in the late war, which in Oregon will lessen the number of scalp raisers in that section. However, there is enough left to cost the government a large amount to furnish them in rifles and ammunition, and to keep some of the United States troops in hot water once in a while.

—One of Mr. Barnum's tapirs has been seized, because the authorities say it was smuggled into the port of New York. The captain of the ship that brought the animal first obtained a fr e permit from the custom-house clerks by representing that the animal had no market value and then sold it to one of Barnum's agents for $550. Now it happens that the duty on tapirs, 20 per cent. ad valorem, and this particular individual is appraised at $800 by the government examiner of tapirs, hence the seizure. The tapir, which is a large black one, is exceedingly mortified that any unpleasantness should attend his debut upon our republican shores.

—A Cincinnati matron wants to know if something cannot be done to protect young ladies from being insulted on the streets at night, and gets this suggestion: "Just have the girl's mother tuck her into her little bed about 8 o'clock in the evening, and lock the door on her."

THE BORDER OF CIVILIZATION.

A Summer Trip to the Terminus of the North Pacific Railway—Bismarck and its Populace.

[George Alfred Townsend.]

About eight o'clock in the evening, broad daylight, we came to Bismarck, an assemblage of canvas-tents, plank-houses, turf-huts, military structures of frame and log, with a fort-like inclosure, and a broad plaza, Spanish-fashion, between the railroad and the town, on which the entire population was assembled to hail the new arrivals.

In the enormous expanse of this Dakota country, the hilarity of the Bismarckers and the sizable bulk of their town affected me like the most solitary place I had ever known. To see, in this far corner of the world, two hundred miles from any settlement worthy of the name, and immediately opposite hostile bands of indians who had taken scalps the day before, the huddled avarice, enterprise and ruffianism of civilization standing gallously out in the van, was somewhat like a presentiment of the day of judgment. Omnipotent, ubiquitous nature was all before them, and on either side; and yet the bully of the slums, and his Moll beside him; the old army-suttler, a little the worse for his probation; the shiftless negro barber, who has come as far as he dared, and, with all his record, was permitted twenty times a day to lay his razor at a gentleman's throat; the great, quiet gambler, from the gulf whom every body in the Mississippi Valley has sometimes seen, now smoking his cigar in front of his premises, where, perhaps, forty sweat-cloths invited the stranger; here was society's refuse mixed with many men of official position and deliberate purpose, 1,200 miles northwest of Chicago, and the nearest neighbors of the Sioux!

In this town, there was no law or jurisdiction whatsoever. There was no mayor. There was not even a vigilance committee. The territory of Dakota has as yet taken no steps to extend its authority to this new town. And the military authority, close at hand, had made up their minds that what happened among the civilians of Bismarck was none of their business, and, therefore, nobody has been arrested for fighting or shooting. But there may have been something in the very loneliness of this colony which kept crime down and humanized it. Perhaps the consciousness of the law's non-existence made even the criminal feel unprotected. Certainly a more subdued settlement of the kind I have never found in our country. All the desperadoes who had infested the Union Pacific Railroad, and had survived such a lapse of time, were here at Bismarck; but, with the exception of two or three scuffles of no consequence, life had been safe and property secure. The organic spirit of the American, unexercised, but still extant, made a law in Bismarck without a code or a magistrate.

TAVERN.

Right opposite the place where the cars stop, I saw a new sign, "The Capitol Hotel."

Therein was a register, a barber's chair, a bar, and a well-spoken proprietor. Carpet-bags lay in terraces against the paper sides of the room. Supper was smoking at the inner table where women from New England were doing the cooking; and the men who handed you the dishes had arms like a ship-carpenter's.

MISSOURI.

After supper, we strolled down to the Missouri, about a mile from the town; and right across the way was Fort Abraham Lincoln, an imposing post, with long barracks and quarters of painted lumber, a parade-ground, fortifications and landing. Standing on a high bluff of the river, it was an object to be seen for perhaps thirty miles.

The Missouri river rolled beneath, nearly as wide as at Omaha, a great, sprawing red-man's river, full of oxide and mire, living, as it rolled along, upon its own banks, biting concavities from them, so that they fell, and splashed, and were borne away every day in the year. It seemed to me to be nature's greatest gutter around which she had assembled her red canaille to soak the feet in her pools and eddies, and meditate grand larceny on civilization. A river tawny and bemired like this for full 2,000 miles, it had yet descended from some of the sublimest sceneries in the world, and begun its course under the best motherhood, but had been spoiled by the length of its career. No longer the laughing, leaping thing which drew its milk from the splendors of the Yellowstone, and washed bare the gold veins beyond the great upper cataract, it has become insensate, heavy and heathen, like these very children of the plains, whose origin was perhaps no worse than ours at the beginning of time.

A NIGHT AT BISMARCK.

In the evening I strolled around among the cabooses. I found one trading firm which had made a sale of $740 worth of goods the previous Sunday; for there Sunday is like every day in the week, only more so. Another firm had made sale of $16,000 worth of goods in June, and in twelve months had sold $75,000. In the neighborhood, 6,400 acres have been pre-empted already, and the railroad brought $22,000 worth of freight the first week it was opened to Bismarck, or 1,000 tons.

Among the desperadoes at Bismarck is

MR. SHANG,

said to have been christened Charley Stanton. He is a huge, youthful piece of flesh, with a lazy, easy face, and a loud voice. He goes around attended by admiring boys; for he has killed his man. He killed Mr. Shumley, whose christian name I am not informed of. They kept saloons, that noblest of occupations in a new country, and gambled between drinks. A disagreement occurred at the town of Thompson. Mr. Shumley threatened; Mr. Shang killed. He shot, I believe, from the inside of his pocket, obeying the precept not to let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. After this, they said:

"I tell you, Shang will shoot as well as talk about it!"

So Shang fell in love with himself, and found he had a word and a character to be respected. His voice has insensibly grown higher in key, his strut a little more pronounced, and I wondered how he could sleep well at nights, having so good an opinion of himself. Ed Morton is also a prince of Bismarck. I must call him Ed because every body spoke of him so lovingly, as if he were a brace in the social edifice. He said to me in a hospitable way that he had read me; he proffered entertainment; there is a natural affinity, I suppose, between great pioneers. Ed was a thick man of the middle size, with a practical, commercial face and an executive education. His voice was gentle and assuming. His baronial hall was a mighty mass of boards, with a bar in front, a shell or stage in the rear, and tables up and down the sides, whereat his staff-officers threw dice, dealt cards, rolled roulette, and put their elbows on sweat-cloths. The whole establishment was in one room. At the far end, four lank and bursted frontiersmen sang, with a doleful want of melody or attention, the celebrated ballad by John Hay on the fate of Little Breeches. I wish brother Hay had heard it, to turn him from his sinful path. Truly, in the words of that performance, "it was hell to split over the prairie." The gamblers on this frontier are men wearing the American shirt, and endowed, out of our abundant institutions with only the necessary garments of freedom. Gold-pieces I saw, but no gold-chains. The liquor is taken straight. Intercourse is deliberate and republican. Even ruffians who fight in these times are below reproach. It is behavior, amenity, simplicity, and prosperity which we are all pursuing; and, if we need back pay, we vote it, for that is the moral law. "Thou shalt not hit," is a rising commandment. And so, from terrace to terrace, like the ascent of the steepes of the rocky mountains, the American character approaches the deal table-lands of perfection.

There had been disagreeable people in town. No reference is meant here to Mr. Jack O'Neil, who keeps the dance-house at Bismarck, and whom I should take to be more familiar with the literature of Mr. Bret Harte; for therein, to a crooning fiddle, several sleepy, weary, O so weary! remains of women obeyed the nodding fiddle-bow and danced a dance of deep sleep; a dance of compulsion to live; a dance of plantation hands called up at the end of labor to amuse the overseer. What a christian blessing it would have been to take the proprietor of the place apart and say: "Jack O'Neil (for he must be a good fellow, like Shang and all the rest,) Jack, thou sterling creation, here are $50 from the Evangelical society to buy sixty hours of perfect rest for these poor banished immortals at the farthest distance from God's observation."

Was I about to say that there had been disagreeable people at Bismarck? Yes, there was the attack on Dave Mullen. Dave (a good fellow, no doubt,) was sitting in an innocent way, playing mustang under his own premises, with some other professionals, when a person came in and asked if he answered to his name. "It is," said Dave. The intruder then drew off, as he must have done, to strike Dave impressively, which he did. Immediately everybody fired off a pistol through his breeches pocket, not to hit any thing, but to show that there was law and public spirit in Bismarck. One man was shot through the hand, I hope not an editor, nor a man with a lone hand, and all the storekeepers kept in their shops.

"Bigud," says the Bismasck tradesman, "I don't want to know any thing about any shooting. When I hear them pop away, I don't even look through the windy."

There was no sequel to this adventure except that Mr. Shang went to see about it, and raised his voice to a still more high and gladsome pitch.

Such is Bismarck, a fusion of rag-fair and the fair at Nizini-Novgorod, earnest commerce and voluntary exile, manifest destiny and the Tiger, the coming man and the passing fool. It carries the name of a prince premier in the Baltic empire, and his Kaiser's subjects, still in their Berlin garments, sell beer in this new encampment, right opposite the Sioux nation. The American army could shell it out from the adjacent fort in just two minutes, but the shells of frontier posts never burst eastward. Without law, it is wholly lawful after its fashion. Now, reason upon it as we may, it is the way this land and every other have been broken and peopled. Nature resists the conclusion that the Pilgrim Fathers came to America without a game of "high-low-jack" or "Boston" in some part of the ship; for you cannot make your game without ace, face or trump.

But as to the land across the river, there indeed the business of conquest is being attended to. Fort Lincoln, and the plains before it, are sprinkled with officers, ladies and men who are looking on with amusement, and no apprehension whatever at the skirmishing between the Sioux and Rees.

An Eccentric King.

The eccentricities of young King Louis II. of Bavaria, have of late become such that the question whether or not the present representative of the house of Witteltbach is insane, is more anxiously agitated at Munich, and especially at the imperial court at Berlin, than ever before. The former curious freaks of the king have all been forgotten; his expenditure of six million dollars for imitating at his castle of Hohenschwangan the hanging gardens of Queen Semiramis; his attempt to build a pyramid like that of King Cheop's on the famous Lechfield; and his numerous flirtations with royal princesses, whom he jilted most unceremoniously when they had most reason to look for an offer of his heart and hand.

But that which engrosses at the present time the attention of the good burghers of Munich, is the singular mania of the young king in regard to theatrical affairs. It is a well known fact that King Louis II. looks upon the theatre as the prime source of popular education; that he considers Friedrich von Schiller and Moliere the two dramatists without whom the stage could never have acquired its present eminence; and that he, the Wittelsbach ruler himself, has written a play, which he not only, as might be expected, values very highly, but which, in his opinion, is a combination of all that is praiseworthy both in Schiller and Moliere. This wonderful play is entitled the "Fan of the Marchioness," and there exists but a single manuscript copy of it. It contains three acts, and it is written in Alexdrine verses. That is all that is known about it. No profane critic has as yet set his eyes upon it, but one person has seen it performed on the stage, and yet the whole company of the royal theatre of Munich knows it by heart; and the play has, moreover, been already performed upward of a dozen times with scenery and decorations, such as have rarely been bestowed upon the tragedies of the greatest masters.

The explanation of all this is a very simple one. King Louis II. is a man of the most retiring character. Most of the time he lives in utter seclusion. The pomp and splendor of royalty are most distasteful to him; and, rather than to appear at a gala review of his army, he will plead sickness or, without cause, bury himself in the Alpine retreats of the Bavarian highlands. The stage is his favorite pastime, but to witness public performances when everybody rises from his seat and bows to him as soon as he makes his appearance, is so distasteful to him that for years he has not set foot in his own theatre at Munich, except on the occasions which we are about to specify.

About four months ago the actors of the royal theatre in the above-mentioned city received from the manager of the stage the cast of a play entitled "The Fan of the Marchioness," whose author, he said, wished to remain unknown, but which was to be rehearsed immediately. A week afterward the first rehearsal took place, and a few days later the actors and actresses who were to appear in it were startled by the notification that they were to play the piece after midnight on the 3d of March. The most rigorous secrecy was enjoined upon them, and immediate dismissal was threatened to those who should talk about the affair.

Who had ever heard of such a theatrical performance? The actors were all there, and when the curtain went up they vainly looked for an audience. No one was present to witness their performance but a young man dressed in a loose suit of gray, his handsome face adorned with a small, well-trimmed mustache. The young man was seated in the left proscenium-box, and he seemed to follow the performance with rapt attention. The experienced actors did their best to play their parts well. None of them had ever performed under more singular, not to say discouraging circumstances. Applause, there was none. The curtain went down, and it went up again, before a dark and empty house. The only spectator present was, to all appearances, highly interested, but not even once did he clap his hands.

Finally, just as the neighboring clock of St. Catherine's church struck four, the play was over, and the actors went home. This singular performance has been repeated since then a dozen times. The actors are almost in a state of revolt, for it seems unnatural for them to play to no audience without marks of applause or disapproval; simply before one young man who, if he wears a crown, profits by his royal prerogatives in a very curious manner. *Vienna Presse.*

GRAVE AND GAY.

—The roar material—Baby.

—How to get into a scrape—Go to the barber's.

—When half-gods go, the gods arrive.—*Emerson.*

—The present moment is a powerful deity.—*Goethe.*

—What once were vices are now the manners of the day.—*Leucca.*

—A traveler without observation is a bird without wings.—*Saadi.*

—The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts.—*Bovee.*

—In the commerce of speech use only coin of gold and silver.—*Jourbert.*

—They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—*Shakespeare.*

—No one is more profoundly sad than he who laughs too much.—*Richter.*

—Women have more heart and more imagination than men.—*Lamartine.*

—The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.

—What is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain? Wholesome.

—Repentance without amendment is like continual pumping without mending the leak.

—Virtue is everywhere the same, because it comes from God, while everything else is of men.—*Voltaire.*

—If you do not wish a man to do a thing, you had better get him to talk about it, for the more men talk, the more likely they are to do nothing else. *Carlyle.*

—At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a clergyman asked the question, What is holiness? A pupil in dirty, tattered rags jumped up and said: Plaze yer reverence, it is to be clane inside.

—An inquiring man thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had. The curiosity of each was fully satisfied.

—She certainly is no true woman for whom every man may not find it in his heart to have a certain gracious and holy and honorable love; she is not a woman who returns no love, and asks no protection.—*Bartol.*

—Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said: We are happy to state that he was able to appear on the following evening in three pieces.

—When a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity? It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

—In the woods a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough, and, at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and scanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guests sees not how he should tire them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith.—*Emerson.*

—I like to read about Moses' best, in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits; a man must have courage to look at his life so, and think what'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good solid bit o' work lasts; if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it being done well, besides the man as does it.—*George Eliot.*

—A little boy with an inquiring-thoughtful mind asked his father what was meant by full dress, as if every one should not be fully dressed at all times. The father, who had three grown-up daughters and a wife, who yearned after the early loves of fashion, was thoughtful a moment, but replied with a heavy sigh, indicating deep feeling: Full dress is where the wearer puts one-third of her dress on her person and drags wo-thirds on the ground.

—Fancy children giving up their fairy-books, and betaking themselves seriously from their earliest years to the study of history, geology, chemistry, what would childhood be? There would be no such thing. A child not fond of fairy stories lives in no child region. The fairy story brings the fairy land, and the fairy land is the land of dream and expectation and hope; it is the real world in which the child lives before experience comes to it.

What is the reason, can you guess
Why men are poor, and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner.

Snipe on Toast—"Sixty Cents."

A sojourner in a large city, who is at the mercy of restaurants, where you are treated with big bill of fare, and very little on your plate, thus hits it off:

Snipe on toast would be almost too hearty food to feed people on who had been floating on a raft three weeks, feeding on old boot-legs.

Says I to the waiter, "Give me snipe on toast."

By-and-by he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading about what a donkey Grant was, and what a ridiculous ass every one is who is running for office; and I sat there an hour. Then I rang the gong. The waiter entered, and says I, "Where in thunder is my meat?

Says he, "They've been on the table an hour."

Says I, "I didn't order plain toast. I want a snipe on it."

Says he, "There is a snipe on it."

Then I drew close up to the table, and I saw a little black spect on the toast.

Says I "You'll swear that's a snipe?"

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "You'd make a good linen buyer, you would."

Says he, "It's a snipe on toast, anyhow."

Says I, "How did it get on?"

Says he, "That snipe is all right. It's a full sized one too."

Says I, "I'm glad of it. I'm glad you told me that's a full sized snipe; for do you know, young man, when I sat out there reading I saw a black speck on that toast, but I took it for a fly; and I'm glad to be informed it's a snipe, a full sized snipe. Now you can take that snipe away, and bring me a turkey on toast. I want a full sized turkey, too."

I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I could have blown that snipe through a putty-blower without hurting the snipe or the putty-blower either. Snipe on toast may be game, but it's a mean game.

—The emperor of China had a good-natured freak come over him while returning from a visit to the tombs of his ancestors, with the empress and innumerable concubines, recently, and graciously gave out word that the plebian hordes might line the way-side and gaze unrebuked upon the royal pageant, even upon the effulgent face of royalty itself. It has hitherto been customary to scourge and beat the presumptious wretches who dared to look upon their sovereign, even with one eye, so the permission was received with considerable astonishment. A correspondent says the empress was prettier than any European lady he ever saw, but his memory is poor, probably. The concubines were pretty and jolly, and they amused themselves by pelting the staring Celestials with confectionary and bonbons.